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THE
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 2.]

NOVEMBER, 1872.

[No. 5.

CARMINA.

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS.

BY LOUISA MURRAY.

I.

THERE is a little bay or creek on the Calabrian shore of the Mediterranean Sea, which, from its peculiar situation, is scarcely ever visited by travellers or tourists, yet, perhaps, there is not in all Italy a lovelier spot, or one that the poet might more fitly designate as "*un pezzo di Cielo caduto in terra*,"—a piece of heaven fallen to earth. Rocks of the most picturesque forms and most brilliant hues—red, yellow, purple and green—and often broken into lovely little caverns and grottoes, are grouped about the shore, and among them the broad-leaved fig, the aloe, the cactus, rosemary, lavender, myrtle, and the golden cistus, grow in richest profusion. Higher and higher rise the great mountains behind, till they fade into purple clouds on the edge of the horizon. Far away towards Sicily spreads the beautiful sea, serene, unruffled, smiling—a mirror in which the azure heaven above may

see itself reflected. The chirp of the cicada at noon, and the lizard basking in the hot sunshine; the sweet sad cry of the aziola and the fire-flies gleaming through the myrtle hedges in the scented twilight, are the only sights and sounds that break the summer stillness. It would be easy to fancy that nature had made the spot thus lonely and inaccessible, that its beauty might remain for ever unprofaned by mortal eye.

But in spite of the silence and solitude of the place, a few years ago some signs of human life and habitation might be seen about it. In a tiny natural basin among the rocks, into which the sea flowed by a narrow opening, a small skiff was made fast and a steep path, looking very much as if it had been made by goat, led from thence to a little platform or terrace, lying, as it were, at the very feet of the mountains, on which was a rude stone cottage, shaded by a huge and ancient fig tree. On a certain evening, at that

lovely season in Italy when the fierce heats of summer merge into the balmy mildness of early autumn, two girls stood at the door of this cottage. One, an ill-made, dwarfish figure, with dull and vacant features, was spinning with a hand-spindle, or distaff; the other, a beautiful girl of fifteen or sixteen, tall and graceful, and with an expression of the most vivid intelligence lighting up her face, held a pitcher of milk, which she had just taken from some goats that were browsing near.

"Take it into the house, Ninetta *mia*," she said, giving the pitcher to the spinner, "and be sure you give the *madre* a cupful while it is warm. I must go and try if there is anything in the nets."

"Yes, yes, Carmina," said the spinner, with alacrity, but in a weak, childish voice; and, taking the pitcher, she went into the cottage.

A stranger unaccustomed to mountain paths would not have found that which led from the cottage to the sea either safe or pleasant, but Carmina had been used to it all her life, and was as active and sure-footed as a young kid. It was quite as safe and easy to her as any level road could have been and she ran quickly down, singing, in a clear melodious voice, one of those wild, thrilling airs with which the Pifferari attract admiring crowds in the streets of Naples or Rome. She was soon beside the little basin in which the skiff lay. Casting loose the fastening, she jumped in, and, taking up the paddle and pushing it against the rocks, first at one side and then at the other, she quickly got her skiff through the narrow entrance and out into the bay.

Any vessel much larger than Carmina's little skiff was prevented from entering this bay by a barrier of sunken rocks, which extended nearly all the way across its mouth, and towards the centre of the reef raised their great heads above the water, too scattered and unconnected a group to be called an island, but large enough for many shrubs and plants to find root and nourishment in their

crevices. They were not much more than a hundred yards from the land, and it was to this point that Carmina directed her skiff. Guiding it among them till she reached the first of the little fishing nets set in the narrow channel, she was stooping over it, when the sudden fall of a fragment of stone close beside made her start and look up.

Leaning over the rock just above her, so close that she could have touched him with her paddle, she saw the head and shoulders of a man. A very handsome head it was, too—a broad, square brow, shaded with dark curling hair, dark, brilliant eyes, a straight well-formed nose, a jaw somewhat square, perhaps, but a singularly handsome mouth, not at all disfigured by his well-trimmed, black moustache. It was a face that could look stern enough on occasions, no doubt, but now it was gentle and smiling, and though she was startled and surprised, Carmina did not feel much frightened.

"Do not fear me, *cara mia*," said the stranger, gently, "I would not harm you for the world."

He had one of those exquisite voices which penetrate the heart like a strain of rich music, and its tones confirmed his words, as much as the frank and pleasant expression of his handsome face.

"I am not afraid, signor," said Carmina.

"But you wonder how I came here, do you not?—Well, I will tell you. I was passing these rocks in a boat with two other men, and I took it into my head to jump out and scramble upon them. Would you believe it, they sailed off and left me?"

"It is some joke," said Carmina, "they will come back again for the signor."

"I am afraid not," said the stranger; "I was wet enough when I got on the rocks, and now my clothes are quite dry, so you see I must have been a long time here."

"But why should they treat the signor so badly?" said Carmina.

"Perhaps they could not help it," said the stranger, gravely.

Something in his manner puzzled Carmina. That there was some mystery she saw, but that there could be anything bad or false about this noble looking signor, she never once imagined.

"Cannot the signor swim?" she asked. "It is not far from the shore."

"Oh, yes, I can swim, but you see I waited for a boat, and for once Dame Fortune has proved kind." Then, smiling as he read Carmina's wondering though unsuspecting thoughts in her expressive face, he added—"The truth is, I waited because I had some faint hope that my friends might return. But where do you come from, fair maiden? I do not see any houses on the shore."

"There is only our cottage, signor, and you could not see it from this if you did not know where to look for it. It lies among the rocks just beneath that great fig tree."

"And who lives with you there? Have you a father or brothers?"

"No, signor, my father is dead; I never had any brothers."

"You are not married?"

"Oh, no, signor," said Carmina, with a quick vivid blush. "I live with my mother and sister. The poor mother has no use of her limbs, and lies in bed all day, and the little sister has not all her wits."

"And who takes care of them?"

"They have only me, signor."

"*Poveretta*," said the stranger, compassionately, "that is hard for you."

"Oh, no, signor, I am strong, and able to work, and the Madonna helps me."

"I think she helped me when she sent you to find me here, my gentle one. Will you give me my supper and a bed to-night?"

"Yes, surely, signor, if you can put up with poor fare and humble lodging."

"You could not give me any that would not be better than I expected to have a little while ago," said the stranger. "But now that we are going to be good friends, it is necessary that we should know each

other's names. Mine is Paolo. What is yours?"

"Carmina, signor."

"Well then, Carmina, let us try what we can find in your nets. When I saw them I knew the owner would be likely to come for them soon, but I expected to see some old man or young lad—not anyone like you, *bella Carmina!*"

Springing to his feet, and showing a tall, athletic, finely proportioned figure, he swung himself round a projecting piece of rock, and let himself drop down beside Carmina. In a second he had one of the nets out of the water, and was emptying the small, shining, silvery blue fish that were struggling in the meshes into the basket Carmina had brought to hold them.

"Why should you trouble yourself, signor Paolo," said Carmina, "you are not used to such work, and I do it by myself every day."

"But this day you have some one to help you," said Paolo. "*Evviva!*" as he raised another net, "this one is so full I can hardly lift it!"

"Oh, signor," Carmina exclaimed, "you have brought me good luck; I never had my nets so full before. I must give the best fish I have got to St. Antonio!" And carefully selecting the largest and finest, she threw it into the sea.

Paolo smiled at the gentle superstition. "I, too, owe a debt to the saints for sending you to my aid, Carmina, and, perhaps, some some day or other I will ask you to pay it for me. There is the last fish, and the basket is overflowing. Now, I suppose, we must set the nets again."

This was soon done, and then Paolo lifted the basket into the skiff, and attempted to take the paddle from Carmina, but she would not give it up.

"You had better let me have it, Carmina; I am a heavier freight than your little craft is used to."

"Oh, that is nothing, signor; my skiff goes of itself."

Paolo said no more, but folded his arms and leaned back in the boat. Carmina's beauty had charmed his eye and imagination the first moment he had seen her, and now, as he watched, with indolent enjoyment, the graceful motions of her perfect figure while the skiff flew along to the light strokes of her paddle, he thought her the most beautiful being he had ever beheld. Something must be allowed to the romantic scene and circumstances, and a young man's excited fancy but, in truth, he was not far wrong. Her tall, light figure had the perfect proportions, the graceful roundness, the firm, elastic step of a young Diana. Her features were as finely moulded as her form, but it was the bright enchanting spirit that looked out of these features which gave her face such an irresistible charm. Her lovely brown eyes were full of sweetness, of light and joy; the rich bloom of the carnation glowed on her clear olive cheek, and deepened into crimson on her full but delicate lips. Her abundant hair, black as jet, but shining with a purple lustre when the sun touched it, was wreathed around her head with a natural grace which might have suited the head of a Muse. Her whole aspect was radiant with youth, and health, and happiness, and beauty, and, besides all these charms, there was about her a purity, a simplicity, a candour, an utter absence of all vanity and affectation which Paolo had never before met with in woman. The small, light skiff, the lovely maiden who seemed to guide it with a touch, the purple light of the waveless sea on which they floated, the rosy and golden atmosphere which wrapped them round, seemed, to his charmed fancy, like a scene in fairy-land into which he had suddenly been transported. He would not utter a word lest he might break the spell. But, in spite of the charm of the situation, he felt very forcibly that he was hungry and thirsty, and not yet out of reach of a great peril, from which he had narrowly escaped that morning. It was, therefore, not without satisfaction that he saw Carmina run her tiny

craft into its little haven, and, throwing off his fit of *dolce far niente*, he sprang lightly out, helped Carmina to make the skiff fast, and then turned to take up the basket of fish. But Carmina caught it hastily up, lifted it to her head, and steadied it there with her up-turned graceful arms, looking, Paolo thought, like a beautiful Caryatide. "I must carry my own fish," she said, laughing, "and if Signor Paolo is not very well used to rocks, he will find it hard enough to climb them without any burden."

"Yet I suppose, *you* expect to get safely up with that basket on your head?" said Paolo.

"Oh, I have been going up and down them all my life," said Carmina. "I could go safely blindfold."

"Then surely I ought to be able to go with my eyes open."

"I am afraid the path is more difficult than you think, signor," said Carmina, a little anxiously. "There are some very bad spots, and if you were to slip——"

"Do not fear, kind Carmina, I shall not slip. You will find I can follow wherever you may lead."

Fully assured by his steady look and confident smile, Carmina led the way, and Paolo came after with steps as firm and sure, if not quite as light and rapid, as her own. Long years after, the sudden scent of wild myrtle, or bruised lavender, or thyme, would transport his imagination to that lovely shore, and in fancy he was once more following Carmina with the basket of fish poised lightly on her head, and watching the folds of her brown woollen dress swaying with the movements of her graceful figure as she climbed the rocky path.

At every difficult spot Carmina always stopped and looked back, to be reassured by finding Paolo close beside her, and hearing his laughing "Go on, Carmina!" till an abrupt turn placed them suddenly on the little terrace on which the cottage was built. It was a rough stone hut, with a rude flight

of steps outside leading to an upper chamber. A great fig-tree grew beside it; rocks and fragments of rocks were scattered all about, but plants and shrubs grew in every fissure, and here and there were patches of mountain grass and herbs on which some goats were feeding. At one end of the cottage was a little plot of earth in which grew some vegetables and pot-herbs, and on a low ledge of rock beside this little garden, were a couple of bee-hives. Just beyond was a *fiumare*, or water-course, now a dry, stony hollow, but after rain flooded by the mountain torrents, and rendered perfectly impassable. All round were more rocks and rocky terraces, reaching apparently to the very crests of the mountains, and descending from among them, in some mysterious and invisible way, was a road that crossed the *fiumare* close to the cottage gardens and wound along the coast to Reggio.

As soon as the goats caught sight of Paolo, they scampered away, and Ninetta, who was standing at the door shading her eyes from the setting sun with her hand as she looked out for her sister, immediately followed their example. Carmina called to her encouragingly, and after peeping at the stranger from behind the fig tree for a minute, she came forward with timid and hesitating steps.

"Your sister is more afraid of me than you were, Carmina," said Paolo.

"She is not very wise, signor," said Carmina, "but she is very good. She takes great care of the *madre* when I am away, and she is always a great help to me. It is true, little sister!" and Carmina looked tenderly at poor Ninetta, into whose heavy features came a gleam of brightness at this praise.

"Ah, but Jacopo would help you better if you would let him," said Ninetta.

"Who is Jacopo?" asked Paolo.

"Oh, he is very good and very rich, too," said Ninetta. "He has a beautiful boat, not like Carmina's little skiff, but ever so big, and with great masts and sails. He often

comes to see the *madre*, and he wants Carmina to marry him."

A quick, jealous pang, surely most absurd under the circumstances, darted through Paolo, and he bent his piercing eyes on Carmina with a stern glance that made her cheek flush painfully.

"Hush, little sister," she said, "you know I cannot marry Jacopo, and he also knows it."

"Why cannot you marry him?" asked Paolo.

"Because I do not love him," said Carmina, looking up at her stern questioner with clear, innocent eyes.

"Poor Jacopo!" said Paolo; and his voice was soft and gentle once more, and his eyes kind, and Carmina felt happy again.

"See, Ninetta," she said, "what a great basket of fish. We never had so many before. Will you make some ready to fry for the signor's supper?"

"Yes, Carmina," and, delighted to be employed, Ninetta seized the basket and ran away to prepare the fish, while Carmina led Paolo into the cottage, the door of which stood wide open.

It was but a rough dwelling, consisting of one apartment below and a loft above. The floor was of stone, and the walls unplastered. A couple of wooden chairs and a table, a few pans and pipkins for cooking, two or three cups and plates and similar household articles on some shelves, and an old carved chest, probably containing the holiday clothes of the family, seemed nearly all the furniture. On the walls hung a few prints of the Virgin and Saints, and some rude engravings of scenes from Dante, Tasso, and Ariosto—the death of Clorinda, Angelica at the Fountain, Dante and Beatrice;—with some stanzas from the *Gerusalemme*, and Orlando, and the story of Paolo and Francesca, printed on narrow slips of paper, as ballads used to be in the olden time. A small hand-loom, with a piece of bright-coloured stuff on it, stood near the open door, and in a sort of alcove

was a bedstead in which the bedridden mother lay. Above her head was a print of the Madonna and Child, and the light from a little window near, the only one in the room, shone full on her pale worn face, her snow-white hair, and her thin, trembling fingers, with which she was feebly winding balls of many colours.

"Who is it, Carmina?" she asked querulously, as Carmina and the stranger entered. "Is that Jacopo?"

"No, *madre mia*," said Carmina, "it is a strange signor. His boat has gone away and left him, and we must give him his supper and his bed."

"I will gladly pay for your hospitality, *padrona*," said Paolo, stepping forward like one who had been used to win favour easily, "and add my best thanks also."

"Nay, signor," exclaimed Carmina hastily, "do not speak of paying; we have but little to give, but all we have is at your service."

Yes, signor," said the *madre*, "Carmina knows—whatever Carmina says is right. Is it not so, signor?"

"I am sure it is, *padronu*," answered Paolo, and turning to Carmina with a smiling glance, he added, "But do not let me be any trouble. A crust of bread given by kind hands, such as yours, Carmina, will taste sweet to me to-night, as you would well understand if you knew all."

"Nay, you shall have better than that, signor," said Carmina gaily, "there are the fish you know."

"But a drink first, Carmina—I am dying with thirst."

"Ah, I fear the signor will never drink our poor wine," said Carmina, as she hastily brought out a wicker-bound bottle of the common country wine.

"*Cara Carmina*," said Paolo, "I would give all the wine of Naples for one good draught of water."

"That the signor shall have in a moment," said the delighted Carmina, and dart-

ing out she quickly returned with a pitcher of water just drawn from the spring, clear and sparkling—

"With beaded bubbles winking at the brim."

"Ah, *che bella cassa!*" exclaimed Paolo, when he had taken a deep draught, "the nectar of the gods could not be more delicious!" He did not add—"nor Hebe a fairer cup-bearer," but he thought he had never seen anything in his life so exquisite as the bright, beautiful smile with which Carmina heard his expressions of satisfaction. The next moment she had lighted a charcoal fire in an iron tripod, and put the fish, which Ninetta had prepared to fry, in a pan of boiling oil. Then she placed on the table some maize cakes, a piece of goat's milk cheese, fresh figs, and honey in the comb; and when to these were added the contents of the frying-pan, crisp, brown, and done to a turn, a more fastidious and less hungry man than Paolo might well have been satisfied with his fare. As for Paolo, he seemed to enjoy it thoroughly, and delighted his young hostess by declaring that it was a supper fit for a prince.

His bed was next to be prepared, and this, with poor Carmina's limited resources, seemed no easy task. There was nothing in the dwelling which could properly be so called, except that on which the bedridden woman lay, but on the loft there was a store of sweet, dry grass, which she and Ninetta had collected in the crevices of the rocks and put away to help the goats' winter provender, and with this, a cloak, and a clean coverlet and pillow kept to adorn the *madre's* bed on state occasions, she arranged a couch on which youth and health might sleep soundly enough.

In the meantime, having finished his supper, Paolo stepped out of doors, and remained leaning against a tall fragment of rock underneath which was a natural bench, which might have afforded two friends, or better still two lovers, a pleasant seat. He

may have been looking at the shimmering sea, gleaming like a wondrous opal in the faint light of the moon, and at the stars coming out one by one in the blue depths overhead from which twilight's dusky veil was slowly falling, but his face expressed very different emotions from those which such a scene would naturally excite. It looked very stern and even hard; but it softened as he saw Carmina coming towards him.

"Your bed is ready on the loft, signor," she said; I wish it could have been better."

"Thanks, gentle Carmina. But will you come and sit down on this bench for a little while? I have something to tell you—will you listen to it."

"Yes, signor, willingly," said Carmina.

She sat down as she spoke, and Paolo seated himself beside her, and as she looked at him she saw that his face was very grave.

"Carmina," he said, looking down at her upturned listening face, "have you ever heard that this Italy of ours was once a great nation—mistress of the world?"

