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CARMINA.

(*Concluded.*)

III.

JUST outside the city of Naples, on the road to Posilippo, there is a magnificent Villa, known some years ago as the Villa Francese. It had been built by an old French nobleman, as a wedding present for his beautiful Italian bride, and she had chosen to have it furnished and decorated in the French style. The principal saloons opened on a terrace with a marble balustrade, supported at intervals by nymphs and fauns holding costly vases, in which grew roses, myrtles and jessamines, the yellow flowers of the cassia, and the sweet tuberose. On one side was an orangery, where golden fruit, or fragrant blossoms, were to be found nearly all the year; and at the other a conservatory, in which rare and lovely plants, from every land, lived and bloomed. Two flights of marble steps led from the terrace to a parterre of flowers symmetrically arranged in a brilliant mosaic work of blossoms, every tint and shade of colour harmoniously blended, and kept fresh and bright in the hottest summer's noon by soft showers of delicate spray, forever rising and falling from marble urns, upheld by a group of water-nymphs. Below this was the Italian garden, where the dark cool cyprus and pine, the laurel and ilex, with marble dryads and oreads half emerging from their shadowy recesses, formed a welcome relief to the full blaze of light and colour above. Then came the shore of the lovely bay, its many coloured rocks, their bright hues and smooth surfaces unstained by moss or lichen, rising from the rich vegetation that surrounded them, as if they had just escaped from the sculptor's chisel, and had grouped themselves to satisfy an artist's eye, giving that peculiar and picturesque character to the landscape only to be found in Italy. Openings here and there showed the blue waters, with white-sailed boats gliding up and down; the beautiful islands of Ischia and Procida lying in the purple distance beyond.

It was long past the hour of the siesta, and a light breeze had cooled the fierce heat of a burning August day, but the blinds of the saloons were closely shut, and their silken and gilded splendour seemed consigned to silence and repose. If it had been an enchanted scene in fairy-land, there could not have been a greater absence of any sight or sound of human life or occupation.

But, after a while, a swift little sail-boat ran up to a landing-place on the beach, and a young man, jumping out, made the boat fast, and entered the garden. He was a fine looking, handsome young fellow, plainly dressed, but with an air and carriage at once manly and refined; and at a first glance he might have been taken for the fortunate prince of the story, coming to break the spell under which the sleeping beauty lay. But a second look would not have confirmed the illusion, for his brow was heavily clouded, there was neither warmth nor softness in the fire of his dark eyes, and he looked a disappointed, embittered, unhappy man. But two years before he had been very different. Then he was full of hope, and spirit; an ardent, enthusiastic patriot, freely risking his life in his country's cause; an impassioned eager lover, pledging his heart and faith to a simple peasant girl on the wild Calabrian shore. For this grave, dark-browed, moody man was Paolo Marocchi.

Passing through the gardens, he climbed the marble steps to the terrace, and uttered an angry exclamation on seeing the blinds all closed. Opening a glass door he entered one of the saloons, which, contrasted with the fresh air and sunshine without, seemed so dark and close that he hastily threw open the windows. The light suddenly pouring in showed a room magnificently furnished, with amber satin hangings and coverings, the most luxurious couches and ottomans, and a profusion of expensive toys and glittering ornaments—all reflected in the superb mirrors hanging on the walls.

"*Cielo!*" he muttered, "how I hate all this gaudy, unwholesome splendour. The meanest hut, with a deal-table and chair, would be better; for there one might feel one's self a man, but this gilded luxury is only fit for an Oriental slave."

From the saloon he passed into a magnificent hall, lined with pictures and statues, and mounting a grand marble staircase, passed through an anteroom, and knocked at a richly pannelled door. He did not wait for admission, but turning the handle, which moved without a sound, the door opened noiselessly, and he entered.

He was now in a lady's boudoir, hung with pale pink silk, with coverings of pink silk on the sofas and fauteuils. An Eastern carpet with a white ground, on which a pattern of pink roses, looking like natural flowers, was woven, covered the floor; mirrors and paintings of flowers and birds hung on the walls; cabinets of buhl and of inlaid and painted wood, and tables of enamel and marqueterie, were placed here and there; and little services of china, of rare beauty and value, the most exquisite fans, richly painted screens, tiny clocks of ormolu and alabaster, not one of which told the hour, and numberless articles of ornament and luxury, were crowded wherever space could be found for them.

An open door led to a dressing-room beyond, with hangings and furniture to match those of the boudoir, and Paolo saw that the curtains were drawn and the room lighted by a dozen wax candles in the silver-gilt candelabra on the dressing-table. In the midst of this blaze of light, a lady was standing, contemplating the reflection of her face and figure in a magnificent Psyche glass.

She was a beautiful woman of two or three and twenty; her figure exquisitely formed, and her small head and throat set with matchless grace on her lovely shoulders. Her complexion was of the clearest and purest fairness, her features delicately and beautifully formed, and full of mobile expression. An acute observer might, perhaps, have detected, underlying all that radiant, sparkling loveliness, a nature cold and hard, false and shallow; but this was only when her face was caught in perfect repose; when she flashed the light of her golden brown eyes on the beholder, or summoned up the smiles which played with such seductive sweetness round her lovely dimpled mouth, the sternest stoic could scarcely have resisted her soft, enchanting, syren-like loveliness.

She was dressed in a ball-dress of a pale changing shade of green, which in some lights gleamed a sapphire blue, in others a bright sea-green. Pearls were on her beautiful bare arms, pearls on her lovely bosom, whose dazzling whiteness her dress scarcely attempted to veil; pearls and blush roses looped up her skirt, and were wreathed in her hair—the richest, the most lustrous, the most abundant hair in all Italy, falling to her feet as she stood when it was unbound, and of the same rare and lovely golden-brown colour as her eyes. Behind her stood her French waiting-maid, giving a finishing touch, now here and now there, to the costume on which she had evidently put forth her utmost skill, and which she appeared to regard with as much pride and affection as a painter might feel for the picture in which he had realized his highest aspirations; while the lovely wearer, satisfied, after a close and critical examination that it suited her figure and complexion exactly, and was the most becoming thing she had ever worn, smiled an assent to the Frenchwoman's exclamation, "*C'est parfait!*"

"I think you must darken these underlids a little, Fanchette," said her mistress, "and I am not sure but I need a slight touch of rouge. I want to look particularly well to-night, and the glass of a ball-room is so trying."

"Oh, no, Miladi!" said Mademoiselle Fanchette. "The exquisite fairness and clearness of Miladi's complexion can bear any glare, and is never without a lovely bloom, like the pink of an exquisite shell. That is what the Marchese Raffaello said to me yesterday, when he asked me if you would not be at Miladi his mother's ball."

At that moment Mademoiselle Fanchette, who, like her mistress, had been too deeply engaged in the business of the hour to hear Paolo enter, became aware of an impatient movement and a muttered exclamation, and turning hastily round, met his dark and frowning glance.

"Ah, Monsieur!" she exclaimed, with a little shriek, and then, recovering herself, added condescendingly, "A thousand pardons, Monsieur, but Miladi is at her toilet."

"*Che diavolo!*" said Paolo, savagely.

"Ah! *Caro* Paolo, is it you?" said the lady, turning round languidly. "I suppose you were not aware that I was dressing."

She was excessively annoyed at Paolo's having discovered her with closed windows and lighted candles, doing homage at the shrine of her vanity; but it did not suit her to let her vexation be seen just then.

"Certainly I ought to apologize for intruding on the mysteries of Venus," said Paolo, sarcastically. "Mysteries they must be, when they require to be practised with drawn curtains and lighted tapers in broad day. Seriously, Giulia, what does this masquerading mean?"

"Masquerading, *amico?* There is no masquerading. I am merely trying on a dress."

"A ball-dress, I perceive."

"Yes. The fact is, *mio* Paolo, I must go to the Marchesa di Manzi's ball to-night, and I wanted to choose a becoming dress. I hope you think I have succeeded."

"Giulia," said Paolo, impatiently, "if you have done with Mademoiselle Fanchette, perhaps you will oblige me by dismissing her. There are several things I wish to say which it is not necessary for her to hear."

"She does not understand Italian," said the lady, carelessly. "However, it is generally easy enough to understand the drift of the private conversations you favour me with, by your frowning brows and imperious gestures, so it is, perhaps, as well that she should not have the opportunity of reading your very intelligible language. Fanchette, you may go."

Fanchette slightly shrugged her shoulder, implying, by the gesture, her indignation with the tyrant-husband, and her sympathy with the injured wife, and retreated.

"Well, Paolo *mio*, what is it?" asked the lady, still looking at herself in the glass.

"First let us have some air," said Paolo, "this room is faint with your vile essences and perfumes." And extinguishing the lights, he flung open the windows. Then throwing himself into the nearest chair, he said, "Giulia, I understood from you that you had given up all intention of going to this ball."

"Yes, so I had, at your desire, but I have since been told by my friends that I would make both you and myself ridiculous by doing so. It is reported all through Naples that you have adopted the rôle of the jealous husband, that you have forbidden poor Raffaello the house, and, to crown your absurdity, wish to prevent me from going into society lest I should meet him."

"Into society? Certainly not; but to the house of his mother, which is in effect his house, I do forbid you to go."

"But how absurd that is. You are making yourself and me the talk of the town, and creating a perfect scandal. What have I done more than every woman of rank does? You are far too much taken up with your patriotic dreams to attend to your wife, and I think it both unjust and tyrannical in you to prevent me from having a friend, who is willing to pay me those harmless devoirs which every lady requires. It is merely a matter of form, as you very well know. One would not like to be considered inferior to one's acquaintances in the *convenances* of society, and to go about unattended, by even one cavalier, makes a woman appear sadly neglected. You cannot suppose that I am in love with Raffaello, poor fellow, though I am afraid I must confess that he is in love with me. You are perfectly aware that I could have married him if I had chosen."

"Understand me, Giulia," said Paolo, "I have never for a moment suspected you of anything worse than some contemptible vanity and folly. If I did, no consideration on earth should make me live with you an hour longer. But I have told you from the first that I do not approve of cavalieri serventes, and I am fully determined to keep my wife from such dangerous and degrading connections."

"These are very plebeian ideas, *mio* Paolo," said Giulia. "I only ask for the privileges every well-bred and well-born Italian allows his wife."

She did not look directly at Paolo as she spoke, but glanced at him from under her long lashes without turning her head.

"Privileges—if so you call them—which I have told you before, and now tell you for the last time, I will not permit. It is useless to continue this discussion, Giulia. I have never interfered with your tastes or wishes in any other way, but in this matter I insist on obedience."

"Obedience!" she repeated; and, for a moment, she looked as if she were about to throw off all restraint, and let the fierce side of her feline nature have its way. "I deserve this insult for having thrown myself away on a man who ought to have for his wife some pretty peasant girl or fisherman's daughter, willing to be alternately his toy and his slave."

"And I deserve any indignity for marrying a woman who had once grossly deceived me, and whom I neither loved nor respected." These words rose to Paolo's lips, but disdaining the meanness of recrimination, he repressed them and was silent.

The next moment Giulia had controlled herself. "Let us not quarrel, Paolo *mio*," she said, softly. "You know I often say things I don't mean when you vex me. You are so wise, and stern and severe, and you forget how sensitive your little wife is, and how much she loves you. She likes other people to admire her and think her beautiful, it is true, but she loves only you." And leaning over him, as he sat gazing moodily out of the window, she kissed his forehead, and put aside his hair with her cool white fingers.

Her look, her manner, her touch, had an almost irresistible charm, and Paolo was not unmoved by her caresses. Half unconsciously he turned towards her, and the frown left his brow. He had once loved her with an imaginative boy's first love, and now, as he looked at her exquisite beauty, he wished that he could love her again. At this moment he was willing to believe that she was only weak not wicked, and putting his arm round her waist, he tried to draw her towards him.

At another time she would have yielded to his embrace, and won him to concession and indulgence by sweet words and caresses, but just now her toilette was to be considered. The dress she had on was the one she had decided on wearing to the ball, and it must not be crumpled or disarranged. She, therefore, avoided his clasp, coquettishly.

"Wait a moment, Paolo *mio*," she said. "You must promise to let me go to the ball before I will kiss you. If I stay away we shall be laughed at by every one, and my position in society will be irretrievably compromised. Come now, consent, *caro mio*, and I will be like an icicle to that poor Raffaello, and to every other man in the room."

"Pray, have the goodness not to ca . that man by his Christian name," said Paolo.

"Oh, pardon me, I forgot you objected to it, and I have known him so long. But I am quite willing to give him up, only believe me, that it is necessary that I should go to this ball. People will talk so if I don't. Come with me, and watch me, since you are so jealous," she added with a pretty air of mockery.

Paolo hesitated. Perhaps there was some truth in her assertion that her absence from this ball would give room for malicious comments, but, if he suffered her to go, could he trust her? He knew that she was light, vain, selfish and false, but he believed that she loved him, forgetting that to such natures no love is possible, except that counterfeit love which is fed on vanity, the desire of power, self-worship, and other kindred feelings.

"I believe you are a little goose, Giulia," he said, "but for this once you shall have your way. Go to this ball, but remember I will not be trifled with. You must drop all intimacy with this man, and submit to be so unfashionable as to have no other lover than your husband. You see I trust you, but if I once find that you deceive me, we part forever. Now, come and kiss me and tell me you are content."

She came near enough to stoop down and kiss his lips, but she again drew back from his proffered embrace.

"What is the matter, *bellissima?*" he said, "are you afraid to come any closer? Oh, I see. Your toilette must not be discomposed. It is very pretty, certainly, and you look very lovely. And what glorious hair you have, Giulia; like

'Lilith, who excels
All women in the magic of her locks!'"

"Who is Lilith?" asked Giulia. "Some one you were in love with in Messina?"

"Lilith was Adam's first wife, the legend says: and I never was in love with any one in Messina."

"Ah! well! Where was it you saw Carmina?"

"Nonsense, Giulia, how can you be so absurd?" said Paolo.

"Absurd, is it? Why should not I be jealous as well as you?" and she laid her hand on his arm caressingly. "There, there," she added, coaxingly, as she saw his face growing dark, "forgive my folly, and kiss your poor little bird, whose wings you want to clip so cruelly."

But Carmina's name had banished his softer mood. Carmina had worn no dress which his loving embrace could spoil, or even if she had, how little she would have cared about it! He endured Giulia's kiss coldly, and almost shook off the light touch of her delicate fingers.

"Giulia," he said, standing up and taking a paper out of his pocket, "I want you to sign an order for some money. It is for a very important purpose."

Giulia glanced at it keenly, all her pretty affectation of childishness gone. "Five thousand scudi!" she said. "*Ah, caro mio*, what do you want so much money for?"

"I cannot tell you just now," said Paolo; but some day you shall know. Till then I ask you to trust me."

"It is for that Moloch, Young Italy," said Giulia. "You think me a fool, *mio* Paolo, but I am wise enough to know that the schemes you are engaged in are mad and impracticable, and if you do not give them up, they will end in your own ruin, and perhaps mine. I at least will not have any part in them. I will not sign that paper."

"How differently you spoke once," said Paolo. "Before we were married, you seemed to sympathize with my hopes and aims, and to think no sacrifice too great for the beloved land. Why are you so changed?"

"Because I am wiser now than I was then, and know that what you call the cause of Italy is a false and dangerous chimera."

"But when I tell you that my honour is pledged to provide this money, you will scarcely refuse to help me."

"No man can be expected to give what he has not got," said Giulia calmly. "Certainly I will refuse, *mio* Paolo, for your own sake as well as for mine."

"Then you will not sign this paper?"

"No, *mio* Paolo, I will not sign it. If you have no common sense, your wife must have some for you."

It would not be easy to say how much Paolo despised himself at that moment. He had married this woman chiefly, if not altogether, that he might have money to aid in the liberation of Italy; he had sold himself to a loveless and degraded lot with only this hope to redeem it; and now he could no longer doubt that it had utterly failed. He could be sufficiently firm and stern when he knew that he had right on his side. Giulia was his wife, and it was his duty to prevent her from staining his honour and her own by using the most determined and severest measures if necessary; but as to this money there was no right, only, on both sides, miserable wrong. Disgusted with himself even more than with her, he turned from her, and abruptly left the room.

For a minute or two after his departure, Giulia stood with knitted brows and compressed lips, apparently thinking some very dark thoughts. Then she rang the bell, and when Fanchette appeared, said, "Find out, if Monsieur has left the house, and in what direction he has gone."

"Yes, Miladi!" and Fanchette vanished; returning quickly to say that Monsieur had told his servant he was going into the city.

"Take off this dress, and these ornaments," said her mistress, "and bring my dressing-gown."

'*Mon Dieu!*" cried Fanchette, "is not Miladi going to the ball? What will the Marchese Raffaello say? Oh, how can Monsieur be such a barbarian?"

"Be calm, Fanchette, I am going to the ball, but I have been annoyed and fatigued, and if I do not take some repose I shall not be fit to be seen, and I suppose you would not wish me to lie down in this dress?"

"*Ah, ciel! quelle horreur!*" and Fanchette shuddered at the harrowing idea.

"Now, that will do," Giulia said, when the dressing-gown had been put on, "you may go and have a chat with Maestro Pietro, if you choose."

"*Ma foi*, Miladi, I shall not waste my time with Maestro Pietro. I shall go and see if Teresina has Miladi's best lace handkerchief ready.

But as she was certain to encounter Maestro Pietro on her way to Teresina, and their meetings generally resulted in a prolonged flirtation, Giulia felt tolerably sure that she had got Mademoiselle Fanchette out of the way, for at least, the time she had named.

As soon as the waiting-maid was gone, Giulia went to a drawer and took out a key. Then she passed through the boudoir and the anterooms, into a long corridor, at the farthest end of which was a plain solid oak door. Applying the key she had brought to this door, she unlocked it, and entered a room strangely unlike any of the others in the villa.

The walls of this room were of a plain grey distemper colour, and were lined with bookcases closely filled. The ceiling was without the slighest decoration, the floor covered with coarse oil-cloth, the chairs covered with leather, the tables of the plainest wood, the one large window uncurtained. Before the window was a writing-table and arm chair, and close beside a bureau with many drawers. Above this bureau hung a water-colour drawing, the only ornament in the room, except a bust of Dante. At this drawing Giulia gazed frowningly for a minute, as she stood with her hand on the bureau.

It showed a rude stone cottage lying at the foot of some mountains, surrounded by scattered rocks, interspersed with hedges of myrtle, aloe and cactus, and with one giant fig-tree stretching its great arms above the cottage roof. Beside the door stood a beautiful girl, holding a pitcher in her hand, and looking out over a little bay of the sea with an anxious, expectant gaze. Another girl whose face was concealed, was sitting on a bench close by and spinning with a spindle. Some goats were grouped near, as if waiting to be milked. On sea and sky, and over all the landscape, glowed the rich hues of a summer sunset in the lovely Italian clime. Beneath was written in Paolo's hand, the single word

CARMINA.

It was a finished drawing of the sketch which the commissary had taken from Paolo, but which he had been able to reproduce from memory. The likeness to Carmina was perfect, though Paolo had given to the beautiful eyes a sad wistful expression which he had never seen them wear, and which contrasted, touchingly with the bright and peaceful character of the scene.

From the first moment she had beheld this picture, Giulia had strongly suspected that it had much more than an artistic interest for Paolo, and her first serious quarrel with him after their marriage had been caused by his peremptory refusal to allow her to have it richly framed and hung in her dressing-room.

"Carmina!" she said, as she gazed at the pure, noble, candid face, so different from her own soulless and shallow loveliness. "Who is Carmina? But it does not matter now. Faithless he might have been, and I could have borne it; he might even have squandered my money on his insane schemes, as I know he has done again and again, and I would have submitted, but to presume to interfere with my movements, to dictate where I shall go, and where I shall not go—to forbid me having even one cavalier, when there is scarcely a woman of rank in Naples, who has not three—to treat me as if I were a slave in a harem, and to speak to me of obedience—it is too much! He little knows the woman he would trample on!"

Thus thinking, she compressed her lips, her brow darkened, a lurid light shone in her eyes, the soft lines of her beautiful face settled into hard and fixed resolve, and she looked as the wicked Queen Giovanna—to whose portrait in the Doria Palace at Rome she had sometimes been compared—may have looked when twisting the silk and golden cord with which her husband Andrea was to be strangled, or like Mary, Queen of Scots, when planning the murder of Darnley.

Pressing a little spring in the bureau with her finger, a lid flew up disclosing a secret receptacle, in which lay a bunch of keys. With these she unlocked all the drawers and, opening every compartment, she examined the contents carefully. Finally she selected some letters and papers, written in various ciphers and in several languages, and a number of badges of the secret society of *La Giovine Italia*, bearing the symbolic cypress, and the motto *Ora è sempre;* and wrapping them all together, she put them in her pocket. Then she replaced the other papers, locked the bureau, dropped the keys into their secret repository and shot back the spring. At that moment a bright gleam of sunshine shot through the open window and, falling directly on Carmina's portrait, seemed to give it sudden life and consciousness. Involuntarily Giulia's eyes were drawn towards it, and a strange thrill of fear seized her as she thought the sad beautiful face seemed to reproach her with her wicked treachery. But the next instant the bright ray vanished; nothing remained but a cunning combination of form and colour, and with a scornful smile, Giulia turned away and left the room, locking the door and carrying away the key.

In the meantime, Paolo had gone into Naples, angry with his wife, still more angry with himself, tortured with unavailing remorse and regret. Taking a circuitous route, and avoiding the more frequented streets, he entered one of the narrow lanes or alleys running back from Santa Lucia, and went into the shop of a Jew broker. In this place he had occasionally obtained money at an exorbitant interest, and here he now hoped to procure the sum he had pledged himself to furnish to Young Italy, the order for which his wife had refused to sign. How she came to be his wife, against the true voice of his heart, and the promptings of his higher and better nature, must be explained.

When he parted with Carmina, he had been fully determined to keep his promise, and return to her as quickly as he could, but on his arrival in Naples, he was advised by some friends who had interest with the Government, to remain quietly there, until they could manage to obtain his acquittal of the deadly sin of patriotism.

At that time the most fashionable beauty in Naples was the young and wealthy Contessa Giulia Deslandes, the widow of an old French Comte, who having come to Naples to recruit his health, had met at a ball the lovely Giulia Venozzi,—an orphan of good birth, but no fortune, only saved from a convent by her betrothal to Paolo Marocchi—fallen violently in love with her, and offered her his hand. Rank and riches were irresistible attractions to the vain and ambitious Giulia. Intoxicated with triumph, she did not hesitate a moment in breaking her faith, and accepting the Comte, and they were married before Paolo had brought himself to believe that she really intended to jilt him.

Deeply incensed with the false Giulia, and disgusted with all woman-kind, Paolo withdrew from all society and amusements; devoting himself ostensibly to his profession, in which he was considered to be rapidly rising, but in reality to the cause of Young Italy; and becoming a trusted and active member of the secret society so called.

To the beautiful Giulia, her marriage seemed to give all she had expected from it. Her new rank gave her admission to the highest circles in Naples, and the magnificent villa the Comte had built for her, and the splendid entertainments she gave, raised her to the highest place in the scale of fashion. Her husband petted and indulged her to the top of her bent while he lived, and when he died left her the sole possessor of his wealth, which to Italian ideas appeared inexhaustible.

It need scarcely be said that, when she returned to society after the Comte's death, her beauty and wealth brought her many suitors from among the Jeunesse Dorée of Naples, and it was soon affirmed that the young Marchese Raffaello de Manzi was the most favoured of all. But just at this time, Paolo returned from Messina, and his adventures there and the critical situation in which he stood as a suspected patriot, became the prevailing topic of the day. The beautiful Giulia's interest in her former lover seemed suddenly revived; and on learning the efforts his friends were making in his behalf, she offered to assist them with any amount of money they required. Neapolitan officials then were by no means inaccessible to bribes, whatever they may be now; the Comte Deslandes' rich stores were skilfully used, and Paolo was released from surveillance, and declared a good and loyal subject of King Ferdinand.

It was a bitter mortification to Paolo when he found how much he was indebted to Giulia, and the wealth her faithlessness had given her, for his acquittal. But it was absolutely necessary that he should see her, if it were only, he told himself, to let her know that he intended making some arrangement of his property to repay her the sums she had advanced; and once in her presence the spell of her brilliant beauty and enchanting manners regained something of their old power over him. Never had she seemed so gentle, so sweet, or so much in love with him, and she very nearly succeeded in persuading him that it was for his sake more than her own she had wished for riches, and married the Comte Deslandes. Now that she possessed them, they would be worthless in her eyes if he would not accept them!

As she spoke, all that her wealth could do for Italy rushed on his mind. He never doubted that if he married her, he could have unlimited control over it; never dreamed that she would object to his using it as he chose. He forgot all her treachery and falsehood; he forgot his own truth and honour; —for the moment he forgot Carmina; and before he left the villa, he was again her affianced husband.

They were scarcely married before Paolo bitterly repented it. Every day he saw more clearly how utterly false, selfish and worthless she was, and to add to his punishment —which he keenly felt was not greater than he deserved—he very soon found that she was wholly incapable of understanding or sympathizing with his hopes and projects for the redemption of Italy; and decidedly averse to her money being used in aiding them. Nor was Giulia much better satisfied. Her capricious fancy for Paolo—born of vanity, and the desire to win back a heart once hers, but which seemed to have escaped from her trammels, fled as soon as it was gratified; and when she found that she need not expect from him the easy indulgence of an Italian husband of the old régime, but instead those ideas of domestic purity, truth and honour, befitting a member of Mazzini's Young Italy, with the firmness and spirit to make his wife, at least, outwardly respect them, she both hated and feared him as a tyrant.

Having settled his business with the Jew broker, Paolo left the shop, and a little way down the lane came on a noisy crowd gathered round a man roasting chesnuts in a brazier of burning charcoal. Just as Paolo came up, a little old woman emerged from the crowd, munching the chesnuts she had bought, and he started as he saw before him the tiny weird figure, the ashen-coloured face, the silvery locks, and piercing black eyes of the wise Olympia.

She recognised him as quickly as he had her. "*Ah! Excellenza!* is it you?" she said. "You seem surprised to see the old Olympia."

"So I am, mother," said Paolo; "it is long since we met."

"Time never seems long to the old Olympia," said the sibyl; "it is far too short, for all she has to do. Up and down the land, north, south, east and west, she must wander.

To-day here, to-morrow in Rome, the next day in Venice—every where there are people in need of the wise Olympia."

"When have you been in Calabria, and when did you see Carmina, mother?" Paolo asked.

"*Ah! Excellenza!* Then you remember the poor Carmina?"

"Remember her? Yes," said Paolo. "Can you tell me how she is?"

"There are few things the wise Olympia cannot tell," said the sibyl. "She knows the past and the future, and she can read the pages of the Book of Fate."

"But Carmina, mother," said Paolo impatiently, "tell me about Carmina."

"*Ah, poverina!* she has suffered! Why should the Signor seek to revive the memory of the past?"

"*Che diavolo!* What do you mean, mother?" said Paolo; and taking out his purse he tried to slip some money into her tiny hand.

But she drew it quickly away. "Keep your money, Signor Excellenza," she said, "the old Olympia will not speak for scudi; but she will speak because she knows she must. The Fates have twined the thread of the proud Signor's life with that of the poor Calabrian girl, and the wise Olympia does not dare to resist their will. Look yonder, Excellenza; look at that narrow brown house with one arched window, and a little bit of balcony covered with plants and flowers, and an open stall below. That is Carmina's house."

"Carmina's house! Does she live in Naples? Is she married?"

"Not she, *poverina!* It was to look for the Signor she came here. She thought he must be either dead or in prison because he did not come back to her, but she found him married to a grand lady and living in a palace of splendour."

"*Maladizione* on the palace of splendour!" said Paolo. "But what did she do then?"

"She did not die, Signor, though she came very near it; but she is a brave girl as the Signor ought to know, and she bore up against her trouble and set to work, and now she supports herself and Ninetta by spinning and weaving. She has only Ninetta now, for the poor Madre was dead before she left Calabria."

"And Jacopo?" asked Paolo.

"Jacopo is here too, Signor, and earns a a good living with his felucca. He says he must stay near enough to Carmina to know that she does not come to want or harm, and though he seldom sees her except at church, he has still a hope that some day she will reward his faithful love. But alas! it is all in vain. He wears away his heart longing for a day that will never come, and she has mourning for one that has fled for ever. Hard is the lot of the children of men, and not even the wise Olympia can alter by one hair's breadth the will of the awful Fates."

Thrusting the scudi, which she still appeared unwilling to take, into the old sibyl's skinny palm, Paolo crossed the street to the house she had pointed out as Carmina's dwelling.

Round the open stall, which served at once for shop and workroom, hung the pretty bright scarfs which Paolo remembered so well; with skeins of wool and goats' hair, dyed all the colours of the rainbow. In the midst, Carmina was standing at her loom, and beside her sat Ninetta, spinning with her spindle.

Since Paolo had been false to Carmina, he had tried to persuade himself that it was the romantic circumstances under which he had first seen her, and the picturesque idyllic surroundings harmonizing so well with her fresh youth, and flower-like loveliness which had cast an unreal charm over her beauty, and given a false brightness to the image so indelibly stamped on his heart. He had told himself this again and again, when his whole soul turned towards her with passionate longing, and his arms ached to clasp her in his embrace once more. But now that she stood before him after years of absence, and instead of the lovely Calabrian shore, and its smiling, murmuring sea, there was the sordid street and all the harsh sights and sounds of the lowest city life for her environment, she seemed to him more beautiful than ever the vision of his imagination had been.

She was dressed in a dark green petticoat and a black boddice with white sleeves coming half way to her elbow, showing beneath her round beautifully-moulded arms. Her dress was neater and of better material than it had been in the Calabrian cottage, but there was no attempt at ornament about it, not a bit of lace or knot of riband; nor did she wear any of those pretty toys or trinkets with which women all the world over love to adorn their beauty, if they have any, or try to atone for its deficiency if they have not. There was no necklace or chain round her beautiful throat, no gold or silver pin fastening the heavy masses of her rich hair, not even a rose to contrast with its raven blackness. Yet no glitter of gold and diamonds, no contrasts or compliments of colour could have heightened her perfect beauty. But of this Carmina was utterly unconscious. She had never heard that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most" nor would she have believed it, if she had. She took no trouble to adorn herself because there was no one in whose eyes she cared to look fair.

"For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?
He's gone whom only she desired to please!"

As Paolo came in front of the stall, Carmina looked up from her loom and her eyes met his. Their sudden radiance seemed to penetrate his whole being, like a flash of electric light, and pale, and trembling, he leaned against a pillar, unable to utter a word. But Carmina showed less agitation. Since she had been in Naples, she had seen him often, though he had never seen her. She had seen him in the theatre of San Carlo sitting beside his beautiful wife; she had seen him driving with her through the Toledo; she had seen him on the Molo, or in the street of Santa Lucia, at early morning, or late in the evening, talking to groups of lazzaroni, sailors, or fishermen, urging them, as she believed, to join the ranks of Italian Patriots. But always, whenever or wherever she had seen him, there was the same cloud on his brow, the same stern look in his eyes. "Alas!" she often said to herself, "why does he look so unhappy? I wonder if he loves his beautiful wife, or if now he only loves Italy!"

From seeing him thus frequently, she had learned to command her emotion in his presence, and now, though the shuttle fell from her hand, and her heart beat so fast and loud that she could hear its throbs, she stood perfectly still and quiet beside her loom.

Ninetta was the first to speak. "Oh, Carmina, it is the Signor. Don't you know the Signor Paolo whom you brought in your skiff to our cottage in Calabria?"

"No, Carmina," said Paolo, speaking in an agitated voice, "this is not the Paolo whom you knew in Calabria—that Paolo is still by the shore of the lovely little bay. He was honest, and loving, and true, but this Paolo is a cold, hard, loveless man; a faithless and ungrateful fool, who threw away a priceless pearl, and has ever since been cursed with undying remorse and regret."

The deep pain in his voice pierced Carmina's heart, but she could not speak. He saw, however, the tender pity, and unchanged love in her face.

"Oh, Carmina," he exclaimed, "do not look at me with those kind eyes. Look angry, look resentful—tell me that you hate and despise me—I deserve your hatred and scorn."

"Signor Paolo," said Carmina, gently, "I have grown wiser since I came to Naples. I have seen the signora, your wife, so beautiful, so elegant, so graceful, and I know now that you could never have married poor Carmina."

"You are the wife I ought to have married, Carmina," said Paolo passionately, "only you! Believe me, I never meant to be false to you, false to my own heart. I was weak and wicked, but I have bitterly repented ever since, and if you could know how great my punishment has been, I think you would forgive me."

"Signor Paolo," said Carmina, "I have nothing to forgive. I had the misfortune of placing my love too high. How could you stoop to me? I was only a simple girl when I saw you first, and did not know that it would degrade you in the eyes of the world to make me your wife. I did not know then that in the world where men strive for rank and riches, they cannot always marry the one that is the best loved."

"Carmina, do not speak so. It maddens me!"

"It is true, Signor. I knew that you were great, noble, a hero, immeasurably above me, but it seemed to me, you must be as much above every other woman, and that no one could love you as I would, or make you so happy. I was a foolish girl, Signor, and knew no better."

"You were right, my Carmina; no one ever loved me, or will love me as you did, and no one but you could ever have made me happy. My heart told me from the moment I saw you, that in you I had found the one out of all the world best suited to be my wife. And I meant to be true to you. I meant to return."

"Yes, Signor, but when you got back to Naples, you knew that it could not be. Now I understand this, but then I did not, and day after day I watched for your coming. But months passed and you did not come. Then the poor madre got worse and worse, and died and my heart grew sick with sorrow and longing, and it seemed to me if I did not soon see you, I should die."

She paused, overcome by the memory of that time of anguish, and Paolo could see that it had not passed over her without leaving some trace behind. There was a tender sadness, a pathetic sweetness in her whole aspect, appealing to the heart like a strain of mournful music; as if into that form once an image of perfect joy, the shadow of sorrow had in some mysterious manner been infused.

"Oh, my Carmina," Paolo exclaimed, "what a wretched guilty fool I have been. I loved you all the time and my heart ached for you day and night, and your sweet face was forever before my eyes. But I was mad and blind as the gods of old made those whom they wished to destroy. Mad and blind for one day, and then my senses and my sight came back, and I saw and knew that I had made myself miserable for ev But go on. Tell me everything. Tell me how you came to Naples."

"Signor, I thought you must be either dead or in prison, when you did not come, and at last I told Jacopo I must go and find out; and he tried to persuade me not to go, and said perhaps you had forgotten me, and married some one else. But I did not believe it. If the wise Olympia had been near, perhaps she could have told me where you were, but she had gone far away. So at last Jacopo brought me and Ninetta here in his boat, and took us to the house of some friends of his, who were kind to us for his sake. Then he heard that you were married, and at first he was afraid to tell me, but he could not hide it from me long. It was hard to bear, Signor, and the kind people of the house thought I should have died, but something seemed to tell me that I must live to see you again."

"Oh, my poor Carmina! But did you not hate me for my falseness?—hate me? despise me?"

"Ah! no, Signor; where love is true, hate can never come. When I got better, I made Jacopo take me to San Carlo, that

I might see the Signora, your wife, and when I saw how beautiful she was, and how graceful and elegant, and how richly dressed, and looked at my own coarse dress, and remembered that I was a poor working girl, I knew how foolish I had been, and I wondered no longer that you had forgotten me, but prayed to the Madonna that you might be happy."

"A vain and fruitless prayer, my Carmina!" said Paolo. "But have you stayed in Naples ever since?"