"Yes, signor, I have heard my father say so."

"And have you ever heard him speak of those heroic men who have sworn to make her a free and united nation again? Have you ever heard him speak of Mazzini and Garibaldi?"

"Yes, signor, often, and he used to say that all true Italians ought to honour them more than the blessed Saints."

"Then your father would have helped them if he could?"

"Yes, signor, I think he was pledged to help them, and all Italy's deliverers. I have heard my mother say that he belonged to a society called the Carbonari, but I was too young to understand such things then. It is now three-years since some charcoal-burners found him stabbed to death in the mountains. Ah! that was a sad day when they brought him home. The poor *madre* was well and strong then, but when she saw my father dead she went into fits. In a few days

she had grown old and grey, and has been as you saw her ever since."

"And you, Carmina, have devoted yourself to her and Ninetta. Does your life never seem hard to you?"

"Never, signor. I love the dear *madre* and little Ninetta, and I like to work for them and take care of them."

"Carmina," said Paolo, "you are an angel!" and as he watched the bright colour springing to her sensitive face, which looked more lovely than ever under that soft light, he forgot for the moment everything but those radiant eyes in which, as if welling forth from some unfathomable fountain, the glory of new-born love was shining.

"Ah, no, signor, not a bit of an angel," said Carmina. "But you—you yourself are a patriot and a hero, like Mazzini and Garibaldi. I knew it the very first minute I saw you. Is it not true?"

"A patriot, certainly," said Paolo—"as to the hero, Carmina, let us hope so. Poor Italy wants all the heroes she can get. If a dagger, or the scaffold, or a living death in some dungeon does not end my career too soon, I may do something; but my life is at no time worth an hour's purchase, and had it not been for those friendly rocks where you found me, I might have been lying in prison now, instead of sitting in the free air, and looking into your kind eyes."

"Ah! Madonna!" said Carmina shuddering, "But have you—have you killed any one, signor?"

She trembled a little at the thought, but it was only from the depth of her sympathy with Paolo. In her primitive code of morals, he would have been perfectly justified in taking the life of any enemy or oppressor; whenever he had an opportunity of so doing. She was a true Italian girl, and, tender-hearted as she was, held many things more sacred than life, except it were a life she loved.

"No, *cara* Carmina, I have not killed any one," said Paolo. "But I have not yet told you how I came to be on the rocks where

you found me. I was sent to Messina by the leaders of a society called "La Giovane Italia," to aid a patriotic movement going on there in connection with one in Naples. But unfortunately, before much had been done, the suspicions of the police were excited, and I learned from a secret friend that I was about to be arrested. As all our plans were now made abortive, my duty was to return to Naples and let the leaders of the society know what had occurred. After some trouble I contrived to get on board a smuggling *speronare* bound for Naples, and lay concealed there till the *padrone* was ready to sail. But some spy must have found this out at the last moment, for we were pursued by a government boat, much larger and swifter than the *speronare*, and certain to overtake her. Fortunately the *speronare*, in tacking to gain the wind, had come close to your friendly rocks, as her shallow keel enabled her to do, and the sight of them inspired me with a sudden hope of escape. It was the work of a moment to drop into the water and gain their shelter, while the *padrone*, wishing me good luck, and vowing by all the saints that nothing would make him betray me, held on his course, still followed by the government boat. No doubt he was soon overtaken and most likely compelled to return to Messina to be examined there; but as the direct course lies far from the rocks, I could not have seen them going back. Not knowing very well where to go or what to do when I got to the land, it seemed to me I had better stay where I was for awhile, on the chance that some fishing boat or smuggling craft might come near enough to take me off. But not one came in sight, and I was just about to swim to the shore, and look out for some food and a night's shelter, when you, my good angel, appeared! But what did you think when you saw me, Carmina? Did you think I was a brigand, or a runaway galley slave, or what did you think?"

"Something very near the truth, signor,"

said Carmina; "I thought you looked far more like one of those noble heroes and patriots my father used to talk about, than like a brigand or a galley slave."

"Thanks for your good opinion, kind Carmina," said Paolo, smiling.

"But, signor," said Carmina, "will the *padrone* keep his oath not to betray you? Is he a true Italian? Is he a patriot?"

"No, neither the one nor the other, but he is a smuggler, and hates all governments and their officials alike. He would enjoy deceiving them intensely; but no doubt he will be subjected to a strict examination, and if there is any question of his losing his boat, or being imprisoned, he will certainly tell all. Then there is a boy, his son, who may be frightened into confession, though his father swore that if the lad proved such a chicken heart, as he phrased it, he would then and there let him taste his stiletto. But doubtless the boy knows the value of such oaths."

"Then the signor is not safe here," said Carmina. "The *sbirri* may come and search the coast to-morrow."

"Very true, Carmina, so you see the sooner I get away from this the better."

"Signore Paolo," exclaimed Carmina, "I could show you the way to the charcoal-pits up the mountains. You would be safe with the charcoal-burners; the *sbirri* never dare to go there."

"Yes, *cara* Carmina; but there are other and more important considerations than my safety. It is necessary for Italy's sake, and the sake of many lives valuable to her, that I should get to Naples as quickly as possible. A boat would be the only way, and I might perhaps find one in Reggio; but no doubt the police are on the alert there."

"Jacopo has a boat," said Carmina, "a strong, safe boat, and everyone says he is a good sailor. He goes to Messina and Palermo, and any other port for which he gets a cargo. He would take the signor to Naples."

"Perhaps he would not like to run the risk of taking me," said Paolo. "If I were found on board his boat, it might get him into trouble."

"Jacopo would not mind risk," said Carmina, "and if I asked him to take the signor, he would do it."

Anxious as he was to find some way of getting to Naples, Paolo did not hear Carmina say this without intense annoyance. His face darkened; his brow knit, and his lip curled as he said, "Have you deceived me, Carmina? I thought you said this man was nothing to you."

"I did not deceive you, Signor Paolo," said Carmina; "I said I did not love Jacopo, and that I could not marry him, and it is true; but he has been a good, kind friend to the *madre* and to me. When I was a little child, and my father was alive, he used to come here often and used to call me his little sister and I felt almost as if he were my brother, till he asked me to marry him—that seemed to turn me against him. I had to tell him that I could never be his wife a great many times before he would believe me; but he knows now how true it is, and he will never ask me again. But he says he will always be our friend, and I am sure he always will. Oh, Signor Paolo, do you think I would tell you a falsehood for anything on earth?"

Paolo could not look at her earnest, ingenuous face, could not listen to her clear, pure voice, and doubt her sincerity. "Forgive me, Carmina," he said, his face growing soft, and his voice gentle again. "I know you are as true as truth itself. But where do you suppose this friend of yours is now, and how am I to see him?"

"He took his boat to Messina this morning, signor," said Carmina. "I know this"—and she looked timidly at Paolo—"because he took my scarfs with him. He always takes the scarfs that I weave on my hand-loom to Messina, and sells them there for me. He will be back some time to-night,

and Ninetta can go to him at day-break, and ask him to come and see the signor at once."

"And you think he will come?"

"I am sure of it, signor; "but"—and she turned away from Paolo's penetrating glance as she spoke—"the signor must remember that it is for his sake I am going to ask this favour of Jacopo."

"*Cara Carmina!*" said Paolo, "how can I ever repay your kindness!"

"Do not talk of repaying, signor," said Carmina. "I am glad and proud to be able to serve you—you who are risking your life for Italy."

"Carmina," said Paolo, "if you were a man, you too would risk your life for Italy."

"To help you I would risk it now, though I am only a woman!" said Carmina.

"You are a brave, noble girl," said Paolo.

He took her hand and looked into her deep eyes, gleaming with such magic lustre in the soft moonlight. The faint sweet odours of folded flowers floated on the warm air, fireflies flashed and gleamed in a mazy dance in and out through the green branches, the murmurs of the sea softly kissing the shore fell with a strange impassioned rhythm on his ear. On such a night such eyes might have awakened love in the coldest heart. And Paolo's was very far from being cold just then. It was throbbing with passion. His whole being seemed drawn towards this lovely, artless girl as he had never felt drawn to woman, and his heart told him that she loved him as he had never been loved before. The temptation to clasp her in his arms and tell her he too loved her was almost irresistible. But he remembered himself in time. What had he to do with any other love than Italy.

"How thoughtless I am," he exclaimed, releasing Carmina's hand and springing to his feet; "I have kept you out here too long, Carmina. You must go in to the *madre*, and I must take some sleep while I have a chance of getting it. You will say

an *Ave* for me to-night, Carmina, will you not?"

"Yes, signor, from my heart," said Carmina.

"Thanks, my gentle one," and again taking her hand he touched it lightly with his lips. "*Felicissima notte*, Carmina!"

"*Felicissima notte*, signor," said Carmina softly, and, with a heart throbbing wildly with emotions she had never known before, she ran into the cottage.

Probably there are but few men or women in our English-speaking lands who have any certain faith in the story of Romeo and Juliet. Shakspeare's genius has made it immortal to them, and young hearts respond to its passion and its pathos while they see it acted or hear it read. But its sudden love and swiftly following tragedy lie so far away from the world in which they live, and all their experience is in it, that when the curtain falls, or the book is closed, it is only remembered as a beautiful, but wholly ideal, creation of romance, as impossible to have existed in real life as the wonders of Fairyland.

But in that fervid Southern clime where those ill-fated lovers lived and loved and died, the very reverse is the case. There it seems the most natural story in the world, for there its passionate and tragic incidents have been paralleled again and again. Love at first sight is the undoubting faith of every Italian girl and boy, and death, according to their belief, the only fitting conclusion to a disappointed or unhappy passion. Carmina, as we have said, was a true Italian girl, and she had fallen in love with this handsome young stranger, as suddenly, as passionately, and as irretrievably, as Juliet with Romeo.

Paolo's feelings towards Carmina were somewhat different. His passions and susceptibilities were as strong as those of any Italian, even of the warm South; but he was far more self-controlled and reserved than his countrymen are generally supposed

to be. His nature was originally firm, resolute and determined and his patriotic devotion to his country, and the difficulties and dangers he had encountered in her cause, had strengthened and intensified all the stronger traits of his character. He had been charmed by Carmina's beauty the first moment he beheld her; the romantic circumstances of their meeting had deepened the spell; and the simple, unconscious nobleness of nature, which all her words and looks revealed, seemed to justify the irresistible attraction he felt towards her. Yet his reason told him that to give way to the fascination which was growing stronger every instant would in his circumstances be foolish and absurd. Some men would have thought little of plucking so fair a flower of love thus suddenly and unexpectedly springing up in the midst of a stormy and uncertain existence, and gone on their way without a moment's thought as to what the future might bring to the poor flower left behind. But Paolo was of another stamp. Love given and received was to him a bond not lightly to be broken. He could no more have betrayed and deserted the heart that loved him, than he could have taken her life or destroyed her beauty. But how was it possible for him to encumber himself with any ties that might interfere with his devotion to Italy? He had sworn to sacrifice all the softer feelings of his nature on that sacred shrine, and he would keep his vow.

But as Carmina disappeared into the cottage, and the soft trembling tones of her "*Felicissima notte*" thrilled on his ears, he sighed. He told himself that he could never again hope to meet with a woman who so nearly approached his idea of perfection—so beautiful, loving and faithful, so simple and innocent, so gentle and so brave. What delight it would be to develop the latent faculties of such a pure and unsophisticated nature, and then what a true wife and helpmeet she would be. All the heroism of her nature

would be called out in sympathy with the great cause to which his life was consecrated—would exalt for him the hour of triumph should it ever come and strengthen him to defy defeat, exile or death. Once, when disgusted with the vanity, frivolity and heartlessness of the women of his own rank, he had said to himself that if he ever met with such a woman as his whole soul told him he had found in this Calabrian girl, he would woo her for his wife, let her rank or condition of life be what it might; but since then he had chosen Italy for his bride, and had sworn to have no other. That sacred oath must be kept, and when once he was out of sight of those love-compelling eyes, the absorbing interest and exciting labours of his life would soon banish all memory of this madness. And Carmina, would she forget too? She was not cold-hearted, shallow, trivial, like other women; she had not the all-engrossing pleasures and occupations of "society" to divert her thoughts; nor had she, as he had, great aims and high hopes to fill her mind. No doubt she would remember him with love and longing for many a day—remember him as we must remember a brief and only glimpse of the brightness that life can give, but does not give to us, making her dull and monotonous existence all the darker for the contrast. But time cures all things, and she, like others, would learn at last to submit to the inevitable. Perhaps she would marry Jacopo after all. Yes, that would be best. He would advise her to marry Jacopo to-morrow. But what a fearful sacrifice and sacrilege it would be. That beautiful, glorious creature the wife and bond-slave of an ignorant, soulless savage. No, it must not be! Better for her to die than meet with such a fate!

Thus he inwardly raved, as he walked up and down in the moonlight, trying to cool his fevered blood. Once a shadow seemed to cross the cottage door, and fancying that Carmina was there, and knowing that, if he were to keep his resolution, he must not

meet her now, he hurried up the stone stairs and threw himself on the bed she, poor girl, had taken such pains to make comfortable, little heeding or caring whether it was hard or soft. There he tossed uneasily for hours, till at last fatigue conquered every other sensation, and he fell asleep.

 II.

THE sun shining brightly in through a hole which served as a window above the door of Paolo's rude chamber, roused him from sleep, and, looking about him, he recalled the events of the preceding day; his flight from Messina in the *speronare*, the pursuit of the *sbirri*, his escape on the rock, and his dreamy transit over the bay with Carmina in her tiny skiff. Her beauty, her bright intelligence, her kind eyes and soft voice, seemed as vividly present to his senses as if she were really beside him; he felt the touch of her hand thrill through every nerve as he had felt it the night before, and his face softened and flushed. But the next moment it darkened and grew stern. "What a fool I am!" he exclaimed; "I thought I had got over all such boyish nonsense long ago!"

Starting up he opened the door, and, stepping out on the stone stairs, saw before him such a scene of beauty as can only be found under Italy's blue and radiant skies. A light veil of mist, just dispersed by the newly-risen sun, hung round the horizon in gauze-like folds, tinted with the most exquisite hues of the violet and rose. The many-coloured rocks, and the lovely shrubs and plants growing so profusely among them, shone and glittered with the fresh brightness of morning, and beyond lay the syren sea, blue, shining, clear as a mirror, kissing the shore with softly murmuring lips.

At this moment Carmina came up to the cottage door, returning from milking her goats.

"Buono giorno, bella Carmina!" he said.

kissing his hand to her gaily, as he descended the stairs.

"Will the signor have a drink of milk?" Carmina asked, holding up her pitcher.

Paolo stooped and drank, while Carmina held the brimming pitcher, crowned with rich creamy froth, to his lips.

"Delicious!" he exclaimed, after a deep draught; "shall I ever get such sweet milk in Naples?"

"Ah! the signor will have much better things in Naples," said Carmina.

"If Jacopo will take me there," said Paolo. "His boat seems my only chance."

"Ninetta has gone for him, signor, and he will soon be here. I had a dream of good omen last night," and Carmina looked up with serious, earnest eyes; "I saw the signor in Jacopo's boat, the Madonna standing at the prow, and pointing the way across the waves. She will guide the signor safely to Naples. But, in the meantime, it is necessary that he should have some breakfast."

"Thanks, kindest Carmina; but I must first take a dip in yonder sea, and try if it will not cool my blood and steady my nerves. He who aspires to make Italy free must have head and heart firm and clear."

Springing down the rocks, Paolo plunged into the blue water, fresh, cool, clear as crystal. But the heaving waves came round him caressingly, kissing and embracing him with tender, passionate murmurs, like sea-nymphs clasping him to their swelling breasts. Every thing about him, the golden quivering rays of light, the blue glittering sea, the warm-scented air, the white-winged sea-birds, dipping and playing over the sparkling water, all seemed to utter one word—Love. Rushing away from the waves, which seemed to agitate and excite, instead of calming his senses, he dressed himself, and, passing his fingers through the wet curls of his hair that it might dry in the warm sunshine, turned away from the syren sea, and slowly ascended the path to the cottage. But here, again, the perfumed breath of the lavender and myr-

tle, the soft, thrilling notes of a bird calling to his mate in the flowery hedges, bright-coloured insects glancing in the sunshine, or murmuring, hidden among the spicy herbs,—the blue, glowing sky over head, bending down to clasp the warm rich earth below—every sight and sound in that enchanted clime, were eloquent of Love. Or was it the subtle influence of the passion that possessed him which infused its own emotion into everything he heard and saw?

When he got back to the cottage he found that Carmina had laid out his breakfast on a table, placed under the shade of the fig-tree.

"I thought the signor would like to take his breakfast here," she said.

"Yes, that will be delightful, Carmina—like a lovely poem, a delicious idyl. If I were only an *improvisatore*, where could I find a fitter inspiration?" and, in spite of himself, his eyes sought Carmina's.

"Italy is the signor's inspiration," said Carmina, "and it is greater to be a patriot, and do heroic deeds, than to be a poet and sing them—that is what my father used to say."

"But, as far as I am concerned, the great deeds have yet to come, Carmina; and sometimes I think—last night I thought—even now I can almost believe, that it may be I am sacrificing all that is sweet and beautiful in life to a dream that will never prove true."

"It will prove true!" said Carmina, with enthusiasm. "Italy will be free, and the signor will be honoured as one of her noblest liberators."

"*Cara Carmina!*" said Paolo, smiling, "I hope you are a true prophetess!"

"Signor, your own heart tells you that I am. But see, the fish are getting cold. Will you not sit down and take some breakfast?"

"And you, Carmina, do you eat nothing?"

"Oh, I had my breakfast long ago with the *madre*," said Carmina, and going into the house, she returned with her spindle, and stood at the door spinning while Paolo

ate his fish and told her some of his perils and adventures in the cause of *la Patria*, to which she listened much as Desdemona once listened to Othello.

He had scarcely finished his meal when Ninetta and Jacopo came in sight. As they drew near, Paolo looked with somewhat jealous scrutiny at Carmina's lover. He was a stout, well-made young man, dressed in sailor fashion, with good features, but a somewhat slow and stolid expression.

"Buono giorno, Carmina!" he said, lifting the red Levantine cap that he wore and, going up to her, he took out of his pocket, with slow deliberation, a small leather bag, or purse, and gave it to her. "I could have sold twice as many scarfs if I had had them," he said, "so I think we must put a higher price on the next."

"Many thanks, Jacopo," said Carmina.

But Jacopo turned hastily away from her thanks, and addressed Paolo. "I am Jacopo, at your service, signor," he said, in a curiously self-possessed and phlegmatic manner; "the little one," and he pointed to Ninetta, "told me you wished to speak with me."

"I hear that you have a good boat," said Paolo, "and I wished to know if you would take me to Naples in her?"

"When would the signor want to go?" inquired Jacopo, in his deliberate manner.

"This minute, if possible. But I must tell you that I am one of those who have dared to speak and write of a liberated Italy, and have been denounced by the Government. I should be in prison now if I had not managed to get out of Messina. You will see, therefore, that if I were discovered in your boat it might get you into trouble."

"I shouldn't mind running some risk for the pleasure of cheating the cursed barbarians," said Jacopo, "yet no one but a fool would run into a wolf's mouth, when he sees that it is open."

"Certainly not," said Paolo; "but explain your meaning."

"As I was coming from Messina yester-

day evening I was overhauled by a government boat, with a commissary of police and some of his men on board. They told me they were looking for a certain Signor Paolo-Marocchi, a dangerous conspirator. He had been seen, they said, going on board a *speronare*, which they had chased, but on coming up with it he was found to have escaped in some mysterious manner. The *padrone* denied having ever seen him, and declared that the spy must have mistaken some other boat for his; but he had been taken into custody, and it was believed threats of imprisonment, or at least the confiscation of his boat, would extort a confession from him before long."

"No doubt of it," said Paolo. "The wonder is that he has kept silence so long."

"Per Dio!" said Jacopo, "there isn't a man in all these seas wouldn't thwart the tyrants if he could, without running too great a risk. But we all know, if they want a confession they are not at all delicate in their measures for getting it: so we must expect him to tell all he knows any minute and then the *sbirri* will scour all the coast till they find you."

"Which shows that the sooner I am out of this the better," said Paolo.

"Yes, signor; but at this very time their boats are lying in wait, and if we set out in the open day we should have small chance of escaping them?"

"Then what is to be done?" exclaimed Carmina, who had been listening to every word with eager anxiety.

"Either of two things," said Jacopo, in his methodical manner, "the signor can go up the mountains and hide with the Carbonari till the search is given up."

"Impossible!" said Paolo. "My honour requires me to get to Naples with the least possible delay, or to perish in the attempt. The journey by land would be too slow and full of dangers for a proscribed man. There is no way for me but by sea. If you cannot

take me, I must get to Reggio in the best way I can, and try for a boat there."

"*Cospetto!* signor, I did not say I would not take you. This is what I have to propose. The moon goes down before midnight. I know this shore well, and could sail along it in safety on the darkest night. There is a little cove at the far side of that headland, to the left, where the water is so deep, close up to the rocks, that a boat like mine can come near enough for an active man like the signor to jump on board. When the moon sets I will take her round to the cove, and you can get on board much more safely there than where she lies now, surrounded by other boats, perhaps with spies on board, and so far away from the shore that you would have to come off in a skiff from the very place where the *sbirri* would probably land, and where they may already have set a watch for you. But the cove is only known to a few coast sailors like myself. *Ebbene!* what do you say to that plan, signor?"

"I say it promises well."

"And you, Carmina—what do you say?"

"I say it is good, Jacopo."

"Well then, at midnight you will show the signor the way to the cove. She knows it well, signor, for when I was a boy and used to come here with my old mother, now dead and gone, I often carried her there in my arms that she might gather [the red sea-apples that grow in the rocks. *Ebbene*, signor! is it settled?"

"Yes, Jacopo, it is settled, and I shall owe you as many scudi as you choose to demand to be paid at Naples, and my best thanks into the bargain."

"I will not charge you more than a fair remuneration, signor," said Jacopo. "I am a good friend to *La Giovane Italia*."

"Why not join it, Jacopo? Why not give all your strength to the cause of the beloved land? A steady man like you would be worth half a dozen hot-headed

fellows who will fight wild to-day, and perhaps run away to-morrow."

"Running away is not in my line, certainly," said Jacopo, with a half glance at Carmina. "Well, the signor will meet me at the cove when the moon goes down. I will not fail him. But in the meantime keep a good look-out for the *sbirri*. If they learn how you escaped from the *aperonare*, they will probably send orders to those at Reggio to search the coast; but if you watch the road, anyone coming will be seen soon enough for you to escape to the mountains. Carmina can show you the way. *Addio*, signor. *Addio*, Carmina," and once more lifting his red cap, he walked off with a firm steady step and carriage, which gave assurance of a courage and coolness that might safely be relied on in the hour of need.

"This Jacopo is a brave fellow, Carmina," said Paolo.

"Yes, signor, he is brave and good."

"And yet you cannot love him!"

"No, signor, I cannot love him."

"But why not, Carmina?"

"Ah! signor, we cannot give love, even if we wish it—it goes where it will."

Paolo's heart smote him as he looked at her earnest, ingenuous face, and he turned away without another word.

"Carmina," he said a little while after, "You know the place where those who travel yonder road come first in sight; let us bring out your little loom and put it under the fig-tree, and then you can weave your scarfs and watch the road at the same time. And I will lie on the turf at your feet and tell you stories. *Cara* Carmina, we must part to-night, and perhaps we shall never see each other again. Who knows what my fate may bring forth for me to-morrow—perhaps imprisonment, perhaps death? Let us be happy to-day."

So the loom was brought out and put under the great fig-tree, and Carmina wove her bright-coloured scarfs, and Ninetta sat beside her and spun with her spindle, and

Paolo lay on the sweet-scented herbs that grew all about, and told the story of Romeo and Juliet, of Isabella and her Pot of Basil, of the Patient Griselda, and many another sweet old story of love and sorrow, till Carmina's bright eyes swam in tears, and even Ninetta let her spindle fall and listened with something like intelligence.

When the time for the mid-day meal arrived, Paolo insisted on helping Carmina to prepare the *polenta*, and laughed with infinite delight at the mistakes he made. When she went to the spring for fresh water, he followed and stole gently behind her as she leant against a rock waiting till her pitcher, which she had set under the bright, bubbling silvery threads of water flowing out of a crevice in the rocks, should be full. When she stooped to take it up, Paolo was too quick for her, and snatched it away.

"That is not fair, signor," cried Carmina, laughing, "give me back my pitcher."

"Take it then," said Paolo, just suffering her to touch it, and then suddenly raising it far above her reach.

Carmina was little more than a child, and Paolo was but five and twenty; they looked into each other's eyes and saw there light and warmth and love, and for the moment they were happy. The great shadow of parting, the darkness of the uncertain future, were forgotten, and, laughing and chattering like two children, they returned to the cottage.

When their simple meal was over, he helped her to gather the late figs which yet hung on the tree, to string the bright red pepper-pods on myrtle twigs, to tie up little bunches of sweet basil, mint, savory, thyme, and other spicy herbs. It was to him like a living Arcadian idyl, filled with all the fresh, simple, open-air delights which we love to believe made life beautiful when the world was young, and Greece and Italy enchanted lands. He made Carmina teach him how to weave, and laughed as gaily as Ninetta at his awkward attempts at learning. All the gravity

and gloom with which a life full of hazards and responsibilities, and devoted to one great purpose, had clouded his brilliant youth, vanished as if by magic, and he felt as if he had suddenly grown careless, joyous, light-hearted as a boy. A prophetic looker-on might have believed him possessed with that wild exhilaration of spirits which superstition tells us is the certain harbinger of coming evil. But the glowing sun crossed the zenith and dropped down towards the horizon, and no sign of danger appeared.

As evening came on, Paolo's wild excitement calmed somewhat down, and his mood grew quieter. Taking a pencil and piece of paper cut of his pocket, he made a hasty sketch of the cottage, the rocks, the fig-tree, the lovely little bay in front, the mountains in the background, and Carmina standing at the cottage door. It was the merest outline, and Carmina looking over his shoulder could barely recognize the scene. "It is only a shadow," said Paolo, "but the living colours are painted on my heart." Putting it carefully in his pocket-book, he went to a great elder bush which grew near, cut a branch with his pocket knife, and fashioned it into a rustic pipe which the peasants in the Abruzzi had taught him to make when a boy. He was an exquisite musician, and from this imperfect instrument he drew forth such rich, thrilling strains, as Carmina had never heard before. First he played the bright inspiring music of "I Puritani," in which Bellini has enshrined all the patriotic devotion of his pure and noble nature; and then, as if involuntarily, the notes changed, and the tender pathos of the *Sonnambula*, the passionate love and despair of Norma, seemed the voice of Paolo's own soul, and found an answering echo in Carmina's. His eyes sought hers till their glances met, and her soul seemed drawn forth and mingled with his. His flute dropped, and, drawing close to her, he silently clasped her hand, and thus they sat, they knew not how long, as in a delicious dream.

"Carmina, Carmina!" cried Ninetta, run-

ning up to them, "the goats are bleating to be milked; don't you hear them?"

Slowly the hands of the lovers unclasped themselves, and they rose, scarce conscious for a moment of where they were.

"Madonna be praised, the sun will soon set now," said Carmina, "and then the signor will be safe!"

"And the most beautiful day of my life will be ended," said Paolo.

At this moment a heavy cloud seemed to creep over the sun, the goats rushed wildly towards them, and they saw climbing the terrace from the *fumare*, a commissary of police and three men. In their short trance of bliss the lovers had forgotten to watch the road, and fate had seized them in the very moment of their fancied security. Escape was impossible. Paolo had a revolver in his pocket, but it had been thoroughly soaked when he had jumped out of the *speronare*. The *sbirri* were strong stout men, well armed, and there was nothing to be done but submit.

"Signor, you are my prisoner," said the commissary, while his men gathered round, and Carmina pressed her white lips together to keep back her screams, and looked on with wild despairing eyes.

"Where are you going to take me?" asked Paolo.

"To Reggio to-night, signor; to-morrow to Messina," said the commissary, civilly enough—"but first it is my duty to search you for any concealed papers or documents."

Paolo's light summer jacket and trowsers, and even his cap, were quickly but closely examined. The useless revolver, a purse containing some scudi and bank bills, a pocket-book, a watch, a pocket-knife, and some loose coins were all that were found. In the pocket-book were memoranda in various ciphers, of which the commissary could evidently make nothing. The sketch Paolo had made a little while ago seemed equally puzzling, and in spite of Paolo's request that it at least might be restored to

him, he put it carefully away with the other contents of the pocket-book. The knife, a handkerchief, and the loose coins he returned to Paolo; the revolver he handed over to one of his men; as to the watch and purse he hesitated.

"It is necessary that these bills should be examined by my chief, signor," he said.

"Be it so," said Paolo, "and as to the scudi and my watch, which, as you see, is a valuable one, have the goodness to take charge of them for me."

The commissary bowed. He understood very well what Paolo meant. He was not above receiving a bribe and giving to his prisoners in return such indulgences as seemed compatible with their safe keeping.

"I think you may spare the signor the annoyance of those handcuffs you are parading there, Niccolo," he said, "at least for the present. A rich and generous signor like his Excellenza is not to be treated like a poor vagabond."

"Not if he will come quietly," said Niccolo, somewhat gruffly; "but, for my part, I think it is best always to make sure. It saves trouble in the end."

"I shall not attempt any resistance," said Paolo. "Such odds as four armed men against one unarmed are rather too much for me."

"Well said, signor," said the commissary. "You may put up your handcuffs, Niccolo." And he slipped some scudi out of Paolo's purse into the *sbirri's* hand. "Two for each," he said, knowing well that he must divide his spoils with his men, if he expected them to connive at his dishonesty.

By this time the sky, which had been growing darker and darker every moment, had become almost black, the wind had risen, and a vivid flash of lightning leaping out of the livid clouds, brought with it a crash of thunder that seemed to shake the ground beneath them as well as the heavens overhead, and resounded with deafening echoes through the mountains. Flash after

flash, peal after peal followed, and large heavy drops of rain began to fall.

"Jesu, Maria!" cried the *sbirri*, "what a storm! Let us go into the cottage."

"Will the signor go first," said the commissary, keeping close to Paolo.

"Come, Carmina," said Paolo, gently touching her, for she stood perfectly still, like a beautiful statue, while the blue forked lightnings played round her head—"come into the cottage."

"Into the cottage!" she exclaimed—"Oh, yes, Madonna has not forsaken us!"

They were soon all in the cottage, where they found Ninetta crying and sobbing with terror, and the poor bed-ridden mother nearly as much frightened. The rain poured down, not in drops, but great sheets of water; the wind blew with terrific violence; the thunder broke with incessant peals and deafening claps over the very roof; and the vivid blaze of the lightning lit up the room. The commissary and his men crossed themselves, and repeated one *Ave* after another; Ninetta screamed, and the *madre* answered her cries with low groans and lamentations. Even Paolo looked pale, but Carmina seemed suddenly to have recovered all her spirit and energy. Calm and self-possessed she went about the house, closing the window shutters, fastening the door, and lighting the lamp. Then she prepared a composing draught for her mother, and made Ninetta, who lay coiled on the bed beside the *madre*, take one also; soothing them with caresses and encouraging words, till their wailings ceased and they slept, or seemed to sleep.

But these summer storms on the Mediterranean, though fierce, are brief. The lightning grew less vivid and came at longer intervals, the rain gradually ceased, the wind died away, and the thunder rolled in the distance. The commissary and his men recovered their courage and ceased their prayers.

"The storm has gone by," said the com-

missary. "Go out, *l'iccolo*, and see if we may march."

"Pardon, signor commissary," said Carmina, "but you will not be able to go to Reggio to-night."

"*Diavolo*," said the commissary, "why not?"

"Have you forgotten the *fumare* you crossed close by the cottage? It is roaring like a cataract by this time."

"Santa Madonna! I am afraid she is right," said one of the men.

"*Cospetto*, go and see," said the commissary.

Niccolo went out, but soon returned with the unwelcome intelligence that the *fumare* was quite impassable; the water from the mountain streams which the rain had flooded was pouring down white with foam, and bearing stones, shrubs and even small trees in its wild course.

"Then we must stay where we are," said the philosophical commissary. "See here, little one," and he turned to Carmina—

"Have you got anything in the house to eat and drink?"

"Not much, *Eccellenza*—only some bread and cheese and figs."

"Is there any wine?"

"A little, *Eccellenza*; not much."

"Well, bring us all you have, *carina*, and be quick about it."

"Yes, *Eccellenza*," and Carmina hastened to obey, apparently with great alacrity.

"If we had a pack of cards it might help to pass the time," said the commissary.

"Come, Luigi, I'll be sworn you are not without one."

Luigi grinned and produced an ancient and well-thumbed pack, and, gathering round the table, the men were soon deep in the mysteries of "Red and Black."

The commissary invited Paolo to join them, but he refused, and, leaning his head against the wall, as he lay half reclining on the great chest, he seemed sunk in sombre meditation. His eyes followed Carmina as

she moved about, but it was with a vague, shadowy feeling of the unreality of all that surrounded him, as we see things in dreams. He saw Carmina collecting her small stock of provisions, and arranging them before the *sbirri*, as if she were eager to please them. He saw her searching up four drinking cups and then taking them to a table in a shadowy corner where she had prepared her mother's sleeping draught; he saw her fill them from the wicker-bound wine bottle, and hand one to each man.

"You believe in a fair division of your favours, pretty one," said the commissary. "But is this all you have?"

"There is a little more, signor," said Carmina, as she placed the bottle on the table.

But by this time the players were in a state of frantic excitement over their game. Much talking and screaming had made them thirsty, and each man drank off his glass almost at a draught.

"More, more, girl," said the commissary, "fill for us again." Carmina obeyed.

"And hearken, little one," the commissary continued: "Why do you not give the poor fellow yonder some? He seems terribly down in the mouth."

But Carmina never once looked at Paolo. "Presently, signor," she said indifferently.

"*Peste!*" cried one of the *sbirri* the next minute. "What are you doing with the cards, men? You are mixing them all up together!"

"No, but you are upsetting the table," cried another; "everything will be on the floor in a moment."

"*Diavolo!* the room is going round!" cried the commissary.

The next instant the heads of the four card-players had fallen on the table, and they lay motionless and breathing heavily.

"*Per Dio!* what is this?" cried Paolo, suddenly springing to his feet. "Carmina, what have you been giving them? Is it poison?"

"No, signor," said Carmina, "though

it would be little matter if it were. It is a charm the wise mother Olympia gave me to put the *madre* to sleep when her pains are too bad to bear. They will sleep now for hours, and before they waken you will be far enough out of their reach."

As she spoke she opened the door, letting in a flood of moonlight. "Come now, Signor Paolo," she said, looking up at him with bright sparkling eyes, "let us go."

Amazed, bewildered, like some one suddenly wakened out of a bad dream, Paolo followed her out of the cottage. Every vestige of the storm had disappeared from the sky, which was now blue and cloudless, and full of stars whose fainter light was lost in the lustre of the moon.

"Will the signor come with me now to Mother Olympia's hut?" said Carmina, "it will not take us much out of our way, and we shall be at the Cove long before the moon sets."

"I will go with you to Mother Olympia's or anywhere you choose, *mia* Carmina," said Paolo, "but what do you want her for?"

"I want her to take care of the *madre* and Ninetta till I come back," said Carmina. "If the *sbirri* should waken sooner than I expect, she will talk to them and make them go quietly away. Every one from Rome to Reggio knows the wise Olympia and obeys her commands, for her power is great. Madonna grant she may be here now, for she seldom stays long in one place."