"Yes, Signor. I wanted to stay where I might see you sometimes, and know that you were well; and the kind people that were so good to us found this house for me and Ninetta, and we live here and earn money by weaving and spinning. And Jacopo lives in Naples, too, Signor, and sails his felucca between this and the islands."

"And does he still want you to marry him, Carmina?"

"Signor," said Carmina, "he knows that is impossible."

Paolo did not ask why it was impossible; he knew that quite as well as Carmina herself.

"It seems wonderful to me," he said, "that you should have been living here all these months, and that I should never have met you in the street—never have felt that you were near me."

"You have met me many times, Signor," said Carmina, "though you have not seen me. Sometimes I used to think it strange that nothing in your heart ever told you it was me when you passed me by. But then I supposed it was because you had forgotten me."

"I never forgot you, Carmina, I never ceased to love you, and from the hour I was false to you, I have been the most unhappy man on earth!"

"Alas! Signor," said Carmina, "I have grieved to see you look so hard and stern, and cold, not bright and gay and gentle as you did once; but I said to myself—'It is because Italy is not yet free. It is for Italy's wrongs that the cloud is on his brow.'"

"No, Carmina, it is for myself; for my own unhappy fate. And now that I have seen you again so good and patient and true, the chains I have forged for myself will be more galling than ever, more debasing, more degrading; chains that are destroying all that was noble and manly in my nature, and eating away my very heart and soul!"

"Signor Paolo," said Carmina, "you break my heart!"

"Does it break your heart to know that I love you, Carmina?" Paolo asked, in a low passionate voice.

A faint flitting blush came and went on Carmina's cheek, leaving it deadly pale, and her eyes filled with tears.

"No, Signor," she said softly; "but because we are both so unhappy."

"And only for my madness we might have been so happy. But give me your hand, Carmina, as a pledge that you forgive me."

She gave it, and he clasped it closely in his.

"Carmina," he said, "are you not glad that we have spoken to each other?"

"Yes, Signor. Often I prayed the Madonna that you might know I had never ceased to love you."

"And I always intended, my Carmina, that some day you should learn that my heart was still yours, and only yours, though I had treated you so cruelly. How often have I thought of that happy time on the lovely Calabrian shore; of the stormy night when you saved me from the *sbirri;* of the wise Olympia, as she sat at the door of her hut among the rocks, with the red glare of the lamp lighting up her withered face, and told us the threads of our destinies were as closely twined together as those she was twisting on her spindle; of the hours that seemed minutes by the cove where we waited for Jacopo. How well I remember the bench where we sat when I told you my life was pledged to the freedom and independence of Italy, while the stars shone over head, and the firefly lamps glittered in the myrtle hedges; the draught of sweet hot milk you gave me when I came down the stone stairs in the morning, and met you just coming from milking the goats; the pitcher of water I snatched from you at the fountain; the ripe figs I helped you to gather:—all and every thing, from the moment I first saw your skiff coming over the little bay, to that in which our arms unlocked from our last embrace, and I jumped on board Jacopo's boat, and left you standing on the lonely shore. What day has there been since, that I have not thought of these things? What night that they have not been with me in my dreams? Don't you, too, think of them sometimes, my Carmina?"

"Yes, Signor, I think of them always," said Carmina.

"Carmina," said Paolo, "I may soon have to leave Naples, and go where I can serve Italy better than here; but before I go, I must see you again, and get one more kind glance from your eyes. It may be for the last time. Will you think of me till I come?"

"Signor, I will think of nothing else," said Carmina.

Paolo turned hastily away, and going up to Ninetta, stroked her hair, and said a kind word or two to her; then throwing some coins into her lap to buy *confetti*, he left the stall.

It must be remembered that poor Carmina was only an Italian peasant girl, with hardly any other code of morals than the instincts of her own heart. She could not unlove Paolo because she might no longer hope to be his wife; her love was too unworldly and unselfish for that. Neither could she help the deep joy it gave her to know that he, too, loved her still; but she never thought or dreamed of their being any thing more to each other than they were now—separated and unhappy lovers. And she grieved for his unhappiness far more than for her own. She was a woman, and had learned to be patient and to bear what was laid upon her: but to the proud, strong spirit of a man she knew that endurance must be hard. Oh, if there was anything in the world she could do to help or comfort him, how blessed she would think herself, and what joy it would give her. Such joy as she had not known since that night which had been so sweet, yet so bitter,—that night which he, too, remembered so well—when she had watched the phosphor fire flashing round the keel of the boat that bore him away from her, and kneeling on the rocks, she had prayed the Madonna to protect him, and bring him back soon.

She was still standing, looking out into the gathering darkness with bright dreamy eyes, and recalling all Paolo's words and looks over and over again, when Ninetta came running up to her, and opening her apron which she held by the corners, showed her that it was full of cakes and sugar-plums.

"See, Carmina," she exclaimed joyfully, "see all the nice things I have got, and I have money enough to buy as many more. Won't we have a brave feast to-night, and wasn't the Signor good?"

Putting her arm round her sister's neck, Carmina stooped and kissed her, and as she did so, Ninetta felt a tear fall on her cheek.

"Carmina, *mia* Carmina, you are crying!" exclaimed Ninetta. "Why are you crying? I thought you would not cry any more now the Signor has come."

"Little sister," said Carmina, "I don't know why I am crying. Perhaps it is for joy; perhaps it is for sorrow."

IV.

ON the road to Posilippo there is a church called the Church of Santa Maria di Piedigrotto, which possesses a picture of the Madonna, much revered by the devout in Naples, as the numerous *votos* suspended about it attest—prayers said before it being supposed to have peculiar efficacy.

At daybreak on the morning after her meeting with Paolo, Carmina entered this church. Like all other churches in Catholic countries, it was open day and night, the entrance only closed by its great leathern curtain. Lights were burning here and there before the shrines; but, except that at an altar in the dim distance two or three drowsy priests were chanting portions of the service, Carmina seemed the only worshipper present. Going up to the Holy Madonna, she lighted her wax taper, placed among the other offerings the *voto* she had brought—two little silver hearts fastened together with a true-lover's knot and pierced through with an arrow, on which she had spent nearly all her small savings—and kneeling, commenced her petitions. Fond, foolish, child-like prayers they were, such as might have been offered to

> "The fair humanities of old religion,"

on the shores of that lovely sea two thousand years ago. Prayers that Paolo might love her for ever, and always know how truly she loved him—prayers that as they could not be happy together on earth, they might be happy together in heaven—prayers that all the sorrow, all the pain allotted to both, should be given to her to bear, and joy and happiness be the portion of Paolo.

Having thus, in some degree, relieved her heart, Carmina rose, but she had yet another taper to burn, and other prayers to offer at the shrine of the Signor's patron saint, San Paolo. This shrine was near the entrance, and surrounded by an ornamental screen of wrought-iron work, which altogether concealed the worshipper within. Just as Carmina entered and knelt down, the great leathern curtain was raised, and a young man wearing a slouched hat, and with the lower part of his face much muffled by a cloak, came into the church. Looking round, and seeing no one but the droning priests in the distance, he threw himself on a bench beside the screen within which Carmina was kneeling. Almost immediately after, the curtain was again drawn back, and a lady wrapped in a dark mantle, and her face covered with a thick veil, came in. On seeing her the young man jumped up, and springing to meet her, took her hand and raised it to his lips. Then he led her to the bench, where both sat down.

"Beautiful and gracious Giulia," he said, "I have not even attempted to close my eyes since I saw you last night. I have been too much excited at the thoughts of the meeting you condescended to promise me; too much incensed at the treatment you have received from that insolent brigand, who ought never to have been permitted to touch your lovely hand, much less to call it his own. But you told me I might do you some service, and that has raised me to the seventh heaven! Tell me now what it is. You know well, most beautiful, most beloved, that I am your devoted slave."

"Raffaello," said the lady in a low slow voice, which yet had a harsh tuneless ring, perceptible through its refined and cultivated softness, "you can do me a great—the very greatest service. You can set me free from my bondage to this Paolo Marocchi, whom I will no longer call my husband. Ingrate! he deserves no mercy from me, and he shall find none!"

The Marchese Raffaello di Manzi, though well used to perilous adventures of gallantry, and as cool and self-possessed under all circumstances as an Italian noble ought to be, almost started at the fair Giulia's words. But he quickly recovered himself. Assassinations in Naples are not now such common events as they used to be, and bravos ready to poniard any one for a few scudi are scarcely to be found without some trouble, but there are still enough of the old traditions, and of the hot Italian blood remaining to make the idea not very alarming. If the Contessa desired to be released from the man who held the place which Raffaello would fain have held, and if he could find the means of obliging her without danger of any unpleasant consequences, he had no scruples about using them.

"Beautiful and adored Giulia," he said, "it shall be done! My life and soul are at your service."

"*Dio mio!* Raffaello," said the Contessa, looking at him somewhat contemptuously, for she had partly removed her veil, "do I ask you for your life and soul?"

"Yet, now-a-days it is not so easy to put an obnoxious individual out of the way without danger to one's own life, leaving the soul out of the question; as I am quite willing to do!" said Raffaello, in rather a piqued tone.

"Yes, I dare say," said Giulia, "but Raffaello, I do not want to endanger either your life or soul. Do you think I care so little about you?" and she laid her ungloved hand lightly on his arm.

"Ah! *mia adorata!*" said Raffaello, bending down to kiss it, "how could I flatter myself that you cared, when you rejected me for that perfidious and insolent upstart?"

"Raffaello, have I not told you that I never should have done so, if you had not enraged me by your devotion to that Milanese Prima-Donna. Every one was talking of it; how could I help believing that you were false to me; and you know where love is great, jealousy must be great too!"

"Ah! *bellissima! carissima!*" said Raffaello, again kissing her hand.

"No," resumed Giulia, "I never loved him, and now I hate him; I hate him! And you ought to hate him too."

"*Per Dio!*" said Raffaello, "I hate him with a perfect hatred."

"Be satisfied then, *caro amico*, for we shall have our revenge. But not, as you seem to suppose, by knife or stiletto or any violence, You know how narrowly he escaped the vengeance of the Government a little while ago; and but for me, fool that I was, he never would have escaped. But now his time has come. I have long known that he is a member of a secret society; and lately I have discovered that he is deeply engaged in an insurrectionary plot. There are the proofs." And she handed a packet of papers to the Marchese, who took it eagerly. "You need not look at them till you get home," Giulia said. "You will find them more than sufficient."

"I will take care that they are so," said the Marchese, significantly—"especially as the greatest beauty in all Naples will not now interest herself in his favour."

"Spare me your reproaches," said Giulia, "I have been punished as I deserved. Only the meanest creature on earth could submit to his insolence and tyranny, And now, *caro amico*, there must be no delay. The insurrection is apparently on the point of breaking out. He may leave Naples any hour to join the Garibaldini, and so escape us."

"Trust me, there shall be no delay," said Raffaello. "Is he at the villa now?"

"No; he went away in his boat alone late last night, or early this morning, as he is in the habit of doing, but he told his servant that he would be back this evening before sunset."

"He shall be arrested as soon as he returns," said Raffaello.

"You must warn the *sbirri* to be cautious," said Giulia. "He is so bold and resolute that if he gets the slightest chance, he will baffle them, and disappoint us yet."

"Every precaution shall be taken. The men shall have orders to conceal themselves till they see him entering the villa, and then rush on him and take him by surprise."

"Very well; but remember, *amico*, I trust to you to conduct everything in such a way that there shall be no needless scandal. My name must not appear."

"Everything shall be done quietly, and secretly," said the Marchese. "You may depend on me. And then *anima mia*, when you are once more free, may I not hope that the fairest reward earth can bestow will be mine?"

"You may hope and expect everything," said Giulia, extending her hand.

"*Mia adorata!*" said Raffaello, pressing it to his lips.

"Now, then, *addio, caro amico,*" said Giulia, rising. "My maid Fanchette waits outside; give us time to get out of sight before you leave the church."

Lingeringly drawing away the hand which Raffaello had retained, she moved with soft gliding grace to the door. Raffaello raised the great curtain, and with a parting "*addio!*" she passed through the opening, and disappeared.

As she vanished the young man's face changed, and its expression of impassioned devotion was succeeded by one strangely bitter and sarcastic.

"The hard-hearted little traitress!" he muttered, pulling at his moustache vehemently. "She is as false and cruel as Circe herself, or any other woman-monster. Of course, I was not ignorant that she had a tolerable spice of the devil in her composition, but this seems rather too much of a good thing. Say what she will, I know she had a *grande caprice* for him when she married him, and if she likes me better to-day, she might like some one else better the day after we were married: then I should become an incumbrance, to be got rid of in my turn. But she is gloriously, angelically beautiful, and I must have her at any price. Though, after all, it might be better to have a wife without the demoniac element. She might not be so *piquante*, but she would certainly be safer."

Then with a shrug of his shoulders, he, too, left the church.

All this time Carmina had remained hidden by the screen, silent and motionless, hearing through the openings in the ironwork all that passed, between Giulia and the young Marchese. No words could express all she had felt as she listened. Her horror at their wickedness, her dread lest their schemes should succeed, and her passionate hope that she might be able to warn and save Paolo. Surely Madonna had purposely revealed their vile plot to her, and would in some way or other enable her to defeat it. She had often seen the villa where Paolo lived, and once on a holiday she had wandered with Ninetta to the beach below it, and seen Paolo's boat with the one white sail lying at the landing—fancying, as she read with wistful eyes the name painted on the prow—*La Bella Donna*—that it was so called in honour of the beautiful lady his wife. Her first thought now was, that she would wait among the rocks near the landing till she saw his boat come in, and warn him of his danger; but the next moment it occurred to her that he would probably have no plan of escape ready, and the least delay or indecision might be fatal. Then, like a flash of inspiration, came the thought of Jacopo's felucca. If Jacopo would have his felucca near, Paolo could get on board, and Jacopo could take him to some place of safety. She would go to Jacopo and tell him all, and surely he would save the Signor, as he had saved him once before.

She came to this decision while she was yet on her knees; before the Marchese had left the church. As soon as she knew that he was gone, she followed, her feet winged with the swiftest of all sandals, Love and Hope, and hastened back to Naples. On the road she passed the Marchese, wrapped in his dark mantle, and as he turned at the sound of her rapid feet and caught sight o her face, always so beautiful, and expressive of every emotion, and now pale, excited, rapt, like one inspired, he said to himself: "*Cielo!* what a beauty! But how strangely she looked at me. *Santissima!* I hope she has not the evil eye!" and he made the sign which the Italians consider powerful to ward off the malicious influence they so much dread. He little knew the shudder of horror and fear with which Carmina had passed him, as if he had been some loathsome and poisonous reptile, little imagined that the girl whose pure impassioned face, seen for an instant, had thrilled him so strangely, had devoted her whole heart and soul to the task of frustrating the schemes on which he was now brooding as he walked along, but with which he never dreamed she could have anything to do more than one of the white pigeons that were fluttering around a balcony above his head.

Leaving him far behind, Carmina soon reached the city and hastened to the Molo, where many crafts were lying, among which, to her great joy, she recognized the well-known felucca. The next moment some one gently touched her shoulder, and looking round, she saw Jacopo.

"Oh, Jacopo," she exclaimed, "I wanted you so much, and I was so afraid you would be away with the felucca!"

It was a rare delight to Jacopo to be "wanted" by Carmina. His eyes brightened as he said, "What do you want me for, Carmina?"

"Oh, I cannot tell you all at once, Jacopo, I have so much to say."

"Come here, then," he said, "and let us sit down where we shall be a little way out of the crowd."

"He led her to a quiet spot on the rocky side of the great pier. "Well, what is it, Carmina?" he asked.

"Jacopo," said Carmina, and now he saw how pale she was, and how strangely her eyes shone, "I think you will like to do what I am going to ask you, but even if you don't, you must do it for my sake."

"*Cara* Carmina," said Jacopo with a grave smile, "don't I always do what you ask me?"

"Yes—oh, yes. But you know, Jacopo, you were angry with the Signor ——"

"The Signor? What of the Signor, Carmina?" and Jacopo moved uneasily.

"Jacopo, I have seen him—I have spoken to him. He is very unhappy and well he may be, for his wife who is so beautiful and looks so like an angel, is the wickedest woman in the world, and plotting against his life."

As she spoke all the brightness faded out of Jacopo's face as if a grey shade had suddenly crept over it. Lately he had begun to hope that since Paolo's marriage had forever divided him from Carmina, she would in time conquer her hopeless love and reward his constant affection. But now, as he saw the changed and agitated expression of her face, that hope died out, and he felt how futile it had been. Pressing his hand hard against the sharp rocks, as if to steady himself, he said, "Where did you see the Signor, Carmina?"

"He came to the house last evening. He asked me to forgive him, and said he had never been happy since he broke his vow to me. I was very sorry for him, Jacopo, and forgave him with all my heart—but that I did long ago. But I did not know then what I am going to tell you. Listen to me, Jacopo, and when you hear it, I am sure you will help me to save him."

Then she told Jacopo how she had been in the church that morning, and the conversation she had heard between Paolo's faithless wife and the young Marchese.

"And what is it you would wish me to do, Carmina?" asked Jacopo.

"Jacopo, I will go down to the rocks below the villa where his boat lands, and watch till he comes in. I must see him myself, and tell him what I heard this morning, for I am sure he would not believe it from any one else: not even from you, Jacopo. But you must have the felucca near, and when he knows everything, he can go on board, and you can take him to some safe place. Oh, Jacopo, will you do this? Promise me that you will."

"Wait a while, Carmina; let me think it over," said Jacopo.

His face worked, his whole frame was agitated, and Carmina, little accustomed to see him show any symptoms of emotion, watched him with wondering alarm.

At last he spoke. "Carmina, did the Signor tell you that he lòved you still—now, when no good can come of his loving you?"

"Oh, Jacopo, what is it you mean? Why do you look so?"

"Carmina, if you wish me to do as you have asked me, you must answer me. Did the Signor say he loved you?"

"Yes, Jacopo."

"And then you told him that you also loved him. Is it not so, Carmina?"

"Ah! Madonna! Why do you ask me, Jacopo? You know I have always loved him. Why do you speak in this way? You never were cruel to me before."

"Oh, Carmina, how could I be cruel to you whom I love better than my life? But I speak for your good, my Carmina. You have no one to take care of you but me. I will save the Signor if it be possible for me to do it, if you will vow to me on this image of the Madonna and the Holy Child—" and he produced one suspended on a cord round his neck, "that you will not have him for your lover."

"Jacopo! how could I take such a vow? I must love him as long as I live!"

"Carmina, my child, don't you know what I mean? You must swear to me that you will never be his mistress."

"Oh, Jacopo, I never thought of such a thing—he never thought of it. He only said he loved me."

"Yes, my Carmina, but it might not be so always. You must swear to me that if he does, you will never consent; and I will swear to you that I will save him, if mortal man can do it. I will take him to Ischia, where I know many good patriots, among whom he will be safe. Oh, my Carmina, I could bear to see you his wife since you love him so much, but never his mistress."

And Carmina kissed the image of the Madonna and took the vow.

All the rest of the day Carmina wandered about the Villa Francese, watching, lest by any chance Paolo should return home earlier than he had intended, and she should miss him. She was restless, and heart-sick, and vehemently excited, a wild fever seemed burning in her veins. Yes, she would save him, and never see him more. Then what was left for her but to die?

Evening came on and sunset drew near. She sat on the beach, under the cliffs, where she knew his boat must land, looking out over the blue shining waves whose laughing glitter seemed to mock her anguish—looking with yearning eyes, sending her whole soul to meet her beloved, as if she would draw him towards her with the wild longings of her throbbing heart. But the sun set and still he came not. Sky and sea seemed mingled together in the blending and interchanging tints and shades of a thousand lovely colours; then slowly they began to fade, and the soft twilight came stealing on. At that instant a little boat came in sight. At last—at last—he was coming! Rapidly the boat drew near, and she could see its solitary inmate holding the sail to catch the light breeze, as he steered the boat towards the wharf. Now she could recognize his attitude, the turn of his head, even his features and, springing up, she ran to the landing.

"Carmina!" Paolo exclaimed, in startled surprise, as he dropped the sails, and gazed at her pale excited face and flashing eyes.

"Signor Paolo, stay where you are," cried Carmina; "do not get out. The *sbirri* are coming to arrest you. Even now they may be waiting at the villa."

"The *sbirri?* How do you know they are coming to arrest me, Carmina?"

"Oh, I know it. This morning, in the Church of Santa Maria, I saw the Contessa, your wife, give a Signor, who was with her, some papers, which, she said, proved you were conspiring to raise an insurrection, and he said he would have the *sbirri* sent to the villa to-night to arrest you."

"Carmina, Carmina, have you dreamed this, or can it be true?"

"I have not dreamed it. It is true. She said you were a tyrant, and she hated you, and was determined to be free. She wants to have you killed that she may marry that Signor. She called him Raffaello."

"Then it *is* true," said Paolo; "it is no dream. She has stolen my papers, and betrayed me to that man. Why should I have doubted it for an instant? And you heard it, my Carmina. How was that?"

"Yes, Signor, I was in the church this morning, where they could not see me, and I heard all their wickedness, and I have been watching for you all day that I might tell you. Jacopo is waiting a little way out with his felucca; he thought it might excite suspicion if he came too near the landing, but you can see his boat when you clear those rocks yonder. He will take you to a safe place where he has friends. Now, go, Signor, and Madonna preserve you."

"Yes, I will go, but this time, Carmina, you shall come with me. Do not hesitate. I swear by all that is sacred, that if you refuse I will go straight to the villa, and remain there till the *sbirri* come. But you cannot—you will not refuse. Come, my beloved, come!" and he held out his arms.

It was impossible for her to resist at such a moment, and she suffered him to lift her into the boat. Then he set the sail, and they were moving out, when a hoarse shout in the direction of the villa made them look round. Half a dozen *sbirri*, armed with carbines, were running down through the Italian Garden. They had been concealed in the grounds, and one of the party having been sent to look out, saw the boat putting back from the shore. They had been commanded to make Paolo prisoner, dead or alive, and enraged at the prospect of his escape, they shouted to him with threatening gestures to return. Paolo, on the contrary, seized his oars to help the light impetus of the sail which had scarcely yet caught the breeze, and urged the boat forward with all his might. Furious at seeing their prey thus slipping from their grasp, the *sbirri* fired a volley, which, however, fell harmless round the boat.

"Courage, my Carmina," cried Paolo. "Before they can fire again we shall be round those rocks, and out of their reach."

But just as they turned the point of safety another volley came, and with a pang of agony, such as he had never known before, Paolo saw Carmina fall back in the boat. With a bitter cry, he threw down the oars, but the next moment she was up again, and supporting herself against the side of the boat.

"Row on! row on!" she cried. "Paolo, if you love me, row on! I am not hurt—it was nothing."

But already the rocks sheltered them, and the sail, now fully catching the wind, which was directly in their favour, bore them rapidly towards the felucca, which had come round as if to meet their approach.

"Are you sure you are not hurt, my Carmina," said Paolo, leaning over her. "You look pale. Were you frightened, *carissima?* We are quite safe now. There is Jacopo coming to meet us. In a few minutes we shall be on board."

"Yes, yes," Carmina said, in a wild excited voice, "Madonna be praised! You will be safe, then, *mio* Paolo, and I shall be —happy!"

"We shall both be happy, my beloved!" said Paolo, in his tenderest tones, "for we shall know that we can never be parted again. That woman who betrayed me to certain death, as she believed, is no longer wife of mine. You are my wife, Carmina, the true wife of my soul!"

She smiled with a strange ineffable sweetness, and pressed her lips on the hand with which he had drawn her head on his breast.

"Oh, we shall be so happy, my own love," Paolo said, softly, "and all those long days that we have been parted will seem like a dream. Now I shall have an angel of God, not a fiend of Satan for my companion, and love, and faithfulness and truth always by my side, instead of falsehood, deceit and treachery! Oh, *carissima!* how dearly I love you! And you love me, my Carmina? Speak to me, my own beloved, and tell me that you are as happy as I am."

"Yes, my Paolo," said Carmina, and now her voice was faint and low. "I am happy—happy because I am dying."

"My God! what is it you say, Carmina?"

"Paolo, my beloved one, I am dying. I am wounded here."

She placed her hand on her side, and when she drew it away, Paolo felt rather than saw that it was stained with blood.

"Wounded! Yes, oh, my God! but not much—it is not much. You must not, shall not die. Oh, God in Heaven! have pity and save her!" he cried.

"*Mio* Paolo, it is best as it is," she said, speaking with more and more difficulty. "I could not be your wife, and Madonna would not let me be your beloved without. In the world beyond things may be different. We may be happy there."

"Hush, hush, Carmina! here, in this world, we shall be happy. You *are* my beloved, and I am yours, and nothing can ever divide us. See, my Carmina, the blood is staunched now. You will soon be better. Oh, my darling, my darling, how you frightened me!" and he pressed her head against his breast.

"Kiss me, Paolo, kiss me," murmured Carmina; "kiss me again, and again! Oh, Paolo, I loved you so much; do not forget me!"

"Carmina, my only treasure, I could not live without you. If you die, I shall die too."

"Not so, my Paolo," and with an effort, she spoke firmly: "You must live to make Italy free and united. It is my last wish—my last prayer."

"You will live to help me, Carmina. Soul of my soul, life of my life, you will stay with me and help me?"

"I will pray Madonna to let me help you from Heaven," she whispered, her voice growing fainter and fainter. "Tell Jacopo to take care of Ninetta—poor Ninetta; she always loved Jacopo. Hold my hand tightly, Paolo—tighter still—while you hold it I am strong, and happy! Oh, so happy!" And with a long, gasping sigh, her soul breathed itself away.

But Paolo thought she had fainted.

At that moment Jacopo's voice sounded in his ear. "Why, what are you about, Signor; take care or we shall run you down."

"Carmina is hurt," said Paolo, "one of their cursed shots hit her; it is not much, but she has fainted."

Without a word, Jacopo sprang into the little boat, and helped Paolo to lift Carmina into the felucca, and placed her on the best couch it was possible to make for her there. The wound did not seem to be a bad one, and the blood, which had never been much, had ceased to flow, but all their efforts to revive her failed.

"*Santissima Madonna!*" said Jacopo at last, as he seemed to feel her cold hand stiffening in his clasp; "surely this is death!"

"Death!" cried Paolo fiercely; "are you mad? I tell you it is only a swoon. If we were once on land, and could get some women to attend to her, she would soon revive."

Jacopo flew to the helm, seized it from the boy who had been steering, and kept the boat straight on her course; while Paolo supported Carmina's inanimate form, uttering half frantic exclamations of love and anguish, of mingled hope and despair.

The felucca flew over the waves, but to Paolo and Jacopo, it seemed like an eternity till they reached Ischia. A full moon shone brightly down on them as they reached a solitary little landing-place, from whence Jacopo had often brought off in his felucca casks and great bottles filled with the sweet wine made from the grapes which grow so luxuriantly in that rich volcanic soil. A winding path led to the top of the cliffs, and up this Paolo and Jacopo carried their unconscious burden with tender, solicitous care. A little way beyond, two or three cottages were clustered, surrounded by a vineyard. The vintage had just begun, and on the green sward in front some young men and women were dancing by the bright light of the moon to the music of a guitar, which a merry looking fellow was playing. The older people sat by the doors laughing and chatting; the little children were dancing a mimic dance among themselves, or, tired out, were sleeping on the grass. It was a joyous scene; a vivid contrast to the mournful little group that softly and silently appeared among them. At their approach, the dancers paused, the music ceased, and there was an awe-stricken silence. All felt, though they had not yet seen, the awful presence of Death.

"My friends," said Paolo, "we have a wounded girl here; will some kind women attend to her till we can get a surgeon?"

"Wounded!" cried the cottagers, with many wondering and compassionate ejaculations.

"Yes," said Paolo, to whom these people were well known; "wounded by the cursed *sbirri.*"

A groan of rage and indignation ran through the little company. Ah! *canes maladetti!* accursed dogs!" they cried. A kind-looking woman, with ready sympathy, led the way into one of the cottages, and helped them to lay their sad burden on her own bed. Some others of the women gathered round, praising the poor girl's beauty, and sorrowing over her with many pitying exclamations.

"Cannot you do something to get her out of this swoon?" said Paolo.

The women looked at each other, and shook their heads. They knew she was dead.

"Alas! Signor," said one, "this is no swoon."

"Not a swoon!" cried Paolo, fiercely; "then what is it?—send for a surgeon—here is money—send for a surgeon at once."

"Yes, Signor," said the mistress of the house, "we will send for one —," and she spoke to a girl who left the room. "But here is a wise old mother, signor," she said, "one who knows more than many a doctor. Look at this *poverina*, mother, and see if anything can be done for her."

A little old woman, who seemed to have been asleep in some corner, now came forward, and bent over the silent form on the bed, and as she did so, Paolo recognized the wise Olympia. When she saw that it was Carmina's lifeless form on which she was looking, the sibyl raised herself with a wild piercing cry, and wrung her small, fleshless hands. "Is it you, my beauty, my bird, my flower of maidens?" she cried. "Dark is the hour that I see you lying here, and for ever accursed be the hand that laid you low!" Then she stooped over the dead girl again, examined her wound, and touched her hands, mouth and eyes.

"Is there any life left, mother?" asked one of the women.

"None! none!" said the sibyl. "She is dead, my peerless beauty, my lovely one! She will never speak again. Close her eyes softly, my daughters, and lay her hands reverently on her breast. She is dead! She is dead! And who has killed her?"

"It was I who killed her!" said Paolo, rising from where he had been kneeling by the bed."

"You, Signor, you! Was it you who murdered the sweet child who loved you better than her own soul?"

"Yes, it was I. She gave her life for mine!" said Paolo—and utterly unmanned, he threw himself beside his dead love, and poured forth his anguish and despair with all the wild fierce passion of the lava-like southern blood which his cultivated self-control had not cooled. He upbraided himself as the vilest and most odious of men, and with cries and groans, and floods of bitter tears, he cursed the day he was born, and called on Heaven to take his hateful life that hour, that he might be buried in the grave with Carmina.

The kind women were terrified at his wild agony, but full of compassion. Jacopo, according to his nature, seemed stunned and stupified; he neither wept nor groaned, but leant against the wall, quiet and motionless.

"Was she the Signor's beloved?" asked one of the women, approaching him.

Jacopo started. "She was a pure lily," he said, "and Madonna took her away that this evil world might not stain her whiteness."

His look, his voice, showed something of what he felt, and the woman asked no more questions.

"It was long before any one dared to intrude on Paolo's passionate grief, but at last the old Olympia approached him, and laid her skinny hand on his. Something in its touch seemed to electrify him, for he started, raised his head, and looked at her.

"Signor," she said, "your tears and lamentations are profaning the dead! She must be dressed in white raiment as spotless as herself, and laid in mother earth, who will deck her grave, when the time comes, with flowers. Come away now, Signor *mio*; you shall see her again when she has been made ready for Paradise."

The weird power of the sibyl's glance seemed to have the effect she desired, for Paolo rose, and tried to command himself.

"I was false to her," he said, after a while, "and now she is dead, and can never know how much I loved her."

"Yes, Signor, she knows it now," said the sibyl.

"If I could think so," said Paolo, "it might be some poor comfort."

"Do not doubt it, Signor *mio!* For such love and loveliness as hers there can be no death. And do not blame yourself too much, Signor. It was the will of the Invisible, before which we creatures of clay must put our fingers on our lips and be dumb. Come, Signor, come and take some food and wine. Then you will be a man again."

"Food! wine!" said Paolo, shuddering.

"Signor, listen to the wise Olympia. Did she not tell you that the thread of your life, and of hers who lies there, were knotted together? Did I not say that I saw you both standing side by side in a crimson cloud, and you thought it was the morning sun rising over free Italy; but, Signor, I knew it was *her* blood. Also, I told you that your fortune should be great, and that you and Italy should triumph together. And now I tell you so again. Your life is not your own to throw away, as if it were a broken toy. You must keep it to aid in making *La Patria* free from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic; you must keep it to be revenged on the tyrants who sent their evil hounds to murder her who died for you! The old Olympia has lived to be very old, and she has learned the lesson the young find it so hard to learn: she has learned not to kick against the pricks. Come, Signor *mio*, drink some wine, and eat, and sleep. Our young men shall guard the house, and your enemies shall not find you. You must not die like a coward, and let your foes and the foes of Italy triumph over you.

The wise Olympia had struck the right chord at last. Paolo thought of the faithless Giulia, of the profligate Raffaello, of the tyrants against whom he had so long waged war in Italy's cause—they should not have the satisfaction of knowing that they had driven him to a suicide's dishonoured grave. Then better and nobler thoughts came. He remembered the heroic Mazzini, who from his earliest youth had lived a life of martyrdom for the sake of the beloved land; he thought of the band of gallant patriots with whom he had laboured—could he be so weak and selfish as to desert them? Above all, he thought of Carmina's last words—"Live to make Italy free and united!" Surely somewhere in God's wide universe, he should yet meet her, and tell her he had obeyed her last desire!

"You are right, mother," he said to the old sibyl, who had waited, keenly watching him with her glittering eyes. "Give me wine—give me food! I will try and steel myself to bear this blow like a man! There is plenty of work for me to do, and I will not shirk it!

Carmina was laid in a grave not far from the cliffs, under the shadow of a lonely and picturesque little church where the murmurs of the sea forever blend with the prayers continually chanted for the dead. Paolo placed a white marble slab over her grave on which a broken lily,—the white lily of the Annunciation, sacred to the Madonna—was sculptured; and beneath was graven

CARMINA.

As the wise Olympia had prophesied, Paolo lived to enter Naples in triumph with Garibaldi, and to see Rome once more the capital of Italy. He is a prosperous and successful man, and a rising statesman; but his private life is lonely and desolate. He has never married, and his heart lies buried in the grave near the cliffs on the island of Ischia.

Paolo's conspiracy against the Neapolitan Government had been so clearly proved, that he was condemned to death unheard: a sentence which, as far as he was concerned, his escape rendered a dead letter. But on the petition of the Contessa Giulia, His Holiness the Pope was pleased to declare that she was as legally entitled to marry as if the sentence had been actually executed on her husband, and accordingly sent her a formal declaration of divorce. In spite of the Holy Father's gracious permission, however, it was not without much hesitation and many doubts that the Marchese Raffaello brought himself to the point of marriage; and as might have been expected, it was a miserable union, made intolerable to both by mutual jealousy, suspicion, and every evil passion. In less than a year the wretched Giulia was found one morning dead in her dressing-room—poisoned. Some people hinted that she had been murdered by the Marchese, but no public accusation was ever brought against him, and it was generally supposed that she had died by her own hand. As she left no child, her wealth went to endow churches and convents, according to the provisions of the Comte Deslandes' will. The villa was sold to an Italian prince, and received another name.

And Jacopo,—the faithful Jacopo—never forgot, or ceased to mourn for Carmina. His grief had at first seemed less than Paolo's, partly because his nature was not so passionate and enthusiastic, partly because his sorrow was unmixed with remorse; but though it was silent and undemonstrative it was deep and lasting. Paolo had given him Carmina's dying request that he should take care of Ninetta, and he had received it with grateful joy, as a proof that she had remembered and trusted him to the last. Paolo would gladly have given him a yearly sum for Ninetta's support, but nothing could induce him to accept it. Carmina had left her to his care, he said, and he could not divide the trust with any one. He took a little cottage not far from Carmina's grave, and placed Ninetta in it, with a kind elderly woman to take care of her. He spends all his holidays there, and his greatest pleasures seem to be—giving some amusement or gratification to Ninetta, or sitting by Carmina's quiet resting place, and spelling out the letters carved on the stone. He makes so much money with his felucca that he is able to lay by no small sum every year, and he says that when he gets a little older he will give up the sea, buy some land near the cottage, and cultivate a vineyard.