Full of eager and joyful excitement, only restrained by Paolo's somewhat serious and abstracted manner, Carmina hurriedly climbed a rough path, if path it could be called, leading from the terrace towards the mountains, and Paolo with difficulty kept pace with her swift footsteps. After proceeding at this rapid rate for a few minutes, a huge rock and a great ilex tree seemed to bar their way; but Carmina, turning a little aside, led the way round the rock, and Paolo following saw a little hut built of turf and reeds resting under its shelter.

The door of the hut was open; a brass lamp of antique fashion, with many wicks, was burning inside, and in the doorway, on an old tripod-like seat, an ancient woman sat spinning with a distaff and spindle. She was almost as small as a child, and her tiny fleshless hands were like the hands of a skeleton; her hair was of a peculiar silvery whiteness, shining with an unearthly lustre in the moonlight, and giving a more ghastly aspect to her ashen, wrinkled features; but out of this corpse-like face shone two piercing bright black eyes, full of a strange solemn searching power, which might have served for the eyes of one of the awful Fates. Nearly all the hut behind her was in shadow, but close beside her appeared the head and horns of a goat munching some provender.

"And what does the little Carmina want with the old Olympia to-night?" asked this weird old crone, before Carmina could speak, "and who is the handsome Eccellenza she has brought with her?" And she bent her piercing eyes on Paolo, who felt as if they were capable of reading his inmost soul.

A very few words sufficed to make the sibyl comprehend all that Carmina had to tell. Evidently her acute intelligence was of a sort which, to the ignorant, might well seem born of the supernatural and mysterious intuition to which she pretended.

"Say no more, *figliuola*," she said, "I understand it all. You want me to protect the *madre* and Ninetta from the *sbirri* when they wake. But that won't be for a long time yet; for a charm mixed in a storm always works well. Ah! it were little matter if they never woke—dogs, vipers, scorpions that they are! The old Olympia wouldn't think much of giving them a medicine that would make them sleep for ever. But the little Carmina is young and innocent, and must keep her soul white and clean while she can. Carmina believes in Madonna and the Saints, and the Sancto

Bambino—all the Church and the priest tell her to believe, but the old Olympia believes in none of these things. I am of the old faith; I believe in the old gods and in spells and charms and omens; and I have power—power over the invisible secrets of earth and air. And every one in Sicily and Calabria, in Naples and Rome, east and west, north and south, knows it and fears the wise Olympia."

She had risen while speaking, and waved her wasted fingers like birds' claws towards every quarter of the horizon. Her small spare figure seemed to dilate and grow tall, her withered, ashen-hued face, her silvery shining hair, her black piercing eyes, gleaming from under her white coif, looked wild and unearthly as she stood in the red sullen flame of the lamp, which gleamed with a lurid vapourous glow contrasted with the pure clear light of the moon. The dark twisted stem of the ilex tree raised itself over the hut, and among its glittering waxen leaves, pointed with thorns, hung streamers of pale grey moss, waving back and forward in the light night breeze. The wholescene was grotesquely weird; and the horned head of the goat, thrusting itself forward when its mistress rose, added to its wild necromantic character. It was not without a curious thrill of that delight which imaginative natures always feel in anything which even for a moment seems to take them out of the prosaic limits of commonplace existence, into the shadowy regions of the unknown, that Paolo beheld it. As for Carmina, she had evidently perfect faith in the sibyl's pretensions; but she had known her since she was a child, and her reverence was totally unmingled with fear.

"It is true," she said, "the wise Olympia is powerful and men fear her; but she is always good to the poor and helpless, and she will protect the *madre* and Ninetta from harm."

"Be satisfied, *figliuola*, no one shall harm them. I will tell the cursed *sbirri* that it

was I who put them to sleep and released their prisoner, and they will not dare to ask why I did it. I will command them to go back to Reggio and swear that the signor was not to be found on all the coast, and they will do as I bid them and no one shall find fault. Such power has the old Olympia."

Then she turned to Paolo and gazed on him with that keen penetrating scrutiny in which, no doubt, lay half her power over the hopes and fears of men.

"Signor! I have heard of you before to-night," she said. "You have served the cause of *la Patria*, and are a friend of the beloved Garibaldi. Ah! signor, is not that a soldier-hero? Like the brave men who lived in the great days of old. I saw him not long since, Eccellenza. He passed through the mountains with a handful of men carrying the glorious tri-coloured flag—the red, white and green. They were poorly dressed, signor, and worse shod, and carried whatever weapons had come to their hands; but every man had the soul of a patriot and hero, and was worthy to follow his great-hearted leader. He wore the red shirt, like the rest, with a silk handkerchief loosely knotted round his neck and flowing down his back, a hat with black plumes, and a great crooked sabre in a glittering steel scabbard. I saw them coming, signor, and I stood on a high rock and, as they went by, I threw a laurel bough on the noble general's head. And he caught it, and pulling off the leaves, scattered them among the men. '*Coraggio ragazzi!*' he said, 'Courage, boys! we shall have a laurel bough each when we get to Naples!' Ah! signor, I think I see him now—his bronze coloured hair and beard, his blue grey eye, his grave, steadfast look—brave as a lion, gentle as a child—a true king of men. But a king he never shall be, nor a king's favourite. He shall have a greater destiny. To him shall be the glory, to others the gain. He shall give a throne and receive instead a prison! But the whole

world shall hail him as Italy's great Liberator, and he shall reign forever over the hearts of his countrymen!"

As she spoke her fixed dilated eyes looked with a far-off gaze, as if she were rapt in a vision of the future, and her word seemed to drop from her lips as if impelled by some power not her own.

"And Mazzini, mother?" exclaimed Paolo, almost believing for the moment that he was listening to some inspired oracle. "He who has kept the sacred lamp of Freedom burning through Italy's darkest night, and fed it with the divine flame from his own soul—what of him?"

"Scorn, suspicion, slander and ignominy shall be his portion during life—after death all free peoples shall do honour to his memory, and Italy shall worship him as the noblest and purest of all the great names that light up the pages of her wondrous story!"

"And what can you tell me of my own destiny, mother? Shall it be in anything like that of my great leaders?"

Bringing back her gaze, as it were, from that mystic region in which she read the secrets invisible to common vision, she turned her glance on Paolo and regarded him for a little while in silence, her gaze seeming to penetrate every corner of his heart and soul.

"Signor, Italy is dear to you—you love her well—but you were not born to be one of her martyrs—when she triumphs, you shall triumph! Fortune shall always favour you!" Then she turned to Carmina and gazed for a moment on her eager listening face—"Maiden!" she said, "your fate is linked with his—the threads of your destinies are twined together—I see both you and him wrapped in a crimson mist—is it blood?—is it the sun rising rosy red? I know not. My hour of prophecy is ended."

"It is the bright sun rising over free Italy!" exclaimed Paolo.

"May it be so, signor!" said the sibyl, "Now, *figliuola*, guide the signor to the

Cove, while the old Olympia goes to take care of the *madre*."

"First take these, mother," said Paolo, and he emptied all the coins the commissary had left him into the sibyl's hands, "you should have had more, mother, if the *sbirri* had not taken my purse."

"Ah! the accursed hounds," she cried, "may the bird of Jove one day pick the eyes out of their unburied corpses. Farewell, noble eccellenza. *Figliuola*, do not fear for your helpless ones; the old Olympia will take care of them."

Then with her spindle in her hand, and followed by her shaggy goat, she disappeared round the rock so suddenly that if Paolo had not known the way she went, he might have been tempted to believe that the earth had swallowed her.

"Carmina!" said Paolo to his guide, as she led the way among the rocks to the sea, "do you believe that the threads of our destinies are mingled together as the wise Olympia said?"

"Yes, signor," said Carmina, "I believe it."

"Tell me how and in what way, *mia* Carmina."

"Signor, I have helped to save you from prison, perhaps from death—will not that give me always some share in your life? Will you not always remember the poor Carmina, though perhaps she will never see you more?"

"Remember you? Is that all you ask in return for the life you have given me?"

"Yes, signor, all." But as she said it her voice faltered.

Paolo said no more, and in a few minutes the sea came in sight. Following the windings of the shore for a few yards, the little Cove opened suddenly before them, the deep water flowing close up to a series of flat rocks, rising one above another like steps of stairs. Beside these steps two or three enormous chestnut trees were growing, flinging wide their great arms, through which the

moon, now near her setting, poured a flood of veiled soft light, making the mossy ground beneath look like an enchanted bower, in which the fireflies shone and glittered like fairy lamps.

"Now, signor, you are indeed safe," said Carmina. "Jacopo will soon be here, and the Madonna will guide you safely over the waves to Naples as I saw her do in my dream."

Paolo gazed at her beautiful face, eloquent with all the struggling emotions that filled her heart, and looking more touching and pathetic in the moon's pale light than he had ever seen it before.

"You are my *madonna*, Carmina *mia*! You shall guide me safely over the waves! I will not go without you."

"Without me, Signor Paolo?" faltered Carmina.

"Oh, Carmina, did you think I could leave you behind me? I love you, my own one; I love you with all my heart and soul. Do you not love me?"

He held out his arms, and she threw herself into them, and sobbed out all the pent-up emotions of the last few hours on his breast.

"Let us sit down, my Carmina," said Paolo.

Still holding her in his arms, he soothed her agitation with soft kisses and loving words, till at last her passionate weeping ceased, and she grew calmer.

"Oh, *carissima*!" said Paolo, "I loved you from the first moment I saw you, but I tried to conquer my passion; I told myself that no other love should interfere with my love for Italy. But to love you, my Carmina, will only make my love for Italy the holier and purer. You will help me to save her from her tyrants as you have saved me from their hirelings. What bliss it will be to hold my darling in my arms to-night as we bound over the free waves instead of leaving her behind and carrying with me an empty heart which no joy could ever fill again! But what is the matter, *carissima*?—You turn away your

face—when I kiss you, you kiss me not again. Do you not love me, Carmina?"

"Oh, Signor Paolo," Carmina began—

But Paolo interrupted her. "Do not call me signor; call me Paolo."

"Paolo—Paolo *mio!*" she exclaimed, "I love you, I adore you, I worship you; but I cannot go with you!"

"Carmina, what is it you say? Do you not understand me? You shall be my wife, my beloved and honoured wife. The moment we get to Naples, we shall be united for ever. Will you not trust me, Carmina? I swear to make you my wife."

"Oh, Paolo, I want no oaths, no promises; it would be my pride and joy to follow you all over the world; but I cannot leave the poor *madre* and Ninetta."

For a moment, Paolo was silent from surprise. Though he had admired Carmina's devotion to her mother and sister, it had never once occurred to him that it could for an instant compete with her love for him, or be the slightest obstacle to her accompanying him to Naples.

"Then you love them better than you love me?" he said at last.

"Ah! no," said poor Carmina, simply. "Madonna forgive me, it seems to me now that I do not love them at all—that I cannot love any one but you; but they love me—they trust in me; could I be so base as to forsake them?"

"And do not I love you, Carmina?"

"Signor Paolo, you have health and strength, and a great mind; you have friends; you have your hopes for Italy; you have many things. They have nothing in the world but me; I will never desert them."

In a passion of mortified love and anger Paolo sprang up and walked away. Carmina buried her face in her hands, and wept those hopeless tears in whose bitter flow love and joy and life itself seem ebbing away. But after a little while, as the sound of her anguished weeping reached his ears,

Paolo's heart smote him, and, coming back, he knelt down beside her, put his arms round her, and drew her face close to his. "Forgive me, *amina mia!*" he said, "I know you love me."

She clung to him passionately, but could not speak.

"Listen to me, *carissima*. You may be sure the wise Olympia will take care of the *madre* and Ninetta till she hears from you. She will understand very well where you have gone. You know that she said our fates were joined together. It is your destiny to come with me, Carmina, and you cannot escape it."

"Oh, Signor Paolo, it must not be. It the *madre* knew I had gone away and left her she would die with grief in a day, and then I should have murdered my mother."

"And what about me, Carmina? I shall die with grief if you do not come."

"Ah! signor, you are too wise and strong to die of grief for the loss of a simple girl like me. You will say, as you said a little while ago, it is better that you should have no other love to interfere with your love for Italy."

"False girl!" exclaimed Paolo, "you judge me by yourself; to-morrow you will have forgotten me."

"To-morrow! Never, signor! While I live your image and yours only shall fill my heart and soul! May Madonna above forsake me if for one moment I forget you or cease to love you!"

"Love!" said Paolo, bitterly. "What sort of love is that which can torture the beloved one so cruelly as you are torturing me?"

"Oh, Paolo *mio*, am I torturing you? Forgive me, forgive me; I think my heart is broken. When the wise Olympia said our fates were joined together, I think she meant that I was to die for you—pine away and die when you have left me."

"No, my Carmina, no, you must not die," and Paolo clasped her again. "Come

with me, and live to bless me. Your mother shall be taken care of. I will pay Jacopo to bring her and Ninetta to Naples. You shall put them to board in a convent, where you can see them every day. Come with me, my heart's beloved, soul of my soul; come, and be my pride, my joy, my heart's best treasure."

"Oh, Paolo, Paolo, I wish I could die in your arms this moment. I know I shall die when you are gone; but I cannot go with you. The *madre* is so old and grey and feeble; her life hangs by a thread; if I left her for a single day, she would die. Madonna, have pity upon me and help me! I must not forsake my mother."

"Well, be it so," said Paolo. "I thought I had found a love that would have counted all the world as nothing for my sake; but I have been bitterly mistaken."

Again he sprang up, almost flinging her from him as he did so, and, going to the edge of the Cove, looked out across the water. Carmina still sat where he had left her, no longer weeping, but still and motionless as if she had been turned into stone.

By this time the moon had gone down, and only the faint tremulous light of the stars was in the sky. The sea murmured and moaned, as if in sympathy with the passionate unrest which agitated the hearts of the lovers. The fireflies gave out their light in fitful flashes, and faint gleams of lightning appeared and vanished at intervals on the distant horizon. Suddenly a low rushing sound was heard close to the Cove, and the next instant a boat came round the rocky shore, throwing up showers of phosphorescent light as the waves parted beneath her keel. With a wild hurried impulse, Paolo darted to Carmina. "*Mia Carmina!*" he exclaimed, "here is Jacopo, will you not come? Say yes—oh! say yes; in a moment more it will be too late, and I shall have gone for ever!"

But Carmina neither spoke nor moved. Terrified at her strange silence and stillness,

Paolo caught hold of her hands; they were as cold as death. "Carmina! Carmina! what is this!" he exclaimed. "She is ill—she is dying; oh, my God, have I killed her?"

His wild despairing tones, his frenzied grasp, his passionate kisses, roused Carmina from the stupor of anguish into which she had fallen. "No, no," she said, "I am better now. Go with Jacopo."

"But not without you, Carmina. Come with me; oh, my beloved, come!"

"I cannot, Signor Paolo, I cannot. Forgive me—forget me!" and, sliding from his arms, she threw herself on the ground.

But the next moment Paolo had raised her, and clasped her passionately to his heart. "Forget you, Carmina? Never! Brave, noble, heroic girl, how could I forget you? Oh, my Carmina, I have been selfish and cruel. I am not worthy of you, but I love you—I will love you for ever. Dry your tears, *carissima*, and tell me you will not grieve any more. We shall not be parted for long. As soon as I can get away from Naples, I will come back to you, and make you my wife. Keep up your courage, my noble girl, we shall yet be happy. We shall live to see the sun rise on a free and united Italy, and we shall see it together!"

The sudden reaction from despair to rapture was almost more than Carmina could bear; but joy seldom kills, and after a minute or two she was able to murmur broken assurances of her love and happiness.

By this time Jacopo had brought his boat to the steps, and, surprised at finding no one to meet him, had given a low signal whistle.

"Go now, go at once," said Carmina; "Madonna, preserve you, Paolo *mio*, and send you back to me again!"

"I will come back, my Carmina; do not fear but I will come back. But it is hard to part. Is it not hard to part, my Carmina?"

"Not so hard now I know you will come back," said Carmina. "But there is Jacopo's whistle again. Oh, Paolo, Paolo *mio*, you must go!" And, kissing him passionately, she tore herself away.

But Paolo clasped her once more. "Farewell, my love, my bride," he said. "My heart is yours now and for ever!"

The next moment he had sprung on board the *felucca*, and Carmina watched it slowly disappearing, and leaving a train of light in its wake. Paolo had gone, but Carmina was not alone, for love and faith and hope were with her.

(*To be continued.*)

MEMORIES.

BY M. E. MUCHALL.

MEMORIES! memories! why do ye spring
 From the heart's deep caverns to-night,
 And why do ye sadness around me fling
 Instead of a silvery light?

Memories! oh, ye have made me weep,
 For ye bring to my earnest gaze
 Friends lying silent in death's still sleep,
 Dear friends of my youthful days.

Ye have brought to my sight in the dim twilight,
 My mother's hallowed face,
 And I bathe in the light of the smile I loved
 In the years that are fled apace.

My sister whose voice like music fell,
 And soft was the clasp of her hand;
 She is here to-night and I know her well,
 Yes, here from the Spirit land.

One dearer than all stands before me now,
 Ye have brought her again to my sight,
 With the far away look in her soft blue eyes,
 And her smile which was ever so bright.

She stands by my side as in days gone by
 She stood 'neath the elm tree old,
 With the sunlight dancing amid her hair,
 And glinting her curls with gold.

I might almost dream she was here again,
 From the land of the blest ones above,
 But I wait for the low sweet voice in vain,
 The voice of my early love.

THE LAST OF THE HURONS.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

THE shores of the Georgian Bay present to the voyager upon its waters a picturesque variety of bold headlands, rocky islands of every size and shape, and quiet inlets bordered by the columned forest or the smiling clearing and thriving town or village. The region between Nottawasaga Bay and Lake Simcoe, which is now a rich agricultural district, was, two centuries and a half ago, the home of the numerous and powerful Huron nation of Indians. Much of this region is still covered with what seems to be a virgin forest, yet the plough and the axe of the pioneer often bring to light the relics of a former population concerning whom local tradition is silent, and of whom the lingering red men of the present know nothing. Yet in the pages of history live the records of this lost race, written with a fidelity and vigour that rehabilitate the past and bring us face to face with this extinct nation. The three large volumes of *Relations des Jésuites** now before me contain a minute and graphic account by men of scholastic training, keen insight and cultivated powers of observation, of the daily life, the wars and conflicts, the social, and especially the religious condition, of this strange people. As we read these quaint old pages, we are present at the firesides and the festivals of the Huron nation; we witness their superstitious rites and usages, their war and medicine dances and their funeral customs; and, at length, as the result of the pious zeal of the Jesuit missionaries, their general adoption of Chris-

tianity and their celebration of Christian worship.