Sometimes Paolo comes to the island in Jacopo's felucca, and visits Carmina's grave. They are fast friends, these men so different in rank, in cultivation, in habits, in everything except one—their love for Carmina and their faithfulness to her memory. This it is which forms the strong bond there is between them. It was impossible for Paolo to help honouring and loving the man who had loved and served Carmina with such unselfish devotion, and the pity which the generous Jacopo felt for Paolo when he witnessed his deep sorrow and remorse, and knew how they had darkened all his life, gradually became a strong though silent and almost unconscious affection. They seldom meet, and never speak of the deeper feelings lying in their hearts, but each would willingly incur any risk, or suffer any loss for the sake of serving the other. They have tasks to perform and objects to achieve, in their separate ways, which make life worth living for, but all the joy and sunshine of existence for both were forever buried in Carmina's grave.

THE END.

THE JEWELS.

A JEWISH LEGEND.

THE Rabbi homeward slowly took his way,
Fatigued and weary at the close of day;
The sun was calmly sinking into rest,
The moon was slowly rising from the breast
Of slumbering Neptune, and the stars—those blue
"Forget-me-nots of heaven"—as slowly grew
The twilight into night, came one by one
To tell the earth another day was done.

The Rabbi saw his wife stand at the door,
And wait and watch for him, as oft before;
But in her eyes, and on her queenly brow,
There seemed a shadow, never there till now;
And in her voice there seemed a sound as though
Of heart-felt sorrow, deep despair, or woe.

A moment's pause, and then she raised her head,
And welcomed him with steady voice, and said,
"Good Rabbi, I would say a word to thee:—
Four years ago, a good friend gave to me,
In charge for him, two jewels rich and fair,
To keep, till he should claim them from my care.
And I have looked upon them, till I deemed
They were, in truth, mine own, nor scarcely dreamed
They would be claimed. To-day the message came;
And I—shall I—must I—admit the claim,

Or may I not, O husband, still retain
The jewels fair, nor part with them again?"

"Not so, my wife," the aged Rabbi said,
"By such false reasoning be thou not led.
Because the jewels in thy care were left,
Wouldst thou of them the owner were bereft?
Restore the jewels with a willing heart,
And thus the strong temptation shall depart."

"Enough," she said, "thou speakest as I thought,
And surely I have done as thou hast taught.
Already have the jewels been returned,
And thus I have the strong temptation spurned:
Behold the casket where the gems I kept."
Unto a bed, unfalteringly she stept,
The curtains drew,—and lo! two children slept
In death! The Rabbi bowed his head and wept.

EDWARD J. WHITE.

BOWMANVILLE.

THE DUMB SPEAK.

BY JOHN LESPERANCE.

THE twenty-third of February of last year, and the month of March of this year, are dates to be remembered in the social history of our Continent. On both occasions, at exhibitions of deaf and dumb children, which took place in the City of Montreal, the audience was startled to hear some twenty of these unfortunate creatures speak out loudly, distinctly, without apparent effort, and quite intelligibly in both English and French. The other exercises, as announced on the programme, consisted of reading, writing on the black-board, elocutionary and dramatic pantomime.

These results were of a nature to provoke inquiry. Unable to learn anything from the city press, we referred directly to the Superintendent of the exhibition. This gentleman is Rev. J. A. Bélanger, President of the Mile-End Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, Montreal.

It seems that last spring, on his return from Rome, Canon Fabre, of the Montreal Roman Catholic Cathedral, passed through Belgium, and in the cities of Brussels and Ghent, witnessed the system of articulation for deaf mutes, in full and successful operation. He was so much struck by the excellence of the method, that immediately on his return home, he prevailed upon Mr. Bélanger to cross forthwith to Europe, for the purpose of mastering its practical details. The latter gentleman repaired to Aix-la-Chapelle, where for several months he devoted himself to the study, in both French and German. The outbreak of the war interrupted his labours, but he was sufficiently initiated to make his voyage profitable, and he sailed for home with the glory of being the first to introduce the new system into America. He set to work at once to form his pupils, and with such marvellous success, that at the end of only four months, he was able to give the public exhibition just referred to.

In order to appreciate the full nature of the change here wrought in the education of deaf mutes, it is necessary to call to mind the two great systems which have hitherto prevailed, and of which the present is both a combination and a perfection. These have hitherto gone by the generic names of the French and the German systems.

Up to the middle of the eighteenth century, none but isolated efforts had been made to better the fate of the deaf and the dumb, though it is singularly worthy of remark that in these partial attempts, all the methods of instruction which modern science has developed were more or less in vogue.

In 1760, the Royal Institution for the Deaf and Dumb was founded in Paris, the first of its class. It was endowed by the munificence of the Abbé Charles Michael de L'Epée, and the course of instruction followed in it was due to his inventive genius.

This celebrated system consists mainly of two elements—writing exercises and methodic signs. The former are principal, the latter, auxiliary.

The METHODIC SIGNS are grounded on reason, and derived, directly or indirectly, from nature. This is so much the case, that if one of these signs does not appear, at first sight, to have a natural origin; that is, if it does not convey a miniature or condensed image of the object intended with sufficient clearness, the natural relation will nevertheless soon be discovered by analysis and reflection. The sign, once understood, fixes itself in the memory, along with the thing which it represents.

Two brief examples, one drawn from the material, the other from the metaphysical order, will elucidate these signs. To convey the idea of the verb *to carry*, L'Epée *carried* a book in different ways and manners, at the same time that he wrote out: *I carry* on the black board. Here the written word was illustrated by a methodic sign. The verb *believe*, in its theological sense, is said to be one of the most difficult to explain. As, indeed, it cannot be expressed by a single sign, L'Epée wrote out its different significations in metaphysical sequence, and then, by means of radiating lines, made them all centre on the personal verb *I believe*, thus:

$$\text{I BELIEVE}\left\{\begin{array}{l}\text{I say YES by my mind.}\\ \text{I say YES by my heart.}\\ \text{I say YES by my mouth.}\\ \text{I do not see with my eyes.}\end{array}\right.$$

His way of explaining the diagram was this: he began by making the sign proper to the pronoun I. Then, placing his right fore-finger on his forehead, the concave portion of which is thought to contain the mind, he made the sign corresponding to YES. Next, placing his finger on his heart, he made the sign of YES. Next, he made the sign YES on the mouth, moving the lips. Finally, he placed his hand on his eyes, making the sign NO, to express that he did not see. There remained only the sign proper to the present tense, and then he wrote out on the board: *I believe.*

This mode of explanation is still in use, less the grammatical signs.

Besides writing and methodic signs, L'Epée had recourse to reading. "Our deaf and dumb," says he, "write under dictation of methodic signs, and they themselves dictate in this manner, *ad aperturam libri*, when any one desires to make the experiment."

He also made use of dactylology or finger-speech, as a secondary means of instruction for beginners, for the enunciation of proper names, which cannot be expressed by any natural sign. He employed the common one-hand alphabet.

Articulation was not unknown to the Abbé

L'Epée. He practised it at intervals, or in exceptional cases, and turned out some very distinguished subjects, but he did not make it the essential element of his system for reasons which will better appear further on.

This great man, who must ever rank among the most illustrious reformers of our era, died in 1789, after seeing his system adopted in the greater part of Europe, and leaving such disciples as Sicard, Storch, Keller, Dilo, Silvestri, Pfinsten, Guyot, D'Arca and Ulrich, to propagate and perfect his teachings.

Equally eminent is Samuel Heinicke, the contemporary and rival of L'Epée. He founded the celebrated Institution of Leipsic, in 1778. His system is based on artificial articulation. The German reformer held that speech is the natural instrument of human thought, and writing only the representation of articulation. According to him, man thinks not in written, but in sounding words. He cannot think in written words without, at the same time, pronouncing them, when he has not these words before his eyes. Hence, writing cannot develop the ideas of the born deaf-mute, and articulation is indispensable.

Heinicke was conscious of the practical difficulties besetting his theory, and he consecrated the best years of his life towards overcoming them. To soften, for instance, the articulation of deaf-mutes, and render the impression of the vowels lasting in their memory, he imagined a scale of gustatory senses — *Scala des Geschmacksinnes* — by which he intended to endow the sense of taste—which in man is very keen—with the acoustic qualities of the voice. He argued that by placing on the tongue of deaf-mutes a bitter, a sweet, or a sour substance, before and after the articulation of one or the other vowel, they would attach the particular movement of the vocal organ to the simultaneous sensation which they experience. The coincidence and the fusion of the two impressions must necessarily give fixity to articulation, when the exercise is repeated a certain number of times. Thus for the vowel *a*, Heinicke employed pure water; for the vowel *e*, wormwood; for the vowel *i*, vinegar; for the vowel *o*, sweetened water; for the vowel *u*, olive oil.

He also made use of an artificial tongue and throat, by which he attempted to give mechanical illustrations of the formation of different sounds. It need scarcely be said that these contrivances have long since been discarded.

Lip-reading is the correlative of articulation, and constitutes with it what is called *Phonomimia.* The teacher forms sounds and letters by the movement of his lips, which the deaf and dumb pupil observes and repeats aloud. To facilitate this reading, Schibel, of Zurich, uses a mirror, in which both teacher and pupil look during recitation, the latter comparing the motions of his mouth with that of the former. This intelligent preceptor had remarked that generally when deaf-mutes begin lip-reading, they fix their attention rather on the eyes than on the mouth of the teacher, an inconvenience obviated by the mirror.

From the above, it appears that the French and German systems have much in common, inasmuch as all the devices invented for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, are practised in both, yet the specific difference between them is broadly marked by the language of signs which is characteristic of the former, and articulate speech which is the groundwork of the latter. Unfortunately, too, national rivalry, which should never be allowed in science, had, until lately, still further separated the two systems. The Germans rejected the French system almost with contempt; while in France, the German method, though never really excluded, had been thought less generally useful than that of the Abbé L'Epée.

One of the reasons why artificial articulation was partially neglected in the French institutions of the deaf and dumb is to be found in the difficulties presented by the grammar of the French language. Comparative philologists are aware that modern or derivative languages are arbitrary in their pronunciation, and that the French, more especially, is not spoken, as it is written. Treating of this topic, L'Epée used to say: "we write for the eye; we speak for the ear." He used to instance the unaccented syllables, the suppressed letters, and especially the *é fermé*, as presenting great difficulty to the articulation of deaf-mutes. Then there is the contraction of letters which gives the same sound to a series of syllables quite different in their spelling, and coming under an infinite number of rules. Thus the sound of the word *eau* (water) is represented by *o*, in the following diverse forms: *caux*, *aulx*, *défaut*, *défauts*, *étau*, *maux*, *écho*, *gros*, *chaud*, *échafauds*, *sot*, *pots*, *escroc*, *escrocs*. The Abbé L'Epée preferred Latin for the purposes of articulation, because in that language, as indeed, in all the ancient tongues, every syllable is pronounced separately, and the vowel sounds are uniform. Among his papers, after his death, was found a Latin discourse, delivered in public by one of his pupils, Clémens de la Pujade.

What is true of the French, applies with no less force to the English. Not only is our written alphabet far from sufficient to represent the sounds of our spoken language, but we have special difficulties of articulation, which are nearly insuperable to all but the supplest organs. Our sibilants are particularly annoying. We have also hundreds of elementary sounds which are denominated labial, that is, which require only a little movement of the lips. They are all so many sources of hardship to deaf-mutes, whose imperfect organ can much more readily articulate the guttural sounds of the German.

These facts are sufficient to explain why the French system is preferred in the Deaf and Dumb Institutions of Great Britain to the German system, and why, with an exception or two, to be mentioned later, this preference is maintained to the present time. Indeed, the renowned institution of Edinburgh, founded by Thomas Braidwood, in 1764, and that of London, established by Dr. Watson, in 1792, have done quite as much as that of Paris itself, to popularize the method of the Abbé de L'Epée.

The same causes, together with the direct co-operation of French teachers, contributed to introduce the French system into the United States. The most ancient of American institutions is that of Hartford, founded in 1817. Its first professors were Gallaudet and the celebrated deaf-mute Laurent Clerc, both pupils of the Paris institute. From Connecticut, the system passed to New York, which, in 1820, opened an asylum of the highest class, now grown to be the largest of the two continents. In the course of time, nearly every State claimed the honour of having an institution of its own, and the United States can now boast of 25 establishments of unrivalled excellence. In 1864, they even took a great step in advance. A kind of central or national institution was created at Washington, by endowing the ancient asylum of the district of Columbia, with a scientific department to which academic degrees are attached. It was in that same year that the Institution conferred the diploma of Master of Arts, on John Carlin, who thus enjoys the distinction of being the first deaf and dumb graduate in the world.

Other objections have been raised against the system of artificial articulation on physiological and pedagogic grounds, but we need not enter further into them, as they have been precisely met by the new method just inaugurated in Montreal.

As we said before, this is essentially a method of conciliation. It combines what should never have been dissevered—the German and the French systems—but in such a judicious way that each is applied, and solely applied, to the class of pupils for which it is naturally intended. Reliable statistics show that of the total of deaf and dumb in public institutions, the great majority are incapable of any but elementary and even fragmentary instruction. A fair portion of the remainder can get their education only by signs, writing and dactyl language, the χεῖρες παμφωνοι, or *manus loquacissimae* and the *digiti clamosi* of Cassiodorus. It is only the privileged few who have the gift of articulation.

Henne, of Gmund, one of the most experienced instructors in Germany, reduces to four the causes which render most deaf-mutes incapable of articulate speech. Some are so weak of intellect that the organs of the voice, which have remained inert, are unequal to the exercise necessary to enunciation.

Others have the vocal organs so defective that, although they may have intelligence, they can never be made to reach that clearness of pronunciation which is indispensable to intelligible speech.

Others, again, owing to great physical debility, which results from the weakness of the lungs or other interior organs, are unable to produce articulate sounds, spite of an ordinary intelligence and a normal conformation of the vocal organs.

Finally, and in frequent cases, some have such feeble sight that they are unable to assist at the general instruction given to their fellow pupils, inasmuch as they cannot read a single word on the lips of the professor.

These important facts being kept in view, the first thing inquired after in the case of every pupil of the Montreal Institution, is his power of articulation. If the result is satisfactory, in any way, he is forthwith put under that method of instruction. If the result is not satisfactory, the pupil is set to the mode of communication for which he has the readiest aptitude, and thus learns what he can, without being retarded by useless exercises.

Pupils are, of course, received at every age, the zealous professors being willing to make themselves useful to the greatest possible number, but the question of age is a very important one, and our attention was particularly invited to it.

Experience has demonstrated that the more a deaf-mute advances in age, the more difficult becomes the exercise of the principal organs of the voice, tongue and lips, and hence, to form a pupil to articulation when he is already advanced in age, requires not only more time, but more persistent effort. Then, besides, it is well known that the deaf and dumb have great repugnance to pronouncing several words without interruption, and in one breath. The majority of the deaf and dumb have to take breath very often, not only in a sentence, but also in a word of several syllables. This must necessarily depend on the weakness of their lungs which, owing to the inaction consequent on dumbness, do not attain their normal development. Indeed, the official autopsy practised on several deaf-mutes demonstrates this fact.

The New York institution does not admit pupils before the age of twelve or fourteen. If it ever adopts the new method of articulation, it will necessarily have to alter that regulation. For when the exercise of articulation commences only at twelve years, or, especially after that age, the efforts which it requires from the beginning, and which must be continued for a length of time, often lead to the ruin of health and to untimely death. It may, however, be stated as an offset to this, that the want of lung exercise, resulting from dumbness, is hurtful to the constitution, and that many deaf-mutes die of phthisis of the larynx or the lungs.

But if the deaf and dumb are initiated to articulate speech at the early age of six or seven, and if to this exercise is added frequent reading aloud, their lungs will expand and their health will be everyway improved.

The earlier this mode is adopted, and the more it is persevered in, the better will the memory of the pupil be improved, the sooner will he get rid of the language of signs, and the clearer and more agreeable will his pronunciation become.

At Montreal, it is recommended to begin with a lesson of a quarter of an hour ; then to attempt half an hour ; and finally a whole hour. In this way the child's strength will increase with his instruction.

Another paramount advantage of the new method is that it has at length nearly solved the problem of a clear and distinct articulation. Hitherto, this was a very telling objection against the German system. It was urged, and with justice, against Heinicke, that the speech of his pupils was harsh, hardly intelligible, and always painful to hear. As late as 1861, M. Frank, in a report to the French Academy of Sciences—a document of immense research and great impartiality—asserts that the deaf and dumb may indeed be taught to utter articulate sounds, but on hearing them, no one would figure to himself that they issued from a human breast. He goes further, and declares that all the deaf-mutes he ever met capable of articulating, however faintly, had lost the sense of hearing through accident or disease. He denies that a born deaf-mute can ever be made to articulate at all.

From the Philadelphia institutions we have the same opinion. In one of its reports we find the statement, based on personal statistics, that congenital dumbness renders articulation impossible, and furthermore, that the born deaf-mute, is incapable of the perception of ideas necessary to lip-reading.

Both the Abbé de L'Epée and Heinicke rejected this doctrine, and the new method will doubtless contribute still further to disprove it, with regard to harshness and indistinctness of articulation, and it pledges itself to go much farther in the way of progress than any have ever attempted before. Former masters answered the objections against them, by saying that their method does not consist essentially in purity of pronunciation, but in the use of articulate speech as a form and instrument of thought, and a means of education. The new teachers wish to have articulation introduce the deaf-mute into society, make him as little different as possible from other men in the intercourse of life. While they do not insure a perfect accent, even in their most brilliant pupils, they profess to train them above the average of speakers who have defective organs, but are still quite endurable. When a pupil has gone through their course, he can throw aside pencil and slate and converse as other men, reading what his interlocutors say by the movements of their lips. The Montreal institution has already obtained most satisfactory results. The zealous and intelligent principal has had syllabic tablets, and reading schedules printed in both English and French, and in one of the several letters with which he has honoured us, he states that he has made unexpected progress. In seven months—from October of last year, to May of this—his pupils are as advanced as those who have spent two years at corresponding exercises, in Germany and Belgium. This is a magnificent exhibit, well worthy the attention and inquiry of specialists.

It is to be remarked that while the Mile-End institution of Montreal, is the first of its class in America, it is likewise one of the few outside of Germany, where the new method has been afforded a fair trial. There is one asylum of the kind in France, at St. Hippolyte du Fort, Department of the Gard. There are several in the chief cities of Belgium, and two others in Holland. The most successful of which is that of Gröningen. We learn from a letter of Canon Fabre, that the method, though unknown in the State institutions of Great Britain, is partially practised in private establishments of London and Manchester. We have the same authority for stating that Archbishop McCloskey, of New York, whom our correspondent met in Rome, expressed his intention of sending some nuns to Brussels, for the purpose of studying the system. We have not been able to ascertain whether this mission has taken place or not, but we are positive that the method has not yet been tried in New York, nor any where on this Continent, except partially at Northampton, Massachusetts.

Fortunately, on this continent there is no prejudice against any scheme that may ameliorate the condition of the deaf and dumb. In matters of science and philanthropy, Canadians and Americans have none of that partisanship, which often mars the best endeavors of reformers in the old countries of Europe. We are willing to give every new proposition a fair hearing, and every new method a full trial. No more is asked for the system of deaf-mute instruction just introduced among our neighbours. Convinced ourselves after conscientious research, that it merits the attention of those among us who, by profession or inclination, devote their time to the care of a numerous class of unfortunates, we have contented ourselves with unfolding a few of the principal facts before them. Though the French system has been in vogue here from the beginning, and no other has ever been fully attempted, we believe that the new modification of the German system will eventually find a place here. We believe further, that it is destined to open an era in the education of Canadian and American deaf-mutes. Requiring, as it does, a greater number of special teachers than are employed in the present curriculum, it will necessarily stimulate the zeal of young aspirants, and extend the particular studies essential to their success. It is a satisfaction to know that the Principal of the Mile-End Institution, so far from wishing to make any mystery about his method, is anxious to communicate all he has learned and discovered to any who may apply for information. This he has repeatedly stated in his correspondence with us. The worthy official has chosen for his motto the picturesque words of Heinicke: *die stummen entstummen*, and his highest ambition is to spread as much as possible this marvel of modern science—almost the rival of the Gospel miracle, by which THE DUMB SPEAK.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

FROM SCHILLER.

THE clouds gather darkly,
The oak-forests roar,
Lone and sad sits the maiden
Upon the green shore;
Where fierce lash the waters with might, with might,
As she sighs forth her grief to the stormy night,
Her eye with long weeping is weary.

"The world is a desert,
The heart's throbs are o'er,
And left to its longing
Is nothing more.
Thou Holy One, let me return to thy Heaven,
All the bliss of the earth has already been given:
With my love all my life is now over."

The flow of her weeping
Runs ever in vain;
The dead from their sleeping
Awake not again.
Whatever can solace and comfort the heart,
When the sweet joys of love that has vanished depart,
I, the Holy One will not deny thee.

"Tho' the flow of my weeping
Run ever in vain,
Tho' the dead from his sleeping
Awake not again,
What only can solace and comfort the heart,
When the sweet joys of love that has vanish'd depart,
Is the memory of love that is over."

S. T.

THE LABOUR MOVEMENT.*

By Goldwin Smith, M.A.

(A Lecture delivered before the Mechanics' Institute of Montreal, and the Literary Society of Sherbrooke.)

WE are in the midst of an industrial war which is extending over Europe and the United States, and has not left Canada untouched. It is not wonderful that great alarm should prevail, or that, in panic-stricken minds, it should assume extravagant forms. London deprived of bread by a bakers' strike, or of fuel by a colliers' strike, is a serious prospect; so is the sudden stoppage of any one of the wheels in the vast and complicated machine of modern industry. People may be pardoned for thinking that they have fallen on evil times, and that they have a dark future before them. Yet, those who have studied industrial history, know that the present disturbance is mild compared with the annals of even a not very remote past. The study of history shows us where we are, and whither things are tending. Though it does not diminish the difficulties of the present hour, it teaches us to estimate them justly, to deal with them calmly, and not to call for cavalry and grapeshot because one morning we are left without hot bread.

One of the literary janissaries of the French Empire thought to prove that the working class had no rights against the Bonapartes, by showing that the first free labourers were only emancipated slaves. One would like to know what he supposed the first Bonapartes were However, though his inference was not worth much, except against those who are pedantic enough to vouch parchment archives for the rights and interests of humanity, he was in the right as to the fact. Labour first appears in history as a slave, treated like a beast of burden, chained to the door-post of a Roman master, or lodged in the underground man-stables (ergastula) on his estate, treated like a beast, or worse than a beast, recklessly worked out and then cast forth to die, scourged, tortured, flung in a moment of passion to feed the lampreys, crucified for the slightest offence or none. "Set up a cross for the slave," cries the Roman matron in Juvenal. "Why, what has the slave done?" asks her husband. One day labour strikes; finds a leader in Spartacus, a slave devoted as a gladiator to the vilest of Roman pleasures; wages a long and terrible servile war. The revolt is put down at last, after shaking the foundations of the State. Six thousand slaves are crucified along the road from Rome to Capua. Labour had its revenge, for slavery brought the doom of Rome.

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* The lecture has been revised since its delivery, and some slight additions have been made.

In the twilight of history, between the fall of Rome and the rise of the new nationalities, we dimly see the struggle going on. There is a great insurrection of the oppressed peasantry, under the name of Bagaudæ, in Gaul. When the light dawns, a step has been gained. Slavery has been generally succeeded by serfdom. But serfdom is hard. The peasantry of feudal Normandy conspire against their cruel lords, hold secret meetings; the ominous name *commune* is heard. But the conspiracy is discovered and suppressed with the fiendish ferocity with which panic inspires a dominant class, whether in Normandy or in Jamaica. Amidst the religious fervour of the Crusades again breaks out a wild labour movement, that of the Pastoureaux, striking for equality in the name of the Holy Spirit, which, perhaps, they had as good a right to use as some who deemed their use of it profane. This is in the country, among the shepherds and ploughmen. In the cities labour has congregated numbers, mutual intelligence, union on its side; it is constantly reinforced by fugitives from rural serfdom; it builds city walls, purchases or extorts charters of liberty. The commercial and manufacturing cities of Italy, Germany, Flanders, become the cradles of free industry, and, at the same time, of intellect, art, civilization. But these are points of light amidst the feudal darkness of the rural districts. In France, for example, the peasantry are cattle; in time of peace crushed with forced labour, feudal burdens and imposts of all kinds; in time of war driven, in unwilling masses, half-armed and helpless, to the shambles. Aristocratic luxury, gambling, profligate wars, Jacques Bonhomme pays for all. At Crécy and Poictiers the lords are taken prisoners, have to pay heavy ransoms, which, being debts of honour, like gambling debts, are more binding than debts of honesty. But Jacques Bonhomme's back is broad, it will bear everything. Broad as it is, it will not bear this last straw. The tidings of Flemish freedom have, perhaps, in some way reached his dull ear, taught him that bondage is not, as his priest, no doubt, assures him it is, a changeless ordinance of God, that the yoke, though strong, may be broken. He strikes, arms himself with clubs, knives, ploughshares, rude pikes, breaks out into a Jacquerie, storms the castles of the oppressor, sacks, burns, slays with the fury of a wild beast unchained. The lords are stupified. At last they rally and bring their armour, their discipline, their experience in war, the moral ascendency of a master class to bear. The English gentlemen, in spite of the hostilities, only half suspended, between the nations, join the French gentlemen against the common enemy. Twenty thousand peasants are soon cut down, but long afterwards the butchery continues. Guillaume Callet, the leader of the Jacquerie, a very crafty peasant, as he is called by the organs of the lords, is crowned with a circlet of red-hot iron.

In England, during the same period, serfdom, we know not exactly how, is breaking up. There is a large body of labourers working for hire. But in the midst of the wars of the great conqueror, Edward III. comes a greater conqueror, the plague called the Black Death, which sweeps away, some think, a third of the population of Europe.. The number of labourers is greatly diminished. Wages rise. The feudal parliament passes an Act to compel labourers, under penalties to work at the old rates. This Act is followed by a train of similar Acts, limiting wages and fixing in the employers' interest the hours of work, which, in the pages of imaginative writers, figure as noble attempts made by the legislators of a golden age to regulate the relations between employer and employed on some higher principle than that of contract. The same generous spirit, no doubt, dictated the enactment prohibiting farm labourers from bringing up their children to trades, lest hands should be withdrawn from the landowner's service. Connected with the Statutes of Labourers, are those bloody vagrant laws, in which whipping, branding, hanging are ordained as the punishment of vagrancy by lawgivers, many of whom were themselves among the idlest and most noxious vagabonds in the country, and the authors of senseless wars which generated a mass of vagrancy, by filling the country with disbanded soldiers. In the reign of Richard II., the poll tax being added to other elements of class discord, labour strikes, takes arms under Wat Tyler, demands fixed rents, tenant right in an extreme form, and the total abolition of serfage. A wild religious communism bred of the preachings of the more visionary among the Wycliffites mingles in the movement with the sense of fiscal and industrial wrong. "When Adam delved and Eve span, where was then the gentleman?" is the motto of the villeins, and it is one of more formidable import than any utterance of peasant orators at Agricultural Labourers' meetings in the present day. Then come fearful scenes of confusion, violence, and crime. London is in the power of hordes brutalized by oppression. High officers of state, high ecclesiastics are murdered. Special vengeance falls on the lawyers, as the artificers who forged the cunning chains of feudal iniquity. The rulers, the troops are paralyzed by the aspect of the sea of furious savagery raging round them. The boy king, by a miraculous exhibition of courageous self-possession, saves the State; but he is compelled to grant general charters of manumission, which when the danger is over, the feudal parliament forces him by a unanimous vote to repudiate. Wholesale hanging of serfs, of course, follows the landlords' victory.

The rising under Jack Cade, in the reign of Henry VI., was rather political than industrial. The demands of the insurgents, political reform and freedom of suffrage, show that progress had been made in the condition and aspirations of the labouring class. But with the age of the Tudors came the final break-up in England of feudalism, as well as of Catholicism, attended by disturbances in the world of labour, similar to those which have attended the abolition of slavery in the Southern States. This is the special epoch of the sanguinary vagrancy laws, the most sanguinary of which was framed by the hand of Henry VIII. The new nobility of courtiers and upstarts, who had shared with the king the plunder of the monasteries, were hard landlords of course; they robbed the people of their rights of common, and swept away homesteads and cottages, to make room for sheep farms, the wool trade being the great source of wealth in those days. By the spoliation of the monasteries, the great alms-houses of the middle ages, the poor had also been left for the time without the relief, which was given them again in a more regular form by the Poor Law of Elizabeth. Hence in the reign of Edward VI., armed strikes again, in different parts of the kingdom. In the West, the movement was mainly religious; but in the Eastern counties, under Kett of Norfolk, it was agrarian. Kett's movement, after a brief period of success, during which the behaviour of the insurgents and their leader was very creditable, was put down by the disciplined mercenaries under the command of the new aristocracy, and its suppression was of course followed by a vigorous use of the gallows. No doubt the industrial conservatives of those days were as frightened, as angry and as eager for strong measures as their successors are now: but the awkwardness of the newly liberated captive, in the use of his limbs and eyes, is due not to his recovered liberty, but to the narrowness and darkness of the dungeon in which he has been immured.

In Germany, at the same epoch, there was not merely a local rising, but a wide-spread and most terrible peasants' war. The German peasantry had been ground down beyond even an hereditary bondsman's power of endurance by their lords generally, and by the Prince Bishops and other spiritual lords in particular. The Reformation having come with a gospel of truth, love, spiritual brotherhood, the peasants thought it might also have brought some hope of social justice. The doctors of divinity had to inform them that this was a mistake. But they took the matter into their own hands and rose far and wide, the fury of social and industrial war blending with the wildest fanaticism, the most delirious ecstasy, the darkest imposture. Once more there are stormings and burnings of feudal castles, massacring of their lords. Lords are roasted alive, hunted like wild beasts in savage revenge for the cruelty of the game laws. Münzer, a sort of peasant Mahomet, is at the head of the movement. Under him it becomes Anabaptist, Antinomian, Communist. At first he and his followers sweep the country with a whirlwind of terror and destruction: but again the lords rally, bring up regular troops. The peasants are brought to bay on their last hill side, behind a rampart formed of their waggons. Their prophet assures them, that the cannon-balls will fall harmless into his cloak. The cannon-balls take their usual course: a butchery, then a train of torturings and executions follows, the Prince Bishops, among others, adding considerably to the whiteness of the Church's robe. Luther is accused of having incited the ferocity of the lords against those, who, it is alleged, had only carried his own principles to an extreme. But in the first place Luther never taught Anabaptism or anything that could logically lead to it; and in the second place, before he denounced the peasants he tried to mediate and rebuked the tyranny of the lords. No man deserves more sympathy than a great reformer, who is obliged to turn against the excesses of his own party. He becomes the object of fierce hatred on one side, of exulting derision on the other: yet he is no traitor, but alone loyal to his conscience and his cause.

The French Revolution was a political movement among the middle class in the cities, but among the peasantry in the country it was an agrarian and labour movement, and the dismantling of châteaux, and chasing away of their lords which then took place were a renewal of the struggle which had given birth to the *Jacquerie*, the insurrection of Wat Tyler and the Peasants' War. This time the victory remained with the peasant, and the lord returned no more.

In England, long after the Tudor period, industrial disturbances took place, and wild communistic fancies welled up from the depths of a suffering world of labour, when society was stirred by political and religious revolution. Under the Commonwealth, communists went out upon the hill-side, and began to break ground for a poor man's Utopia; and the great movement of the Levellers, which had in it an economical as well as a political element, might have overturned society, if it had not been quelled by the strong hand of Cromwell. But in more recent times, within living memory, within the memory of many here there were labour disturbances in England, compared with which the present industrial war is mild.* In 1816, there were outbreaks among the suffering peasantry, which filled the governing classes with fear. In Suffolk nightly fires of incendiaries blazed in every district, thrashing machines were broken or burnt in open day, mills were attacked. At Brandon large bodies of workmen assembled to prescribe a maximum price of grain and meat, and to pull down the houses of butchers and bakers. They bore flags with the motto, "Bread or Blood." Insurgents from the Fen Country, a special scene of distress, assembled at Littleport, attacked the house of a magistrate in the night, broke open shops, emptied the cellars of public houses, marched on Ely, and filled the district for two days and nights with drunken rioting and plunder. The soldiery was called in; there was an affray in which blood flowed on both sides, then a special commission and hangings to close the scene. Distressed colliers in Staffordshire and Wales assembled by thousands, stopped works, were with difficulty diverted from marching to London. In 1812, another stain of blood was added to the sanguinary criminal code of those days by the Act making death the penalty for the destruction of machinery. This was caused by the Luddite outrages, which were carried on in the most systematic manner, and on the largest scale in Nottingham and the adjoining counties. Bodies of desperadoes, armed and disguised, went forth under a leader, styled General Ludd, who divided them into bands, and assigned to each band its work of destruction. Terror reigned around; the inhabitants were commanded to keep in their houses and put out their lights, on pain of death. In the silence of night houses and factories were broken open, machines demolished, unfinished work scattered on the highways. The extent and secrecy of the conspiracy baffled the efforts of justice, and the death penalty failed to put the system down. Even the attempts made to relieve distress became new sources of discontent, and a soup kitchen riot at Glasgow led to a two days' conflict between the soldiery and the mob. In 1818, a threatening mass of Manchester spinners, on strike, came into bloody collision with the military. Then there were rick burnings, farmers patrolling all night long, gibbets erected on Pennenden heath, and bodies swinging on them, bodies of boys, eighteen or nineteen years old. Six labourers of Dorsetshire, the most wretched county in England, were sentenced to seven years' transportation nominally for administering an illegal oath, really for Unionism. Thereupon all the trades made a menacing demonstration, marched to Westminster, thirty thousand strong, with a petition for the release of the labourers. London was in an agony of fear, the Duke of Wellington prepared for a great conflict, pouring in troops and bringing up artillery from Woolwich. In 1840, again there were formidable movements, and society felt itself on the crust of a volcano. Threatening letters were sent to masters, rewards offered for firing mills; workmen were beaten, driven out of the country, burned with vitriol, and there was reason to fear, murdered. Great masses of operatives collected for purposes of intimidation, shopkeepers were pillaged, collisions again took place between the people and the soldiery. Irish agrarianism meanwhile prevailed, in a far more deadly form than at present. And these industrial disturbances were connected with political disturbances equally formidable, with Chartism, Socialism, Cato Street conspiracies, Peterloo massacres, Bristol riots.

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* For the following details, see Martineau's History of the Peace.

Now the present movement, even in England, where there is so much suffering and so much ignorance, has been marked by a comparative absence of violence, and comparative respect for law. Considering what large bodies of men have been out on strike, how much they have endured in the conflict, and what appeals have been made to their passions, it is wonderful how little of actual crime or disturbance there has been. There were the Sheffield murders, the disclosure of which filled all the friends of labour with shame and sorrow, all the enemies of labour with malignant exultation. But we should not have heard so much of the Sheffield murders if such things had been common. Sheffield is an exceptional place: some of the work there is deadly, life is short and character is reckless. Even at Sheffield, a very few, out of the whole number of trades, were found to have been in any way implicated. The denunciation of the outrages by the trades through England generally, was loud and sincere: an attempt was made, of course, to fix the guilt on all the unions, but this was a hypocritical libel. It was stated, in one of our Canadian journals the other day, that Mr. Roebuck had lost his seat for Sheffield, by protesting against Unionist outrage. Mr. Roebuck lost his seat for Sheffield by turning Tory. The Trades' candidate, by whom Mr. Roebuck was defeated, was Mr. Mundella, a representative of whom any constituency may be proud, a great employer of labour, and one who has done more than any other man of his class in England to substitute arbitration for industrial war, and to restore kindly relations between the employers and the employed. To Mr. Mundella the support of Broadhead and the criminal Unionists was offered, and by him it was decisively rejected.