In the region between the Georgian Bay, Lake Simcoe and the river Severn, in the year 1639, were no less than thirty-two Huron villages, and about thirty thousand inhabitants. These villages were not mere squalid collections of wigwams, but consisted of well built dwellings, about thirty or thirty-five feet high, as many wide, and sometimes thirty and even a hundred yards long. They were generally well fortified by a ditch rampart and three or four rows of palisades; and sometimes had flanking bastions which covered the front with a cross-fire. The inhabitants were not mere hunting nomades, but an agricultural people, who laid up ample stores of provisions, chiefly Indian corn, for their maintenance during the winter.

It is not within the scope of this paper to describe the planting of the Huron mission, but rather to depict the closing scenes of this forest tragedy.

As early as 1626, Jean de Brébeuf, an apostle of the Hurons, had visited, and for three years remained among these savage tribes. On Kirk's conquest of Quebec he was recalled, but in 1634, accompanied by Pères Daniel and Davost, he returned under a savage escort to the temporarily abandoned mission. By a tortuous route of nine hundred miles up the Ottawa, and through Lake Nipissing, French River, and the Georgian Bay, they reached the Bay of Penetanguishene. Over four-and-thirty portages, sometimes of several miles, often steep and rugged, through tangled forests and over sharp rocks that lacerated their naked feet, the missionary pioneers helped to bear their bark canoes and their contents. Fifty times

* For forty years, 1632-1672, these *Relations* were annually sent to the Provincial of the Order at Paris. They were collected and published in three large 8vo volumes by the Canadian Government in 1858. I have closely followed these *Relations* in the text.

they had to plunge into rapids and, wading or stumbling over boulders in the rocky channel, to drag the laden boats against an arrowy stream. With drenched and tattered garments, with weary and fasting frames, with bruised and mangled feet, stung by mosquitoes and venomous insects, they had to sleep on the damp earth or naked rock. "But amid it all," writes Brébeuf, "my soul enjoyed a sublime contentment, knowing that all I suffered was for God."* Separated from his companions and abandoned by his perfidious escort, Brébeuf offered himself and all his labours to God for the salvation of these poor savages, † and pressed through the woods to the scene of his former toil. He found that Brulé, a fellow-countryman, had been cruelly murdered in his absence and, with prophetic instinct, anticipated the same fate for himself, but desired only that it might be in advancing the glory of God. Davost and Daniel soon after arrived, a mission house and chapel were built, and the latter decorated with a few pictures, images and sacred vessels, brought with much trouble over the long and difficult route from Quebec. Here the Christian altar was reared, surpliced priests chanted the ancient litanies of the church, whose unwonted sounds awoke strange echoes in the forest aisles, and savage tribes were besought by the *death of Christ and love of Mary to seek the salvation of the Cross.*

But by weary years of hope deferred the missionaries' faith was sorely tried. They toiled and preached and prayed and fasted, without any apparent reward of their labour: the ramparts of error seemed impregnable. The hosts of hell seemed leagued against them. The Indian "sorcerers," as the Jesuits called medicine-men, whom they believed to be the imps of Satan, if not, indeed,

his human impersonation, stirred up the passions of their tribe against the mystic medicine-men of the pale-faces. These were the cause, they alleged, of the fearful drought that parched the land, of the dread pestilence that consumed the people; the malign spell of their presence neutralized the skill of the hunter and the valour of the bravest warrior. The chanting of their sacred litanies was mistaken for a magic incantation, and the mysterious ceremonies of the mass for a malignant conjury. The cross was a charm of evil potency, blasting the crop and affrighting the thunder-bird that brought the refreshing rain.

The missionaries walked in the shadow of a perpetual peril. Often the tomahawk gleamed above their heads or a deadly ambush lurked for their lives. But beneath the protection of St. Mary and St. Joseph they walked unhurt. The murderous hand was restrained, the death-winged arrow was turned aside; undismayed by their danger, undeterred by lowering looks and muttered curse, they calmly went on their way of mercy. In winter storms and summer heat, from plague-smitten town to town, they journeyed through the dreary forest, to administer their homely simples to the victims of the loathsome small-pox, to exhort the dying, to absolve the penitent, and, where possible, to hallow with Christian rites the burial of the dead. The wail of a sick child, faintly heard through the bark walls of an infected cabin, was an irresistible appeal to the missionaries' heart. Heedless of the scowling glance or rude insult, they would enter the dwelling and, by stealth or guile, they would administer the sacred rite which snatched an infant soul from endless perdition,—from the jaws of the "Infernal Wolf."‡ They

* "Mon âme ressentait de très-grands contentemens, considérant que ie suffrois pour Dieu. Brébeuf, *Relation des Hurons*, 1635, p. 26.

† "M'offris a nostre Seigneur, avec tous nos petits travaux, pour le salut de ces pauvres peuples."—*Ib.* 28.

‡ "Ce loup infernal." Thus, as they phrased it, the dying infants were changed "from little savages to little angels." Of a thousand baptisms in 1639—all but twenty were baptised in immediate danger of death. Two hundred and sixty were infants and many more quite young.

shared the privations and discomforts of savage life. They endured the torments of filth and vermin, of stifling, acrid smoke parching the throat and inflaming the eyes till the letters of the breviary seemed written in blood. Often they had no privacy for devotion save in the dim crypts of the forest, where, carving a cross upon a tree, they chanted their solemn litanies till, gnawed to the bone by the piercing cold, they returned to the reeking hut and the foul orgies of pagan superstition.

Yet the hearts of the missionaries quailed not: they were sustained by a lofty enthusiasm that courted danger as a condition of success. The genile Lalemant prayed that if the blood of the martyrs were the necessary seed of the Church, its effusion should not be wanting. Nor did the mission lack in time that dread baptism. The pious Fathers believed that powers supernal and infernal fought for them or against them in their assault upon the Kingdom of Satan. On the side of Christ, His Virgin Mother and the blessed gospel were legions of angels and the sworded seraphim. Opposed to them were all the powers of darkness, aided by those imps of the pit, the dreaded "sorcerers," whom Satan clothed with vicarious skill to baffle the efforts of the missionaries and the prayers of the holy Saints. Foul fiends haunted the air, and their demoniac shrieks or blood-curdling laughter could be heard in the wailing night wind, or in the howling of the wolves down the dim forest aisles. More dreadful still, assuming lovely siren forms, they assailed the missionary on the side of his human weakness, but at the holy sign of the Cross the baneful spell was broken—the tempting presence melted into air.*

* Ragueneau, *Relation des Hurons*, 1649, 24. One chapter of the *Relations* is headed *Du règne de Satan en ces contrées*, which the simple Fathers designated the very fortress and donjon-keep of demons—une des principales forteresses, et comme un donjon des Démon.

Yet, with these intensely realistic conceptions of their ghostly foes, the Jesuits shrank not from the conflict with Hell itself. Emparadised in beatific vision, they beheld the glorious palace of the skies prepared, a heavenly voice assured them, for those who dwelt in savage hovels for the cause of God on earth. Angelic visitants cheered their lonely vigils, and even the Blessed Mother of Christ, surrounded by a choir of holy virgins, by her smile of heavenly approbation enbraved their souls for living martyrdom.† Nor were they without previsions of their future sufferings and of the manner in which they should glorify God.

Many years before his martyrdom, Christ crowned with thorns and the Blessed Virgin with transpierced heart appeared in a vision to Brébeuf, and revealed to him that he also should tread the thorny way of the holy Cross. Again, the Saviour, with an infinite compassion, folded him in a loving embrace, pardoned all his sins, and, with the assurance that he was a chosen vessel to bear his name unto the Gentiles, showed him how great things he must suffer for His name's sake. In a transport of devotion the willing victim exclaimed—"Naught shall separate me from the love of Christ, nor tribulation, nor nakedness, nor peril, nor the sword."‡ His ardour for martyrdom rising into a passion he writes, "I feel myself vehemently impelled to die for Christ."§ Wishing to make himself a holocaust, says his biographer, and a victim consecrated to death and to anticipate the happiness of the fate that awaited him, he made a vow never to refuse the grace of martyrdom, but to accept the stroke of death with all the contentment and joy of his heart. "Yea, Lord," he exclaimed, "though all the torments that captives in these lands can undergo in their cruel sufferings should fall on me alone, I

† *Relation* 1649, 24.

‡ Ragueneau, *Relation des Hurons*, 1649, 23.

§ "Sentio : pro Christo." *Ib.* 18.

offer, with all my heart, to endure them in my own person."*

Indeed he sought by his rigorous penances to make his life a continuous martyrdom. Beneath his hair-shirt he wore an iron girdle, studded with sharp points. Daily, or more often still, he inflicted upon himself unsparing flagellation. His fasts were frequent and austere, and often, in pious vigils, he wore the night away.

Such enthusiasm as that of these empassioned devotees was not without its unfailling reward. Inveterate prejudice was overcome, bitter hostility was changed to tender affection, and the worn and faded close, black cassock, the cross and rosary hanging from the girdle, and the wide-brimmed looped-up hat of the Jesuit missionary became the objects of loving regard instead of the symbols of a dreaded spiritual power. The Indians abandoned their cruel and cannibal practices. Many of them received Christian baptism. In the rude forest sanctuary was broken to savage neophytes the sacred bread which the crowned monarchs of Europe received from the hands of mitred priests beneath cathedral dome. As at evening the Angelus sounded

“ The bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as a priest with
his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings
among them.
From the rustic altar the crucifix * * *
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude
kneeling beneath it.”

The little children were taught to repeat the *Ave*, the *Credo* and the *Pater Noster*. Rude natures were touched to human tenderness and pity by the tender story of a Saviour's love; and lawless passions were restrained by the dread menace of eternal

* Ouy, mon Dieu, si tous les tourmens que les captifs peuvent endurer en ces pays, dans la cruauté des supplices, devoient tomber sur moy, ie m'y offre de tout mon cœur, et moy seul ie les souffriray. *It.* 23.

flames. Savage manners and unholy pagan rites gave way to Christian decorum and pious devotion, and the implacable red men, learned to pray for their enemies.

That, in some instances at least, the conversion of the Indians was not a merely nominal one but a radical change of disposition, is evidenced by the following prayer of a Huron tribe for their hereditary foes, the cruel Iroquois:—"Pardon, O Lord, those who pursue us with fury, who destroy us with such rage. Open their blind eyes; make them to know Thee and to love Thee, and then, being Thy friends they will also be ours, and we shall together be Thy children."* A more signal triumph of grace over the implacable hate of the Indian nature it is difficult to conceive. "Let us strive," exclaimed another convert, "to make the whole world embrace the faith in Jesus."

The scattered missionaries were reinforced by pious recruits drawn across the sea by an impassioned zeal that knew no abatement even unto death. At almost every Indian town was a mission established and consecrated by some holy name. Thus in the Northern half of what is now the County of Simcoe, were the missions of St. Michel, St. Joseph, St. Jean, St. Jean Baptiste, St. Louis, St. Denys, St. Antoine, St. Charles, St. Ignace, † St. François Xavier, Ste. Marie, Ste. Anne, Ste. Agnès, Ste. Catherine, Ste. Cécile, St. Geneviève, Ste. Madeleine, Ste. Thérèse, and several others. The most important of these was that of Ste. Marie, established in 1640, on a small stream, now known as the river Wye, which flows into

† "Seigneur, pardonnez à ceux qui nous poursuivent avec tant de fureur, qui nous font mourir avec tant de rage, ouvrez leurs yeux, ils ne voyent goutte: faites qu'ils vous connoissent et qu'ils vous aiment, et alors estans vos amys ils seront les nôtres, et nous serons tous vos enfans." Vincent, *Relation*, 1645. 16.

‡ The frequency of this designation, throughout the whole of New France, attests the veneration in which the founder of the Society of Jesus was held.

Gloucester Bay, itself an inlet of the Georgian Bay, not far from the present town of Penetanguishene. The outlines of the fortification, for it was both fort and mission, may still be traced amid the forest, which has long since overgrown the spot. A wall of combined masonry and palisades, flanked by bastions at the angles, enclosed a space of some thirty by sixty yards, containing a church, a mission residence, a kitchen and a refectory. Without the walls were a hut for Indian visitors, a hospital for the sick, and a cemetery for the dead. Sometimes as many as sixty white men were assembled at the mission, among whom were eight or ten soldiers, as many hired labourers, about a score of men serving without pay, and as many priests; most of these, however, were generally engaged in the various out-missions. The demands upon the hospitality of Ste. Marie were very great. During the year 1649 as many as six thousand Christian Indians were lodged and fed. But the fathers bestowed such care on agriculture, sometimes themselves working with spade and mattock, that in 1648 they had provisions laid up sufficient for three years. They had also a considerable quantity of live stock, including fowls, swine, and even horned cattle, brought with infinite trouble through the wilderness.

But this prosperity was destined to be rudely interrupted and to have a tragic close.

The terrible Iroquois, who dwelt to the south of Lake Ontario, in what is now Central New York, the most warlike and cruel of all the Indian races, the scourge and terror alike of the French and English settlements, waged perpetual war against their hereditary foes, the Hurons. Urged by implacable hate, large war parties would travel on snow-shoes through a pathless forest for hundreds of miles to burn and destroy the Huron villages and indiscriminately massacre their inhabitants, not merely the warriors, but the old men, the women, the little children. No distance was too

great, no perils too formidable, if they might only glut their thirst for Huron blood. Even single individuals lurked for weeks near the walls of Quebec or Montreal, for the opportunity to win a Huron scalp. With the persistence of a sleuth hound, a small war party of Iroquois travelled twenty days' journey north of the St. Lawrence in mid-winter to attack a Huron camp, and wantonly butchered its inhabitants. The ubiquitous and blood-thirsty wretches infested the forest; lay in ambush at the portages of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, and sprang, like a tiger on his prey, on the straggling parties of their foes. Their victims they tortured with demoniac cruelty. They hacked the body with knives and shells, scorched it with burning brands, and after, with fiendish ingenuity, exhausting every mode of suffering, in their unhallowed frenzy they devoured the quivering flesh. "They are not men, but wolves," said a wretched victim of their rage. The blood-curdling story of the tortures of Pères Bressani and Jaques reads more like Dante's distempered dream of the horrors of the Malebolgian abyss, than like the acts of human beings.*

This tempest of heathen rage in 1648 was let loose on the Christian missions. The storm burst on the frontier village of St. Joseph, situated not far from the present town of Barrie, on the morning of July 4. This village had two thousand inhabitants, and was well fortified, but most of the warriors were absent at the hunt or on distant journeys. Père Daniel, who for fourteen years had here laboured in the Gospel, arrayed in the vestments of his office, had just finished the celebration of the mass in the

* Bressani, in a letter to the General of his Order at Rome, apologizes for the bad writing and the blood smears on the paper, by the statement that only one finger is left on his mutilated and unhealed hand. His ink was a mixture of gunpowder and water; his table the ground. Sometimes the victim would write his woes in his own blood on bark or beaver skin.

crowded mission chapel, when the dread war whoop of the Iroquois was heard. The painted savages rushed through the unprotected openings in the palisade, murdering all whom they met. Unable to baptize separately the multitude who, hitherto impenitent, now sought this ordinance, Père Daniel dipped his handkerchief in water and, shaking it over the terrified crowd, exclaimed, "My brethren, to-day we shall be in Heaven."* Absolving the dying, and baptizing the penitent, he refused to escape. "Fly, brothers," he cried to his flock. "I will die here. We shall meet again in Heaven."† Boldly fronting the foe he received in his bosom a sheaf of arrows, and a ball from a deadly arquebuse. "He fell," says the contemporary chronicler, "murmuring the name of Jesus, and yielding joyously his soul to God, truly a good shepherd, who gave his life for his sheep."‡

Seven hundred persons, mostly women or children, were captured or killed. The body of the proto-martyr of the Huron Mission was burned to ashes, but his intrepid spirit, it was believed, appeared again among the living, animating their hearts to endure unto the bitter end, and not for one moment did they quail. "We cannot hope," writes Ragueneau, his companion in toil and tribulation, "but to follow in the burning path which he has trod, but we will gladly suffer for the glory of the Master whom we serve."

The next act of this tragedy opens eight months later, in the early spring of 1649. A thousand Iroquois warriors had, during the winter, made their way from near the Hudson River, round the head of Lake Ontario and across the western peninsula to the Hu-

ron country. The object of attack was the Village of St. Ignace, situated about ten miles northwest of the present town of Orillia. It was completely surprised in the early dawn of March 16th, and taken almost without a blow.¶ All the inhabitants were massacred, or reserved for cruelties more terrible than death, save three fugitives, who fled half-naked across the snow to the neighbouring Town of St. Louis, about three miles off. Most of the inhabitants of St. Louis had time to escape before the attack of the Iroquois, but about eighty Huron warriors made a stand for the defence of their homes. With them remained the two Jesuit missionaries, Jean de Brébeuf and Gabriel Lalemant, who, scorning to fly, chose the point of danger among their flock, standing in the breach, the one baptizing the catechumens, the other absolving the neophytes.§ The town was speedily taken and burned. The Jesuits, however, were not immediately killed, "being reserved for a more glorious crown,"¶ but were, with the other captives, driven before their exulting conquerors back to St. Ignace.

Now began a scene of fiendish torture. The missionaries, stripped naked, were compelled to run the gauntlet through a savage mob, frenzied with cruelty, drunk with blood. They received a perfect storm of blows on every part of the body. "Children," said Brébeuf to his fellow captives, "let us look to God. Let us remember that He is the witness of our sufferings, that He will be our exceeding great reward. I feel for you more than for myself. But endure with courage the little that remains of these torments. They will end with our lives, but the glory that follows will continue forever."

* "Mes Frères, nous serons aujourd'hui dans le Ciel." Ragueneau. *Relation des Hurons*, 1649. 3.

† "Fuyez, mes Frères. Pour moy, ie dois mourir icy ; nous nous reverrons dans le ciel." *Id.* 4.

‡ "Il tomba prononçant le nom de Jésus, en rendant heureusement son âme à Dieu vraiment un bon Pasteur, qui expose et son âme et sa vie pour le salut de son troupeau." *Id.* 4.

¶ "Quasi sans coup férir."—Ragueneau, *Relation des Hurons*. 1649. 10.

§ "L'un étoit à la brèche baptisant les catechumènes, l'autre donnant l'absolution aux néophytes."—Ragueneau, *Relations des Hurons*, 1649, 11.

¶ "Dieu les réservoir à des couronnes bien plus grandes."—*Id.*

The Iroquois, maddened to fury, tore off the nails of their victims, pierced their hands, lacerated their flesh. Brébeuf, of brawny frame and iron thews, and dauntless bearing—the Ajax of the Huron Mission—was the especial object of their rage. On him they wreaked their most exquisite tortures. They cut off his lips, they seared his throat and bleeding gums, they hung a collar of red-hot hatchets around his neck. But he stood like a rock, unflinching to the last, without a murmur or a groan, his soul even then reposing on God, an object of amazement to even savage stoicism.* The gentle and delicate Lalemant they envelope in bark saturated with pitch, which they fired, seaming his body with livid scars. As the stifling wreaths of smoke arose, he cried, "We are made a spectacle to the world, to angels and to men." They then tore out his eyes and seared the sockets with burning coals. In derision of the rite of baptism, which the missionaries had so often administered to others, their savage tormentors poured boiling water on their heads. "We baptize you," they said, "that you may be happy in heaven; for without a good baptism no one can be saved."

The dying martyrs freely pardoned their foes, praying God to lay not these things to their charge. After nameless tortures the human hyenas scalped Brébeuf while yet alive, tore out his quivering heart, and drank his blood. Lalemant endured his sufferings for seventeen hours, and died by the welcome stroke of a tomahawk. Brébeuf's stronger frame succumbed to his more deadly wounds in less than four hours. Intrepid and blessed spirits! In a chariot of flame ye passed from mortal agonies, and the mocking of a ribald mob, to join the noble army of martyrs, to wear for evermore their starry and unwithering crown.

* "Souffroit comme un rocher. Sans pousser aucun cry, estonnoit ses bourreaux mesmes; sans doute que son cœur reposoit alors en son Dieu."—Ragueneau, *Relation des Hurons*, 1649. 14

In their divine repose, writes their biographer, they say, "We passed through fire and water, but Thou hast brought us into a wealthy place."

The skull and other relics of Brébeuf are preserved at the Hotel Dieu at Quebec, and are said to have wrought miracles of healing, as well as the conversion of most obstinate heretics †; but a more potent spell is that of his lofty spirit, his noble life, and his heroic death.

The night which followed this deed of blood was a night of terror at Ste. Marie, situated only six miles distant from St. Ignace. All day long the smoke of the burning village of St. Louis was visible, and Iroquois scouts prowled, wolf-like, near the mission walls. All that night and the night following the little garrison of forty Frenchmen stood at arms. In the chapel vows and prayers without ceasing were offered up. The Hurons rallied, and attacked the Iroquois in furious battle. But their valour was unavailing; they were, almost to a man, cut off. The Iroquois in turn, panic-stricken, fled in haste, but not without a last act of damning cruelty. Tying to the stake at St. Ignace the prisoners whom they had not time to torture, they fired the town, retreating to the music, delightful to the savage ear, of the shrieks of human agony of mothers and their children, husbands and their wives, old age and infancy, writhing in the fierce flames' torturing embrace.‡ The site of the hapless town may still be traced in the blackened embers, preserved beneath the forest growth of over two centuries.

The mission was wrecked. The Hurons were scattered. Their towns were abandoned, burnt or destroyed, and themselves

† "Plus opiniastres."—Mercier, *Relations*, 1665. 26.

‡ "Prenans plaisir à leur depart, de se repaistre des cris espouuantables que pousoient ces pauvres victimes au milieu de ces flammes, ou des enfans grilloient à costés de leurs mères, ou un mary voyoit sa femme rostir auprès de soy."—Ragueneau, *Relation des Hurons*, 1649. 13.

fugitives from a wrathful foe. "We are counted as sheep for the slaughter," writes the pious Ragueneau. The Fathers resolved to transfer the missions to the Grand Manitoulin, where they might gather again their scattered flock free from the attacks of their enemies. They unhappily changed their destination to Isle St. Joseph, now known as Christian Island, (probably from tradition of its Jesuit occupation), situated about twenty miles from Ste. Marie, and two or three miles from the main land. They set fire to the mission buildings, and, with sinking hearts, saw in an hour the labours of ten years destroyed. On a rude raft, near sunset on the 14th of June, they embarked, about forty whites in all, with all their household goods and treasures, and, after several days, reached Isle St. Joseph. They built a new mission-fortress, the remains of which may still be seen. Here by winter were assembled six or eight thousand wretched Hurons, dependent upon the charity of the mission. The Fathers had collected five or six hundred bushels of acorns, which were served out to the perishing Indians, and boiled with ashes to take away their bitter taste. But the good priests found compensation in the thought that man shall not live by bread alone; and they sought unweariedly to break unto the multitude the bread of life. In their extremity the famishing creatures were fain to eat the carrion remains of dogs and foxes, and, more horrible still, even the bodies of the dead.

O, the long and dreary winter !
 O, the cold and cruel winter !
 O, the wasting of the famine !
 O, the blasting of the fever !

Hungry was the air around them,
 Hungry was the sky above them,
 And the hungry stars in heaven

Like the eyes of wolves glared at them !

Before spring, harassed by attacks of the Iroquois and wasted by pestilence, half of the number had died. Day by day the faithful missionaries visited the sick, exhorted the

living, absolved the dying, and celebrated the sacraments in the crowded chapel, which was daily filled ten or twelve times. Night by night, in frost and snow and bitter storm, through the livelong hours the sentry paced his weary round.

During the winter the Iroquois ravaged the mainland, burning villages and slaughtering the inhabitants. St. Jean, a town of some six hundred families, which had hitherto resisted attack amid the fastnesses of the Blue Mountains, not far from the present town of Collingwood, was taken and destroyed. Here Père Garnier, the scion of a noble family of Paris, shared the heroic fate of Daniel, the first martyr of the mission. He was slain in the act of absolving a dying Indian. With the opening spring the pinchings of hunger drove the starving Hurons from Isle St. Joseph to the mainland. The relentless Iroquois were awaiting them. Of the large party who crossed but one man escaped to tell the tale of blood. The whole country was a land of horror, a place of massacre.* There was nothing but despair on every side. More than ten thousand Hurons had already perished. Famine or an enemy more cruel still everywhere confronted them. They resolved to forsake their country, and to fly to some distant region in order to escape extermination by their foes. Many of them besought the Jesuits to lead them to an asylum beneath the guns of Quebec, where they might worship God in peace. The Fathers consulted much together but more with God,† and engaged in prayer for forty consecutive hours. They resolved to abandon the mission. Dread of the Iroquois hastened their retreat.

"It was not without tears," writes the pious Ragueneau, "that we left the country

* "N'estoit plus qu'une terre d' horreur, et un lieu de massacre."—Ragueneau, *Relation des Hurons*, 1650, 22.

† "Nous consultations ensemble, mais plus encore avec Dieu."—*Id.*

of our hearts and hopes which, already red with the blood of our brethren, promised us a like happiness, opened for us the gate of heaven."* The pious toils of fifteen years seemed frustrated, but, with devout submission the Father Superior writes, "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." They were accompanied in their retreat by three hundred Christian Hurons, the sad relics of a nation once so populous.† Along the shores where had recently dwelt eight or ten thousand of their countrymen not one remained.‡ The little band of fugitives sought refuge on the Island of Orleans, near Quebec. But even here they were pursued by the undying hate of the Iroquois, who again and again attacked the mission beneath the very guns of the fort. The remaining Hurons were dispersed in scattered groups far over the bleak Northern wastes from the Saguenay to the Mississippi, and soon disappeared as a distinct race.

Of pathetic interest is the specimen of the Huron language given in the *Relations* for the year 1641. This language, once the vernacular of a numerous and powerful nation, is as completely lost as that of the builders of Babel. In all the world is none who comprehends the meaning of those strange mysterious words. Like the bones

of the dinornis and the megatherium this meagre fragment is the relic of an extinct race—the tombstone over the grave of a nation. Yet the labours of the Jesuit missionaries have not been altogether lost. The lives of these devoted martyrs* and confessors were a perpetual altar flame of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation, consuming the base and sordid elements of earth away, and developing an unsurpassed nobility of soul which is its own exceeding great reward. Through their efforts, also, multitudes of degraded savages were reclaimed from lives of utter barbarism and of pagan superstition and cruelty, to the dignity of men and not unfrequently to the piety of saints. He who reads the story of the self-denying lives and heroic deaths of these Jesuit Fathers, although of alien race and diverse belief, however mistaken he may deem their zeal or however false their creed, will not withhold the throb of sympathy for their sufferings and of exultation in their lofty courage and unflinching faith. The imperishable record of their pious labours, of their sublime daring, of their inextinguishable love of souls will be a perpetual inspiration to mankind.

* Of the little company of Jesuit missionaries, Pères Daniel, Brébeuf, Lalemant, Garnier, Garreau, Buteux and Chabanet and Goupil, Brulé and Lalande, lay labourers, died by violence in the service of the mission; De Noue was frozen to death in the snow, and Bressani, Jaques, Châtelaine, Chaumonot, Couture and others, endured tortures far worse than death.

* *Relations*, 1650. 26.

† "Tristes reliques d'une nation autrefois si peuplée."—*ib.*

‡ "Il n'en restoit pas mesme un seul."—*ib.*

AUTUMN TINTS.

BY MONACHUS.

WE wandered off together,
 We walked in dreamful ease,
 In mellow autumn weather,
 Past autumn-tinted trees ;
 The breath of soft September
 Left fragrance in the air,
 And well do I remember
 I thought you true as fair.

The maples' deep carnations,
 The beeches' silv'ry sheen,
 Hid nature's sad mutations,
 And I forgot the green :
 Forgot the green of summer,
 The buds of early spring,
 And gave the latest comer
 My false heart's offering.

O painted autumn roses !
 O dying autumn leaves !
 Your beauty fades and closes,
 That gaudy hue deceives :
 Like clouds that gather golden
 Around the setting sun,
 Your glories are beholden
 Just ere the day is done.

Or, like th' electric flushes,
 That fire Canadian skies,
 Your bright and changeful blushes
 In gold and crimson rise.
 But health has long departed
 From all that hectic glare ;
 And love sees broken-hearted
 The fate that's pictured there.

The brush that paints so brightly,
 No mortal artist wields ;
 He touches all things lightly,
 But sweeps the broadest fields.
 The fairest flowers are chosen
 To wither at his breath ;
 The hand is cold and frozen
 That paints those hues of death.

We wandered back together,
 With hearts but ill at ease,
 In mellow autumn weather,
 Past autumn-tinted trees ;
 The breath of soft September,
 Left fragrance in the air,
 And well we both remember
 The love that ended there.

TORONTO.

LEGISLATION UPON INSOLVENCY.

BY R. M. F.

THE passing of a Bill in the House of Commons, at Ottawa, during last Session, totally repealing "the Insolvent Act of 1869," has called the attention of the country, already directed to the subject, in a most marked manner to the imperfections of existing laws upon the subject of Insolvency. That such a Bill could pass through the Lower Chamber argues a very strong feeling among the people that the law, as it now stands, is defective, and so defective that no amendments can cure it. On the other hand, the delegations and petitions which flowed in upon our Canadian Lords immediately upon the action of the Com-

mons becoming known and the subsequent rejection of the Bill by the Senate, shows just as clearly that a large share of public opinion is in favour of the continuance of the present law until a better can be devised.

When public sentiment is, without the existence of any special circumstances of panic or crisis, thus strongly agitated upon a question affecting trade, we may safely conclude that there is some radical defect in our mode of trading, or in the laws which regulate the commerce of the country: for experience has shown that, in matters of civil polity, it requires either the revolutionary logic of a financial crisis, or the slow corroding of an evil

practice eating, visibly at last, into the very vitals of credit, to arouse business men to the conviction that what is may not be right. Too intent upon using existing means of progress, and too easily adapting themselves to the current of trade as it may flow, they do not take the time or trouble to consider the principles which should underlie legislation upon commercial questions. Hence too much of our commercial law is patchwork: the policy of instant expediency having too often usurped the place of principle.

We have a system of commercial *espionage* extending to every hamlet and cross-road in the country, and in the books of the professional spies who control and work this system, every person engaged in trade has his credit ticketed as "good, bad, or indifferent." Even the private character of every merchant, and his business history, can be learned by the subscribers, who employ and pay these mercantile detectives. Notwithstanding all these precautions, however, we have a plentiful crop of insolvents, and we hear of men in business who have made half a dozen "arrangements" with their creditors in almost as many years. A variety of causes may exist for this undesirable state of things, and our commercial writers have discovered many of them, and are applying the proper remedies of exposure and condemnation. But there can be no doubt that some reason for the low standard of commercial morality in this country exists in the nature of its Insolvency laws. Such, at least, was the strongly expressed opinion of all those who pronounced in the House of Commons the opinion of the majority who voted for Mr. Colby's Bill.

The late attempt to repeal the Insolvent Act only shows the spread of opinions which have existed ever since we had an Insolvent Act. All can remember what a spirited discussion arose when the working of "The Insolvent Act of 1864" was found to afford so many opportunities for fraud, that credit, the very life of trade, was threatened with extinc-

tion. It was even then contended that the insolvency laws should be altogether repealed, and unfortunate debtors left to the tender mercies of their creditors for a few years, until such another army of ruined men as existed before the passage of the Statute just referred to had been recruited; when it was proposed again to establish a legal "white-washing" machine to discharge them from their liabilities. But it was well considered that laws upon any subject, and especially upon such an important one as the relative positions of debtor and creditor, should be permanent, and not made for the occasion. More prudent counsels, therefore, at that time prevailed, and "The Insolvent Act of 1869" was passed. This Statute applies to "traders" only, and very properly so: for when credit is given to one who expects to pay by the sale of the goods entrusted to him, the crediting party is responsible for part at least of the risk that the circle of credit, which will enable his debtor to reimburse him, will remain intact; whereas when a "non-trader" contracts a liability, he virtually holds himself out as able to discharge it at maturity, apart from all considerations of the hazards of trade. But, although thus amended in principle, and improved in many details of practice and procedure, experience, as evidenced by the recent utterances of our law-makers, has proved that the new law has not been effectual in lessening materially the frauds perpetrated under the older Statute. Perhaps the disappointment experienced in the result of all previous legislation upon Insolvency in Canada has originated in wrong principles being applied in the framing of our Statutes upon the subject.

The laws of the Romans upon the relative positions of creditor and debtor were all in favour of the former. The contracting of a debt and the subsequent inability to liquidate it, were looked upon in the light of a crime; and the law proceeded to punish the debtor as a criminal, disregarding altogether his claims to humane indulgence.

when unmerited calamity overtook him. The means adopted for extorting information regarding hidden wealth were extremely cruel, and when all other means of enforcing payment were exhausted, the unfortunate debtor, upon some rude principle of forcing him to "work out" his debt, was made the slave of the creditor until satisfaction was had. From much the same vindictive practice arises the emigration of the "Heathen Chinese" to California. Yet a faint suspicion may exist that, here in Canada, at this present speaking, we are, in the practical results of enforcing fair dealing between man and man, not quite nineteen centuries in advance of the Romans, or entitled to despise the Celestials as a people behind the age.

It is axiomatic that good laws, properly administered, have a most powerful influence in elevating the standard of public thought. The converse of this is, of course, equally indisputable. It affords, therefore, a very strong argument against the wisdom of our present legislation, that under it prevails a vast amount of that reckless and improvident trading which has caused trade to languish on account of the uncertainty of credit, and benefitted nobody but dishonest traders and Official Assignees. In countries where the laws for the protection of life and property are either defective or feebly administered, the crime of murder is looked upon as a venial offence and the murderer, if he has an excuse for resorting to the gentle persuasion of the revolver or the bowie-knife, that will satisfy the loose notions of chivalry and honour which prevail in such communities, need not fear the law—even such law as is administered in the impromptu court, convened on occasion by the learned Chief Justice Lynch, assisted by a special jury of "regulators." So when pecuniary integrity is not strictly and rigidly insisted upon by the law, the status of commercial honour becomes disgracefully low, the effecting of a clever fraud, so far from excluding the perpetrator from society, confers upon him the

high distinction of being considered "smart." There are two ways of failing to make money! In all countries having bankruptcy laws, where the simple fact of failure is looked upon as a misfortune to be pitied and condoned under the mawkish spirit of humanity which so much obtains in this age, failure is very often made the means of effecting an end; and the laws in their laxity foster and encourage such practices by rendering them possible. The ancient and the modern ways of looking at commercial failures are briefly told by Jeremy Bentham, in his quaint language:—"By *Severus* every bankrupt is considered as a criminal; and out comes a law to squeeze and punish him. By *Clemens* every bankrupt is considered as the blameless child of misfortune, and out comes a law for his relief. In the eyes of *Severus* the interest of the creditor is everything; he is spotless as he is injured; what the wicked debtor may suffer is not worth a thought. In the eyes of *Clemens* every creditor is an extortioner; stone is the material of which his heart is made; if it break where is the damage?" If we could only arrive at a mean between these two extreme opinions of the Roman *Severus* and the Canadian *Clemens*, we should be able to concoct a law which would prove generally satisfactory in its results. As between the State and the community, the laws upon the subject of debtor and creditor should encourage and enforce strict honesty, so far as laws can encourage and enforce it, in order that commercial enterprises may receive their utmost development by the feeling that man may trust man to the farthest limit. As between debtor and creditor, the law should contain provision that when the debtor has failed to meet his engagements in full, the creditor shall have the utmost farthing the debtor can pay. If these two principles, each having its own proper influence, and supporting and maintaining, not subverting the other, were properly entertained by our legislators in framing laws relating to insolvent debtors,

then it is submitted the great majority of "assignments" would be prevented. "Bad debts" would be reduced to a minimum; and "bad debts" are the great source of Insolvency. It is against "bad debts" that wholesale dealers have to "insure," by charging more for their goods than the ordinary retail dealer can well afford to pay. If these same retail men, in their turn, have to "insure" against "bad debts," the incubus upon trade becomes overwhelming or, at least, "the wheels within wheels" become too complicated to warrant steady progress, or an intelligent comprehension of the irregularity of movement. Every now and then a crisis is the result of the disordered running of the intricate machinery of trade.