The public mind has been filled with horrid fantasies, on the subject of unionism, by sensation novelists like Mr. Charles Reade and Mr. Disraeli, the latter of whom has depicted the initiation of a working man into a Union with horrid rites, in a lofty and spacious room, hung with black cloth and lighted with tapers, amidst skeletons, men with battle axes, rows of masked figures in white robes, and holding torches; the novice swearing an awful oath on the Gospel, to do every act which the heads of the society enjoin, such as the chastisement of nobs, the assassination of tyrannical masters, and the demolition of all mills deemed incorrigible by the society. People may read such stuff for the sake of amusement and excitement, if they please; but they will fall into a grave error if they take it for a true picture of the Amalgamated Carpenters or the Amalgamated Engineers.

Besides, the Sheffield outrages were several years old at the time of their discovery. They belong, morally, to the time when the unions of working men being forbidden by unfair laws framed in the masters' interest, were compelled to assume the character of conspiracies; when, to rob a union being no theft, unionists could hardly be expected to have the same respect as the better protected interests for public justice; when, moreover, the mechanics, excluded from political rights, could scarcely regard Government as the impartial guardian of their interests, or the governing classes as their friends. Since the legalization of the unions, the extension of legal security to their funds, and the admission of the mechanics to the suffrage, there has been comparatively little of unionist crime.

I do not say that there has been none. I do not say that there is none now. Corporate selfishness, of which Trade Unions after all are embodiments, seldom keeps quite clear of criminality. But the moral dangers of corporate selfishness are the same in all associations, and in all classes. The Pennsylvanian iron master, who comes before our Commissions of Inquiry, to testify against Unionist outrage in Pennsylvania, where a very wild and roving class of workmen are managed by agents who probably take little thought for the moral condition of the miner—this iron master, I say, is himself labouring through his paid organs in the press, through his representatives in Congress, and by every means in his power to keep up hatred of England, and bad relations between the two countries, at the constant risk of war, because it suits the interest of his Protectionist Ring. The upper classes of Europe, in the same spirit, applauded what they called the salvation of society by the *coup d'état*, the massacre on the Boulevards, and the lawless deportation of the leaders of the working men in France. In the main, however, I repeat, the present movement has been legal and pacific; and so long as there is no violence, so long as no weapons but those of argument are employed, so long as law and reason reign, matters are sure to come right in the end. The result may not be exactly what we wish, because we may wish to take too much for ourselves, and to give our fellow-men too little; but it will be just, and we cannot deliberately desire more. If the law is broken by the Unionists, if violence or intimidation is employed by them instead of reason, let the Government protect the rights of the community, and let the community strengthen the hands of the Government for that purpose.

Perhaps you will say that I have forgotten the International and the Commune. There is undoubtedly a close connection between the labour movement and democracy, between the struggle for industrial, and the struggle for political emancipation; as there is a connection between both and Secularism, the frank form assumed among the working men, by that which is concealed and conformist Scepticism among the upper class. In this respect the present industrial crisis resembles those of the past, which, as we have seen, were closely connected with religious and political revolutions. In truth, the whole frame of humanity generally moves at once. With the International, however, as an organ of political incendiarism, labour had very little to do. The International was, in its origin, a purely industrial association, born of Prince Albert's International Exhibition, which held a convention at Geneva, where everybody goes pic-nicing, for objects, which, though chimerical, were distinctly economical, and free from any taint of petroleum. But a band of political conspirators got hold of the organization and used it, or, at least, so much of it as they could carry with them, for a purpose entirely foreign to the original intent. Mark, too, that it was not so much labour or even democracy that charged the mine which blew up Paris, as the reactionary Empire, which, like reaction in some countries nearer and dearer to us than France, played the demagogue for its own ends, set the labourers against the liberal middle class, and crowded Paris with operatives, bribed by employment on public works. I detest all conspiracy, whether it be that of Ignatius Loyola, or that of Karl Marx—not by conspiracy, not by dark and malignant intrigue, is society to be reformed, but by open, honest and kindly appeals to the reason and conscience of mankind. Yet, let us be just, even to the Commune. The destruction of the column at the Place Vendôme was not a good act; but if it was in any measure the protest of labour against war, it was a better act than ever was done by the occupant of that column. On that column it was that when Napoleon's long orgy of criminal glory was drawing to a close, the hand of misery and bereavement wrote "Monster, if all the blood you have shed could be collected in this square, you might drink without stooping." Thiers is shooting the Communists; perhaps justly, though humanity will be relieved when the gore ceases to trickle, and vengeance ends its long repast. But Thiers has himself been the literary archpriest of Napoleon and of war: of all the incendiaries in France he has been the worst.

The Trade Unions are new things in industrial history. The guilds of the middle ages, with which the unions are often identified, were confederations of all engaged in the trade, masters as well as men, against outsiders. The unions are confederations of the men against the masters. They are the offspring of an age of great capitalists, employing large bodies of hired workmen. The workmen, needy, and obliged to sell their labour without reserve, that they might eat bread, found themselves, in their isolation, very much at the mercy of their masters, and resorted to union as a source of strength. Capital, by collecting in the centres of manufacture masses of operatives who thus became conscious of their number and their force, gave birth to a power which now countervails its own. To talk of a war of labour against capital generally would, of course, be absurd. Capital is nothing but the means of undertaking any industrial or commercial enterprise; of setting up an Allan line of steamships, of setting up a costermonger's cart. We might as well talk of a war of labour against water power. Capital is the fruit of labour past, the condition of labour present; without it no man could do a stroke of work, at least of work requiring tools or food for him who uses them. Let us dismiss from our language and our minds these impersonations which, though mere creatures of fancy playing with abstract nouns, end by depraving our sentiments and misdirecting our actions, let us think and speak of capital impersonally and sensibly as an economical force, and as we would think and speak of the force of gravitation. Relieve the poor word of the big *c*, which is a greatness thrust upon it; its tyranny, and the burning hatred of its tyranny will at once cease. Nevertheless, the fact remains that a working man, standing alone, and without a breakfast for himself or his family, is not in a position to obtain the best terms from a rich employer, who can hold out as long as he likes, or hire other labour on the spot. Whether unionism has had much effect in producing a general rise of wages is very doubtful. Mr. Brassey's book, "Work and Wages," goes far to prove that it has not, and that while, on the one hand, the unionists have been in a fool's paradise, the masters, on the other, have been crying out before they were hurt. No doubt the general rise of wages is mainly and fundamentally due to natural causes, the accumulation of capital, the extension of commercial enterprise, and the opening up of new countries, which have greatly increased the competition for labour, and, consequently, raised the price; while the nominal price of labour, as well as of all other commodities, has been raised by the influx of gold. What unionism, as I think, has evidently effected, is the economical emancipation of the working man. It has rendered him independent instead of dependent, and, in some cases, almost a serf, as he was before. It has placed him on an equal footing with his employer, and enabled him to make the best terms for himself in every respect. There is no employer who does not feel that this is so, or whom Mr. Brassey's statistics, or any statistics, would convince that it is not.

Fundamentally, value determines price; the community will give for any article, or any kind of work, just so much as it is worth. But there is no economical deity who, in each individual case, exactly adjusts the price to the value; we may make a good or a bad bargain, as many of us know to our cost. One source of bad bargains is ignorance. Before unions, which have diffused the intelligence of the labour market, and by so doing have equalized prices, the workman hardly knew the rate of wages in the next town. If this was true of the mechanic, it was still more true of the farm labourer. Practically speaking, the farm labourers in each parish of England, ignorant of everything beyond the parish, isolated and, therefore dependent, had to take what the employers chose to give them. And what the employers chose to give them over large districts was ten shillings a week for themselves and their families, out of which they paid, perhaps, eighteen-pence for rent. A squire the other day, at a meeting of labourers, pointed with pride, and, no doubt, with honest pride, to a labourer who had brought up a family of twelve children on twelve shillings a week. I will venture to say the squire spent as much on any horse in his stables. Meat never touched the peasant's lips, though game, preserved for his land-lord's pleasure, was running round his cottage. His children could not be educated, because they were wanted, almost from their infancy, to help in keeping the family from starving, as stonepickers, or perambulating scarecrows. His abode was a hovel, in which comfort, decency, morality could not dwell; and it was mainly owing to this cause that, as I have heard an experienced clergyman say, even the people in the low quarters of cities were less immoral than the rural poor. How the English peasants lived on such wages as they had was a question which puzzled the best informed. How they died was clear enough; as penal paupers in a union workhouse. Yet Hodge's back, like that of Jacques Bonhomme, in France, bore everything, bore the great war against Republican France; for the squires and rectors, who made that war for class purposes, got their taxes back in increased rents and tithes. How did the peasantry exist, what was their condition in those days, when wheat was at a hundred, or even a hundred and thirty shillings? They were reduced to a second serfage. They became in the mass parish paupers, and were divided, like slaves, among the employers of each parish. Men may be made serfs, and even slaves by other means than open force, in a country where, legally, all are free, where the impossibility of slavery is the boast of the law. Of late benevolence has been abroad in the English parish, almsgiving and visiting have increased, good landlords have taken up cottage improvements. There have been condescension harvest-homes, at which squires have danced with cottagers, though I knew a good man, and a Conservative, who declined an invitation, saying that it was ghastly to dance on one day with those whom you were starving all the rest of the year. But now Hodge has taken the matter into his own hands, and it seems not without effect. In a letter which I have seen, a squire says, "Here the people are all contented; we (the employers) have seen the necessity of raising their wages." Conservative journals begin to talk of measures for the compulsory improvement of cottages, for limiting ground game, giving tenant right to farmers, granting the franchise to rural householders. Yes, in consequence, partly, at least, of this movement, the dwellings and the general condition of the English peasantry will be improved, the game laws will be abolished; the farmers pressed upon from below, and in their turn pressing upon those above, will demand and obtain tenant right; and the country, as well as the city householder, will be admitted to the franchise, which, under the elective system, is at once the only guarantee for justice to him and for his loyalty to the State. And when the country householder has the suffrage there will soon be an end of those laws of primogeniture and entail which, are deemed so Conservative, but are in fact most revolutionary, since they divorce the nation from its own soil. And then there will be a happier and a more united England in country as well as in town: the poor law, the hateful, degrading, demoralizing poor law will cease to exist; the huge poor-house will no longer darken the rural landscape with its shadow, in hideous contrast with the palace. Suspicion and hatred will no more cower and mutter over the cottage hearth, or round the beer-house fire: the lord of the mansion will no longer be like the man in Tennyson slumbering while a lion is always creeping nearer. Lord Malmesbury is astonished at this disturbance. He always thought the relation between the lord and the pauper peasant was the happiest possible; he cannot conceive what people mean by proposing a change. But then Lord Malmesbury was placed at rather a delusive point of view. If he knew the real state of Hodge's heart he would rejoice in the prospect of a change, not only for Hodge's sake, but, as he is no doubt a good man, for his own. England will be more religious, too, as well as happier and more harmonious, let the clergy be well assured of it. Social injustice, especially when backed by the Church, is unfavourable to popular religion.

The general rise of wages may at first bring economical disturbance and pressure on certain classes; but, in the end, it brings general prosperity, diffused civilization, public happiness, security to society, which can never be secure while the few are feasting and the many are starving. In the end, also, it brings an increase of production, and greater plenty. Not that we can assent, without reserve, to the pleasant aphorism, that increase of wages, in itself, makes a better workman, which is probably true only where the workman has been underfed, as in the case of the farm labourers of England. But the dearness of labour leads to the adoption of improved methods of production, and especially to the invention of machinery, which gives back to the community what it has paid in increased wages a hundred or a thousand fold. In Illinois, toward the close of the war, a large proportion of the male population had been drafted or volunteered; labour had become scarce and wages had risen; but the invention of machinery had been so much stimulated that the harvest that year was greater than it had ever been before. Machinery will now be used to a greater extent on the English farms; more will be produced by fewer hands; labourers will be set free for production of other kinds, perhaps for the cultivation of our North-West; and the British peasant will rise from the industrial and intellectual level of a mere labourer to that of the guider of a machine. Machinery worked by relays of men is, no doubt, one of the principal solutions of our industrial problems, and of the social problems connected with them. Some seem to fancy that it is the universal solution; but we cannot run reaping machines in the winter or in the dark.

High wages, and the independence of the labourer, compel economy of labour. Economize labour, cries Lord Derby, the cool-headed mentor of the rich; we must give up our second under-butler. When the labourer is dependent, and his wages are low, the most precious of all commodities, that, the husbanding of which is the chief condition of of an increase of production, and of the growth of national wealth, is squandered with reckless prodigality. Thirty years the labourers of Egypt wrought by gangs of a hundred thousand at a time to build the great Pyramid which was to hold a despot's dust. Even now, when everybody is complaining of the dearness of labour, and the insufferable independence of the working class, a piece of fine lace, we are told, consumes the labour of seven persons, each employed on a distinct portion of the work; and the thread, of exquisite fineness, is spun in dark rooms underground, not without injury, we may suppose, to the eyesight or health of those employed. So that the labour movement does not seem to have yet trenched materially even on the elegancies of life. Would it be very detrimental to real civilization if we were forced, by the dearness of labour, to give up all the trades in which human life or health is sacrificed to mere fancy? In London, the bakers have struck. They are kept up from midnight to noon, sometimes even far into the afternoon, sleepless, or only snatching broken slumbers, that London may indulge its fancy for hot bread, which it would be much better without. The result of the strike probably will be, besides relief to the bakers themselves, which has already been in part conceded, a more wholesome kind of bread, such as will keep fresh and palatable through the day, and cleaner baking; for the wretchedness of the trade has made it vile and filthy, as is the case in other trades besides that of the bakers. Many an article of mere luxury, many a senseless toy, if our eyes could be opened, would be seen to bear the traces of human blood and tears. We are like the Merchant Brothers in Keats :—

"With her two brothers this fair lady dwelt
Enriched with ancestral merchandise,
And for them many a weary hand did smelt
In torch-lit mines and noisy factories,
And many once proud-quivered loins did melt
In blood from stinging whip; with hollow eyes
Many all day in dazzling rivers stood
To take the rich-ored driftings of the flood.

"For them the Ceylon diver held his breath
And went all naked to the hungry shark,
For them his ears gushed blood; for them in death
The seal on the cold ice with piteous bark
Lay pierced with darts; for them alone did seethe
A thousand men in troubles wide and dark
Half ignorant, they turned an easy wheel
That set sharp sacks at work to pinch and peel."

Among other economies of labour, if this movement among the English peasantry succeeds and spreads to other countries, then will come an economy of soldiers' blood. Pauperism has been the grand recruiting serjeant. Hodge listed and went to be shot or scourged within an inch of his life for sixpence a day, because he was starving; but he will not leave five shillings for sixpence. Even in former days, the sailor, being somewhat better off than the peasant, could only be forced into the service by the press gang, a name the recollection of which ought to mitigate our strictures on the encroaching tendencies of the working class. There will be a strike, or a refusal of service equivalent to a strike in this direction also. It will be requisite to raise the soldier's pay; the maintenance of standing armies will become a costly indulgence. I have little faith in international champagne, or even in Geneva litigation as a permanent antidote to war: war will cease or be limited to necessary occasions, when the burden of large standing armies becomes too great to be borne.

The strike of the English colliers again, though it causes great inconvenience, may have its good effect. It may be a strong indication that mining in England is getting very deep, and that the nation must exercise a strict economy in the use of coal, the staple of its wealth and greatness. The lot of the colliers, grubbing all day underground and begrimed with dirt, is one of the hardest; the sacrifice of their lives by accidents is terribly large; and we may well believe that the community needs a lesson in favour of these underground toilers, which could be effectually taught only by some practical manifestation of their discontent.

To the labour movement mainly, we owe those efforts to establish better relations between the employer and they employed, which are known by the general name of co-operation. The Comtists, in the name of their autocrat, denounce the whole co-operative system as rotten. Their plan, if you get to the bottom of it, is in fact a permanent division of the industrial world into capitalists and workmen; the capitalists exercising a rule controlled only by the influence of philosophers; the workmen remaining in a perpetual state of tutelage, not to say of babyhood. A little experience of the new world would probably dissipate notions of a permanent division of classes, or a permanent tutelage of any class. It is true that great commercial enterprises require the guidance of superior intelligence with undivided counsels as well as a large capital, and that co-operative mills have failed or succeeded only in cases where very little policy and very little capital were required. As to co-operative stores, they are co-operative only in a very different sense: combinative would be a more accurate term; and the department in which they seem likely to produce an alteration, is that of retail trade, an improvement in the conditions of which, economical and moral, is assuredly much needed. But if we are told that it is impossible to give the workmen an interest in the enterprise, so as to make him work more willingly, avoid waste and generally identify himself with his employer, the answer is, that the thing has been done both in England and here. An artisan working for himself, and selling the produce of his individual skill, has an interest and a pride in his work, for which it would seem desirable to find, if possible, some substitute in the case of factory hands, whose toil otherwise is mere weariness. The increased scale of commercial enterprise, however, is in itself advantageous in this respect. In great works, where an army of workmen is employed, at at Saltaire, or in the Platt works at Oldham, there must be many grades of promotion, and many subordinate places of trust and emolument to which the workman may rise by industry and probity without capital of his own.

The general effect of the labour movement has been, as I have said, the industrial emancipation of the workmen. It has perhaps had an effect more general still. Aided by the general awakening of social sentiment and of the feeling of social responsibility, it has practically opened our eyes to the fact that a nation, and humanity at large, is a community, the good things of which all are entitled to share, while all must share the evil things. It has forcibly dispelled the notion, in which the rich indolently acquiesced, that enjoyment, leisure, culture, refined affection, high civilization are the destined lot of the few, while the destined lot of the many is to support the privileged existence of the few, by unremitting, coarse and joyless toil. Society has been taught that it must at least endeavour to be just. The old ecclesiastical props of privilege are gone. There is no use any longer in quoting or misquoting Scripture to prove that that God wills the mass of mankind to be always poor and always dependent on the rich. The very peasant has now broken that spell, and will no longer believe the rector if he tells him that this world belongs to the squire, and that justice is put off to the next. The process of mental emancipation has been assisted by the bishop, who was so rash as to suggest that rural agitators should be ducked in a horse pond. Hodge has determined to find out for himself by a practical experiment, what the will of God really is. No doubt this is an imperfect world, and is likely to remain so for our time at least. We must all work on in the hope that if we do our duty it will be well for us in the sum of things, and that when the far off goal of human effort is at last reached, every faithful servant of humanity will have his part in the result. If it were not so, it would be better to be a brute, with no unfulfilled aspirations, than a man. But I repeat, the religion of privilege has lost its power to awe or to control; and if society wishes to rest on a safe foundation, it must show that it is at least trying to be just.

Wealth, real wealth, has hardly as yet much reason to complain of any encroachment of the labour movement on its rights. When did it command such means and appliances of pleasure, such satisfaction for every appetite and every fancy, as it commands now? When did it rear such enchanted palaces of luxury as it is rearing in England at the present day? Well do I remember one of those palaces, the most conspicuous object for miles round. Its lord was, I daresay, consuming the income of some six hundred of the poor labouring families round him. The thought that you are spending on yourself annually the income of six hundred labouring families seems to me about as much as a man with a heart and a brain can bear. Whatever the rich man desires, the finest house, the biggest diamond, the reigning beauty for his wife, social homage, public honours, political power, is ready at his command. Does he fancy a seat in the British House of Commons, the best club in London, as it has been truly called? All other claims, those of the public service included, at once give way. I remember a question arising about a nomination for a certain constituency (a working man's constituency by the way), which was cut short by the announcement that the seat was wanted by a local millionaire. When the name of the millionaire was mentioned, surprise was expressed. Has he, it was asked, any political kno ledge or capacity, any interest in public affairs, any ambition? The answer was "None." "Then why does he want the seat?" "He does not want it." "Then why does he take it?" "Because his wife does." Cleopatra, as the story goes, displayed her mad prodigality by melting a pearl in a cup, out of which she drank to Antony. But this modern money-queen could throw into her cup of pleasure, to give it a keener zest, a share in the government of the greatest empire in the world.

If the movement, by transferring something from the side of profits to that of wages, checks in any measure the growth of these colossal fortunes, it will benefit society and diminish no man's happiness. I say it *without the slightest feeling of asceticism*, and in the conviction that wealth well made and well spent is as pure as the rill that runs from the mountain side. Real chiefs of industry have generally a touch of greatness in them, and no nobleman of the peerage clings more to his tinsel than do nature's noblemen to simplicity of life. Mr. Brassey, with his millions, never could be induced to increase his establishment: his pride and pleasure were in the guidance of industry and the accomplishment of great works. But in the hands of the heirs of these men colossal fortunes become social nuisances: waste labour, breed luxury, create unhappiness by propagating factitious wants, too often engender vice, are injurious, for the most part, to real civilization. The most malignant feelings which enter into the present struggle have been generated, especially in England, by the ostentation of idle wealth, in contrast with surrounding poverty. No really high nature covets such a position as that of a luxurious and useless millionaire. Communism, as a movement, is a mistake: but there is a communism which is deeply seated in the heart of every good man, and which makes him feel that the hardest of all labour is idleness in a world of toil, and that the bitterest of all bread is that which is eaten by the sweat of another man's brow.

The pressure is hardest, not on those who are really rich, but on those who have hitherto, on account of their education, and the intellectual character of their callings, been numbered with the rich, and who are still clinging to the skirts of wealthy society. The best thing which those who are clinging to the skirts of wealthy society can do is to let go. They will find that they have not far to fall, and they will rest on the firm ground of genuine respectability and solid comfort. By keeping up their culture they will preserve their social grade far better than by struggling for a precarious footing among those whose habits they cannot emulate, and whose hospitalities they cannot return. *Their income will be increased by the* whole cost of the efforts which they now make, at the sacrifice of comforts, and often of necessaries, to maintain the appearances of wealth. British grandees may be good models for our millionaires; but what most of us want are models of the art of enjoying life thoroughly and nobly without ostentation, and at a moderate cost. It is by people of the class of which I am speaking that the servant difficulty, that doleful but ever recurring theme, is most severely felt. Nor would I venture to hold out much hope that the difficulty will become less. It is not merely industrial, but social. There is a growing repugnance to anything like servitude, which makes the female democracy prefer the independence of the factory to the subordination of the kitchen, however good the wages and however kind the mistress may be. We must look to inventions for saving labour, which might be adopted in houses to a greater extent than they are now. Perhaps when the work has been thus lightened and made less coarse, families may find "help," in the true sense, among their relatives, or others in need of a home, who would be members of the family circle. Homes and suitable employment might thus be afforded to women who are now pining in enforced idleness, and sighing for Protestant nunneries, while the daily war with Bridget would be at an end.

I would not make light of these inconveniences or of the present disturbance of trade. The tendency of a moment may be good, and yet it may give society a very bad quarter of an hour. Nor would I attempt to conceal the errors and excesses of which the unions have been guilty, and into which, as organs of corporate selfishness, they are always in danger of running. Industrial history has a record against the working man as well as against the master. The guilds of the middle ages became tyrannical monopolies and leagues against society, turned callings open to all into mysteries confined to a privileged few, drove trade and manufactures from the cities where they reigned to places free from their domination. This probably was the cause of the decay of cities which forms the burden of complaint in the preambles to Acts of Parliament, of the Tudor period. Great guilds oppressed little guilds: strong commercial cities ruled by artisans oppressed their weaker neighbours of the same class. No one agency has done so much to raise the condition of the working man as machinery; yet the working man resisted the introduction of machinery, rose against, destroyed it, maltreated its inventors. There is a perpetual warning in the name of Hargreaves, the working man who, by his inventive genius, provided employment for millions of his fellows, and was by them rewarded with outrage and persecution.

Flushed with confidence at the sight of their serried phalanxes and extending lines, the unionists do like most people invested with unwonted power; they aim at more than is possible or just. They fancy that they can put the screw on the community, almost without limit. But they will soon find out their mistake. They will learn it from those very things which are filling the world with alarm—the extension of unionism, and the multiplication of strikes. The builder strikes against the rest of the community, including the baker; then the baker strikes against the builder, and the collier strikes against them both. At first the associated trades seem to have it all their own way. But the other trades learn the virtues of association. Everybody strikes against everybody else: the price of all articles rises as much as anybody's wages; and thus, when the wheel has come full circle, nobody is much the gainer. In fact, long before the wheel has come full circle, the futility of a universal strike will be manifest to all. The world sees before it a terrible future of unionism, ever increasing in power and tyranny; but it is more likely that in a few years unionism, as an instrument for forcing up wages, will have ceased to exist. In the meantime the working classes will have impressed upon themselves by a practical experiment upon the grandest scale, and of the most decisive kind, the fact that they are consumers as well as producers, payers of wages as well as receivers of wages, members of a community as well as working men.

The unionists will learn also, after a few trials, that the community cannot easily be cornered; at least, that it cannot easily be cornered more than once by unions, any more than by gold rings at New York, or pork rings at Chicago. It may apparently succumb once, being unable to do without its bread or its newspapers, or to stop buildings already contracted for and commenced; but it instinctively prepares to defend itself against a repetition of the operation. It limits consumption or invents new modes of production; improves machinery, encourages non-union men, calls in foreigners, women, Chinese. In the end the corner results in loss. Cornering on the part of working men is not a bit worse than cornering on the part of great financiers; in both cases alike it is as odious as anything can be, which is not actually criminal: but, depend upon it, a bad time is coming for corners of all kinds.

I speak of the community as the power with which the strikers really have to deal. The master hires or organizes the workmen, but the community purchases their work; and though the master, when hard pressed, may, in his desperation, give more for the work than it is worth rather than at once take his capital out of the trade, the community will let the trade go to ruin without compunction, rather than give more for the article than it can afford. Some of the colliers in England, we are informed, have called upon the masters to reduce the price of coal, offering at the same time to consent to a reduction of their own wages. A great fact has dawned upon their minds. Note too that democratic communities have more power of resistance to unionist extortion than others, because they are more united, have a keener sense of mutual interest, and are free from political fear. The way in which Boston, some years ago, turned to and beat a printers' strike, was a remarkable proof of this fact.

Combination may enable, and, as I believe, has enabled the men in particular cases to make a fairer bargain with the masters, and to get the full market value of their labour; but neither combination nor any other mode of negotiating can raise the value of labour or of any other article to the consumer; and that which cannot raise the value, cannot permanently raise the price.

All now admit that strikes peaceably conducted are lawful. Nevertheless, they may may sometimes be anti-social and immoral. Does any one doubt it? Suppose by an accident to machinery, or the falling in of a mine, a number of workmen have their limbs broken. One of their mates runs for the surgeon, and the surgeon puts his head out of the window and says—"the surgeons are on strike." Does this case much differ from that of the man, who in his greed, stops the wheel of industry which he is turning, thereby paralysing the whole machine, and spreading not only confusion, but suffering, and perhaps starvation among multitudes of his fellows? Language was held by some unionist witnesses, before the Trades Union Commission, about their exclusive regard for their own interests, and their indifference to the interests of society, which was more frank than philanthropic, and more gratifying to their enemies than to their friends. A man who does not care for the interests of society, will find to his cost, that they are his own, and that he is a member of a body which cannot be dismembered. I spoke of the industrial objects of the International or chimerical. They were worse than chimerical. In its industrial aspect, the International was an attempt to separate the interests of a particular class of workers throughout the world from those of their fellow workers, and to divide humanity against itself. Such attempts can end only in one way.

There are some who say, in connection with this question, that you are at liberty to extort anything you can from your fellow men, provided you do not use a pistol; that you are at liberty to fleece the sailor who implores you to save him from a wreck, or the emigrant who is in danger of missing his ship. I say that this is a moral robbery, and that the man would say so himself if it were done to him.

A strike is a war; so is a lockout, which is a strike on the other side. They are warrantable, like other wars, when justice cannot be obtained, or injustice prevented by peaceful means, and in such cases only. Mediation ought always to be tried first, and it will often be effectual; for the wars of carpenters and builders, as well as the wars of emperors, often arise from passion more than from interest, and passion may be calmed by mediation. Hence the magnitude of the unions, formidable as it seems, has really a pacific effect: passion is commonly personal or local, and does not affect the central government of a union extending over a whole nation. The governments of great unions have seldom recommended strikes. A strike or lockout, I repeat, is an industrial war; and when the war is over there ought to be peace. Constant bad relations between the masters and the men, a constant attitude of mutual hostility and mistrust, constant threats of striking upon one side, and of locking out upon the other, are ruinous to the trade, especially if it depends at all upon foreign orders, as well as destructive of social comfort. If the state of feeling, and the bearing of the men towards the masters, remain what they now are in some English trades, kind hearted employers, who would do their best to improve the condition of the workman, and to make him a partaker in their prosperity, will be driven from the trade, and their places will be taken by men with hearts of flint, who will fight the workman by force and fraud, and very likely win. We have seen the full power of associated labour; the full power of associated capital has yet to be seen. We shall see it when, instead of combinations of the employers in a single trade, which seldom hold together, employers in all trades learn to combine.

We must not forget that industrial wars, like other wars, however just and necessary, give birth to men whose trade is war, and who, for the purpose of their trade, are always inflaming the passions which lead to war. Such men I have seen on both sides of the Atlantic, and most hateful pests of industry and society they are. Nor must we forget that Trade Unions, like other communities, whatever their legal constitutions may be, are apt practically to fall into the hands of a small minority of active spirits, or even into those of a single astute and ambitious man.

Murder, maiming and vitriol throwing are offences punishable by law. So are, or ought to be, rattening and intimidation. But there are ways less openly criminal of interfering with the liberty of non-union men. The liberty of non-union men, however, must be protected. Freedom of contract is the only security which the community has against systematic extortion; and extortion, practised on the community by a Trade Union, is just as bad as extortion practised by a feudal baron in his robber hold. If the unions are not voluntary they are tyrannies, and all tyrannies in the end will be overthrown.

And so will all monopolies and all attempts to interfere with the free exercise of any lawful trade or calling, for the advantage of a ring of any kind, whether it be a great East India Company, shutting the gates of Eastern commerce on mankind, or a little Bricklayers' Union, limiting the number of bricks to be carried in a hod. All attempts to restrain or cripple production in the interest of a privileged set of producers; all trade rules preventing work from being done in the best, cheapest and most expeditious way; all interference with a man's free use of his strength and skill on pretence that he is beating his mates, or on any other pretence; all exclusions of people from lawful callings for which they are qualified; all apprenticeships not honestly intended for the instruction of the apprentice, are unjust and contrary to the manifest interests of the community, including the misguided monopolists themselves. All alike will in the end be resisted and put down. In feudal times the lord of the manor used to compel all the people to use his ferry, sell on his fair ground and grind their corn at his mill. By long and costly effort humanity has broken the yoke of old Privilege and it is not going to bow its neck to the yoke of the new.

Those who in England demanded the suffrage for the working man, who urged, in the name of public safety, as well as in that of justice, that he should be brought within the pale of the constitution, have no reason to be ashamed of the result. Instead of voting for anarchy and public pillage, the working man has voted for economy, administrative reform, army reform, justice to Ireland, public education. But no body of men ever found political power in their hands without being tempted to make a selfish use of it. Feudal legislature, as we have seen, passed laws compelling workmen to give more work, or work that was worth more, for the same wages. Working men's legislatures are now disposed to pass laws compelling employers, that is, the community, to give the same wages for less work. Some day, perhaps, the bakers will get power into their hands and make laws compelling us to give the same price for a smaller loaf. What would the Rochdale pioneers, or the owners of any other co-operative store, with a staff of servants, say if a law were passed compelling them to give the same wages for less service? This is not right, and it cannot stand. Demagogues who want your votes will tell you that it can stand; but those who are not in that line must pay you the best homage in their power by speaking the truth. And if I may venture to offer advice, never let the cause of labour be mixed up with the game of politicians. Before you allow a man to lead you in trade questions, be sure that he has no eye to your votes. We have a pleasing variety of political rogues, but, perhaps, there is hardly a greater rogue among them than the working man's friend.

Perhaps you will say as much or more work is done with the short hours. There is reason to hope that in some cases it may be so. But then the employer will see his own interest; free contract will produce the desired result; there will be no need of compulsory law.

I sympathize heartily with the general object of the nine hours' movement, of the early closing movement, and all movements of that kind. Leisure, well spent, is a condition of civilization; and now we want all to be civilized, not only a few. But I do not believe it possible to regulate the hours of work by law with any approach to reason or justice. One kind of work is more exhausting than another; one is carried on in a hot room, another in a cool room; one amidst noise wearing to the nerves, another in stillness. Time is not a common measure of them all. The difficulty is increased if you attempt to make one rule for all nations, disregarding differences of race and climate. Besides, how, in the name of justice, can we say that the man with a wife and children to support shall not work more if he pleases than the unmarried man, who chooses to be content with less pay, and to have more time for enjoyment? Medical science pronounces, we are told, that it is not good for a man to work more than eight hours. But supposing this to be true, and true of all kinds of work, this, as has been said before, is an imperfect world, and it is to be feared that we cannot guarantee any man against having more to do than his doctor would recommend. The small tradesman, whose case receives no consideration because he forms no union, often, perhaps generally, has more than is good for him of anxiety, struggling and care, as well as longer business hours, than medical science would prescribe. Pressure on the weary brain is, at least, as painful as pressure on the weary muscle; many a suicide proves it; yet brains must be pressed or the wheels of industry and society would stand still. Let us all, I repeat, get as much leisure as we fairly and honestly can; but with all due respect for those who hold the opposite opinion, I believe that the leisure must be obtained by free arrangement in each case, as it has already in the case of early closing, not by general law.

I cannot help regarding industrial war in this new world, rather as an importation than as a native growth. The spirit of it is brought over by British workmen, who have been fighting the master class in their former home. In old England, the land of class distinctions, the masters are a class, economically as well as socially, and they are closely allied with a political class, which till lately engrossed power and made laws in the interest of the employer. Seldom does a man in England rise from the ranks, and when he does, his position in an aristocratic society is equivocal, and he never feels perfectly at home. Caste runs from the peerage all down the social scale. The bulk of the land has been engrossed by a few wealthy families, and the comfort and dignity of freehold proprietorship are scarcely attainable by any but the rich. Everything down to the railway carriages, is regulated by aristocracy: street cars cannot run because they would interfere with carriages, a city cannot be drained because a park is in the way. The labourer has to bear a heavy load of taxation, laid on by the class wars of former days. In this new world of ours, the heel taps of old-world flunkeyism are sometimes poured upon us, no doubt; as on the other hand, we feel the reaction from old-world servility, in a rudeness of self assertion on the part of the democracy which is sometimes rather discomposing, and which we should be glad to see exchanged for the courtesy of settled self respect. But on the whole, class distinctions are very faint. Half, perhaps two-thirds of the rich men you meet here have risen from the ranks, and they are socially quite on a level with the rest. Everything is really open to industry. Every man can at once invest his savings in freehold. Everything is arranged for the convenience of the masses. Political power is completely in the hands of the people. There are no fiscal legacies of an oligarchic past. If I were one of our emigration agents, I should not dwell so much on wages, which in fact are being rapidly equalized, as on what wages will buy in Canada—the general improvement of condition, the brighter hopes, the better social position, the enlarged share of all the benefits which the community affords. I should show that we have made a step here at all events towards being a community indeed. In such a land I can see that there may still be need of occasional combinations among the working men, to make better bargains with their employers, but I can see no need for the perpetual arraying of class against class, or for a standing apparatus of industrial war.