We are told in our legal text-books and in judicial decisions, that the policy of the bankruptcy laws is to distribute rateably among his creditors the assets of him who has become unable to meet his commercial engagements in full; and to protect creditors against improper conduct on the part of debtors. But in the great majority of cases the causes of this inability to pay is on account of the defective state of the law, never very strictly enquired into. The reading of our criminal law affords a curious study of the pursuit of the criminal by the Legislature and the persistent efforts of the law to strengthen the protecting wall which it has built about the public in these weak places, which ingenious criminals had discovered, and through which they had made their escape. It would have been well if the laws of trade had been watched as strictly, and the avenues to dishonest practices barricaded as effectually. But the experience of every one who has been much accustomed to attend meetings of creditors informs him that over seventy-five per cent. of all the bankruptcies in the country are occasioned by misconduct on the part of the bankrupt. This misconduct ranges in enormity from positive crime to that insanity which excuses even crime by putting the perpetrator beyond the operation

of the criminal code. To be entrusted with property, and when the day of reckoning comes to be without the wherewithal to square accounts, makes a *prima facie* case of wrong, and gives just ground for deciding that the person failing to pay all demands upon him has been either dishonest, improvident, or incompetent. Improvidence and incompetency are so nearly allied to dishonesty that it is pretty difficult to say where dishonesty begins. To have been regardless of the interest of the creditor is dishonest, though it may be improvident too. Is it quite honest to profess to cure the cancer by an incantation? If not, is it less a "confidence game" to pretend to know a business of which you are profoundly ignorant, and thus induce others to entrust their property to you? The possession of goods recently stolen, though consistent with a perfect innocence of the theft, puts the possessor upon proof of his innocence of any complicity in the crime. Presence under suspicious circumstances upon the scene of a murder just committed, although such presence may have been actuated by the very highest humanity—an endeavour to save the life of the victim—renders the person thus detected a suspected man, liable to be arrested and tried for the crime. In each case the presumption is against the person whose misfortune it was to have even innocently received the goods, or even accidentally been present at the scene of crime. The law has hanged many a man before now who was unable to rebut such a presumption. Yet the loss of another's money or property seems not a sufficiently strong circumstance to put the debtor upon proof that such loss was occasioned by no fault of his. The creditor has now to prove, and that generally out of the debtor's own mouth, that he could but would not pay. No wonder that with such facilities for going "through the mill," and coming out with a clean sheet upon which to write another schedule, so many men rashly embark in business, and recklessly squander their own

means and what of others they can obtain. The laws have been framed to regulate matters between debtor and creditor merely, always erring in the direction of leniency to the former. No regard has, as in the framing of Criminal Statutes, been paid to the interest of the State; and the State it is that is principally interested. A debtor in default is *prima facie* a wrong-doer, and the State is concerned that no wrong-doer escape punishment. Before a debtor gets a judicial discharge from his liabilities, he should prove beyond reasonable doubt that he was blameless, or, if he cannot do that, he should show such facts in mitigation of his fault as he can, and submit to the measure of punishment allotted by the law to the degree of his offence. His should be the position of a defendant against whom a strong presumption of law exists, and which he is required to rebut before he can be freed from his obligations. Surely it ought not to be the part of the defrauded creditor, as at present, to prove that his debtor was guilty of a fraudulent bankruptcy. Under Insolvency laws, carefully framed so as to lead public opinion, and not be guided by its vitiated forms, the

man who failed to pay one hundred cents in the dollar would soon come to be correctly judged in the estimation of his fellow-citizens, and the fear of their adverse opinion would generally prevail over the temptation of acquiring riches by dishonest means.

Parliament must undertake the task of reviewing the subject of Insolvency, and of passing a Statute in the place of the present one, which will expire by effluxion of time, in a little more than a year. It is to be hoped they may frame such a well-considered, statesmanlike law, that after it has been in operation for a time, we may not be able as now to apply to our own times the preamble to the Statute 34 and 35 Hen. viii., c. 4, which recites, "That
 " divers and sundry persons, craftily obtaining
 " into their own hands great substance of
 " other men's goods, do suddenly flee to parts
 " unknown, or keep their houses—not mind-
 " ing to pay or restore to any of their credi-
 " tors their debts or duties, but at their own
 " will and pleasure consume the substance
 " obtained by credit of other men for their
 " own pleasure and delicate living, against
 " all reason, equity and good conscience."

 NOVEMBER.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

NOW lies fair summer on her funeral bier;
 The murderer wind, that has her beauty slain,
 Forever moans in dread remorse, like Cain;
 Slow tottering to the tomb the dying year
 Wails a sad threnody, like poor old Lear
 Above the slain Cordelia's corse, full fain
 To die with her and ease him of his pain.

The forest all is faded, sad and sere;
 The clouds, like funeral palls, hang dark and low;
 Slowly and sadly wave their hearse-like plumes
 The lofty pines, in mournful pomp of woe;
 And brood o'er all the winter's gathering glooms,
 While sad rains weep above the lowly bed,
 Where lieth the sweet summer, cold and dead.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

BY W. B. McMURRICH, M. A.

IT has been well remarked that want of remunerative employment is one of the great sources of crime. From the statistics of our gaols and penitentiaries it would appear that only about sixteen per cent of those committed are mechanics or possessed of a good education; whilst the remaining eighty-four per cent may be classed as common labourers, servants, &c., proving in a most conclusive manner that, given a good remunerative employment, so much less will be the incentive towards a life of crime. Remove a criminal from his associates and vicious surroundings; raise him above his normal condition of want; educate him in any of the useful trades and give him the opportunity of making use of his skilled labour and he is placed in a position in which crime on his part is unnecessary and a loss: as the amount he honestly earns from his trade is far in advance of, and more certain than he could hope to obtain by, a return to his former mode of life. Besides all this, as has been aptly remarked by an American writer, morally considered any acquisition which has been attained by hard, honest labour cannot fail to increase the self-respect of the one who has striven against an evil life of whatever character; and self-respect is the most potent talisman.

The Industrial Schools of Great Britain and the United States have already proved how true this is as regards that stratum of society which may appropriately be termed "the Juvenile Vagrant Class," and the success attending their operations warrants us in believing that, if introduced into Canada, they will not only remedy a glaring defect in our present system, but supply a want long felt

and be productive of great good. Schools of this description presuppose a rigid system of compulsory education, similar to that in operation for some years in the city of Boston and other American cities, and lately introduced into London and other places in Great Britain—under which the children of school age are required to attend some school or other. They also supply the accommodation required for such children as are habitually erratic and who, from the pernicious example set before them or from their associations, are in danger of being driven into a life of crime. In this way, they receive the benefit of a sound English education and are instructed in some trade or calling by which, on leaving the school, they may earn an honest livelihood. The population of such schools are almost all drawn from the cities and large towns, the country being no place for idlers or those who try to live without work. Already, in all our large cities, we find this neglected and vagrant class in large numbers, and so far no general efforts have been put forth to reach this part of our population, although private philanthropy by the establishment of Boys' and Girls' Homes and other kindred institutions, has recognized the evils existing and is doing what is possible to apply a remedy.

These facts shew us that our present system of School Education, more especially in the cities, fails to reach the class which it is most important should reap its advantages. Our schools, for the most part, are filled with the children of well-to-do people and, though nominally and by Statute free and open to all, they are so hedged round with conventional restrictions that the class of children just

referred to are practically excluded. Many children are prevented from attending through poverty, whilst others, through the ignorance or indifference of the parents, through vice or greed of gain, fail to enjoy their benefits. This is the link of the chain that is wanting to make our system complete—the power to compel these children to be educated and the machinery to give them the necessary education.

It is quite evident then that, on compulsory power being granted by the Legislature, the neglected children in our midst could not be sent to our present schools in the condition in which they would most likely be found, without the necessary clothing or appliances and with all their wild, untutored ways. Besides all which, to effect a remedy it is necessary that they should be removed from all their former associations and receive a special training which can only be imparted in an Industrial School. Since August Hermann Francke, in 1695, first extended a helping hand to raise up the destitute children he found around him in the city of Halle in Germany—and gratifying success crowned his efforts—many have been the devoted followers that have trod in his footsteps.

John Falk, the associate of Herder and Goethe, John Howard, Dr. J. Henry Wichern, Judge de Metz, Elizabeth Fry, Dr. Chalmers, John Griscom, James W. Girard are a few of the noble names, who have followed up the philanthropic movement then inaugurated for the amelioration and elevation of the vagrant and neglected classes.

Society was always at work with full energy to punish crime; the efforts of these philanthropists were put forth to prevent it. They judged it more for the good of the community to pay for bringing up these vagrant classes to be industrious and useful citizens than to pay for their maintenance as adult criminals in our costly gaols and penitentiaries. As Dr. Channing remarks—“If the child be left to grow up in utter ignor-

ance of its duty to its Maker, of its relations to Society; to grow up in an atmosphere of profaneness and intemperance and in the practice of falsehood and fraud, let not the community complain of his crime. It has quietly looked on and seen him, year after year, arming himself against its order and peace—and who is most to blame when at last he deals the guilty blow? A moral care over the tempted and ignorant portion of the State is a primary duty of Society.”

The means used in different countries and in different places are diverse in their operations, but all tending to the same result.

We look back to the year 1820, and see the great Scotch Divine, Dr. Chalmers, devoting his talents and abilities to evangelize the outlying districts of Glasgow and, later on in his life, we find him associated with the Rev. Mr. Tasker, in redeeming the character of the West Port, a portion of Edinburgh in which the population seemed lost to all the decencies of civilized life. By the agency of schools and internal mission work, in five years so grand were the results achieved, that the whole character of the locality was changed. Between four and five hundred children raised from their neglected and criminal ways of life, abandoned outcasts of the street, thronged the schools; nor was it known, remarks his biographer, that there was a single child of a family resident within the West Port who was not at school. Results thus attained could not escape observation and, soon after, attention was particularly called again to the subject of Ragged Schools through the results of the labours of a poor shoemaker in the town of Portsmouth called John Pounds, whose school of “little blackguards,” as he termed them, collected from the vile haunts and slums of the city, amply repaid his labours. Taught his trade and such learning as he could give them, they went out into the world capable of earning their living. In Scotland, about the same time, Sheriff Watson of the City of Aberdeen formed a society

for supplying instruction to all vagrant children of the city, in connection with wholesome meals and industrial occupation. So great was the success attending his efforts that the accommodation had speedily to be enlarged to do greater good. From these small beginnings have come the noble system of British Industrial Schools—regulated by Imperial Acts and under Governmental control.

It is impossible to describe in detail the result of endeavours of this kind on the Continent and in the United States. Suggestions sent from one continent have been received with welcome in another and have become the seed of a'undant harvests of good throughout the world. Our neighbours can point to a West Port of their own in the Five Points' Mission of New York, which has been eminently successful. They can point to their New York Juvenile Asylum, for children voluntarily committed to their trust by their parents, or by competent legal authority; to their Children's Aid Society, which brings 25,000 children under its care annually, and has, since the year 1854, provided western homes for over 25,000 children; and to the State Industrial Schools at Randall's Island, Rochester, Lancaster, Westborough, and other places throughout the length and breadth of the Union. We in Canada are so far favoured by our position, that, in endeavouring to establish such schools in our midst, we can benefit by the experience of the past half century and cull from the different systems in working operation, what is most suitable for adoption by ourselves. The various systems may be narrowed down to two:—1st, *The Congregate System*, constructed on the plan of a penitentiary, but made more comfortable, and wearing no penal aspect in their discipline: being the system adopted in England, at Randall's Island, Rochester, and other places in the United States; and 2nd, *The Family Plan*—consisting of a number of detached houses, each house capable of accom-

modating about thirty children—forming a separate family under a matron or superintendent and assistants. Institutions of this kind can be seen at Mettray, in France and, on this Continent, at Lancaster and Westborough, near Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, where they are worked with marked success. After a careful consideration of the merits of these two systems, and from personal observation of their working, preference should, we think, be given to the Congregate Plan, and on the following grounds, ably summarized by Dr. H. K. Pierce, of the New York House of Refuge:—Because it is in a condition from its extensive resources, sanitary, educational, industrial and moral, to receive a large number at any given time within its walls, so that a great diminution of juvenile crime and evil influence may be secured in the vicinity. It allows of a better classification and, from its organization, must have better discipline. It admits of an earlier distribution of its inmates, because if the experiment of their discharge prove unsuccessful, it has room enough to receive them again. This is an evil experienced in small establishments on the family plan: they are often embarrassed by the influence of a returned child, as they have no reserved resources to meet the exigencies of his return. The object of such schools is, after a moral and educational training, to teach the children the use of the personal implements with which, in most cases, in the humblest walks of life, they may secure an honest living. The Congregate System, near large cities, with wide facilities in a new country, presents an opportunity for doing this work with much promise of success on a large scale. And where a person is found possessed of the reformatory powers—that strong, magnetic, spiritual power of awakening, with the Divine blessing, the latent manhood and the latent conscience in a boy's heart, it is desirable to give him a wide field. Numbers do not necessarily destroy this power. But the great advantage of

the Congregate System is the opportunity it offers for systematic labour. The boys are naturally lazy. They have lived truant, vagrant and vicious lives. They hate work. Farm work is not sharp enough, as a counter-irritant, in the majority of these cases. But the shop, with its carefully adjusted stints, with its delicate labours, requiring constant and absorbing attention, with its daily recurring duties, always demanding faithfulness, has an amazing influence upon the mind. Labour of this kind fires the ambition of the child and gives him the power to earn an honest livelihood, thus lessening the risk of the child returning to his old ways.

One great necessity, in the establishment of such a school, is not only that compulsory attendance be made the law of the land, but that power should be given to detain children committed to the school during their minority, or until such time as they may be discharged. Experience has shown that the commitment of a child for a definite period, rarely if ever, has any beneficial effect, as the child knows that when his term is up, he must go free. But when a child feels that everything depends upon himself, as to the length of time he is to remain as an inmate; that it is by the advances he makes in industry and education only, that he can expect to secure his discharge—then he is led to apply all his energies to the work before him—and his ambition and better feelings being roused, he benefits from the course of study he receives. As a further incentive, and as an auxiliary to the maintenance of discipline, the system of grades has been introduced in most of the schools. In the Western House of Refuge at Rochester, there are three grades regulated by the conduct and application of the child, both at his educational and industrial pursuits. It requires so many weeks of continued good conduct and diligent attention to both studies and labour, to raise from one to the other, and no child is allowed to leave until he has graduated from the highest grade.

The different grades are distinguished by different badges, and quite an amount of *esprit de corps* is exhibited by the children in the retention of the same. In other schools the grades are greater in number—and in some for conduct alone—but the success in all cases is the same and it is but rarely that corporal punishment has to be inflicted, the best feelings of the inmates being called forth by a spirit of rivalry. Whilst Industrial Schools are merely for the reception of neglected and vicious children committed to their care, either voluntarily by their parents or by legal commitment as not attending other schools, there is one class of children namely, the children of poor parents, unable through poverty to supply the necessary clothing and books required to allow of their attending the Public Schools—for these special provision would be required to be made, by allowing them to attend at the school during the times devoted to educational pursuits, giving them the liberty of attending at the meals with the inmates.

In this way they might reap the advantages of the education imparted, and their services during the rest of the day would not be lost to their parents.

In all questions such as this, the question of ways and means must always be a subject not only of interest, but of importance. The amount now spent yearly on the education of the country is so great that the burden should be as far as possible spread over the many, instead of the few. All our large cities are naturally the centres towards which gravitate the poor, and poverty-stricken throughout the country—leaving the country districts comparatively free and supplying our cities largely with the class of children for which these schools are urgently required. Looking to this fact and the large expenditure now entailed upon our cities for the support of the Public Schools, reaching in the City of Toronto the sum of \$40,000 per annum, it would appear reasonable and just that the erection of these schools should

be undertaken by the State and their location fixed at the five great centres of population in the Province, namely in the cities of Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton, Kingston and London.

The cities and adjoining counties could then forward children to these schools—and contribute to their maintenance. Having already the machinery in operation, under which are conducted our present Public Schools, namely, the different Boards of Trustees in the cities above mentioned, these boards might have their power extended, so as to control, manage and regulate the Industrial Schools when erected. All children, no matter of what religious persuasion, being

of the classes above mentioned, should be compelled, under the authority of the Boards, to attend these schools.

Should such schools be established, a new era will be commenced in our national system of education. An era that will be marked with great results among our neglected classes—classes too long already neglected by the rest of the community, who are now paying for that neglect, in the support they have to give to jails and penitentiaries. Toronto has taken the lead in this important movement, but the importance of the subject is so great, that the interest of all thinking minds must be awakened to its advancement and its speedy realization.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

BY HENRY RAINE.

O dying splendour of the dying woods !
 Was never sunset glory more divine ;
 Nor ever yet did irised goblet shine
 With gleaming vintage of the rarest wine,
 So richly blent with rainbow-tinted floods.