Let me add, with regard to Canada specially, that we have industrial interests of our own to guard. An American agitator comes over the lines, makes an eloquent and highly moral appeal to all the worst and meanest passions of human nature, gets up a quarrel and a strike, denounces all attempts at mediation, takes scores of Canadian workmen from good employment and high pay, packs them off with railway passes into the States, smashes a Canadian industry, and goes back highly satisfied, no doubt, with his work, both as a philanthropist and as an American. But Canada is not the richer or the happier for what has been done. Let us settle our family concerns among ourselves: nobody else understands them half so well, or has half so much interest in settling them right.

There is one more point which must be touched with tenderness, but which cannot be honestly passed over in silence. It could nowhere be mentioned less invidiously, than under the roof of an institution, which is at once an effort to create high tastes in working men, and a proof that such tastes can be created. The period of transition from high to low wages, and from incessant toil to comparative leisure, must be one of peril to masses whom no Mechanics' Institute or Literary Society, as yet, counts among its members. It is the more so, because there is abroad in all classes a passion for sensual enjoyment and excitement, produced by the vast development of wealth, and at the same time, as I suspect, by the temporary failure of those beliefs, which combat the sensual appetites, and sustain our spiritual life. Colliers drinking champagne! The world stands aghast. Well, I see no reason why a collier should not drink champagne if he can afford it, as well as a Duke. The collier wants, and perhaps deserves it more, if he has been working all the week underground, and at *risk of his life.* Hard labour naturally produces a craving for animal enjoyment, and so does the monotony of the factory, unrelieved by interest in the work. But what if the collier cannot afford the champagne, or if the whole of his increase of wages is wasted on it, while his habitation remains a hovel, everything about him is still as filthy, comfortless and barbarous as ever, and (saddest of all) his wife and children are no better off, perhaps are worse off, than before? What if his powers of work are being impaired by debauchery, and he is thus surely losing the footing which he has won on the higher round of the industrial ladder, and lapsing back into penury and despair? What if instead of gaining, he is really losing in manhood and real independence? I see nothing shocking, in the fact that a mechanic's wages are now equal to those of a clergyman, or an officer in the army, who has spent, perhaps, thousands of dollars on his education. Every man has a right to whatever his labour will fetch. But I do see something shocking in the appearance of the highly paid mechanic, whenever hard times come, as a mendicant at the door of a man really poorer than himself. Not only that English poor-law, of which we spoke, but all poor-laws, formal or informal, must cease when the labourer has the means, with proper self-control and prudence, of providing for winter as well as summer, for hard times as well as good times, for his family as well as for himself. The tradition of a by-gone state of society must be broken. The nominally rich must no longer be expected to take care of the nominally poor. The labourer has ceased to be in any sense a slave. He must learn to be, in every sense, a man.

It is much easier to recommend our neighbours to change their habits than to change our own: yet we must never forget, in discussing the question between the working man and his employer, or the community, that a slight change in the habits of our working men, in England at least, would add *more to their wealth, their happiness and* their hopes, than has been added by all the strikes, or by conflicts of any kind. In the life of Mr. Brassey, we are told that the British workman in Australia has great advantages, but wastes them all in drink. He does this not in Australia alone. I hate legislative interference with private habits, and I have no fancies about diet. A citizen of Maine, who has eaten too much pork, is just as full of indirect claims and everything else that is unpleasant, as if he had drunk too much whisky. But when I have seen the havoc—the ever increasing havoc, which drink is making with the industry, the vigour, the character of the British race, I have sometimes asked myself whether, if it is incumbent on legislators to stop a cattle plague by closing the ports against contagion, the most deadly of all man-plagues ought to be allowed to spread without control.

The subject is boundless. I might touch upon dangers distinct from unionism, which threaten industry, especially that growing dislike of manual labour which prevails to an alarming extent in the United States, and which some eminent economists are inclined to attribute to errors in the system of education in the common schools. I might speak of the duties of government in relation to these disturbances, and of the necessity, for this as well as other purposes, of giving ourselves a government of all and for all, capable of arbitrating impartially between conflicting interests as the recognized organ of the common good. I might speak, too, of the expediency of introducing into popular education a more social element, of teaching less rivalry and discontent, more knowledge of the mutual duties of different members of the community and of the connection of those duties with our happiness. But I must conclude. If I have thrown no new light upon the subject, I trust that I have at least tried to speak the truth impartially, and that I have said nothing which can add to the bitterness of the industrial conflict, or lead any of my hearers to forget that above all Trade Unions, and above all combinations of every kind, there is the great union of Humanity.

THE SONNETS OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

All the poetry of Michael Angelo now extant was written after he had attained the age of sixty years. It owed its inspiration to manifold influences—the love of art, the hatred of oppression, the purely Platonic passion for all that was beautiful; above all, the intensely devotional feeling of a deeply-wrought soul. Hitherto the accepted version of the Sonnets has been based upon an edition issued by a grand-nephew of the great artist. With great reverence for the genius of his relation, this editor unfortunately endeavoured to improve and popularize the poems. Wordsworth, in his spirited translations of three of the Sonnets, had nothing before him but the revised version of the younger Buonarotti. A critical edition, however, has recently been published, by Cesare Guasti, of the poems as they passed from the master hand. From an admirable translation of twenty-three of the Sonnets, according to Guasti's version, given by Mr. J. A. Symonds, in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*, we extract the following :—

THE WORSHIP OF BEAUTY.

As one who will re-seek her home of light,
Thy form immortal to this prison-house
Descended like an angel piteous,
To heal all hearts and make the whole world bright:
'Tis this that thralls my heart in love's delight,
Not thy clear face of beauty glorious;
For he who harbours virtue, still will choose
To love what neither years nor death can blight:

So fares it ever with things high and rare,
Wrought in the sweat of Nature; heaven above
Showers on their birth the blessings of her prime:
Nor hath God deigned to show Himself elsewhere
More clearly than in human form sublime;
Which, since they image Him, compel my love.

LOVE—HUMAN AND DIVINE.

Bring back the time when blind desire ran free
With bit and rein too loose to curb his flight;
Give back the buried face, once angel-bright,
That hides in earth all comely things from me;

Bring back those journeys ta'en so toilsomely,
So toilsome-slow to him whose hairs are white;
Those tears and flames that in one breast unite;
If thou wilt once more take thy fill of me!

Yet Love! suppose it true that thou dost thrive
Only on bitter honey-dews of tears,
Small profit hast thou of a weak old man.
My soul that toward the other shore doth strive,
Wards off thy darts with shafts of holier fears;
And fire feeds ill on brands no breath can fan.

THE VANITY OF ART AND LOVE.

Now hath my life across a stormy sea,
Like a frail bark, reached that wide port where all
Are bidden ere the final judgment fall,
Of good and evil deeds to pay the fee.
Now know I well how that fond phantasy
Which made my soul the worshipper and thrall
Of earthly art, is vain; how criminal
Is that which all men seek unwillingly.

Those amorous thoughts which were so lightly dressed,
What are they when the double death is nigh?
The one I know for sure, the other dread.
Painting nor sculpture now can lull to rest
My soul, that turns to His great love on high,
Whose arms to clasp us on the cross were spread.

PENITENCE.

Burdened with years and full of sinfulness,
With evil custom grown inveterate,
Both deaths I dread that close before me wait,
Yet feed my heart on poisonous thoughts no less.
No strength I find in mine own feebleness
To change or life or love or use or fate,
Unless Thy heavenly guidance come, though late,
Which only helps and stays our nothingness.

'Tis not enough, dear Lord, to make me yearn
For that celestial home, where yet my soul
May be new-made, and not, as erst, of naught:
Nay, ere Thou strip her mortal vestment, turn
My steps toward the steep ascent, that whole
And pure before Thy face she may be brought.

HOPE.

'Mid weariness and woe I find some cheer
In thinking of the past, when I recall
My weakness and my sins, and reckon all
The vain expense of days that disappear:
This cheers by making, ere I die, more clear
The frailty of what men delight miscall;
But saddens me to think how rarely fall
God's grace and mercies in life's latest year.

For, though Thy promises our faith compel,
Yet, Lord, what man shall venture to maintain
That pity will condone our long neglect?
Still from Thy blood poured forth we know full well
How without measure was Thy martyr's pain,
How measureless the gifts we dare expect.

THE GAME OF CHECKERS.

(From the French.)

PERSONS.

MME. D'ERMEL. *(Aged sixty-two).*
MONSIEUR JACOBUS. *Physician (seventy).*
VICTOIRE. *Chambermaid.*

SCENE—*A country place in Normandy, in Mme d'Ermel's house. A small sitting-room adjoining a bed-chamber. Before the open fire on the hearth, a table with a checker-board. Near this table, a centre table, on which stands a waiter with two cups and a sugar bowl. A coffee-pot simmering before the fire.*

MME D'ERMEL *(Alone, looking at the clock.)* A quarter past seven, or thereabouts. . . . . It is henceforth an indisputable fact that Jacobus loses coming here, on an average, five minutes since last year. Up to last Saint Michael, ten minutes sufficed him to reach my door. His step slackens. I don't like that. But he must not know it. *(She puts the hands of the clock five minutes back.)*

VICTOIRE.—*(Opening the door.)* Monsieur Jacobus! *(She withdraws as Jacobus enters.)*

MME. D'ERMEL.—How do you do?

JACOBUS.—*(Kissing her hand.)* A cool hand—a warm heart—at least I hope so! A good evening to you, fair lady.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Why you are frozen, my good friend. Pray what sort of weather is it out?

JACOBUS.—Real spring weather — wind, rain, hail. Allow me to put my cane in my corner.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Do and pray make yourself at home.

JACOBUS.—And my hat down here. *(Pulling off his gloves.)* What a strange empire these habits of ours gain over us, my dear friend! I do verily believe that if in the course of the evening my cane stood in another corner than this one, or my hat hung elsewhere than on this bracket, I should be at a loss.

MME. D'ERMEL.—All stars, doctor, have their fixed revolution.

JACOBUS.—Yes, yes, and you know it, my

own bright star! But! (*he looks at the clock.*) Now, that is very strange!

MME D'ERMEL.—What is strange?

JACOBUS.—Why—is your clock right?

MME. D'ERMEL.—To be sure.

JACOBUS.—Well, then I must say, that I was solidly built! Would you believe it, I left home at three minutes past seven, so that at seventy, I am able to walk nearly half a mile in seven minutes?

MME. D'ERMEL.—You are a mysterious being indeed. Time plays with you. . . Come, give me your cup, my young friend.

JACOBUS.—(*Holding out his cup.*) Real nectar,—nectar as much for its aroma, as for the divine hand that pours it out.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Any sugar, Jupiter?

JACOBUS.—(*Settling himself comfortably in his arm chair, and stirring his coffee.*) Let the pilot with his triple-brassed heart tempt in his light skiff, the Adriatic wave! . . . I feel quite comfortable here and shall remain. By the way, my dear lady, I have got some surprising news for you. Do you remember the two sickly orphans, the two little shrubs, whose life you despaired of, and whom you entrusted two months ago to my science and friendship?

MME. D'ERMEL.—My camelia and cactus? They are dead, I suppose.

JACOBUS.— Dead? no, they are in full bloom like yourself.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Indeed! Grand news truly. And when shall I see these two prodigies?

JACOBUS.—No later than to-morrow; I'll call for you, and on our way, we'll drop in at Jane Nicot's, who is sick in bed of a very dangerous fever. You know that when I cannot cure my patients, I comfort them with the promise of your presence. It is said of Hippocrates, that when he reached the end of his long career, he had but one remedy left in which he trusted; the secret of it was lost; but I think I found it again: it is the kindness of woman.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Oh, you flatterer! Well, I shall go and see Jane Nicot. But do drink your coffee, and tell me if it is good to-night. (*As the doctor is about to drink, the door opens.*)

VICTOIRE.—Monsieur le curé wishes to see Madame. (*The doctor rises, and with a frown puts his cup on the mantel.*)

(*To Victoire.*)—Ask him up stairs.

(*Victoire goes out.*)

JACOBUS.—The curé again!

MME. D'ERMEL.—The curé again! Now that is amiable, indeed! Since the good man took charge of the parish, eight months ago, he has only spent one evening here. He saw very well that he was in your way; for heaven knows, there is no mistaking your feelings by your looks. Since that time, he has been discreet enough never to call after seven in the evening. When he dines here, he leaves immediately after dinner; and in return for all this thoughtfulness, you say: "The curé again!"

JACOBUS.—Pshaw! You see he is making up for it. I just tell you that he is going to settle down here now for the rest of the evening, with his back to the fire and his cassock spread out like a fan.

VICTOIRE, (*coming back*)—The curé has but two words to say to Madame: he does not care to come up.

MME. D' ERMEL—I'll come down. Listen to that, doctor, just listen to that, and die for shame if you can. (*She goes out.*)

JACOBUS, (*alone. He walks about a few moments in silence, then begins to grumble, and the grumbling increases in proportion as his patience decreases:—*)

Humph! Humph! two words only! two words, indeed! He is going to keep her now a whole hour in the entry—and in a draught too! What selfish creatures these ecclesiastics are! Two words! The conversation has lasted long enough for a hundred. Priest's tongue, woman's tongue! Fine work for the devil! Now, I should like to know whether it is decent, proper, for a priest to be running the streets of a night to gossip in a hall with a lady. Suppose some poor wretch on his death bed should want the comfort of his holy ministration! They will have to run first to the parsonage, then here, then back again to the parsonage, whilst the dying man in the anguish of a tormenting conscience—but what does he care—he has had his coffee.

MME. D'ERMEL (*coming back.*)—Bah! this hall is like an ice house. It was about my pew in the church; I had expressed a wish to get it stuffed, and as they are about repairing the nave, our good rector was kind enough (*noticing the doctor's cup on the mantel.*) How! you have not drunk your coffee yet?

JACOBUS.—No, I have not. You know very well that we are in the habit of drinking it together. It is not at my age a man can change his habits.

MME. D'ERMEL.—But it will be cold.

JACOBUS.—Very likely. It has had plenty of time to cool.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Oh, well, never mind! you will drink it hot, to-morrow. What does it matter after all? (*Jacobus reaches for the cup, and drinks his coffee in silence. Mme. d'Ermel continues, after a pause.*) Ah! we are thinking better of it, and are becoming reconciled to the situation, aren't we, doctor? The coffee is still drinkable, eh?

JACOBUS (*smiling*), Quite so; I should not have thought it. The reason of it is, that in going away you carry with you the wings of old Father Time, who is then left to drag himself along as well as he can. People get ill-natured when left with such a gouty fellow.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Bless me, how gallant! Now, then, doctor, let us play. (*She seats herself at the table, opposite Jacobus, and arranges the men on the board.*) You owe me more than one revenge, I believe. I was dreadfully beaten the last time.

JACOBUS.—Oh, dear! you more than make up for it, at much more inhuman games than this.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Good gracious! you are excessively sentimental, to-night. But you had better mind the game, I tell you, for I feel particularly valiant just now. . Ah, you begin with the corners for a change Very well. Just listen what an awful racket the wind is making outside! And my poor old rector, who is in the streets!

JACOBUS.—Ah well, let him wade through it for once. I don't see why he should be particularly exempt from the common annoyances of humanity.

MME. D'ERMEL.—For shame! how unkind! You get into this corner, now, if you dare.

JACOBUS, (*after a moment's reflection.*) This corner? Is it a snare? I can't see.

MME D'ERMEL.—Play on. Ah, Jacobus, old friend, I have got you.

JACOBUS.—Snare or no; I have played.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Played for good?

JACOBUS.—Yes.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Sure you stand to it?

JACOBUS.—Wait a minute . . . (*he thinks a moment.*) Yes, I have played.

MME. D'ERMEL. — Oh, you imprudent man! Look at that, now, and at *that*! One, two, three! was there ever a sweep got so cheap!

JACOBUS.—Oh, dear! what could I have been thinking about!

MME. D'ERMEL.—I am sure I don't know. Go on.——Do you hear the noise of the hail on the glass of my conservatory? There is one thing, doctor, one is never thankful enough to God for; and that is, to be nicely shut up in a comfortable place, in warm clothes, and in good company, while there is such dreadful weather raging outside. As a general thing, we are all very ungrateful.

JACOBUS.—Humph! humph!

MME. D'ERMEL.—Do you deny that, sir?

JACOBUS.—Oh, no, I don't deny it. . . I don't even think of it. . . I am thinking of what I am about—of my game.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Ah, well, and since you are only thinking of your game, mind this:

try to get me out of this if you can. Doctor, do you know what you look like, with your head resting thus on both your hands, and the pressure of your fingers raising the extremities of your eyebrows?

JACOBUS.—No; what do I look like?

MME. D'ERMEL.—Why, you look like old Nick himself.

JACOBUS, (*looking up suddenly*)—Have you seen him, that you speak of him with such certainty.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Dear me, no!

JACOBUS.—Why then stop talking of what you do not know.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Oh, never mind! Compose yourself.

JACOBUS, (*pettishly*) I have no need of composing myself. I am quite composed; only, I cannot understand how any one can be so rattling on like a clapper, when intent upon a serious game. It is your turn, Madam.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Now, you are doing it on purpose, I verily believe, one, two, three and a king, by the next move!

JACOBUS.—The deuce! but how is this? In fact it is no wonder, when one makes it a point to distract and confuse an opponent's mind. There is no sensible playing, possible, amidst such constant babble: well, go on.

MME. D'ERMEL.—A king! Now, what am I going to do with this king? It is not every thing to have a king, is it, doctor? the difficulty is to keep him. Well, I put him here. By the way, how is it your name is Jacobus? I have been meaning to ask you that for ever so long. Jacobus! 'tis not a French name, is it?

JACOBUS.—I have told you more than fifty times, that my family was of Dutch origin.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Dutch, ah, Jacobus is Dutch!

JACOBUS.—No. It is Latin.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Latin? why, but then your explanation is anything but satisfactory—it is even puzzling. Aren't you going to play on?

JACOBUS.—What is the use, I have lost the game.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Who knows! Fortune is a woman, doctor, and just now treats me too well, not to be on the point of betraying me. Try what you can do yet.

JACOBUS.—No, no, it is of no use. I have lost (*he plays*).

MME. D'ERMEL.—Ah, this time, yes! this last move kills you outright. Here, I leave you these two for seed, against the next game.

JACOBUS, (*studying the board*) Let's see, mightn't I, going there. No, no, I see, you have got it; I have lost.

MME. D'ERMEL—To be sure, you have. Will you take another turn?

JACOBUS.—No, no, thank you. I feel too stupid to-night. I am in an unlucky mood. (*He coughs.*) I must have taken cold coming over.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Here, take my footstool, and come nearer the fire.

JACOBUS.—No, thank you. (*A pause.*)

MME. D'ERMEL.—Is Jane Nicot seriously ill?

JACOBUS.—She is likely to die one of these days. Ah, well, that is the best thing poor people can do. (*Mme. d'Ermel pokes the fire, and Jacobus goes on, after a moment's silence.*) What have you decided about your pew?

MME. D'ERMEL.—I shall not get it stuffed—it might give offence—Monsieur le Curé thinks so.

JACOBUS.—Your curé, so easily scared about what might conduce to other people's comfort, has far easier maxims at call, when the matter concerns his own. A terrible stumbling block indeed, a stuffed seat in a church. But to see Monsieur l'Abbé, a whole blessed day under the trees of a private park, tête-à-tête with one of his parishioners, like a shepherd of olden times, that's nothing; people may talk, what of it, and who cares.

The Church has its privileges, and *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

MME. D'ERMEL, (*laughing*) Well, now, that is something new indeed! and suppose I do indulge in conversation; suppose even I should spend the night instead of the day with him in my park; what harm would there be, I should like to know?

JACOBUS.—Harm! a curé, Madam is a man to be sure—a man like any other, and this one is a young man into the bargain.

MME. d'ERMEL.—A young man forsooth; he is bordering on sixty, and I am a couple of years older still! Let me assure you, friend Jacobus, that between two persons of such experience in life, however incomplete this experience may be, a tête-à-tête is of too venerable a character to offend morality or excite envy. But, perhaps, I am mistaken. I must look into this thing.

JACOBUS.—To stop all jest, I must confess that I am totally unable to understand what kind of entertainment the continued conversations of this ecclesiastic can possibly afford you, and I should be truly obliged to you if you would explain to me the mystery.

MME. D'ERMEL.—This ecclesiastic, as you call him, it not a fount of science like you, doctor; but a woman—I do not speak of men, who probably have higher destinies—a woman, at any age, and particularly at mine, needs faith more than science. Now, in the simple and sincere soul of this old man, I can see God as clearly as I can see the sky in a mountain spring; and that is the pleasure I find in his conversation. He is as simple as a child, and as enlightened as a prophet; he is a good man and a saint; he comforts and strengthens me. He talks to one about the other world as if he had just come from it, and about this world with so good natured a shrug, that one feels more inclined to laugh than grieve. In fine, he is a dear, good old man, and I love him. . . . But you don't, and you had better kill him.

JACOBUS.—No, I don't like him—I don't like him because I don't like bigots.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Say at once that you are a socialist, and have done with it.

JACOBUS.—Well, Madam, if such an extreme is the only refuge left open to minds of a certain order, against the imbecile empire of the Church; yes, a thousand times yes, I am a socialist.

MME. D'ERMEL.—You are then, in your own estimation, a mind of a certain order, doctor? And of what order, pray? As for me, who do not consider myself altogether an idiot, either, I have yet to find out, which are the superior and really strong minds—those who doubt or those who believe. The faith of this bigot, his clear and firm insight into the mysterious end towards which every moment in our lives leads us, what is it? Simplicity or genius? I am sure, I don't know, but I know this much, that I seek and love the company of this man, just as in the darkness of some catacombs, one would keep close to him that bears the torch.

JACOBUS.—Well, well, there is a man now canonized at little expense, and if we take such ground as this, we shall not lack saints in the community! But, as I can no longer bear to see obscurity of intelligence—

MME. D'ERMEL.—Obscurantism, doctor, if you please.

JACOBUS.—Obscurity of intelligence and stupid ignorance strut around under respectable titles, I shall, without delay, and for the edification of our parish, feel the pulse of this so-called solid faith and fine genius. To-morrow, I shall ask this new father of the Church to dinner, and, between the wine and cheese, shall examine him upon his dogmas! . . You see if I don't send him back to his parsonage, singing drinking songs and kissing the girls on the way.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Do you know what you are just now most in need of? . . . Why, your night cap.

JACOBUS.—Bless my soul! If I had thought you would take the matter of this priest so to heart—

MME. D'ERMEL, (*excited.*)—This priest, sir, would have lost twenty games of checkers, and more too, rather than speak ill of one absent, grieve an old friend, and sin against the goodness of God.

JACOBUS, (*sneeringly.*)—Humph! humph! the goodness of God!

MME. D'ERMEL, (*earnestly.*)—Yes, the goodness of God! Are not you going to find fault with God too, now?

JACOBUS, (*rising, and walking up and down the room with his arms crossed.*)—The goodness of God! it is very droll, people will persist in thus calling God, good!

MME. D'ERMEL. — Jacobus, take care now!

JACOBUS.—Well, Madam, since it seems determined that a twenty years' long friendship is to make room for a fanatic lately escaped from the Seminary. . . .

MME. D'ERMEL.—Dear me!

JACOBUS.—The last word the old friend shall utter in your house shall at least be a protest against the stupid idols that drive him from it. A good God! and why not? did not the ancients call their infernal Furies good also? . . . A good God! I can understand how in the first bloom of youth, when pleasant dreams still hover over the threshold of life, when the future looks bright with hopes of love and success in life, when all that makes existence desirable, seems attainable, I can understand how the heart may indulge in dreams of a kind and protecting divinity, and pour out the incense of its youth on his altars! but—

MME. D'ERMEL, (*to herself.*)—How well he can talk!

JACOBUS.—But at our age, Madam, and with such looks as ours—

MME. D'ERMEL.—You are very polite, indeed!

JACOBUS.—I speak for myself, Madam. Come, of what special providential kindness is the old man you have now before your eyes, a living proof? Look in my face, and answer.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Look at it yourself. . . There is a mirror.

JACOBUS, (*very much excited.*)—Well, I look at myself; what do I see? I see an image whose every feature proclaims a victim and a tormentor! . . I see old age, old age hideous to itself and to others, a painful caricature, a ridiculous and sinister intruder amid the festivities of life, a trembling spectre, tired of living and afraid to die! But that which your mirror fails to show is the sombre cortège of griefs and miseries hid within the wrinkles, like a troop of ill-omened birds within a ruin; the helpless, hopeless infirmities, the only companions of the old man in his gloomy solitude. Speak, Madam, for which of these accompaniments of old age can this poor pariah find a cause to bless Providence? He is alone; the earth he walks is filled with the spoils of all that was once dear to him; he drags his burden along graves, seeking his own, and shuddering before it! Nature presents to him nothing but faded beauties; a sun no longer warm, springs that bring death. What is there in all this, I ask again, to thank God for? Is it for his having, at least, spared us the trouble of children? Be it so; our dying looks will thus, thanks to that great kindness, not fall upon the greedy eyes of heirs watching eagerly for the last breath—beloved sons impatient to be masters—that last crown usually reserved to the prolonged martyrdom—the usual death-blow that terminates the terrible chastisement for the unknown crime—human life!

MME. D'ERMEL.—This is not all, is it? You are not going to leave so generous a speech incomplete? Why don't you go on, and demonstrate to your old friend, who has painfully trodden these same paths, supporting herself on these utopias, faith and love, that her laborious journey is all vain and fruitless, that fifty years of struggles, griefs and hopes go all for nothing; a fitting end and worthy of the beginning. No, no, Jacobus, you shall not go on, you shall do better; you shall tell me that you are sorry for what you have said, and the pain you have given me. Come, take my hand, and ask my pardon.

JACOBUS, (*crustily.*)—Not before you shall have explained to me wherein my crime or error lies.

MME. D'ERMEL, (*rising.*) Ah! this ugly pride of yours just recalls to me in time that a woman's indulgence is never repaid by anything else but ingratitude. Now, sir, I give you my word that you shall never, while I live, cross the threshold of this house, if before leaving, you do not ask my pardon, and on your knees.

JACOBUS.—That is, indeed, pushing me out by the shoulders. (*He takes his hat and cane. Mme. d'Ermel pulls the bell— Victoire enters.*)

MME. D'ERMEL.—Has the doctor's servant come for him?

VICTOIRE.—No, Madam.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Well, then, tell John to light his lantern and take Monsieur home.

VICTOIRE.—Oh! gracious, Madam.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Why, what is the matter with you?

VICTOIRE.—But, Madam, don't you hear how it storms?

MME. D'ERMEL.—And what do you suppose umbrellas were made for?

VICTOIRE.—Oh, it is not an umbrella Monsieur will want, Madam, but a boat. You do not know what ravages this tempest is making. The mill-stream has overflowed, and carries everything with it. John, who just comes from it, saw the miller's dog floating down in his kennel, with a pile of logs behind, all travelling to the sea, no doubt. There never was such weather!

JACOBUS.—No matter, no matter; I shall get across some how or other.

MME. D'ERMEL.—You are crazy. There is no use drowning yourself, especially in your present frame of mind. (*To Victoire.*) You may go. (*To Jacobus.*) When the rain stops, you have but to ring for Victoire, and John will go with you. I leave you now. I am tired, and am going to bed. (*She passes through the little door that leads into her chamber. Her bed-chamber, small, neat and fresh. A night-lamp sheds a quiet light around. The foot of the bed is close to the door. Mme. d'Ermel, leaning her head against one of the little posts of the bed.*) How wicked men are! how very wicked! May be I have asked too much of him? but it is not only my pardon I wished him to ask! If he had offended me alone, I should not have cared! (*She walks about in her room.*) Dear me; how ill I feel! Such emotions at my age! The fact is, that as long as the heart beats, it can suffer, and how easily it can be made to suffer! When I was young, I used to think that the time of life when all passions are dead must be a happy one, and longed for it, fancying the heart would then be at rest. How little we know ourselves! Human nature is surely less earthly than we think! Souls must have, like flowers, their different and sympathetic sexes—their own inclinations and attractions. Now, am I really in love with this old physician? I am sure I don't know—it seems so ridiculous! (*She wipes her eyes.*) And yet I was right—he hurt my feelings—I owed this sacrifice to my piety! . . . Well, it will probably be the last I shall have to make in this life! (*She kneels down and remains a moment engaged in prayer—Rising*): He must be gone—I hear no one in the room. Well, so be it. (*She begins to undress, and stops.*) Really, I can't—I shall just throw myself on my bed. (*She lies down.*) How glad I shall be when morning comes; night but adds to one's grief—makes darkness darker. (*The door of the room opens gently.*)

JACOBUS, *outside.*—I am going, Madam.

MME. D'ERMEL, *to herself.* He is still here! (*Aloud.*) What did you say?

JACOBUS.—I won't come in, Madam. You are in bed, I suppose.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Almost; don't come

in, but you can open the door. What were you saying?

JACOBUS, (*leaning against the door*)—I was saying that it has stopped raining, and that I am going.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Well, and shall we not meet again?

JACOBUS.—That will depend on you, Madam.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Then do as I said—just a little, Jacobus; one knee—I can see you from here.

JACOBUS.—Madam, that's impossible.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Why?

JACOBUS.—I cannot; I will not do it.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Why, then, farewell, for I mean to stand by what I have said.

JACOBUS.—Farewell. (*He makes a few steps towards the door and returns.*) You would be the first one to laugh at me.

MME. D'ERMEL.—May be; just try.

JACOBUS, *stamping on the floor.*—Never, Madam, never.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Close my door then, I wonder why you should ever have opened it, unless it be to offend me again.

JACOBUS.—As for offending you, purposely, you know very well that I am incapable of such a thing even in my dreams.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Pshaw! When you gave me to understand just now that God was the devil, and that I was hideous, did you fancy you were making yourself agreeable to me?

JACOBUS.—I simply meant to say that old age was a cursed age, and that I was ugly, that's all, and I still maintain it.

MME. D'ERMEL.—And I tell you, that old age is as good an age as another, and that you are handsome.

JACOBUS.—If you keep me here only to exercise your wit on me—

MME. D'ERMEL.—In the first place I do not keep you here, and I am in anything but a humorous mood. I say again you are handsome. I know very well that it is not quite the proper thing for a person of my sex to speak so freely to one of yours, but supposing that this conversation is the last between us, I repeat that I consider you handsome, despite my mirror, which, in showing you a moment ago, your features, disturbed by feelings unworthy of your age, slandered them. I am ready to believe you, if you assure me that you have been a charming man in your day—but I doubt, whether any of the graces of your youth were worth the dignity of character your brow exhibits now, under the scars which the combat of life and the approach of immortality leave on it. If you were not conscious of this beauty, you would not carry your grey head so high. You cannot deny feeling both pleasure and glory in exercising that patronage over others which an honoured old age, and that natural dignity that crowns the life of an honest man always give. You will never make me believe that you are indifferent to the feelings of esteem and respect and veneration your presence call forth, and that you would be willing to exchange them for the meaningless compliments of the drawing room, or the buzz of the stupid admiration that accompanies a flirtation hero.

JACOBUS.—I really don't know, Madam, what to make of so peculiarly flattering a speech.

MME. D'ERMEL.—You may take it in which way you please. It is a declaration of admiration I have the honour of making you here. As we are going to part, I see no impropriety in speaking out my mind. Your principal charge against Providence seems to have been the miseries old age brings upon us, and it suited me to set off your own face as a proof against it; I could, with the same facility, upset your other arguments, and knock out of your hand all the arms you have picked up in the same arsenal: indeed, although never game at checkers, lost or won, gave occasion for so much theology, I should take a special pleasure in carrying out my attempt at conversion, if you did not lack the most indispensable qualification of a neophyte,—sincerity.

JACOBUS.—Oh, Madam, as for sincerity, I assure you. . . .

MME. D'ERMEL.—Pray be still; is it being sincere to judge of things and life only by their dark and painful side? I know, as well as you, sir, what is meant by the burden of life, and better than you, perhaps, what trials are; and yet I can only praise and adore the paternal hand that lays them on us so lightly! Indeed, instead of raising a single murmur against Providence in this respect, I should almost remonstrate against the many favours showered upon us—making this prison house too charming: for what else is it but a prison we ought to wish to leave!

JACOBUS.— Very true, Madam, and I should say so too if in the flower of youth.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Oh, flower of youth! nonsense! You would make me laugh at your flowers of youth, if the moment of losing one's last illusion and one's last friend were one to laugh in. I, too, Monsieur Jacobus, have had a more or less flowery youth, but there are flowers of all kinds. Those that grow around and upon tombs have their charm also, a charm I have myself not been sufficiently on my guard against.

JACOBUS.—Madam—

MME. D'ERMEL.—I am so tired, that I am talking in my sleep, I do believe. Yes, I wish this evening had found me stronger hearted, better prepared for change: but God has willed it otherwise. The heart, it seems, never wears out, and is doomed to make the whole round of experiences. After the troubled joys of early life, the disappointments of youth, it must yet feel how bitter and painful it is to see the serenity of its later days, the sweet and profound emotions of old friendships, the magic of old habits broken into, and you, yourself, who are not tender-hearted, think you you will leave nothing here that you will regret to say nothing of me, this arm-chair here at the corner of the hearth, where you have sat so many winters, listening comfortably to the outside storms; this clock, this table, these plain hangings, this unlucky checker board, even all the trifles around here that you knew and liked and depended upon, and which, for the very reason that their service is required every day, gain so great an empire over the affections. Go, to-morrow evening will avenge God and me but too well; you will find out that you were not quite so wretched, but that you had still much happiness to lose. (*She stops as if exhausted.*) Dear me! how tired I am!

JACOBUS.—You are not ill, Madam?

MME. D'ERMEL, (*sleepily.*)—What? No; I am tired. I am going to sleep. You know what you have got to do. Don't let me find you—since—I shall be glad . . to be . . . (*Jacobus endeavours in vain to hear the last words; he remains a moment motionless, then advances within the door, where he listens to Mme. d'Ermel's quiet and equal breathing.*)

JACOBUS.—She is asleep—a child's sleep; the bed of her old age has retained the calm of the cradle! Good and gentle creature! how very ready for Heaven! The God of justice and love has already healed the wound I have inflicted, but that which by the same blow I have given myself will bleed till death shall stop it. The sad victory of my pride will thus cost me dear enough! Farewell, farewell, Madam, may your good angel repeat to you every night the wishes of the friend you will hear no more! (*He bends a knee, and presses his lips on the fringe of the curtain.*)

MME. D'ERMEL, (*rising a little, and putting her hand on his head.*)—Bend thy head, old Sicambrian, and worship what thou hast destroyed.

JACOBUS, *startled.*—Ah, Madam! You were not asleep!

MME. D'ERMEL.—No, indeed—and it is

well for you! (*After a little hesitation, Jacobus kisses her hand.*) Well done, and now, that we are all right again, you had indeed better go home. It is quite late. I am almost in bed, and as, like my curé, you are a man . . . you old simpleton you! Good night! to-morrow at nine o'clock I shall be at your house, and you can take me to see your patient.

JACOBUS.—And if you like, Madam, you can take me afterwards to the parsonage.

MME D'ERMEL *thanks him with a smile, and he goes out humming a song.*

THE EMIGRANT MOUNTAINEER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

HOW doth fond memory oft return,
To that fair spot where I was born!
My sister! those were happy days
Of France!
Oh, country mine! my latest gaze
Shall turn to France.

Rememberest thou with what fond pride
Our lowly cottage hearth beside—
She clasped us to her gladsome breast,
Our mother?
While on her hair so white we pressed
Kisses together.

My sister, canst thou yet recall
Doré, that bathed the castle wall?
And that old Moorish tower war-worn
And grey,
From whence the gong struck out each morn,
The break of day?

The tranquil lake doth memory bring?
Where swallows poised on lightest wing.
The breeze by which the supple reed
Was bent?
The setting sun whose glory fills
The firmament?

Rememberest thou of that dear wife,
Tender companion of my life!
While gathering wild flowers in the grove,
So sweet!
Heart clung to heart, and Helen's love
Flew mine to meet?

Oh! give my Helen back to me!
My mountain! and my old oak tree!
Memory and pain where'er I rove,
Entwine
Dear country! with my heart's deep love
Around thy shrine!

AURORA.

CURRENT EVENTS.

FIRST in importance among current events, in relation to Canada, may be placed the sermon preached by the Jesuit Father Braun, at the golden wedding (fiftieth ordination anniversary) of Monseigneur Bourget, Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal.

In former days when the conflict respecting representation was going on, Quebec was more familiar than dear to British Canada; since Confederation she has been more dear than familiar. Many people in Ontario are scarcely conscious of the fact that, while religious equality reigns in their own Province, Quebec is under the dominion of what is virtually a Church Establishment, not only possessed of enormous wealth in the shape of real estate, but levying upon the Roman Catholic population tithes and other ecclesiastical imposts, the burden of which is severely felt by the people, and probably has almost as great an effect as the over-population or the exhaustion of the soil in inducing large numbers of French Canadians to emigrate annually into the United States.

Quebec is, ecclesiastically as well as socially and politically, a section of the Catholic and Monarchical France which existed before the Revolution; and the Church has, till recently, retained the Gallican character of the Church of Louis XIV. At least it has been national and not Ultramontane. But there has recently come, over the whole Roman Catholic Church a change which its supporters will regard as the commencement of a new life, its opponents, as the immediate precursor of dissolution. Disestablished, or stripped of the greater portion of their vast endowments in the principal Roman Catholic countries of Europe, and deprived of the political support of the old Catholic monarchies, whose thrones are now occupied by more liberal dynasties or by presidents of democratic republics, no longer able to make the powers of the world their ministers, and the civil sword their executioner, the clergy of the Church of Rome have been more and more detaching themselves from all national connection and allegiance, rallying round their ecclesiastical centre, exalting the doctrinal supremacy of the Pope, and extending the jurisdiction of the Court of Rome. War has been waged by the Ultramontane party against every remnant of ecclesiastical independence or national character in the Churches. The old Gallican Missal has been expelled and the Roman Missal, the symbol and vehicle of Ultramontane influence has been introduced in its stead. You vainly ask at a religious bookstore in France for the ancient symbol of the National Church. A similar process has been going on in all other Roman Catholic Churches. Among the Roman Catholics of England, the party which reconciled loyalty to the British Crown with attachment to the ancient faith, and which, in former days, took up arms against the Armada has given way to the ascendancy of the party which, conspired with Spain, the party of Campion and Guy Fawkes, the party which openly avows that its allegiance is paid in the second place to England, but in the first place to Rome. This Ultramontane and centralizing movement seemed to culminate, and the highest point, either of auspicious development, or of blasphemous usurpation, appeared to have been reached, in the declation of Papal Infallibility. But there is reason to think that beyond that apparent summit there is in prospect one at least still higher—a declaration of the "hypostatic union" of the Holy Ghost with the Pope. This more than despotic centralization and the outrages to reason which the doctrinal part of it involves of necessity cause recalcitration and secession, especially in Germany, where the spirit of Teutonic independence prevails, where the Reformation was at first accepted by the whole country, though afterwards driven from portions of it by political and military force, and where even among the Roman Catholics a tendency to utraquism, or the concession of the cup to the laity and to clerical marriage has never ceased to exist. The exhibition of that most portentous relic, the Holy Coat of Trèves, some thirty years ago, offended, in like manner, the Teutonic love of truth, and produced the great secession of which Ronge was the chief. But, in spite of recalcitration and secession, the centralizing movement is desperately pushed forward, and reason and conscience are crushed beneath the wheels of the Papal car. Mr. Capes, a convert from the Church of England to Rome, but since re-converted to Protestantism, says, with special reference to the educational aspect of the movement in Ireland:—"No man who has possessed the means which I have possessed for learning the spirit in which the culture of the mind is promoted, where Roman influence is predominant, can doubt for a moment as to the untrustworthiness of all higher education, which is controlled by the priesthood of to-day. Even before the issuing of the Vatican decree, the administration of English and Continental Catholicism was an iron despotism. What is it now? Ever since I knew anything about the inner life of the Roman Church, it was rare, indeed, to find a priest or prelate who did not tremble at the very name of Rome. Now they have scarcely sufficient individual life left in them to sustain them in an active tremor. They go quietly in harness, and whatever be their secret thoughts, the most guarded silence is upon their lips. The period for national arrangements with the Roman hierarchy has therefore passed away. There are no longer any English or Irish Catholic Bishops. They are Italians, all of them; born of English or Irish parents, and calling themselves by English or Irish surnames; but they are naturalized Italians, belonging to that section of the Italian people which is settled on the Vatican side of the Tiber, and receives its orders from within the Vatican itself. The pupils, who would be taught in any colleges or schools which England might be deceived into supporting, would be educated, not as Irishmen, but on the model of that debased Italian type which has shut itself up in the Vatican, and there exhibits itself as the perfection of Christian sanctity and truth."

The French Canadian Church has hitherto been Gallican, at least not Ultramontane, being confirmed in a moderate course perhaps by the comparative security of its political position as well as by its remoteness from the principal scene of conflict. But now its turn has come. The Jesuits, the great propagators of Papal dominion, which is, in fact, their own, have appeared in force upon the scene, and are labouring with their usual activity and cunning to suppress the ecclesiastical liberties of French Canada, and at the same time to recover the power and wealth possessed in the Province by their Order before its temporary suppression. The character of Bishop Bourget has made him a facile tool in their hands; and another tool has been found in the Bishop of Three Rivers. The Archbishop of Quebec and the other French Bishops are understood still to resist Jesuit domination and to cleave to the liberties of their national church. But the main citadel of resistance to the Jesuits, and the mark of their most strenuous and rancorous attacks is the great Sulpician Seminary, which rises over Montreal, at once the most powerful support and the most sumptuous monument of the Gallican Church. To the Semi[illegible]y has hitherto been attached the sole pastoral care of the vast parish of Montreal, with the ecclesiastical revenues belonging to it. And to wrest first the pastoral jurisdiction, and then the revenues from the Seminary, is the immediate object of Jesuit intrigue. The Bishop has been instigated to divide the parish; the Seminary stands on its legal rights. In the midst of this conflict occurred the Bishop's golden wedding, which was made the occasion of a Jesuit and Ultramontane demonstration against the Sulpicians and the Gallicans generally. A deputation of Gallican gentlemen, who were most faithful and zealous sons of the Church of Rome, approaching the Bishop with their congratulations were dismissed with contumely by the prelate, inflated apparently by the flattery of his Jesuit wire-pullers, who do not scruple to apply to his Ultramontane encroachments the terms consecrated by the Gospel to the ministry of the Saviour. Addresses were presented from religious bodies under Jesuit influence tuned to the division of the parish. After an imposing service in the Church of Notre Dame, the great Jesuit preacher, Father Braun, mounted the pulpit and, under the name of a sermon, delivered the harangue against the Gallicans and Liberal Catholics to which we have specially called attention, and which was understood to have been concerted with the Bishop and the other heads of the Jesuit party. Our readers will excuse the length of the following extracts in consideration of their great importance, as revelations of the principles of the Jesuits and of the objects of their machinations, not only in French Canada but in all countries.*

"Every one knows the fatal doctrines which infect European communities, and which have penetrated into this vast continent, which they are already laying waste. These errors, whose object is to consummate the work begun by Luther and Henry VIII., bear, for the most part, upon the Church, its nature, and its rights. The Church, in the eyes of modern Governments, is no more considered as a Society complete, independent of the State, having of itsel the rights confided to it by its Divine Founder; right of self-government; right of possessing and administering property; right of making laws binding upon the conscience, and to which the State should submit; right of being the only power that can define the *invalidating impediments* to marriage, that can determine the *form* of marriage, that can judge matrimonial cases to pronounce upon the validity of the conjugal tie; right of erecting parishes independently of the State; right of superintending and directing education in public schools. People do not consider any more that the heads of nations and their legislalators owe submission respect and obedience to the Church, just as much as the humblest citizens, and that the more elevated they are in the eyes of men, the more formidable account will they have to render to God for their want of respect and submission to the laws of Holy Church. People do not consider any more that the State is united to the Church, only when it obeys the Church in all that is amenable to ecclesiastical authority, and that the State is in duty bound to protect the Church. Notions about the State and Government have been reduced to mere abstractions, and by this convenient process, people think they have succeeded in freeing those who govern from all responsibility before the Church and before God. But God and the Church make no account of these empty systems. In the eyes of God, the Government is *they* who govern. Each of *them* is responsible before Him, for the acts of his administration. They shall be judged, condemned and punished for everything they will have done against the sacred laws and the independence of the Church. In fine, now-a-days, God is no more looked upon as the source of right and the fountain-head of justice ; but the State, the many, the majority, claims to be the source and principle of right and of justice, and it is taken for granted that, under pretext of public utilities, the majority that governs may impose its wishes. It is the old Pagan despotism. Do not might and the majority constitute the *right* in the eyes of modern wisdom? And it must needs be said, we see Governments led astray by these false principles, commit flagrant injustices towards individuals. Every one knows what is going on in Germany. And the besotted peoples adore *Might* and the majority; behold in the modern *Right* the modern God. All that is materially useful to a society is not therefore permissible, not more to Governments than to individuals. Finally to sum up : God, as a modern politician lately said, has nothing to do with affairs of State. Gallicanism and Liberal Catholicism have powerfully contributed to propagate all these errors. Gallicanism is, in ecclesiastical affairs, insubordination towards the Holy Father, servility toward civil power, despotism towards inferiors. The Gallican refuses to obey the Pope, he arms himself against him with the protection of the powers of this earth, he grants to the civil power, that protects him in his rebellion, all the authority which he refuses to the Sovereign Pontiff. Hence it comes that everywhere Gallicans are the flatterers of civil power, and have recourse to it even in ecclesiastical cases, when the Bishop or the Sovereign Pontiff alone, should examine, judge and pronounce. It is this insubordination towards the Holy Father, and this servility towards civil power, which Pope Innocent XI. so justly stigmatized in a Brief of the 11th April, 1682, to the Bishops that composed the Assembly of the French Clergy."

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* We quote from the version published at the time, it was understood by authority, in the Montreal *Herald*.

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"With respect to despotism towards their inferiors, Gallicans, when there is a question of doing justice, pay no attention to the canons. Their own will, and what they call their common sense, hold the place of law for them. Arbitrary measures, such is their rule. It is well known that, in some dioceses, many Catholic writers, through obedience to the wishes of the Holy See, having handled with great talent, questions contrary to the Gallican notions of some Superiors, were exposed to severe penalties, and that the Holy Father himself was obliged to take their defence and protect them against an unjust punishment. Liberal Catholics acknowledge that the individual, in his private life, ought to profess the Catholic religion; and at the same time, they think it advisable that he should, in his public life, admit an equality of rights for truth and for error. Liberalism is a so-called generosity towards error ; it is a readiness to yield on the score of principles. Liberal Catholics grant to the State the right of requiring that parishes, bishoprics and religious orders be civilly incorporated, that they may have a right to hold property. They grant that the State has a right to limit the possessions of the Church, to make laws for regulating the administration of Church property. They grant to the State the right of taking possession of Church property and of keeping it, thus laying down the principle of Communism. Speak of restitution to these sacrilegious usurpers, their only answer will be a sneer. Liberal Catholics pretend that the State can prescribe the *form* of marriage, define *invalidating impediments*, and pronounce upon the conjugal tie in matrimonial cases. Liberal Catholics confine to the State the superintendence and direction of primary schools, to the detriment of the Church and fathers of families. Liberal Catholics grant to the State the right of intervening in the erecting of parishes, independently of any authorization from the Holy See. These errors were gaining ground in the country, were causing the Church to lose its independence, and threatening soon to place her on the same footing as the so-called Church created by Henry VIII. And the Christian people, accustomed to the encroachments of the State, were beginning to think that all these sacrilegious encroachments were real rights of the State, and that it was a duty for the Church to recognize them. One must fight with all the arms of doctrine against these fatal errors which threaten to pervert all minds. Among the most valiant defenders of the rights of the Holy Church, we shall always see our venerable Pontiff. Whilst these false doctrines are spreading and gaining strength everywhere, the venerable Bishops of Canada assemble in Council at Quebec. What will be their first thought? their first effort? The shackles of the Church must be riven asunder, its independence must be proclaimed in the face of the country and of the Catholic world, and the Bishops, assisted by the Holy Ghost, animated with a holy zeal, burning with love for the Church, issue this decree: *De obedientiâ Summo Pontifice*, of obedience to the Sovereign Pontiff: a decree which will be to the end of time, one of the finest monuments of the history of the Catholic Church in Canada, and will be for ever the glory of the venerable Fathers of the Council who were its authors. They profess the most entire obedience to the Sovereign Pontiff, by proclaiming that the laws which they make concerning the general discipline of the Church are binding in this country, independently of the sanction of civil authority. Therefore, we adhere with our whole heart to all the Constitutions which concern—the dogma, and to each one in particular, and also to those which concern—the general discipline of the Church; and we declare and teach that, not depending on any sanction of the secular power, they must be recognized by all the faithful as the rules both of faith and conscience. His Lordship hastened to make known to his clergy and people this decree of the Council, which is to put an end to those divergences of opinion which were dividing Catholics. This decree, says he, settles this great question, to wit: whether the Apostolical Constitutions, when once published in Rome, in due form, are binding in this country. The clergy and the faithful share the Bishop's sentiments, all are unanimous in repeating the words of the Council: *Toto animo adhæremus omnibus et ingulis apostolicis Constitutionibus.* In future every upright and logical man, enlightened by the zeal of the Bishop and his clergy, will say: Yes, we most heartily adhere to the Constitutions of the Church. Yes, they bind in conscience independently of the sanction of the State. Therefore the Church is an independent society. Every one admits this principle. The State is subordinate to the Church. This truth is admitted. No one now dares to deny these two Catholic dogmas. But many, for want of a logical turn of mind, do not see the consequences which flow from these principles, and dare to doubt them. But the day we trust is near at hand, when Government repudiating their errors, will at length recognise the truths proclaimed by the first Council of Quebec. The laws of the Church itself enact the ecclesiastical laws, without any recourse to the State, and it is the duty of the State to recognise those laws and submit to them. The Church can, inasmuch as it thinks proper require from the State a civil sanction for the laws. This sanction adds no new obligation to the law, but helps the execution thereof. In this case it is not a bill, a draft of a law, which the Church proposes to the examination and discussion of a Parliament, it is a law already made, and which the Church alone has a right to make, a law which is already binding on the conscience, independently of the sanction of the State, and for which the Church claims a purely civil protection and sanction. The State does not enact the law, nor does it discuss the same; this is beyond its jurisdiction. It simply sanctions it civilly, just as the Church proposes it, without having the right to change, omit or add anything. Would you pretend to submit to your judgment and discussion the legislative authority of the Holy Church. If the State is Christian it will grant to these laws this civil sanction which the Church requires. This is the only manner in which the State can interfere in ecclesiastical laws. If the State refuses this sanction, the law will not be less binding on the State itself; but, by so doing, the State simply declines the honour of protecting the Church, and experience teaches that this will be its misfortune. As the Church which enacts its own laws, so does it also judge ecclesiastical matters independently of the State's glory, to cause the Church's decisions to be respected. The Church decides in matrimonial cases, prescribes the form of marriages, and the State is honoured by causing the decisions of the Church to be observed. The Church has the possession and administration of temporalities, independently of the State; and the State protects the Church in its possessions and administrations. The Church enjoys its immunities, and the State protects it against the sacrilegious man who would wish to violate them. The Church erects dioceses and parishes, and the State helps the Church in all its works. The Church watches over and directs the schools, and it approves the teachers that parents choose, and the State hastens freely to grant its protection and assistance. A Christian Government is far from imitating those liberal governments who arrogate to themselves all right and power in schools, which everywhere become schoolmasters, and which have perverted the education of youth. Such is the union of Church and State, and our venerable Pontiff has devoted his life to the strengthening of this union.* * *

"In old Europe these truths are beginning to be understood by true politicians. They understand the cause of the evils which overwhelm society. Nations have revolted against God, they have wished to submit God to man, the Church to the Government. Profit by their unhappy experience. If the rumblings of thunder in Europe are not sufficient to warn you, must it burst upon your heads before you will take heed? You will listen to the warnings of your Bishop, and your civil and political life will be Christian, as is your private life. Your Bishop's doctrine will have produced this happy result: "He went about doing good." A truly memorable day in the annals of the nineteenth century was that on which the Pope condemned the errors that are sweeping away all modern society. This great event rejoiced true Catholics, and renewed their strength. The Gallicans blinded themselves and sought to give explanations, and the enemies of the Church gave themselves up to a dark and threatening anger. Our venerated Pastor understood the full bearing of the Pontifical document; he rejoiced at it; and, since that day, he has not relaxed in his efforts to make it produce its legitimate fruit. Every one knows with what learning, what magnificent ideas, what conviction, his Lordship, by a pastoral dated January 1st, 1865, promulgated in his diocese the Syllabus, in which are framed and condemned all the pretensions, encroachments and usurpations of the State. The Church is independent; it has its own tribunals; it possesses and administers its property; it has schools independent of the State. Its communities have no civil origin. In Christian marriage, the contract and sacrament are inseparable, and henceforward Catholic statesmen shall not think of discussing in legislative chambers, about laws concerning divorce or the rights of the Church. One thing alone they can do, repel with indignation every attempt against the rights or independence of the Church. The State is subordinate to the Church, and in case of a conflict between them, the Church has to decide, the State to submit."

Our readers will appreciate, from what we have said, the special allusion to the division of parishes, as well as the invectives against Gallicans and Liberal Catholics in general. It is needless to comment on the good taste and the truly Christian feeling which inspired such an attack on members of the same Church, who had come to take part with the preacher and his section in a personal and religious celebration. "The devil is exercising his oppression chiefly by Gallican and Liberal errors," were gracious words to fling in the faces of those who had brought their gifts and congratulations to the common head of the Roman Catholic community of Montreal. But the zeal of the sons of Loyola outruns such trivial considerations as these. As to the principles, they are such as in Europe might be propounded in the *Univers*, or some other irresponsible counterpart of the *Nouveau Monde*, which is the Jesuit organ at Montreal. But we very much doubt whether it would have been deemed politic to allow any responsible ecclesiastic to compromise the Church by proclaiming them from the pulpit. Of course we see the loopholes which are left for casuistical interpretation. We know that the "supremacy of the Church over the State" is to be confined to ecclesiastical questions. But what questions are ecclesiastical is to be decided by the Church; and history tells us plainly enough what the scope of her decision will be.

In the political eddies caused by the meeting of these two hostile tides of ecclesiastical opinion sank Sir George Cartier, and probably he sank to rise no more. Neither he, at least, nor any other man in his place, will ever again occupy the position of the political leader of the National Church of French Canada. The result of the conflict between the Gallicans and the Jesuits cannot be doubtful. The Jesuits have all the influences of the hour in their favour, and they will triumph in this case, as they have triumphed in all the Roman Catholic communities of Europe. Their triumph is in fact the inevitable consequence of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, proclaimed in their interest, and through their machinations. There will come, and probably at no distant time, a struggle between the Ultramontane Church of French Canada and the State.

That struggle offers a great part to any public man who is young, who is hopeful, who is strong in conviction, who is not afraid, politically speaking, to take his life in his hand, who aims at something above the prizes for which hack politicians scuffle with each other on the hustings, who desires to win the position which can be won only by becoming the champion of a great cause. The old parties have no such man. We shall see what young Canada can produce.

Turning to Ontario, we find, as a matter of course, the appointment of Mr. Mowat to the Premiership unreservedly lauded by one party organ, and condemned with equal energy by the other. If the two journalists, instead of serving their parties, were speaking the truth frankly over a dinner table, both would probably agree that the appointment in itself is a very good one—Mr. Mowat being a man of undoubted character and ability—but that the transfer of a judge from the bench to a political office, if it was necessary, was a necessity much to be deplored. In a country like ours, the integrity of the judiciary is at least as important as that of the executive or the legislature; and the integrity of the judiciary can be preserved only by keeping the bench of justice entirely distinct from the political arena. The precedents cited from the English practice by the defenders of Mr. Mowat's appointment, even if they were relevant, would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance. But they are not relevant. The combination of the office of Minister of Justice with that of Chief Judge in Equity in the person of the English Chancellor is, like the judicial function of the House of Lords, a relic of a very ancient state of things anterior to the separation of the judiciary from the executive, or of either from the legislature, and it is rather retained by the national conservatism, than approved by the national judgment. Probably a separate Ministry of Justice will be among the coming legal reforms. Meantime, the Lord Chancellor does not try controverted elections, and it is scarcely possible that any political question should ever come before him in court. That Lord Ellenborough was taken from the Chief Justiceship of a Court of Common Law into the Cabinet is true; but the measure was generally repudiated at the time, and it is certain that it will never be repeated.

The recall of Vice-Chancellor Mowat to political life is a proof, on the one hand, of the dearth of leading ability in the Ontario Legislature, caused by the narrowness of the parties, and on the other, of the inadequacy of judicial salaries, which are insufficient to retain the services of a first-rate man.

The fact is, that our official salaries generally have been depreciated to a most serious extent, from the rise of prices since the time when their scale was fixed; and their general restoration to their original amount is a pressing need of public policy, as well as of personal justice. If this is not done, we shall soon have a low class of officials, who will think themselves licensed to eke out their salaries by irregular gains in this country, as they notoriously do in the United States. Let the Government appoint a commission of inquiry into the depreciation of salaries, and act on the report.

It is gratifying to note that the proposal of the party organs to introduce faction into our municipal elections is generally repudiated by the good sense of the people, aided, perhaps, by the strategical discretion of the weaker party. The leaders of the Opposition have, however, been making strong speeches in favour of faction as the principle of government. We disclaim any approach to a sneer in saying that those who believe themselves, after a desperate party struggle, to be on the eve of a party triumph, are scarcely unbiassed in their judgment of this question. We have repeatedly recognized the fact that there are at the present time important issues between the Opposition and the Government. We also sincerely credit the leaders of the Opposition with a desire to put an end to the existing system, and introduce one purer and less injurious to national character in its place. But we, nevertheless, feel perfectly convinced that before they had themselves held power for six months on the party principle, they would be compelled ruefully to acknowledge that faction is not the antidote, but the incentive to corruption. Does any misgiving of this kind mingle with the motives which lead Mr. Blake, so strangely, and so fatally to the interests of his party, to nullify his influence as a leader by declaring that he will not accept office?

An argument used by one of the Opposition leaders, in support of the factionist doctrine, is a singular and instructive instance of the extent to which the vision, even of very able men, may be distorted by the optical peculiarities of the atmosphere in which they live. We should have thought that if there was anything as to which all men and angels were agreed, it was that the divisions of Christendom are injurious to Christianity. But this eminent factionist has persuaded himself that they are not only not injurious, but essential to the unity of the Christian Church. Without the various contending sects, he says the Church would be an anarchy. Of course he thinks that it was an anarchy in its undivided state under its Founder and the Apostles. Had he been in the place of St. Paul, instead of lamenting the growth of divisions, he would have rejoiced over them as the rudiments of incipient order, emerging out of the religious chaos. Had he sat in the Council of the Apostles at Jerusalem, he would have enjoined the Jewish Christians to adhere to their Judaism, and the Gentile Christians to persevere in eating things sacrificed to idols, because they would thereby keep up a Conservative and a Liberal party, a perpetual conflict between which, with abundance of rancour and abuse, was so necessary, in order to prevent an anarchy in the Church.

Another orator says that though he rejoices that Ontario gave the Opposition a majority, it would have been a great misfortune if the vote had been " solid." In other words, it would be a great misfortune if the people of Ontario were of one mind as to their own interests. Such are the axioms upon which, literally, Government is at present founded.

The result of the Welland election looks like a heavy blow to the Administration, though its significance is somewhat reduced by the local and personal circumstances of the contest. We cannot lament that the appearance of several Cabinet Ministers brawling and bandying foul language on the hustings, in company with more than one confederate of questionable character, failed to secure the victory for their party. It is time that Ministers in general, and the Prime Minister in particular, should be reminded that they are entrusted with the honour as well as with the interests of the country. A moderate amount of mis-government and jobbery, if carried on with decency, would be preferable to the injury inflicted on national character by some scenes at the late elections. We doubt whether anything so bad ever occurs in the United States. If Conservatism in this country means anything, it means the maintenance of the respect due to Government; but the respect due to Government cannot be maintained, unless the members of the Government will do their part. That self-degradation, either on the part of public men, or of the press, is necessitated by the character and tastes of our people is, we are persuaded, an unfounded notion, if it is not a mere pretence. The necessity may be created, but at present it does not exist. In the late elections corruption was only too efficacious; but ruffianism, we are convinced, only recoiled upon those who were guilty of it.

In the loss of San Juan, we have drunk the last drop of bitterness which can flow, for the present at least, from the Treaty of Washington. It is idle to deny the gravity of this decision, or to attempt to conceal from ourselves the fact that it may impair the value of British Columbia as a Province of the Dominion. But like the decision on the Alabama Claims, it was, in effect rendered inevitable by the Treaty, and there is no ground for impeaching the impartiality of the award. On the other hand, the evident eagerness to condemn Great Britain exhibited by certain of the Judges, in the Genevan arbitration, warns us that Great Britain, in going before European arbitrators, is going before enemies or rivals, while the American Republic, remote from European complications, is sure of meeting with neutrals at least, and will often meet with partisans.

The Treaty of Washington, construed with reference to its real intent, can hardly be regarded as an instance of international arbitration, or as proving anything for or against that mode of settling the differences of nations. It was, in fact, a purchase by England of peace at the close of a moral war, caused by the depredations of the Alabama and her consorts, the fisheries dispute, and still more, by the sympathy exhibited for the South by certain classes in Great Britain and the colonies. The price paid was the pre-arranged condemnation of Great Britain to the payment of damages for the Alabama, the equally pre-arranged adjudication of San Juan to the United States, and certain concessions with respect to the Fishery and other rights of Canada, the exact import of which is the subject of violent controversy among the organs of our party press, but, in fact, yet remains to be seen. As to the arbitrators, they were something like the sugar-tongs which the old Scotchwoman held in her hand for politeness' sake, while she took up the sugar through them, in primitive fashion, with her fingers. A smouldering quarrel which, though the Americans never intended to go to war, might have been fanned by any chance gust of wind into actual hostilities, has thus, we trust, been finally extinguished; and we are ready to recognize the value of this result, and to give the British Ministers full credit for having done what they sincerely believed to be best for the Empire as a whole, and for Canada as a part of it. However high may be the spirit of our people, and however willing they may be to share the fortunes of the mother country in war (though they can contribute nothing to her regular forces), it is obvious that our exposed situation must always be an element in her councils on our behalf; and that we must be prepared to make sacrifices for her as she, undoubtedly, has made sacrifices for us. The appointment of our Prime Minister, the elect of our people, at least of a majority of them, as one of the Commissioners, was the strongest proof of regard for our interests that we could require; and if, as his opponents allege, he was capable of selling the interest and honour of his country for pecuniary assistance to a party job, the fault is ours alone. On the other hand, if England expected from the Treaty any greater advantage than the termination of the existing quarrel—if she imagined that it would annul the moral peculiarities which make every New Englander crave for the humiliation of the land of his fathers, that it would charm the Pennsylvanian protectionist into foregoing his commercial hostility to the great exporting nation, that it would eradicate from the breasts of Americans generally the hatred implanted there by all the lessons of their childhood—the menacing abuse levelled at her the other day by the American press, under the ridiculous impression that she was intriguing against the San Juan decision, as well as the slanderous malignity of that imputation itself, must have awakened her from her dream. Could any counsel from this side of the Atlantic reach the ears of British statesmen, they would learn henceforth to treat the Americans in the only way in which people so disposed can be safely treated, either in public or private life, amicably and with courtesy, but at the same time with reserve, studiously avoiding offence, but at the same time abstaining from unreciprocated cordiality, and from ignominious attempts to fling England into the arms of her one implacable and unappeasable foe. The Atlantic will be the best mediator if statesmen will not interfere.

We are bound to add in qualification of what we have said in defence of the conduct of the British Government, that notwithstanding the arguments of Professor Bernard and everything else that has been said upon the subject, we remain unshaken in our conviction that the failure to seek reparation for the blood of our citizens shed by Fenian hordes organized for the invasion of this country on American soil, with the full knowledge and connivance, not to say approbation, of the American Government, was a desertion of the national honour, which will prove to have been bad policy in the end. We say deliberately that there is no citizen of the United States, who is not conscious that his Government did us a wrong, and intended to do us a wrong; or who believes that the withdrawal of our claim proceeded from any doubt of its validity or from any motive but fear.

The St. Juan decision called forth a curious little spurt of Anti-Colonial cynicism from the London *Times*. Immediately Canadian journalism is in a fluster, and gives us columns of extracts from the fugitive pieces of all the Bohemians in London, on the value of Colonies and the virtues of their inhabitants. '*Nescis mî fili*'—how editorials are composed. 'What *does* the article in the *Times* mean? What *can* it mean?'—is the universal cry. In one of the trials of clergymen for heterodoxy, before the Privy Council in England, the counsel for the prosecution was vehemently insisting on his interpretation of a particular passage in the impugned work. "If this is not its meaning, it has no meaning?" "I am no theologian, Mr. Blank," interrupted one of the judges—"I am no theologian, but may not the passage have *no* meaning." It is truly lamentable to see the anxiety with which our people study, as oracles of our destiny, the random and capricious utterances of the London Press. The *Times* is the organ of the best informed if not the wisest or most virtuous section of English society, and might be supposed to represent settled convictions on the Colonial question: yet in the course of a few years it has swung round half a dozen times from the Colonial to the Anti-Colonial side and back again; always in its Colonial moods denouncing Anti-Colonialists as traitors and in its Anti-Colonial moods denouncing Colonialists as fools. We might as well hang our destinies on a weathercock as allow them to depend upon this journal, or upon any other indicator of the gusts which sweep backwards and forwards over the surface of English opinion without stirring the placid depths of ignorance and indifference that sleep below. By ourselves our destinies must be shaped; in our own forecast, our own energy and self-reliance, in the frankness and manliness of our own councils lies our hope for the future, whatever that future is to be. This is language un-familiar perhaps to the generation of Canadians which is passing away, but more familiar to the generation which is coming on.

We have already answered, in effect, so much of the *Times* article as relates to the consequences to Canada of the Washington Treaty and the San Juan decision. But we do not question the fact that Canada has suffered in various ways, both from the geographical ignorance of British statesmen, and from their diplomatic weakness. The best and most appropriate compensation for the loss of Portland and San Juan would be a full concession of commercial liberty and self-government, with authority to make commercial treaties for the extension of our commerce in any quarter to which our interest may point. Probably it will not be long before a movement in this direction is made.

A few months ago we ventured to predict, with reference to the heavy demand on our labour fund likely to be made by the Pacific Railroad, that that time would soon come when the Colonies, instead of being regarded by the mother country with complacency, as outlets for her surplus population, would begin to be viewed with jealousy as competitors for a limited stock of labour. That time has come already. Lord Derby is a statesman, who has achieved a high reputation mainly by the prudence of his speeches, which are generally so well poised and guarded, that in case two and two should ever turn out to be five, his prescience would remain unimpeached. If it were conceivable that hereditary qualities should be transmitted through four centuries, we should say that he was the genuine descendant of the discreet chief, who, on Bosworth Field, hovered on the flanks of both armies, till fortune had declared in favour of the right. But now the great landowner has come out against emigration as straight as Pharaoh. Our journals reply with respectful solemnity to his economical arguments; courtesy, no doubt, forbidding them to tell him that the great argument in favour of emigration in the eyes of British peasants and mechanics, is his own existence. So, however, it is, emigration is socially—we do not say politically—democratic. The emigrant wishes to find, in the new country, not the social institutions of the old country over again, but something as unlike them as possible; and as we always take pains to assure him that Canada is another England, he prefers the United States to Canada. The tune piped by our emigration agents is in harmony, perhaps, with our own sentiments, but as anybody who is familiar with the poorer classes in England can tell them, it will not bring that bird off the bough. We will venture to add, as another hint to our Government in the selection of its organs, that the British mechanic and peasant resemble the rest of their species in being indisposed to confide in perfect strangers, about whom the only thing certainly known is that their advice is not disinterested. One word from a man whom the emigrating classes of England have reason, personally, to trust, would bring more emigrants than all that can be said by emigration agents of the ordinary kind.

A December Session of the British Parliament has been announced, we presume, for the purpose of voting the Alabama indemnity and the Pacific Railway guarantee. The Government will meet it without apprehension, if the health of the Premier is not breaking down under the enormous load of work which he insists upon carrying upon his own shoulders from an unfortunate incapacity for making sufficient use of the services of subordinates. Conservative reaction appears, from the result of the last elections, to have nearly reached its limit. Its elements were not of a very durable kind, the smell of the Paris petroleum going for a good deal, and the ire of the Nonconformists, on account of Mr. Forster's practically Anglican Education Bill, which deprived the Government for a time of their votes, being also an important factor. The smell of the Paris petroleum has now gone off; that of the Conservative Republic of Thiers is rather fragrant than otherwise in the popular nostrils, and the Nonconformists have probably vented their indignation, and are returning to the standard. What is still more momentous, and not with reference to the fate of the Gladstone Government alone, the movement among the agricultural labourers has placed in the hands of the Liberals the weapon of county household suffrage, sharpened by the policy to which Mr. Disraeli committed his party in the case of the boroughs, for the sake of outbidding the Moderate Liberal Government of Lord Russell, and obtaining a lease—brief, as it proved—of power. Mr. Bright returns to Parliament, and he is in perfect harmony with Mr. Gladstone.

In one respect the Government is weakened, and it is a circumstance to which we beg leave to call the particular attention of the advocates of faction. Intemperance has now become a malady in England, scarcely inferior in virulence to the plague in Turkey, or to the disease which is undermining Mexico. The Government has passed a sanitary measure, in the shape of a Licensing Act, of a very moderate, not to say feeble, kind. Thereupon the whole body of publicans fling their influence, which is immense, into the scale of the Opposition, and in strange conjunction with the landed gentry, and still stranger conjunction with the clergy of the Established Church, threaten the existence of an Administration which has simply shown itself not regardless of the physical and moral salvation of the people.

The appointment of Sir Roundell Palmer, (now Lord Selborne) as Lord High Chancellor, amidst universal applause, is worthy of special notice, not only because it places a lawyer of singular ability, learning and probity at the head of British and Imperial law; but on account of the manner in which the promotion has been won. The Chancellorship was offered to Sir Roundell, on the formation of Mr. Gladstone's Government, but was then declined by him because, though a general supporter of the Government, he could not conscientiously concur in the disestablishment of the Irish Church: it now comes to him again with honour multiplied ten-fold. Amidst such a state of things as is revealed by the *Silver Islet* transaction—or transactions—it is pleasant to see that integrity still exists in public life, and that the world still distinguishes it from its opposite. As Lord Selborne is a strong churchman, his accession to the Cabinet indicates that the Government meditates nothing more in the way of ecclesiastical change.

We can take no credit to ourselves for foresight in predicting the collapse of the Greeley coalition and the consequent re-election of President Grant. The coalition was more than heterogeneous: its candidate, selected for their own purposes by a knot of low wire-pullers, was absurd. We mourn for the South, once more consigned to the Dominion of the carpet-bagger, supported by the party bayonets of Washington; but the South will find a more complete and speedy deliverance from oppression in internal union for the recovery of its own liberties than in alliance with any Northern combination. Of General Grant's qualities as a ruler we have already spoken. With him as their figure-head, the "Cameron Ring," and all the Mortons, Forneys and Murphys, will recommence their auspicious reign. The only measure of personal policy with which any one credits him is the annexation of San Domingo, which will now, probably, be revived, and may possibly lead to trouble. It is announced that he signalized his re-election as the head of the nation by boasting to his lieges of the craftiness with which he had employed "pickets," in plain English, spies, and spies of the most infamous kind, to betray to him the councils of his opponents. Lincoln was not made of the very finest clay of humanity; but he had grace, on his re-election, to speak with modesty and dignity of his own exalted trust, and with generosity of his defeated opponents. However, if General Grant is, in most respects, inferior to General Washington, there seems to be a bare possibility that in the most important respect of all, he may turn out immeasurably his superior. General Washington was the first of the elective Presidents; it seems just possible that General Grant may be the last. The great fact that the institution is perfectly needless, and a vast political nuisance, appears to have dawned at last upon the minds of a certain number of American citizens, who have begun to agitate for its abolition. The organizations and interests connected with this quadrennial prize of faction and corruption are so strong that the attempt seems almost hopeless; but should it ever succeed, the benefit would be unspeakable to the United States, and to all countries which are affected by the policy of the Republic. The elective Presidency was a principal source of the indirect claims, as well as of the civil war.

A CHRISTMAS ODE.

(*From the German of Friedrich Rückert.*)

IN Bethlehem the Lord was born
Whose birth has brought us life and light,
On Calvary that death of scorn
He died, that broke Death's cruel might:
I wandered from a western strand
And sought through many an Eastern land,
Yet found I greater nought than ye,
O Bethlehem and Calvary!

Ye wonders of the ancient world,
How hath your pomp been swept away,
And earthly strength to ruin hurled
By power that knows not of decay!
I saw them scattered far and wide,
The ruined heaps on every side;
But lowly glory still I see
Round Bethlehem and Calvary.

Ye Pyramids are but a tomb
  Wherein did toiling mortals build
Death's utter darkness; 'tis his gloom,
  Not peace, wherewith your depths are filled.
Ye Sphinxes, to the world of old
Could Life's enigma ne'er unfold;
'Tis solved for ages yet to be
In Bethlehem and Calvary!

O Syria's earthly Paradise,
  Fair Schiraz' gardens of the rose,
Ye palmy plains 'neath Indian skies,
  Ye shores where soft the spice-wind blows,
Death stalks through all that looks so fair,
I trace his shadow everywhere;
Look up, and Life's true Fountain see
In Bethlehem and Calvary!

Thou Kaaba, black desert-stone,
  Against which half the world to-day
Still stumbles, strive to keep thy throne
  Lit by Thy Crescent's pallid ray;
The moon before the sun must pale,
That brighter Sign shall yet prevail,
Of Him whose cry of victory
Is Bethlehem and Calvary!

O Thou, who didst not once disdain
  The childish form, the Manger poor;
Who once to take from us our pain
  All pain didst on the Cross endure;
Pride to Thy Manger cannot bend,
Thy Cross doth haughty minds offend,
But lowly hearts draw close to Thee
In Bethlehem and Calvary!

The Kings approach, to worship there
  The Paschal Lamb, the Shepherd race;
And thitherwards the nations fare
  As pilgrims to the Holy Place;
The storm of warfare on them breaks,
The World but not the Cross it shakes,
When East and West in strife ye see
For Bethlehem and Calvary!

O not like those, with weaponed hand,
But with the Spirit let us go
To conquer back the Holy Land,
As Christ is conquering still below;
Let beams of light on ev'ry side
Speed as Apostles far and wide,
Till all the Earth draws light from thee,
O Bethlehem, O Calvary!

With pilgrim hat and staff I went
Afar through Orient lands to roam,
My years of pilgrimage are spent,
And this the word I bring you home;
The pilgrim's staff ye need not crave
To seek God's Cradle or His Grave,
But seek within you, there shall be
His Bethlehem and Calvary!

O Heart, what helps it to adore
His Cradle where the sunrise glows?
Or what avail to kneel before
The Grave whence long ago He rose?
That He should find in thee a birth,
That thou shouldst seek to die to earth
And live to Him;—this, this must be
Thy Bethlehem and Calvary!

SELECTIONS.

STANLEY'S DISCOVERY OF LIVINGSTONE.

The following brief extracts are taken from early sheets of "HOW I FOUND LIVINGSTONE," Travels and Adventures in Central Africa, including an account of four months' residence with Dr. Livingstone. By Henry M. Stanley. With maps and illustrations after drawings by the author. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co., 1872. Toronto: (A special Canadian edition) Adam, Stevenson & Co.

CHARACTER OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

DR. KIRK, pitying the wearisomeness under which I was labouring, called me aside to submit to my inspection a magnificent elephant rifle, which he said was a present from a Governor of Bombay. Then I heard eulogies upon its deadly powers and its fatal accuracy; I heard anecdotes of jungle life, adventures experienced while hunting, and incidents of his travels with Livingstone.

"Ah, yes, Dr. Kirk," I asked carelessly, "about Livingstone—where is he, do you think, now?

"Well, really," he replied, "you know that is very difficult to answer; he may be dead; there is nothing positive whereon we can base sufficient reliance. Of one thing I am sure, nobody has heard anything definite of him for over two years. I should fancy, though, he must be alive. We are continually sending something up for him. There is a small expedition even now at Bagamoyo about starting shortly. I really think the old man should come home now; he is growing old, you know, and if he died, the world would lose the benefit of his discoveries. He keeps neither notes nor journals; it is very seldom he takes observations. He simply makes a note or dot, or something, on a map, which nobody could understand but himself. Oh, yes, by all means if he is alive he should come home, and let a younger man take his place."

"What kind of a man is he to get along with, Doctor?" I asked, feeling now quite interested in his conversation.

"Well, I think he is a very difficult man to deal with generally. Personally, I have never had a quarrel with him, but I have seen him in hot water with fellows so often, and that is principally the reason, I think, he hates to have any one with him."

"I am told he is a very modest man; is he?" I asked.

"Oh, he knows the value of his own discoveries; no man better. He is not quite an angel," said he, with a laugh.

"Well now, supposing I met him in my travels—I might possibly stumble across him if he travels anywhere in the direction I am going—how would he conduct himself towards me?"

"To tell you the truth," said he, "I do not think he would like it very well. I know if Burton, or Grant, or Baker, or any of those fellows were going after him, and he heard of their coming, Livingstone would put a hundred miles of swamp in a very short time between himself and them. I do, upon my word I do."

This was the tenor of the interview I held with Dr. Kirk—former companion of Livingstone—as well as my journal and memory can recall it to me.

Need I say this information from a gentleman known to be well acquainted with Dr. Livingstone, rather had the effect of damping my ardour for the search, than adding vigour to it. I felt very much depressed, and would have willingly resigned my commission; but then the order was "GO AND FIND LIVINGSTONE." Besides, I did not suppose, though I had so readily consented to search for the Doctor, that the path to Central Africa was strewn with roses. What though I were rebuked, as an impertinent interloper in the domain of Discovery, as a meddler in things that concerned not myself, as one whose absence would be far more acceptable to him than my presence—had I not been commanded to find him? Well find him I would, if he were above ground; if not, then I would bring what concerned people to know, and keep.

ORGANIZATION OF THE EXPEDITION.

I was totally ignorant of the interior, and it was difficult at first to know what I needed, in order to take an expedition into Central Africa. Time was precious, also, and much of it could not be devoted to inquiry and investigation. In a case like this, it would have been a godsend, I thought, had either of the three gentlemen, Captains Burton, Speke, or Grant, given some information on these points; had they devoted a chapter upon, "How to get ready an Expedition for Central Africa." The purpose of this chapter, then, is to relate how I set about it, that other travellers coming after me may have the benefit of my experience.

These are some of the questions I asked myself, as I tossed on my bed at night:—

"How much money is required?"

"How many pagazis, or carriers?"

"How many soldiers?"

"How much cloth?"

"How many beads?"

"How much wire?"

"What kinds of cloths are required for the different tribes?"

Ever so many questions to myself brought me no nearer the exact point I wished to arrive at. I scribbled over scores of sheets of paper, making estimates, drawing out lists of material, calculating the cost of keeping one hundred men for one year, at so many yards of different kinds of cloth, etc. I studied Burton, Speke, and Grant in vain. A good deal of geographical, ethnological, and other information appertaining to the study of Inner Africa was obtainable, but information respecting the organization of an expedition requisite before proceeding to Africa, was not in any book. I threw the books from me in disgust. The Europeans at Zanzibar knew as little as possible about this particular point. There was not one white man at Zanzibar, who could tell how many dotis a day a force of one hundred men required for food on the road. Neither, indeed, was it their business to know. But what should I do at all, at all? This was a grand question.

I decided it were best to hunt up an Arab merchant who had been engaged in the ivory trade, or who was fresh from the interior.

Sheikh Hashid was a man of note and wealth in Zanzibar. He had himself despatched several caravans into the interior, and was necessarily acquainted with several prominent traders who came to his house to gossip about their adventures and gains. He was also the proprietor of the large house Capt. Webb occupied; besides, he lived across the narrow street which separated his house from the Consulate. Of all men Sheikh Hashid was the man to be consulted, and he was accordingly invited to visit me at the Consulate.

From the grey-bearded and venerable-looking Sheikh, I elicited more information about African currency, the mode of procedure, the quantity and quality of stuffs I required, than I had obtained from three months' study of books upon Central Africa; and from other Arab merchants to whom the ancient Sheikh introduced me, I received most valuable suggestions and hints, which enabled me at last to organize an expedition.

The reader must bear in mind that a traveller requires only that which is sufficient for travel and exploration; that a superfluity of goods or means will prove as fatal to him as poverty of supplies. It is on this question of quality and quantity that the traveller has first to exercise his judgment and discretion.

My informants gave me to understand that for one hundred men, 10 doti, or 40 yards of cloth per diem, would suffice for food. The proper course to pursue, I found, was to purchase 2,000 doti of American sheeting, 1,000 doti of Kaniki and 650 doti of the coloured cloths, such as Barsati, a great favourite in Unyamwezi; Sohari, taken in Ugogo; Ismahili, Taujiri, Joho, Shash, Rehani, Jamdani or Kunguru-Cutch, blue and pink. These were deemed amply sufficient for the subsistence of one hundred men for twelve months. Two years at this rate would require 4,000 doti = 16,000 yards of American sheeting; 2,000 doti = 8,000 yards of Kaniki; 1,300 doti = 5,200 yards of mixed coloured cloths. This was definite and valuable information to me, and excepting the lack of some suggestions as to the quality of the sheeting, Kaniki, and coloured cloths, I had obtained all I desired upon this point. Second in importance to the amount of cloth required was the quantity and quality of the beads necessary. Beads, I was told, took the place of cloth currency among some tribes of the interior. One tribe preferred white to black beads, brown to yellow, red to green, green to white and so on. Thus, in Unyamwezi, red (sami-sami) beads would readily be taken, where all other kinds would be refused; black (bubu) beads, though currency in Ugogo, were positively worthless with all other tribes; the egg (sungomazzi) beads, though valuable in Ujiji and Uguhha, would be refused in all other countries; the white (Merikani) beads, though good in Ufipa, and some parts of Usagara and Ugogo, would certainly be despised in Useguhha, and Ukonongo. Such being the case, I was obliged to study closely, and calculate the probable stay of an expedition in the several countries, so as to be sure to provide a sufficiency of each kind, and guard against any great overplus. Burton and Speke, for instance, were obliged to throw away as worthless several hundred fundo of beads.

For example, supposing the several nations of Europe had each its own currency, without the means of exchange, and supposing a man was about to travel through Europe on foot, before starting he would be apt to calculate how many days it would take him to travel through France; how many through Prussia, Austria, and Russia, then to reckon the expense he would be likely to incur per day. If the expense be set down at a napoleon per day, and his journey through France would occupy thirty days, the sum required for going and returning might be properly set down at sixty napoleons, in which case, napoleons not being current money in Prussia, Austria, or Russia, it would be utterly useless for him to burden himself with the weight of a couple of thousand napoleons in gold.

My anxiety on this point was most excruciating. Over and over I studied the hard names and measures, conned again and again the polysyllables, hoping to be able to arrive some time at an intelligible definition of the terms. I revolved in my mind the words Mukunguru, Ghulabio, Sungomazzi, Kadunduguru, Mutunda, Sami-sami, Bubu, Merikani, Hafde, Lunghio-Rega, and Lakhio, until I was fairly beside myself. Finally, however, I came to the conclusion that if I reckoned my requirements at fifty khete, or five fundo per day for two years, and if I purchased only eleven varieties, I might consider myself safe enough. The purchase was accordingly made, and twenty-two sacks of the best species were packed and brought to Capt. Webb's house, ready for transportation to Bagamoyo.

After the beads came the wire question. I discovered, after considerable trouble, that Nos. 5 and 6—almost of the thickness of telegraph wire—were considered the best numbers for trading purposes. While beads stand for copper coins in Africa, cloth measures for silver; wire is reckoned as gold in the countries beyond the Tan-ga-ni-ka.* Ten frasilah, or 350 lbs., of brass-wire, my Arab adviser thought, would be ample.

Having purchased the cloth, the beads, and the wire, it was with no little pride that I surveyed the comely bales and packages lying piled up, row above row, in Capt. Webb's capacious store-room. Yet my work was not ended, it was but beginning; there were provisions, cooking utensils, boats, rope, twine, tents, donkeys, saddles, bagging, canvas, tar, needles, tools, ammunition, guns, equipments, hatchets, medicines, bedding, presents for chiefs—in short, a thousand things not yet purchased. The ordeal of chaffering and haggling with steel-hearted Banyans, Hindis, Arabs, and half-castes was most trying. For instance, I purchased twenty-two donkeys at Zanzibar: $40 and $50 were asked. which I had to reduce to $15 or $20 by an infinite amount of argument, worthy, I think, of a nobler cause. As was my experience with the ass-dealers so it was with the petty merchants; even a paper of pins was not purchased without a five per cent. reduction from the price demanded, involving, of course, a loss of much time and patience.

After collecting the donkeys, I discovered there were no pack-saddles to be obtained in Zanzibar. *Donkeys without pack-saddles were* of no use whatever. I invented a saddle to be manufactured by myself and my white man Farquhar, wholly from canvas, rope and cotton.

Three or four frasilahs of cotton, and ten bolts of canvas were required for the saddles. A specimen saddle was made by myself in order to test its efficiency. A donkey was taken and saddled, and a load of 140 lbs., was fastened to it, and though the animal—a wild creature of Unyamewezi—struggled and reared frantically, not a particle gave way. After this experiment, Farquhar was set to work to manufacture twenty-one more after the same pattern. Woollen pads were also purchased to protect the animals from being galled. It ought to be mentioned here, perhaps, that the idea of such a saddle as I manufactured, was first derived from the Otago saddle, in use among the transport-trains of the English army in Abyssinia.

A man named John William Shaw—a native of London, England, lately third mate of the American ship 'Nevada'—applied to me for work. Though his discharge from the 'Nevada' was rather suspicious, yet he possessed all the requirements of such a man as I needed, and was an experienced hand with the palm and needle, could cut canvas to fit anything, was a pretty good navigator, ready and willing, so far as his profession went. I saw no reason to refuse his services, and he was accordingly engaged at $300 per annum, to rank second to William L. Farquhar.

Farquhar was a capital navigator and excellent mathematician ; was strong, energetic and clever ; but, I am sorry to say, a hard drinker. Every day, while we lived at Zanzibar, he was in a muddled condition, and the dissipated, vicious life he led at this place proved fatal to him, as will be seen, shortly after penetrating into the interior.

The next thing I was engaged upon was to enlist, arm, and equip, a faithful escort of twenty men for the road. Johari, the chief dragoman of the American Consulate, informed me that he knew where certain of Speke's "Faithfuls" were yet to be found. The idea had struck me before, that if I could obtain the services of a few men acquainted with the ways of white men, and who could induce other good men to join the expedition I was organizing, I might consider myself fortunate. More especially had I thought of Seedy Mbarak Mombay, commonly called "Bombay," who, though his head was "woodeny," and his hands "clumsy," was considered the "faithfulest" of the "Faithfuls."

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* It will be seen that I differ from Capt. Burton in his spelling of this word, as I deem the letter "y" superfluous.

With the aid of the dragoman Johari, I secured in a few hours the services of Uledi (Capt. Grant's former valet), Ulimengo, Baruti, Ambaria, Mabruki (Muinyi Mabruki—Bull-headed Mabruki, Capt. Burton's former unhappy valet)—five of Speke's "Faithfuls." When I asked them if they were willing to join another white man's expedition to Ujiji, they replied very readily that they were willing to join any brother of "Speke's." Dr. John Kirk, Her Majesty's Consul, at Zanzibar, who was present, told them that though I was no brother of "Speke's," I spoke his language. This distinction mattered little to them, and I heard them, with great delight, declare their readiness to go anywhere with me, or do anything I wished.

Mombay, as they called him, or Bombay, as we Wasungu knew him, had gone to Pemba, an island lying north of Zanzibar. Uledi was sure Mombay would jump with joy at the prospect of another expedition. Johari was therefore commissioned to write to him at Pemba, to inform him of the good fortune in store for him.

On the fourth morning after the letter had been despatched, the famous Bombay made his appearance, followed in decent order and due rank by the "Faithfuls" of "Speke." I looked in vain for the "woodeny head" and "alligator teeth" with which his former master had endowed him. I saw a slender short man of fifty or thereabouts, with a grizzled head, an uncommonly high, narrow forehead, with a very large mouth, showing teeth very irregular, and wide apart. An ugly rent in the upper front row of Bombay's teeth was made with the clenched fist of Capt. Speke in Uganda, when his master's patience was worn out, and prompt punishment became necessary. That Capt. Speke had spoiled him with kindness was evident, from the fact that Bombay had the audacity to stand up for a boxing match with him. But these things I only found out when, months afterwards, I was called upon to administer punishment to him myself. But, at his first appearance, I was favourably impressed with Bombay, though his face was rugged, his mouth large, his eyes small, and his nose flat.

"Salaam aleikum," were the words he greeted me with.

"Aleikum salaam," I replied, with all the gravity I could muster. I then informed him I required him as captain of my soldiers to Ujiji. His reply was that he was ready to do whatever I told him, go wherever I liked—in short, be a pattern to servants, and a model to soldiers. He hoped I would give him a uniform, and a good gun, both of which were promised.

Upon inquiring for the rest of the "Faithfuls" who accompanied Speke into Egypt, I was told that at Zanzibar there were but six. Ferrajji, Maktub, Sadik, Sunguru, Manyu, Matajari, Mkata, and Almas, were dead; Uledi and Mtamani were in Unyanyembe; Hassan had gone to Kilwa, and Ferahan was supposed to be in Ujiji.

Out of the six "Faithfuls" each of whom still retained his medal for assisting in the "Discovery of the Sources of the Nile," one, poor Mabruki, had met with a sad misfortune which I feared would incapacitate him from active usefulness.

Mabruki, the "Bull-headed," owned a shamba (or a house with a garden attached to it), of which he was very proud. Close to him lived a neighbour in similar circumstances, who was a soldier of Syed Majid, with whom Mabruki, who was of a quarrelsome disposition, had a feud, which culminated in the soldier inducing two or three of his comrades to assist him in punishing the malevolent Mabruki, and this was done in a manner that only the heart of an African could conceive. They tied the unfortunate fellow by his wrists to a branch of a tree, and after indulging their brutal appetite for revenge in torturing him, left him to hang in that position for two days. At the expiration of the second day, he was accidentally discovered in a most pitiable condition. His hands had swollen to an immense size, and the veins of one hand having been ruptured, he had lost its use. It is needless to say that, when the affair came to Syed Majid's ears, the miscreants were severely punished. Dr. Kirk, who attended the poor fellow, succeeded in restoring one hand to something of a resemblance of its former shape, but the other hand is sadly marred, and its former usefulness gone for ever.

However, I engaged Mabruki, despite his deformed hands, his ugliness and vanity, despite Burton's bad report of him, because he was one of Speke's "Faithfuls." For if he but wagged his tongue in my service, kept his eyes open, and opened his mouth at the proper time, I assured myself I could make him useful.

Bombay, my captain of escort, succeeded in getting eighteen more free men to volunteer as "askari" (soldiers), men whom he knew would not desert, and for whom he declared himself responsible. They were an exceedingly fine-looking body of men, far more intelligent in appearance than I could ever have believed African barbarians could be. They hailed principally from Uhiyow, others from Unyamwezi, some came from Useguhha and Ugindo.

Their wages were set down at $36 each man per annum, or $3 each per month. Each soldier was provided with a flint-lock musket, powder horn, bullet, pouch, knife, and hatchet, besides enough powder and ball for 200 rounds.

Bombay, in consideration of his rank, and previous faithful service to Burton, Speke, and Grant, was engaged at $80 a year, half that sum in advance, a good muzzle-loading rifle, besides a pistol, knife, and hatchet were given to him, while the other five "Faithfuls," Ambari, Mabruki, Ulimengo, Baruti, and Uledi, were engaged at $40 a year, with proper equipments as soldiers.

VISIT TO THE JESUITS AT BAGAMOYO.

I selected a house near the western outskirts of the town, where there is a large open square through which the road from Unyanyembe enters. Had I been at Bagamoyo a month, I could not have bettered my location. My tents were pitched fronting the tembe (house) I had chosen, enclosing a small square, where business could be transacted, bales looked over, examined, and marked, free from the intrusion of curious sight-seers. After driving the twenty-seven animals of the Expedition into the enclosure in the rear of the house, storing the bales of goods, and placing a cordon of soldiers round, I proceeded to the Jesuit Mission, to a late dinner, being tired and ravenous, leaving the newly-formed camp in charge of the white men and Capt. Bombay.

The Mission is distant from the town a good half mile, to the north of it; it is quite a village of itself, numbering some fifteen or sixteen houses. There are some ten padres engaged in the establishment, and as many sisters, and all find plenty of occupation in educing from native crania the fire of intelligence. Truth compels me to state that they are very successful, having over two hundred pupils, boys and girls, in the Mission, and from the oldest to the youngest, they show the impress of the useful education they have received.

The dinner furnished to the padres and their guest consisted of as many plats as a first-class hotel in Paris usually supplies, and cooked with nearly as much skill, though the surroundings were by no means equal. I feel assured also that the padres, besides being tasteful in their potages and entrées, do not stultify their ideas for lack of that element which Horace, Hafiz, and Byron have praised so much. The champagne—think of champagne Cliquot in East Africa!—Lafitte, La Rose, Burgundy, and Bordeaux were of first-rate quality, and the meek and lowly eyes of the fathers were not a little brightened under the vinous influence. Ah! those fathers understand life, and appreciate its duration. Their festive board drives the Mukunguru (African jungle fever) from their doors, while it soothes the gloom and isolation which strike one with awe, as one emerges from the lighted room and plunges into the depths of the darkness of an African night, enlivened only by the wearying monotone of the frogs and crickets, and the distant ulullation of the hyæna. It requires somewhat above human effort, unaided by the ruby liquid that cheers, to be always suave and polite amid the dismalities of native life in Africa.

After the evening meal, which replenished my failing strength, and for which I felt the intensest gratitude, the most advanced of the pupils came forward, to the number of twenty, with brass instruments, thus forming a full band of music. It rather astonished me to hear the sounds issue forth in such harmony from such woolly-headed youngsters; to hear well-known French music at this isolated port, to hear negro boys, that a few months ago knew nothing beyond the traditions of their ignorant mothers, stand forth and chant Parisian songs about French valour and glory, with all the sang-froid of gamins from the purlieus of Saint-Antoine.

ON THE MARCH.

After a march of a mile through the tall grass of the open, we gained the glades between the jungles. Unsuccessful here, after ever so much prying into fine hiding-places and lurking corners, I struck a trail well traversed by small antelope and hartebeest, which we followed. It led me into a jungle, and down a water-course bisecting it; but, after following it for an hour, I lost it, and, in endeavouring to retrace it, lost my way. However, my pocket-compass stood me in good stead; and by it I steered for the open plain, in the centre of which stood the camp. But it was terribly hard work—this of plunging through an African jungle, ruinous to clothes, and trying to the cuticle. In order to travel quickly, I had donned a pair of flannel pyjamas, and my feet were encased in canvas shoes. As might be expected, before I had gone a few paces a branch of the *acacia horrida*—only one of a hundred such annoyances—caught the right leg of my pyjamas at the knee, and ripped it almost clean off; succeeding which a stumpy kolquall caught me by the shoulder, and another rip was the inevitable consequence. A few yards farther on, a prickly aloëtic plant disfigured by a wide tear the other leg of my pyjamas, and almost immediately I tripped against a convolvulus strong as ratline, and was made to measure my length on a bed of thorns. It was on all fours, like a hound on a scent, that I was compelled to travel; my solar topee getting the worse for wear every minute; my skin getting more and more wounded; my clothes at each step becoming more and more tattered. Besides these discomforts, there was a pungent, acrid plant, which, apart from its strong odorous emissions struck me smartly on the face, leaving a burning effect similar to cayenne; and the atmosphere, pent in by the density of the jungle, was hot and stifling, and the perspiration transuded through every pore, making my flannel tatters feel as if I had been through a shower. When I had finally regained the plain and could breathe free, I mentally vowed that the penetralia of an African jungle should not be visited by me again, save under most urgent necessity.

Notwithstanding the ruthless rents in my clothes and my epidermal wounds, as I looked over the grandly undulating plain, lovely with its coat of green verdure, with its boundaries of noble woods, heavy with vernal leafage, and regarded the pretty bosky islets amid its wide expanse, I could not but award it its meed of high praise. Daily the country advanced in my estimation, for hitherto I felt that I was but obeying orders; and sickly as it might be, I was in duty bound to go on; but, for fear of the terrible fever, made more terrible by the feverish perspective created in my imagination by the embitterment of Capt. Burton's book, I vowed I would not step one foot out of my way. Shall I inform you, reader, what "The Lake Regions of Central Africa," and subsequently the reports of European merchants of Zanzibar, caused me to imagine the interior was like? It was that of an immense swamp, curtained round about with the fever—"a species of Yellow Jack," which was sure, if it did not kill me outright, so to weaken body and brain as to render me for the future a helpless imbecile. In this swamp, which extended over two hundred miles into the interior, sported an immense number of hippopotami, crocodiles, alligators, lizards, tortoises, and toads; and the miasma rising from this vast cataclysm of mud, corruption, and putrescence, was as thick and sorely depressing as the gloomy and suicidal fog of London. Ever in my mind in the foreground of this bitter picture were the figures of poor Burton and Speke, "the former a confirmed invalid, and the other permanently affected" in the brain by this fever. The wormwood and fever tone of Capt. Burton's book I regarded as the result of African disease. But ever since my arrival on the mainland, day by day the pall-like curtain had been clearing away, and the cheerless perspective was brightening. We had been now two months on the East African soil, and not one of my men had been sick. The Europeans had gained in flesh, and their appetites were always in prime order.

The second and third days passed without any news of Maganga. Accordingly, Shaw and Bombay were sent to hurry him up by all means. On the fourth morning Shaw and Bombay returned, followed by the procrastinating Maganga and his laggard people. Questions only elicited an excuse that his men had been too sick, and he had feared to tax their strength before they were quite equal to stand the fatigue. Moreover, he suggested that as they would be compelled to stay one day more at the Camp, I might push on to Kingaru and camp there, until his arrival. Acting upon which suggestion I broke camp and started for Kingaru, distant five miles.

On this march the land was more broken, and the caravan first encountered jungle, which gave considerable trouble to our cart. Pisolitic limestone cropped out in boulders and sheets, and we began to imagine ourselves approaching healthy highlands, and, as if to give confirmation to the thought, to the north and north-west loomed the purple cones of Udoe, and topmost of all Dilima Peak, about 1,500 feet in height above the sea level. But soon after sinking into a bowl-like valley, green, with tall corn, the road slightly deviated from north-west to west, the country still rolling before us in wavy undulations.

In one of the depressions between these lengthy landswells stood the village of Kingaru, with surroundings significant in their aspect of ague and fever. Perhaps the clouds surcharged with rain, and the overhanging ridges and their dense forests dulled by the gloom, made the place more than usually disagreeable, but my first impressions of the sodden hollow, pent in by those dull woods, with the deep gully close by containing pools of stagnant water, were by no means agreeable.

Before we could arrange our camp and set the tents up, down poured the furious harbinger of the Masika season, in torrents sufficient to damp the ardour and new-born love for East Africa I had lately manifested. However, despite rain, we worked on until our camp was finished and the property was safely stored from weather and thieves, and we could regard with resignation the raindrops beating the soil into mud of a very tenacious kind, and forming lakelets and rivers of our camp-ground.

Towards night, the scene having reached its acme of unpleasantness, the rain ceased, and the natives poured into camp from the villages in the woods with their vendibles. Foremost among these, as if in duty bound, came the village sultan—lord, chief, or head—bearing three measures of matama and half a measure of rice, of which he begged, with paternal smiles, my acceptance. But under the smiling mask, bleared eyes, and wrinkled front of him was visible the soul of trickery, which was of the cunningest kind. Responding under the same mask adopted by this knavish elder, I said, "The chief of Kingaru has called me a rich sultan. If I am a rich sultan why comes not the chief with a rich present to me that he might get a rich return?" Said he, with another leer of his wrinkled visage, "Kingaru is poor, there is no matama in the village." To which I replied that since there was no matama in the village I would pay him half a shukka, or a yard of cloth, which would be exactly equivalent to his present; that if he preferred to call his small basketful a present, I should be content to call my yard of cloth a present. With which logic he was fain to be satisfied.

ON THE LAW OF PROGRESS.

The following discourse is taken from a volume by the Rev. H. R. Haweis M.A., Incumbent of St. James, Westmoreland St., Marylebone, London, and author of "Music and Morals." The discourses are entitled "Thoughts for the Times." It is right to mention that Mr. Haweis is a clergyman of the "Broad Church" School. He says "now when I look for some light to guide me; when I see not without anxiety, yet with a firm faith in the future, how the old things are passing away, while all things are becoming new; when I awaken to the consciousness that we are in the midst of one of those great transition periods which came upon the world about the time of Christ, or again about the time of the Reformation, shall I not look anxiously for some steady principle of belief– some sure method of inquiry? What is that method? What is that principle? I answer this: The principle is the love of truth, and the only sane method of inquiry must be one which is founded upon that principle."

THERE never has been a time when there was such an intense anxiety to know something certain about God and about His relations with man. Formerly these questions were settled by dogmatism, and by the assertions of so-called Revelation. The utterances which we still call Revelation contain indeed the germs of the most precious truths upon which the heart and intellect of man can feed; but in so far as the words of Revelation are dogmatic assertions put forward for you to believe, whether you can understand and appropriate them or not, in so far as they represent merely dogmatic as opposed to living truth, our age seems to have grown somewhat impatient with them, because man, constantly striving to make his religion, such as it is, bear upon his life, when he finds religious truth stated in such a manner as to obscure its connection with life and ordinary experience, then I say a man is tempted to become either a shallow formularist or an infidel.

There are, I have no doubt, numbers here present who are very much dissatisfied with many old forms of religious truth; but I believe there are few here present who would not be willing to believe in God, and willing, even eager, to believe in a certain communion with Him, if they could only discover any rational grounds for such a belief. People sometimes accuse me of sowing doubt broadcast; on the contrary, I sow belief broadcast. I acknowledge doubt; if I did not acknowledge it I could not root it up. It is of no use to go up and down the world and pretend not to see the weeds, yet this is what some religious people want us to do. "Thoughts for the Times" are not for them.

When the mind has once been thoroughly shaken in its simple reliance on traditional assertion, I see no way out of the difficulty but one; and that is, to take the facts of the world, to take the history of the world, to take the knowledge we have acquired about the world and human nature, and then to reason from these obvious standpoints to the Author of the world, and the relations which may subsist between that invisible and mysterious Author, Framer, Architect, Co-ordinator — call Him what you will—and the intelligent beings by whom we are surrounded. St. Paul guides us to such a method when he says, "the invisible things of Him, from the creation are clearly seen,"—that is, seen by the lowliest as well as by the most advanced intelligence—"the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." Thus we have an appeal from the visible universe to the mysterious invisible world, in order that we may get back again from the unseen to the seen, and grasp the hidden connection between this world and another.

Now I intend to speak to-day on "The Law of Progress," because it is in grasping this fact, at all things progress and develop, that we infer the beneficent nature of God, regarded as the intelligent source of order and progress.

If I could believe that, although God's ways are not our ways, and His thoughts are not our thoughts, nevertheless they are only dissimilar because they are so much more vast—not different in relations of thought and feeling, only immensely superior—then I should have no great difficulty in believing in a sympathy between God and man; or, in other words, in bringing intelligent and sympathetic man into contact with some boundless source of intelligence and sympathy. Supposing that I see around me principles of most profound intelligence, an intelligence not different in kind, but immensely superior in degree to my intelligence,—then I say God is the seat of that intelligence; and supposing I perceive that intelligence, unfolding itself in a certain order of progress, tends towards the improvement of the human race; that such development tends also towards the multiplication of the objects of this progress, that it increases the well-being and elevates the felicity of those who are the subjects of it;—may I not say I have got one step nearer to a Beneficent Principle, and may I not, by observing this sublime law of progress, come to some conclusion as to the intelligence, the beneficence, and the love of God? I think it will be seen before the conclusion of this discourse that no great stretch of imagination is required, in connection with the constitution of our nature, and with the impulses of man's heart and the aspirations of his whole being, to believe that God sympathizes with man, and watches over his development, and guides his progress towards the land of everlasting life.

I will ask you then to fix your minds upon the Law of Progress. What do you mean by progress? What is the Law of Progress? Lend me your close attention. It is *this* principle, that from one simple cause come many changes, and that from each one of those many changes many other changes proceed.* The Law of Progress is a procession from the simple to the complex; from what is homogeneous, *i. e.*, from what is of the same kind, to what is heterogeneous, or, to what is of a different kind; complexity coming out of simplicity, heterogeneity coming from what is homogeneous. That is the principle of the Law of Progress. I will give an illustration; first, of organic progress. I take a little seed. I cut it open and find it is all over very much alike, the same kind of pulp or matter—it is homogeneous. This seed is planted in the earth, when a change takes place in the seed; a little germ comes forth. It is evident that there has been a differentiation or action of separation at work, and now the seed, but lately all one pulp, is seen no longer to be homogeneous, but heterogeneous. This seed grows, and so long as it grows it develops, let us say into the sap of the tree, the bark of the tree, the branches of the tree, the leaves of the tree, and the fruit of the tree; and so long as that goes on, this seed is progressing from the simple state to the complex state. That is the law of organic progress.

Now this law rules throughout the universe; and may I not infer the great, orderly and overwhelming intelligence of God, when I see one simple law like this running through the whole of the universe? It is my intention to-day to unfold to you in some further detail this thought, which I trust may make us sensible of the divinely active and intelligent beneficence of God, and give us a better hold over the principles of divine and human life.

I will now dwell upon (1) Progress, as it is seen in the stages of creation; (2) Progress, as it is seen in the fundamental developments of Human Nature; (3) Progress, as it is seen in the secular and religious aspects of society; (4) and Progress as it is seen in the individual developments of the human spirit.

Now try and carry your thoughts far back into the past, to a time when the whole of this universe which we see, these stars, these planets, this earth, formed but one immense fiery mist. Astronomers tell us—and I believe the speculation is accepted by our best scientific men—that this universe was once nothing but a fiery homogeneous mass, or matter reduced to a state of vapour by intense heat. As time goes on this mass begins to cool, and as it cools, a motion, a rotatory motion is set up, and from that motion, the vapour condensing into solidifying masses, the planets are thrown off in rings; and thus, we have the planets, the sun being the centre of what is known as our solar system. This theory is called, " The nebula hypothesis.' Then, I say, in the first beginning of things, we find this law of progress—what is homogeneous, all of one kind, becoming complex; and so from this one fiery mist, we get the complexity of many worlds. That is one illustration of the law.

Let us now single out the earth. Go back to the world's beginning as described in the Book of Genesis. I am not likely to plead for the exact correspondence of the Bible, as a statement of scientific truth, with fact. I believe we may discover a great many important discrepancies in some parts of the Bible, between the Bible and science; but for all that, I do not think sufficient justice has been done to the account given in Genesis, as unfolding practically the kind of order in which this world came to be developed.† Substantially what do we read? We read of the earth being "without form and void," a great mass of homogeneous pulp, or whatever you like to call it, "without form and void;" in fact, very much the state in which science tells us that the world has certainly been at some remote time. Then the next thing we read is, that " the Spirit of God *moved* upon the face of the waters." Now the latest researches of science tell us that *motion* is the beginning of all progress, the source of all development. Then we find *light* and *heat* mentioned in connection with fertility and vegetation, differentiation of life, and we now know that *heat* and *light* are only modes of motion. I need not point out how the progress is traced up through the organization of species, reptiles, fishes, birds, and beasts, culminating in man, and taking what are called so many days or ages, for we need not suppose ordinary days to be meant; just as when we speak of "the present day," we do not mean to-day, but the present age.

But at last we come to man. Again, modern science tells us that he was not the exalted creature who lived in a grand and perfect state, but that he was originally a naked savage. That was his first state. Nobody can read the first chapter of Genesis, without the glosses of Milton's "Paradise Lost" and the delusive myths of popular teaching, without seeing that what is described there is not the ideal creature which we have put together out of our imagination and devout fancy, but an uncultivated savage, of low intelligence and feebler will, giving way to the first temptation that crossed his path, worshipping a fetish in the form of a serpent, such as the lowest savages worship to this day. Adam, as a man, was *very much the kind of being which Mr. Darwin* and Mr. Herbert Spencer have described. I do not lay any particular stress upon this correspondence between the Bible and Science. I do not think that the Bible is a repository of scientific truth, its value is of another description; at the same time it is only fair, when we hear the Bible held up to ridicule by men of science, to point out that the practical and substantial order of progress indicated in Genesis is, after all, not so very far wide of the mark. We read there an account of human nature, as we know it must originally have existed; and we have there an account, and a very detailed account, given of a progression from the simple to the complex, roughly similar to what we now know must have taken place.

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* Herbert Spencer.

† Mr. Capes has pointed this out in his *Reasons for Returning to the Church of England.*

Then I come to human society, and I am able to trace the same law of progressive development at work. Look over the surface of the globe, and you will see Agriculturists, Shepherds, Commerce, States, and Nations, a state of things very complex.† How did all this come about? It came from a simple beginning. It was developed in accordance with the Law of Progress, by a differentiation taking place in the race. Men were first hunters. They spent their time in capturing and slaying animals for food—"Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord,"—and in procuring furs and skins for clothing: "the Lord God made coats of skins and clothed them." Then followed the domestication of certain animals. Man kept flocks and tended them. "Jacob came into the land of the people of the east, and he looked, and behold a well in a field, and lo, there were three flocks of sheep lying by it, for out of the well they watered the flocks." That was a higher and more complex state of society. Then they learned the arts of agriculture, because their flocks led them a wandering life in search of pasture, and so they began systematically to cultivate the ground. "Seed time and harvest" became of importance to them, and we find such injunctions as, "Thou shalt not sow thy vineyard with divers seeds." This was a much more complex state of society. Next, people congregated together in towns. In Deuteronomy we read of "fenced cities," as well as "*folds for sheep,*" *and from town-life* and country-life we get commerce. "Zebulon dwelt at the haven of the sea, and was a haven of ships," and as early as Genesis xxxvii. 28, we read of "the Midianitish merchant men who passed by." Life is growing more and more complex as time goes on, until we get the organization of tribes into states, or whole bodies of people living in different parts of the world called Egyptians, Assyrians, Hebrews, all having spread and separated, apparently, from one centre, developing step by step under the law of Divine order, which is the Law of Progress.

When we have arrived at that point, what a grand, what a stupendous panorama, what a map of the world's history opens before our eyes! Once get this wonderful human race so far advanced as to break up into distinct nations, and you see the still more startling and definite action of an intelligent and beneficent principle at work. We have something very positive and simple to tell about the history of nations, and the more we know about their history the more we can see the marvellous intelligence that has presided over the development of the race, and the beneficence with which this has been conducted, through the Law of Progress, for the good of the world at large. I look abroad and see so many great names, Egypt, Chaldea, China, India, Persia, Greece, Rome. And what do these names stand for? In my mind, each one of them stands for some gigantic step in the progress of civilization.

†Egypt speaks to us from the past, and impresses itself upon the mind even now—by those

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† See Mr. J. S. Mill's *Representative Government*, chap. i.

† See Professor Maurice's *Moral Philosophy*.

great pyramids which we still see rising amidst the sands of the desert, she gives us the conception of *material force*, that is, the one thing which mastered the Egyptian mind more than anything else. Now, material force is an important element in every stage of the world's history and civilization. But to the Egyptians was given the power of realizing, of elaborating, and of being thrilled by this vast conception. To this day we wonder at the masses of masonry erected by them, and speculate upon the sort of mechanicial agencies which they must have had at their disposal.

If I glance at India, I find something quite different. India is the *seat of intellectual speculation*, the *source of thought*; and let me remind you that intellectual speculation has given many of the greatest and best things to the world. There is no important invention or discovery which does not owe much to the imagination and more to patient and deep thought.

In China I find the *source of regulating action*, and you all know the benefit of practical application. You know what a flimsy and hollow thing a sermon is, for instance, unless there is something to lay hold of, something practical, which helps us in the regulation of our lives.

To Persia belongs the perception of those mighty influences of *good* and *evil*, which in one form or another have fascinated and bewildered the world.

To Chaldea we must attribute the birth of astrology and astronomy.

When I come to Phœnicia I see that spirit of commerce and enterprise—a thing the value of which we appreciate in England above all places in the world; and we should look back with awe and reverence to those who first taught men to feel at home on what we call our native element, the sea, and made commerce the great work of a great national life.

Later on in the history of the world, we find in Greece the *source of mind governing matter*; Greece, the father and the mother of the arts; Greece, to whom was given that intense perception of the loveliness of the human form, and of all the artistic capacities in man. To Greece belongs that, and from Greece comes that gift of seeing beauty to the whole world.

In Rome, we discover the world's legislator. Rome gave law to all the nations of the earth. The Justinian code of Roman Law lies at the root of half the European legislation of to-day. What a nation once does thoroughly she does for all time.

Then there is a mysterious nation which I have not mentioned yet; I allude to that Semitic nation, that missionary race, that race to whom was given the power of keeping alive a consciousness of the spiritual in the midst of crushing material forces. The gift of the moral law and the grace of the spiritual life comes from the Jews. This nation, as I pointed out elsewhere, seems to have been brought in contact with all the great nations of the world, at the time when those nations had reached their highest degree of civilization; and this strange and wonderful Semitic people, as we know, gave to those nations a moral law and a spiritual life, taking from them at the same time a good deal, but never losing their own individuality. And I cannot be unmoved when I remember that from this people came Jesus Christ, the Author of our religion—came Christianity, which was, as it were, the concentrated essence of all that was most highly spiritual in the world at that time,—came Christianity, which has watched over the development of the modern nations of Europe and America.—Christianity, which has been most mighty, and planted itself with the tread of onward civilization, and which is at this moment developing, and only kept back by the unwillingness of man to accept the new aspects of divine truth, and the determination of religious people not to allow the free spirit of religion to incarnate itself in all the more modern forms of thought.

Brethren, standing thus between the Past and the Future, can I look back without a certain awe and conviction of Divine superintendence and purpose upon the development of the world? May I not say there has been one and the same mighty spirit at work here, a spirit not only of intelligence, but a spirit of beneficence? We are the heirs of all the ages. We, in our complex civilization, in our superior skill of maintaining the health of the body and regulating man's social happiness and stamping out disease, in discovering the laws of the mind, in using the forces of nature, in lightening the burdens of life, in legislating for the welfare of society—we are living witnesses that the Law of Progress has been going on, creating many developments out of the most simple things, until all things tend to grow into a more grand and complex unity; and we are not at the end even now. As I look forward into the future, I can see a time when men will point back to this age, and call it the infancy of the world. The arcana of nature have still to be revealed, the supremacy of justice and love has still to be vindicated, the palm-branch of universal peace has still to blossom and to bear fruit, and give its leaves for the healing of the nations.

I will ask you to rest your minds by a short pause, before I proceed rapidly to survey the history of the Christian Church.

When Jesus Christ came, He founded an outward and visible kingdom resting upon two great laws; one law was the *universal brotherhood of man*, not as a theory, for as a theory that universal brotherhood had been long known; but as an active principle, making every one acknowledge that there was something common between man and his fellow-man, upon which a commonwealth of love might be founded. Another law was the *communion between God and man*, that dream which all religions have shadowed forth, and which Jesus Christ proclaimed with a voice of thunder, which has resounded through the ages and still rings in our ears. Jesus made men feel that it was possible to pray to God, that it was possible for God to pour Himself into the soul of man, that it was possible for the development of every individual to be carried on under the superintendence of a Divine love.

Upon these two great principles the Christian Church was founded, and as long as the Christian Church adhered to them it went on conquering and to conquer. As long as it accepted this law of love, moulding it about new social and political modes of life, as long as it could shape the future, by adopting and consecrating the Law of Progress, it continued to rule, and by ruling, to bless the world. The interest of man in men, and of God in all men, shown by deeds of love, and the irresistible power of a holy life; that, I make bold to say, is the heart and marrow of Christianity, as it is sketched lightly but firmly by the Master's own hand in the Sermon on the Mount; and that was, and ever must be, the only life, and heat, and radiance which the Christian Church ever had or ever can have.

The Apostles knew that and taught that, and the Church of the Fathers entered into their labours.

From A.D. 400 to A.D. 1208, the Christian Church was almost an unmixed blessing to humanity. It was not widely at variance with the intellectual state of the times; it was, perhaps, a little in advance of it. It was the conservator of literature, the patron of the arts, the friend of science, and the censor of morals. About 1208 the Church made up its mind that it was a great deal of trouble to go on with the age, and stood still. About 1208 the Inquisition was established at Rome, and fixed dogmatic truth, thus erecting an immovable standard of belief and stopping progress; and all the strength, intellectual and spiritual, in the world has been struggling ever since with this dogmatic theology and these immovable forms.* Whether they be forms doctrinal, or forms ceremonial, forms belonging to Rome or any other branch of the Christian Church, it matters little. It is the principle more than the thing which is deplorable. Immovable expressions of truth must yield to common-sense and to matters of fact. We must accept the development of knowledge, we must admit that the free spirit of Christianity will appear and re-appear under different forms. We must not attempt to check human progress or obstruct modern civilization, or silence the voice of modern science. We cannot do it. About 1208 science began to revive, began—I had almost said—to be founded. A little further on, in the following century, the conscience of man began to rebel against the forms of the Roman Church, until at the time of the Protestant Reformation, the yoke of ecclesiasticism became altogether too heavy for our fathers to bear, and they cast it off. The times were fatal to the old theology, there was a great retrogression on the part of Rome, for the Roman Church could not see that the Divine Law of Progress was daily and hourly forcing religion into new forms. And as it was in those days, so it is in ours. Even now the voice of science is ringing in our ears, which is none other than the voice of God, for it is the discovery of the laws of God; and even at this moment, we are, as a religious people, timid and terrified like the startled hare of the forest. We are closing our ears to the new revelation, as the old world closed its ears to the revelation which God made by the mouth of Luther, and Zuingle and Calvin.

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* See Introductory Discourse, "On the Liberal Clergy.

But still, in spite of us, the majestic wave of progress moves on, submerging the worn-out beliefs and crumbling superstitions of the past. Strong and irresistible as the rolling tides of the sea come the new impulses, and we may not stay them. We deem them wild and lying spirits ; they care not, they pass us by, they are full of holy scorn ; they speak to their own and their own receive them, and we may go hence and mutter our threats, and tremble in the darkness and spiritual gloom of our empty churches ; but outside our churches the bright light is shining, and the blessed winds of heaven are full of songs from the open gates of paradise, and men hear them and rejoice. How many are there, religious people, who never go to church, who despise Christianity, because they have only known it in connection with the forms of a barren worship, who despise Christianity, and yet are living high Christian lives. Thus we begin to see that although man has tried to imprison this glorious and free spirit in his Creeds and Articles, yet he cannot do it. There is a Christian spirit—be it said to our shame—working outside the Christian Church, an unacknowledged and anathematized Christianity still going on its triumphant way, leaving us alone in our orthodox sepulchres with the bones and ashes of bigotry and formalism.

But whose is still the figure that inspires all that is best and wisest in modern philanthropy and modern faith? The ideal form of the Christ still moves before us, and still we struggle after the forever attainable yet unattained. His life doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man is still the latest cry. Have we not but just now (1871) had a hideous parody of it in the Communism of the late revolution in Paris? Do not our own legislators begin to feel that peace and good-will can only be established between workmen and masters, between rich and poor, between learned and ignorant, by caring for all alike, by rescuing class from the oppression of class and then binding all classes together by common interests as members of a sacred polity of justice and mercy? What is the most characteristic form of the religious spirit in the present age? If I look at the bright side I should say it is Philanthropy ; and where do we get this word "Philanthropy?" Men used to care for themselves, their own family, their own society, and their own nation, but Jesus Christ revealed a moral tie and a spiritual communion which was superior even to the bond which bound together the members of one family. He told us that there were no bars between nations, that we were all of one blood, and one in the sight of God. Every philanthropic movement, every hospital that rises, every church erected in this great and populous city, has its roots deep down in the principle, announced by Jesus Christ, of the constraining love of our brother men. That philanthropy is the great principle upon which the Church of Jesus Christ is founded ; we can say literally, with regard to all deeds of mercy, love, self-sacrifice, "the love of Christ constraineth us." This survives, the spirit of a Divine life is still operative.

Christianity has survived many shocks. Let me once more remind you how many. It has survived the metaphysical speculations of the Alexandrine school and the subtleties of a mongrel Greek and Asian philosophy,—those speculations which were so true to their authors, and which are so unintelligible to us ; it has survived the winking of saints, and the mediæval Mariolatry, and the handkerchiefs of St. Veronica, and all kinds of silly visions and foolish revelations ; it has survived historical criticism, and it will survive what are called the attacks of modern science. It will go on still as it has gone on ; you never can annihilate the principles upon which the Christian Church is founded. Reduced to their simplest terms, stripped of casuistry, priestcraft, and superstition, they are seen to be the ultimate principles upon which human society depends for its happiness, I had almost said for its prolonged existence. Therefore, He who is Himself the incarnation of these principles, He who loved His fellow-man as never man loved another, He who spake as never man spake, He who was at one with God as man has never been since, He is still the Way, the Life, and the Truth to us ; "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

And, lastly, I come to trace the Law of Progress in the development of the human soul. I need only ask you to contemplate yourselves, body and soul; our very complex bodies having various attributes, our mind various attributes, our spirit various and manifold aspirations, yet bound together in one communion. How has this come about? It has come in the order of nature: first, an unintelligent infant; then a self-conscious child; then a being with varied powers and fecund activities; and ever a higher unity has been reached, as beneath our eyes the simple has passed into the complex existence. You, too, are one with the same great law which reaches through all organic and inorganic beings, from the beginning of time until time shall be no more; it is your privilege, consciously and willingly, to become one with that Spirit who fills the universe with the breath of His life. But there is this difference; when we speak of the progress of society or of organic progress, we speak of an unconscious progress; but in individual progress a man is, or may be, conscious of getting better or getting worse, his eyes are opened to see the good and the evil, he may ally himself with a power and a law which make for righteousness, or he may forbear, he may foster or blight his own progress.

Into what circle of Divine affinities art thou come, O my soul! to what principalities and powers, to what majesty and beneficence! Let God henceforward be thy friend, let the voice be heard that is even now whispering in thy ears, "This is the way, walk ye therein, when thou turnest to the right hand and when thou turnest to the left." "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come," the Master Himself is calling you to go up higher out of the dregs of your own carnality. He makes you sit down with Him in heavenly places, He enlightens your mind; you no longer see men as trees walking; you no more see through a glass darkly, you put away childish things; and rapt from the fickle and the frail you enter daily more and more into the joy of your Lord!

And now, my brethren, to conclude; the Law of Progress carries us on the wings of the spirit beyond the grave and gate of death and the barriers of things seen and temporal. When you have once realized the intelligence of God lifting up your intelligence, and His beneficence calling out your aspirations, and keeping your love alive under unfavourable circumstances, can you ever lose the dream of an eternal life? Can you ever give up the immortality of the soul, and the individual consciousness of man after death? If you feel, although you have not got hold of God, He has got hold of you; do you think He will ever let you go? Shall any one pluck you out of His hand? Is there any question when the disintegration of the body takes place, and terminates the present mode of your existence, as to the permanence of *you* in your own individuality? I know you will point to the countless millions who have gone down to the dust, to the tribes of savages who seem never to have been the subject of any progress at all, to "the back-waters of civilization," or again to the thousands of promising and gifted men who have been cut off in the flower of their age. Do you suppose that with the superior intelligence we have seen to exist, and with the traces of a beneficence such as we may deem does exist—do you think that all these really have ceased to be? and that they have been called into life, been neglected or cared for, as the case may be; have withered here, or developed power and sublime consciousness of an infinite beyond, simply to be extinguished in the foulest corruption.

When the heart rises in prayer to God, there is an end of all such doubts, only the evil in the heart and in the world comes in and sweeps away the good influences; but when the good influences come back, you rise again out of the mists of doubt and disconsolation, because your mind has been taken possession of, and you can say breathing that divine air, "Lord, I am surrounded by an atmosphere of love, though it be also one of mystery; I cannot see clearly, through the dim telescope of the soul, those worlds on worlds that are beyond. Yet now Thou art with me—close beside me—encompassing me with a love most personal; in that love let me live and move and have being, content to be led like a child, not knowing whither I may go, yet content—able to say with the sublime indifference of the apostle, 'It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.'" And, "Every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself even as He is pure."

BOOK REVIEWS.

CALIBAN: THE MISSING LINK. By Daniel Wilson, LL.D., Professor of English Literature and History in University College, Toronto. London: MacMillan & Co.

Dr. Wilson's new work is an admirable example of how two apparently diverse and disconnected departments of human knowledge may be brought together and welded into a homogeneous whole, by one who has an equally far-reaching knowledge of both subjects. Equally eminent in literature and science, Dr. Wilson has achieved in the present work the intellectual feat of bringing his knowledge of an apparently purely literary subject to bear in a most effective manner upon a doctrine which has hitherto been regarded as belonging exclusively to the domain of science. "Caliban" treats of two entirely different subjects; and yet the two are so artfully interwoven, that it might find a place with equal propriety in the library of the literary student or in that of the more scientific observer. The work, therefore, may be regarded from two points of view: 1st, as a powerful and cogent piece of argumentation against the modern Theory of Evolution as applied to man, and, 2ndly, as an elaborate literary criticism of Shakespeare's "Tempest," and Browning's "Caliban on Setebos." From the first point of view, the author endeavours to show that Shakespeare "had presented, in the clear mirror of his matchless realizations alike of the natural and supernatural, the vivid conception of 'that amphibious piece between corporal and spiritual essence,' by which, according to modern hypothesis, the human mind is conjoined in nature and origin with the very lowest forms of vital organism." He shows that Shakespeare has thus left for us "materials not without their value in discussing, even prosaically and literally, the imaginary perfectability of the irrational brute; the imaginable degradation of rational man." Side by side with the Caliban of Shakespeare, he places the Caliban of Browning; and he shows us how "the new ideal of the same intermediate being" has been altered, almost beyond recognition, by the mighty change in thought and belief which has swept over the civilized world since the Elizabethan era. From the second point of view, the author devotes himself to a careful exposition of "the literary excellences and the textual difficulties of the two dramas of Shakespeare chiefly appealed to in illustration of the scientific element of enquiry."

It is needless to remark that it is next to impossible for a critic to do adequate justice to such a many-sided work as the present one. We shall, therefore, deal with it exclusively as a very important contribution to the ever increasing literature of "Darwinisms." Of the literary merits of the work it is quite unnecessary for us to pass any judgment, since the author is dealing with a subject which he has made peculiarly his own.

Dr. Wilson begins by pointing out that the most eminent zoologists agree in the statement that man is separated from the Anthropoid Apes as regards his physical and merely anatomical peculiarities, by a gulf less wide than that which separates the latter from the lower Quadrumana. This is certainly true, as far as mere brain-characters are concerned; but in other respects man *does* differ anatomically from the higher apes more than these do from the lower ones; and, as the author pertinently remarks, the acceptance of the above dictum "may well raise a doubt as to the fitness of a test which admits of such close affinities physically, and such enormous diversities morally and intellectually." On the Darwinian hypothesis, man is descended from the same stock as the higher apes; these from still lower mammals; these again from more degraded types of vertebrate life; and so downwards, till the vertebrata are found to take their rise in some marine groups of invertebrates, probably nearly allied to the existing sea-squirts or ascidians The immediate progenitors of man, according to Darwin, "were no doubt once covered with hair, both sexes having beards: their ears were pointed and capable of movement, and their bodies were provided with a tail having the proper muscles." They are supposed to have lived mainly in trees in "some warm, forest-clad land," and the males must have been provided with great canine teeth which served as formidable weapons of offence and defence. This product of the imagination of the evolutionist is, however, not as yet man: he "is still irrational and dumb, or at best only entering on the threshold of that transitional stage of anthropomorphism which is to transform him into the rational being endowed with speech." The vastness of the transformation demanded by the Darwinian theory is thus described by Dr. Wilson:—On the one hand we have "the irrational creature naturally provided with clothing—hairy, woolly, feathery or the like, armed and furnished in its own structure with every needful tool; and endowed with the requisite weaving, cell-making, mining, nest-building instincts, independent of all instruction, experience, or accumulated knowledge. On the other hand is man, naked, unarmed, unprovided with tools, naturally the most helpless, defenceless of all animals; but by means of his reason, clothing, arming, housing himself, and assuming the mastery over the whole irrational creation, as well as over inanimate nature. With the aid of fire he can adapt not only the products but the climates of the most widely severed latitudes to his requirements. He cooks, and the ample range of animal and vegetable life in every climate yields him wholesome nutriment. Wood, bone, flint, shells, stone, and at length the native and unwrought metals, arm him, furnish him with tools—with steamships, railroads, telegraphic cables. He is lord of all this nether world."

The enormous difficulty presented by this supposed transition is laid bare by Dr. Wilson, in the most convincing and masterly manner. He points out that "it is not merely that intermediate transitional forms are wanting: the far greater difficulty remains by any legitimate process of induction to realise that evolution which consistently links, by natural gradations, the brute in absolute subjection to the laws of matter, and the rational being ruling over animate and inanimate nature by force of intellect." He points out that "the difficulty is not to conceive of the transitional *form*, but of the transitional *mind*;" and he strongly expresses the opinion, which his great ethnological knowledge renders of special value, that the lowest savage can be regarded as nothing less than man, and that "it can with no propriety be said of him that he has only doubtfully attained the rank of manhood." The savage, however degraded, is in no stage of transition; he is not half brute and half man; and "his mental faculties are only dormant, not undeveloped." All his mental energies are expended in maintaining a precarious existence, in keeping up a daily fight against the forces of nature and his living enemies. Nevertheless, "the infant, even of the savage, ere it has completed its third year, does daily and hourly, without attracting notice, what surpasses every marvel of the 'half-reasoning' elephant or dog. In truth, the difference between the Australian savage and a Shakespeare or a Newton is trifling, compared with the unbridged gulf which separates him from the very wisest of dogs or apes."

Dr. Wilson again lays great stress upon an argument which, to our mind, is extremely weighty, though it has been wholly ignored by the advocates of evolution. He points out, namely, that the savage is not to be regarded as being the nearest approach which we have to man in a state of nature; but that the very degradation which makes him a savage, removes him far from the normal, natural man on the one hand, and still further from the brute on the other hand. On the contrary, the savage "exhibits just such an abnormal deterioration from his true condition as is consistent with the perverted free-will of the rational free agent that he is. He is controlled by motives and impulses radically diverse from any brute instinct. This very capacity for moral degradation is one of the distinctions which separate man by a no less impassable barrier than his latent aptitude for highest intellectual development, from all other living creatures."

Developing his argument still further, the author points out that, in constructing their hypothetical ladder between man and the higher mammals, the disciples of Darwin have to face the almost insuperable difficulty, that their imaginary semi-human transition form would necessarily have a worse chance of surviving in "the struggle for existence" than either the fully developed man or the fully developed brute. The transition can only be effected by the medium of some form in which neither the mental powers of the man nor the physical powers of the brute are present to an extent sufficient for the exigences of bare existence. In the supposed process "of exchanging native instincts and weapons, strength of muscle, and natural clothing for the compensating intellect, the transmuted brute must have reached a stage in which it was inferior in intellect to the very lowest existing savages, and in brute force to the lower animals." It has yet to be shown by the advocates of evolution how any imaginable process of "selection" could have preserved a being so helpless.

The scientific man has hitherto failed to depict in sufficiently bold outlines, the form and mental character of the hypothetical being which is supposed to have formed the intermediate link between the man and the brute. Dr. Wilson, however, points out that the genius of Shakespeare has "dealt with the very conception which now seems so difficult to realize, and, untrammelled alike by Darwinian theories, or anti-Darwinian prejudices, gave the 'airy nothing a local habitation and a name.'" Caliban is the "missing link."

Reluctantly leaving the subtle analysis and brilliant reasoning of the first two chapters of this fascinating work, we are introduced in Chapter III. to "Caliban's Island." The curtain rises, and we see "the ocean tides rise and fall upon the yellow sands of Prospero's Island," as yet unmarked in any sailor's chart. If space permitted, we would gladly linger a while upon the enchanted isle; we would study Caliban, first as the monster of Shakespeare's drama, then as the metaphysician and theologian of Browning's poem. We will not, however, do Dr. Wilson the injustice of attempting to give in brief what must be read in his own graceful and eloquent words to be properly appreciated. We will only say that no cultivated mind can fail to feel the living charm of our author's analysis of the poetical conceptions of Shakespeare and Browning;' whilst the work will be welcomed by every scientific man who believes in the ultimate victory of the Spiritual as opposed to the Materialistic Philosophy. The world has to thank Dr. Wilson for a work which is in itself both a poem and a valuable contribution to science.

LITERARY NOTES.

One of the subjects connected with colonial affairs which has been long pressing for consideration and settlement in England is the question of Literary Copyright, and the right of Colonies to traffic in foreign reprints of English copyright works.

Without opening the subject of the nature of Copyright, or desiring to question the right claimed for property so intangible—but which, fortunately, is limited by law in its privilege and operation—we, however, cannot refer to this matter without expressing our disapproval of the policy of the publishing trade in its management of that property.

As the trade regard the character of the property, it is a serious injury to the public, and a mistake in their business administration. Antagonistic to the principle of free trade, it is open to objection on that account; and as a monopoly, especially as it concerns education and intelligence, its policy is the more questionable.

Particularly, however, in regard to Colonial Copyright the action of British publishers, together with the Imperial Authorities, has been most impolitic and injurious to all interests. In the absence of an universal Copyright Act, and especially while with the United States Government no international treaty existed, how short-sighted has been the conduct of the Mother Country in forcing, by its legislation, the conventionalities and conservative restrictions of a huge monopoly on the Colonial book trade, which is legally free, at the same time, to buy the untaxed reprint of American producers.

The position of Canada in regard to this subject, as our readers well know, has been most anomalous; and the fetters which have been placed upon the publishing trade of the country has been a serious check to the intellectual advancement of the community.

That this has been the case, while neither the British author or publisher has profited by the legal restrictions imposed upon the trade, shows the absurdity of the present state of things. We have had all the license to trade in cheap reprints of British copyrights, but we have not had the license to do that justice to the copyright owner which our native publishers would have willingly rendered, had they had the privilege extended to them of producing for their own market, even in competition with the American reprinter. Compensate the author, has always been the cry. But an embargo has always lain upon the native publisher to do justice, under legal penalties, while the American has had it left to his honour to give such remuneration as he might, from the sales in both his own and the Colonial market. Verily, a strange policy! The Act our Parliament passed last session to remove the disabilities under which the native trade lie, and to protect the author, has been disallowed by the Home authorities, and the situation seems disheartening. The obtuseness and perversity of the official mind at Downing Street is proverbial, but it was hardly to have been expected that, after pressing the matter upon the attention of the Colonial Office for years, as has been done, in the interest of the author, and in justice to our native producing trade, so decided a repression of the liberty of self-government should be advised us. The impolicy of this course is the more apparent when it is considered that, while aiding our own industries, as against those of an alien people, we were, by the Act, making due provision for the author's remuneration, which has been disregarded hitherto. We understand that at last the subject has been referred by the Imperial authorities to the London Board of Trade, and we trust that the practical minds at the head of that Bureau will see the advantage and policy of adapting legislation to meet the exceptional circumstances of the case. Very modified opinions are now held by the British publishers in regard to the question, and we believe that, while conceding local publication of English copyrights in the Colonies—to compete with the American unauthorized reprints, which enter the Colonies under impracticable restrictions,—all that the British publisher now insists upon is to have the privilege, for a short period after publication of a copyright, of placing a popular English edition on the market so as to conserve the Colonial fields to himself. This privilege, we need not say, will be readily granted in the Colonies; and surely there should be no difficulty now in framing such legislation as will continue to the Colonial markets the boon of popular editions—of English or native manufacture, rather than American,—and which compensate the author in proportion to the extended fields secured to him.

The author, we dare say, will find it to his advantage to exchange in England the system of limited high-priced editions for extensive cheap ones; and thus remove the occasion for the charge that the English reader is taxed for himself and the Colonist, while literature would be made a more incalculable blessing to all than has hitherto been dreamt of.

By the time the present number reaches our readers, we doubt not, most of them will be in possession of Mr. H. M. Stanley's narrative, "How I found Livingstone." This work promises to be the book of the season; and whatever it may or may not contribute to the literature of geographical science, it will certainly possess attractions, in its story of 'the lone man' and his self-imposed exile in Central Africa, and in its details of an expedition which, however much the Royal Geographers of Saville Row may scoff at, is one of the most plucky achievements of modern times.

The literature of travel is always an interesting study; and we will be much surprised if, in the forthcoming book, and with such a story to tell, the intrepid journalist fails to enthral the most indifferent reader. The work is to appear simultaneously in London and New York; and Canadian editions, drawn from both English and American plates, have been arranged for and will, doubtless, be put upon the market at the earliest moment.

In noticing here the work of this young American correspondent who has so signally distinguished himself, it is not out of place to refer to the veteran New York Journalist whose labours are now ended forever, and upon whose ear the tumult of this world, with its fickle changes of applause and censure, fall now unheeded. So prominently figuring in the recent Presidential campaign, the death of Mr. Horace Greeley comes with a startling suddenness. And in this it has its lesson to public men, who may be tempted to disregard, in the excitements of political contests, what is due to their own health and physical well-being, as well as, in the reckless license of these contests, to do such injury to the health of the State. Of course now, all political rancour and hostility will be forgotten, and we doubt not that Mr. Greeley's memory will be long kept green in the hearts of the American people. Forgetting the faults and many inconsistencies of the man, they will, we feel sure, remember his many virtues and his long and earnest struggles in the cause of human brotherhood.

The book next in order of interest this month, perhaps, is the eagerly looked-for work of Mr. Darwin on "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals." The work, which is nearly ready, will come before readers at the period of the year—the holiday season—when the emotions in the younger specimens of the genus homo, at all events, are unusually active; and just after the prevalence of an extended epizootic epidemic, when the recollections of the 'emotional affections' of the equine race must be fresh in the memory of every reader of the book. Seriously, however, the book will be a curious and interesting study, and bids fair to be more popular in its character than any of the learned author's previous works. The volume commences with a statement of the general principles of expression, we understand,—that actions and expressions become habitual in association with certain states of mind. It proceeds to discuss the means of expression in animals, and then the various physiognomical expressions of emotion in man—such as the depression of the corners of the mouth in grief, frowning, the cause of blushing, the firm closure of the mouth to express determination, gestures of contempt, the dilation of the pupils from terror, &c.,&c. —all of which are fully illustrated. The bearing of the subject is then handled, on the specific unity of the races of man, and the part the will plays in the acquirement of various expressions, the question of their acquisition by our ancestors, &c.

We pass from this, however, to chronicle the appearanee of a work of some novelty and interest, viz· Dr. Wyville Thomson's record of the investigations conducted on board H.M.'s ships Lightning and Porcupine on "The Depths of the Sea." The work, we believe, mainly interests itself in the subject of the character of the sea bottom, and the results of the dredging exploration along the floor of the North Sea.

The appearance of this work recalls the commission of the Ontario Government to Prof. Nicholson of University College, to dredge and explore the bottom of Lake Ontario this summer. We should be glad to know that the results of that undertaking will be made public at an early day.

We find also in this department, as worthy of notice, two new works in Astronomical Science, from the pen of Mr. R. A. Proctor, viz: "The orbs around us"—a series of familiar essays on the moon and planets, meteors and comets, the sun and coloured pairs of stars, etc., and "The Star Depths; or, other suns than ours"—a treatise on stars and star-systems. In Physical Science, the completion of two works from the French may be noted; the one, "The Forces of Nature," a popular introduction to the study of physical phenomena, by A. Guillemin, translated by Norman Lockyer; and the other, the completed work of M. Deschanel on "Natural Philosophy." The latter is an admirable advanced text book on the subject, and is profusely illustrated by excellent wood cuts.

As we have dealt with announcements mainly, in the above brief notes, and the exigencies of our limited space in this department preventing our dealing in any extended shape with current literature, we confine our further notices to the enumeration of the following forthcoming books.

Prominent among these are the new works of two distinguished Professors in our National University, viz:—Prof. Wilson's "Caliban; or the Missing Link," a work reviewed elsewhere in these pages, from early sheets; and Prof. Nicholson's "Manual of Palæontology." Both of these books will be soon ready, and will certainly meet with considerable sale. Dr. Nicholson's work is, with the exception of Prof. Owen's, the only important work on the principles of Palæontology. The Rev Dr. Scadding's forthcoming book, on "Toronto of Old—a series of Collections and Recollections" is advancing in the press, and may be looked for early in the year. It will be replete with delightful topographical gossip, and most entertaining in its early historical annals of the city. Another Canadian work, soon to make its appearance is the Rev. Mr. Withrow's book on "The Catacombs of Rome"—a work on their history, structure and epitaphs, as illustrating the Early Christian Centuries.

We understand Dr. McCaul has given the author much assistance in the preparation of this work: few men living, it is admitted, are more at home on this subject than the president of University College, and hence the book will have more importance.

It is gratifying to find our native scholars entering the lists of authorship, and asserting a no feeble claim for literary honours.