O ceaseless year ! thy golden chariot wheels
 Have flashed upon the boundless forest trees ;
 Have flushed with peerless hues the leafy seas ;
 Have blushed the fruitage on the orchard leas ;
 And aye thy spherical music all reveals.

The Indian summer bathes the northern zone,
 And, o'er the earth, its gorgeous vesture flings,
 In jewelled grandeur, like to tropic wings ;
 And ever through the lustrous aisles there sings
 A wandering air in wondrous monotone.

O liquid ruby sprent with amethyst,
 So richer far than silk of Samarcand ;
 Shone coral yet so bright on golden strand
 As these fair touches of thy glowing wand,
 That burn like glories through the Indian mist ?

* * * *

Deep is the stillness of the forest glade ;
 No lonely squirrel leaps with silent bound ;
 No bird is calling from the lone profound,
 Only a throbbing heart with bitter wound,
 And flakes of gold that patter to the ground,
 Which tell how life and earthly splendours fade.

BARRIE, ONT.

AN ADVENTURE AND NO MISTAKE.

BY J. F. N.

“NOW that it’s all over, we must take a holiday, that’s certain,” said my friend, Jack Maynard. “Let us go to Jersey for a few weeks ; it will suit us splendidly.”

“All right—I’m ready and willing,” I replied.

It was very warm, too warm, even to think much—certainly too warm to talk : so these few words settled it.

Jack and myself were barristers. For years we had done nothing, and had got into the way of doing it ; suddenly, however, we were flooded with work—we had to talk, write, walk, drive, bustle, flurry and bully in such a manner that it knocked us up. We were creatures of habit, certainly, for we could not even break through the habit of doing nothing without suffering for it. We were unaccustomed to such hard work, and a week or two of extremely hot weather settled the matter. It was the last straw on the

back of the camel. However, at the time the opening sentence was spoken we had floated into still waters again. Our work was over and we were eager to get out of London and resume, for a month or so, in some other place our practice of taking things quietly.

On our arrival in Jersey, we proposed resolutions for our future guidance. Keeping the fact in mind that we were overworked and used up, we determined to eschew anything and everything that demanded exertion or encouraged excitement. It was carried unanimously that letter-writing, or writing of any description, walking, riding, rowing, or “doing the place,” was not to be even hinted at. Either of us reading more than one newspaper a day, or commencing a discussion, or talking “shop,” was to be heavily fined. In fact, the only occupations we left ourselves were bathing,

fishing, lounging, sailing, smoking and flirting, if we could get anybody to flirt with near at hand.

The road that leads to a certain uncomfortable place is said to be paved with good intentions. Whether we added any paving by making these resolutions is beyond my ken, but that they were the cause of our having to undergo a great deal more exertion than heretofore, for the term of our natural lives, is certain. It was another proof that

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
Gang aft aglee."

In consequence of these regulations our principal recreation or rather occupation, was reclining on the beach, smoking and quizzing the bathers or throwing pebbles into the vast ocean. Jack was a warm advocate of this latter pastime, for, as he said, the action was good, it procured him an appetite, developed his biceps, didn't tire him, and wasn't dangerous, except to those urchins who got in the way.

One day we were sauntering about on St. Clement's Bay, when Jack met an old East Indian officer, Colonel Duncan Cameron and his son, both of whom he had known abroad. This chance meeting changed our programme considerably for, as the Colonel was a very agreeable companion and had plenty of good stories to tell and, besides, was hospitably inclined, we spent most of our time afterwards at his house. A day seldom passed without the Colonel's servant, a black man, imported from the tropics, and clad in strange raiment, making his appearance with an invitation to a croquet party, to tiffin or to dinner, &c. His dinners generally consisted of everything curried—"Curry, with a vengeance," Jack called it, and I agreed with him. Remarkably hot stuff it was—the memory of it makes my mouth burn even now. The hotter it was the more the Colonel gloried in it; how he and all his family ever acquired the taste for it is a mystery to me. However, despite the

curry, we liked partaking of the Colonel's good cheer, for he had two laughing, blue-eyed, golden-haired daughters, whose attractiveness was of the superlative quality. The younger one, Florence, found most favour in my sight, and I used to speak her fair. Every now and then she would break out into such a merry, ringing laugh or screw her charming little mouth into a pout that was provokingly tempting. She was perfectly irresistible—at least I found her so. Jack, thank goodness, preferred her sister Mary. We were constantly fining one another for breaking rules, by commencing a discussion upon their comparative merits; but we could never accurately decide upon the one who began the argument.

We were sitting on the balcony of our hotel, one evening, enjoying the beautiful sea view and immersed in the "cogibundity of cogitation," assisted by our after-dinner cigars (not Jersey ones). I was dreamily watching the thin, white clouds of smoke curl upwards, form weird shapes and disappear, when I found myself speculating upon sundry strange things—one of them being as to how Jack would look if his beard were black instead of red, and then I began wondering why he did not dye it. It occurred to me that he did not do so because, having a nose to match, the harmony of the two would be spoilt. Cogitation upon this fact led me to noticing that this leading feature was redder and his face whiter than usual. Making a mental calculation to a nicety of how much he of the beard had imbibed the day before, and taking care not to omit a bottle of Jersey cider, or "bottled stomach-ache," as he termed it, I broke the silence by saying:—

"You look pale to-day, O king! What have you been doing with yourself? Not going in for any more bottled—"

"It is not that which makes me look so pale and wan and haggard," said Jack, and here his voice assumed a pathetic whine. "Old fellow! concealment like a worm i'

the bud is feeding on my damask"—“Nose,” I suggested—“cheek,” he continued, with a look of contempt, “and I’m sitting like patience on a balcony, waiting for to-morrow.”

“Why waiting for to-morrow?” I asked.

“Why! because to-morrow evening, as you know, we are invited to a sand-eeling party, whatever that may be, and the conventionalities of Jersey society allow ladies to join these nocturnal expeditions. *Ergo*, the D.C. girls will be there, and, favoured by the darkness, I’ve determined to ask Mary to be mine, or state the reason why. You may laugh, you scoff, but I have been upon the point of doing so for the last two or three days, but I can’t screw my courage to the sticking point—I get so confoundedly bashful when I’m with her.”

“How are you going about it, Jack?” I asked.

“Ah! you want to get a hint, sly dog. Well, as your turn will come some day, I’ll tell you. I shan’t go down upon my bones, that’s certain. In the first place, it’s unnecessary exertion and therefore opposed to our principles; and again, it’s such a bore to regain the perpendicular—to say nothing of the absurdity of the thing if caught in the act by a third party. I suppose I shall whisper something to this effect:—‘Maiden, I love thee! Please assist me to shuffle off my mort—my bachelor’s coil, I mean. I’m very good at heart, I assure you, although, perhaps, appearances being against me, you don’t believe it. Fairest of the fair—you must call them names, or they won’t believe you are in earnest—‘Fairest of the fair! Thou Psyche! Thou Hebe! Thou Venus! As the rising sun breaking o’er the dark and dreary landscape, so was the first sight of thee upon my too susceptible heart. The light from out those eyes that now are turned aside hath warmed my heart to love. Sultana of my soul! Queen of my love! be mine! Doff thy charming name of Cameron and take the nobler one of Maynard.’” Here he paused for breath, took a pull at

his cigar, and emitting two distinct streams of smoke through his nose, he continued, “If that isn’t what they call ‘charming never so wisely,’ I’m a Dutchman.”

“Is the Colonel rich?” I asked.

“I don’t think so,” said Jack, maliciously. My countenance displayed my feelings.

“I’ve got an idea, and actually don’t feel very ill after it,” exclaimed Jack. “I know he intends giving and bequeathing unto his younger and well beloved daughter the sword with which he pursued and smote Rajah Singh, that renowned mutineer. He drove the sword with such force through the small of the Indian’s back that it carried the individual off his horse and pinned him to the ground, where he spun round like a tee-totum, an impaled cockchafer, or any thing else that is rotary. You may smile, disbeliever, but it’s a fact, therefore, O Knight of the rueful phiz! be not so cast down, look not so crest-fallen. Take Florence and her sword, and carve thy way to fortune. Set up a caravan, and exhibit to the public at a halfpenny per eye, a model in wax of the Colonel, with the identical sword in his grasp, and in the very act of performing the miraculous feat which sheds such a lustre of glory round his name.”

I said nothing, for I don’t encourage this bantering vein of his, presently he went on—

“By the by, about sand-eeling, the Colonel advises us to procure a pair of fisherman’s boots and inexpressibles each, for most likely we shall get a little wet, and salt water is in no way conducive to the preservation or beautifying of one’s toggery. I’ll look out for the articles to-morrow morning, if you like.”

“Very well,” I answered; “good night!”

The following day Jack, true to his word, did in some manner, only known to himself, procure the fishing habiliments and, late in the evening, we put ourselves inside them and sallied forth. We looked extremely comical, to judge from the faces of the people we met at the hotel door—we certainly

felt extremely uncomfortable. The trousers were so rough and unpliant that walking in them was exquisite torture; one might have been dressed in a pair of sandpaper bags, with the sandy side inside, as Jack remarked.

"I don't believe fishermen or any other men live in these sort of things," Maynard grumbled; "they've been playing a joke on us, confound them. We shall we scrubbed to death before we get home, and isn't it a pleasant way of going out of the world? Come along! walk fast, it will do you good." The only pleasure he derived from our accelerated pace was the demoniacal one of enjoying my agony.

When we reached the trysting place we found the whole party assembled, all more or less arrayed in old and quaint dresses. The Colonel was encased in an antediluvian coat, and the extremities of his legs were thrust into boots that did not match, one coming up much higher than the other, giving him the appearance of having legs that didn't agree and weren't on speaking terms with one another. We were glad of this for *he* certainly couldn't afford to laugh at us. As soon as we had exhausted our merriment at each other's expense, the Colonel handed us a basket and a scraper apiece, and away we started. This latter article was made of bent iron with a wooden handle at one end, very similar to a sickle, though not curved quite so much; moreover, it was blunt.

It was a fine moonlight night, the air was soft and balmy, and, having Florence by my side, I soon forgot my troubles and was sorry when our walk came to an end. She explained to me that a sand-eel was very much like an ordinary eel, but smaller, and with a sharper head, that enabled it to burrow into the sand with remarkable rapidity.

"That piece of iron in your hand," she continued, "is for the purpose of raking them out, and when you see one you must be very quick or you'll lose it. I don't know the reason we always go at night to catch them: perhaps, because it's greater

fun. The sands where they abound are only left high and dry during the ebb of a spring tide, and they can then be approached by wading through a little water and clambering over some rocks but, in deference to Mr. Maynard's laziness, we are going by boat."

We soon arrived at the spot where the native in a boat awaited us; he looked rather blue in the countenance from the unusual exercise of rowing. The boat was too small to hold all of us, so we were taken across by instalments. On arriving at our destination we beheld several odd-looking people already there. Some were of the fishermen class, but the majority were evidently ladies and gentlemen, from their apparent enjoyment of the fun. They were all scraping away as though all their hopes in life depended upon getting sand-eels. When one of these unfortunate fishes was exhumed there was generally a scramble for him and the successful one—frequently a lady, scraped away with renewed vigour. Soon the mania seized us, we went at it in an earnest manner, and were soon rewarded by the capture of several eels. Florence seemed to take a great pleasure in basketing them, which she did with her little gloved hand in a most artistic manner although, being half afraid of the wriggling things, she would give a low scream and then a laugh after each seizure. It was a sharp eel that evaded being caught by her and I couldn't help comparing them with myself, but I don't think being caught was as pleasant to them as to me. Jack and Mary were partners at an early period, and had one basket between them. They looked contented and happy. Jack created a sensation by catching a youth walking off with some of the finest of his eels, and handing him over for punishment to the tender mercies of the black man, who looked highly pleased with his commission. His first act was to allow a small crab to fasten on the boy's nose, which caused him to howl in such a manner that some ladies rescued him from the

clutches of the darkey and the grasp of the crab, much to the former's disgust.

Duncan Cameron, jun., in ecstasies of delight at this incident, was still further amused when he found that several of the ladies were quite afraid of the native. He certainly hadn't a pleasant look: for, unless they came very close to him, only the whites of his eyes and his teeth were visible in the moonlight.

Cameron, senior, being of a plethoric nature, soon grew tired of stooping and commenced inspecting us. He would wander about from one to another shouting, "There's an eel, man! look alive! there he goes! quick or you've lost him! bah! butter fingers!"—which, at first, was bewildering and nearly sent his daughters wild with excitement, and elicited an "Oh! Pa! what a monster you are to tease one so." But he didn't mind it, and would depart with his face beaming with satisfaction.

Suddenly it got rumoured that the tide was rising, and this had the effect of dispersing us. First the Colonel, Mary and Jack were rowed across, and the man started to return for us; but, as we afterwards heard, the boat struck against a rock and went down. We did not see this accident, so after waiting some time we began to grow impatient, then anxious. The tide soon rose sufficiently to drive us off the sands on to the rocks; and then it drove us from point to point, till at last we stood upon the summit of the highest ledge. Our position began to be precarious and at last alarming. From the non-appearance of the boat we knew something had happened to it, and the uncertainty of what that something was increased our anxiety, which was fast becoming alarm. Florence was almost frantic with terror, less on her own account than for the safety of her father and sister. Young Cameron and myself did all we could to console her, but our words seemed to have little effect. We shouted with all our might again and again till we were hoarse. Our

shouts seemed swallowed up in the distance. How thankful we should have been to have heard some one answer. We strained our ears eagerly to catch some sound in reply, but none came save a feeble echo of our voices sent back to us from the rocks around, and the soft murmur of the sea. After peering through the darkness we fancied every now and then we could see a boat advancing or discern some object on the shore—it was but imagination. Cameron entreated me to swim to land, and save myself, but I firmly refused, and at last prevailed on him to do so; for he was a good swimmer and might be in time, I thought, to bring assistance. Not a moment was to be lost, so in an almost incoherent voice he told his sister to bear up like a brave girl and all might yet be well. Then giving her a hasty embrace and bidding me do all I could for her, he gave me a parting grip of the hand and, throwing off his boots and sundry other articles that would impede his progress, was in the water striking out for land—but I felt that before he could reach it the rock would be covered.

I stood up and watched him as far as I could and was about to sit down again when an object met my view that brought hope back to banish my despair. I gave a shout of joy, which brought the colour to my fair companion's cheek once more. Some distance from us, but seaward, I had distinguished a fisherman's boat at anchor. As we had all along been gazing towards the shore, it had escaped our notice.

I felt myself alive again, and in a moment I began to divest myself of some of my cumbersome clothing and, in my delight I bent down and kissed the pale face beside me and, whispering some words of encouragement, plunged off the rock and struck out manfully for the boat. I reached it sooner than I had anticipated, but on clambering into it found that fresh difficulties awaited me. There were no oars and no sails; the only appliances left me to work

the boat were a short pole and a few yards of rope. Quick as thought, I saw the only chance of reaching Florence was to swim back and tow the boat with me. At the best of times and under the most favourable circumstances this would have been no easy matter, but now that I was encumbered with clothes and already fagged, the labour was greatly increased. However there was no help for it, so I struggled on. At first I seemed to make no progress in the water whatever. The work was awful, but the thought that I was swimming to save her I loved gave me power, and I kept striking out. My arms grew tired and a giddiness seized me and I felt I was losing consciousness; but yet I was nearing my destination. The tide was strong and was with me, and I felt it helping me along. Suddenly I seemed to regain my strength, and with a few quick sharp strokes I was alongside the rock on which Florence was standing, now almost covered by the insidious tide. I endeavoured to cling to it, and bring the boat within her reach, but I found I was powerless to do so. I could barely raise my arms; the rock, Florence and the boat seemed suddenly to blend into a chaotic mass and float before my eyes; my brain reeled, and I remember nothing more.

I must have been insensible for hours for, on my recovery, I found that the moon had gone down, and that a faint streak of light was making its appearance on the horizon.

I was lying at the bottom of the boat where Florence had lifted me, with my head resting on her lap. The clothes that I had previously thrown off were covering me. On seeing my eyes open she bent down over me, and methought her face was more wondrous fair than ever, when her soft voice whispered—"You are better now! Oh, Charley, I have suffered such agony all night! I fancied you were dead. You can never know how you frightened me, or what I have felt this long and awful night! When will it end?"

I tried to answer, but found I was hardly able to do so; however, I made her understand that I wanted her to get my brandy flask from out the pocket of my coat. She soon found it and held it to my lips.

I tried to move, but I sank back with a groan of pain. In my fall I had hurt my arm and for some time I remained under the impression that I had broken it. My head was also cut, and the blood was pouring over my face. It was with joy I heard the boom of the gun that proclaimed the break of another day. Soon the sun rose in all his splendour, bathing the sky above and the sea below with a deep purple colour and then with a golden hue and flushing even the countenance, before so pale and haggard, of my companion. I had sense enough left to find that the boat had drifted with the ebbing tide and the wind off shore miles away from land, so that we were nearer Normandy than Jersey. Luckily the sea was calm, or the boat knocking about without any guidance whatever would of a certainty have been swamped. As it was, every now and again the spray came dashing over into our faces, making Florence's little heart beat quicker for the moment.

Lying at the bottom of a boat on my back, wet, covered with blood and scantily clothed, with my dank hair over my face, I presented a most unlover-like appearance; and yet, lying there in that plight I told my love. I told Florence how I adored her, and received the assurance that my love was returned. She bent down, and her fair hair fell upon my face as she kissed me on the forehead and told me that if we and all her family were saved, she would be my wife. I forgot the danger and the pain, in fact everything but that I was happy; situated as I was when I poured forth my passion in words that I remember not. That they were trite and commonplace ones I have no doubt, yet they sounded new and fresh to us. I forgot even to notice the passing of the hour; the time flew by un-

heeded, and I was startled when I saw the mail steamer some miles to the east of us, for it was due in Jersey near mid-day. Fortunately our condition was observed by some one on board, for the steamer was stopped and, it was with considerable satisfaction, that we saw a boat put off to our rescue, which in a very short time was alongside. The astonishment of the sailors at finding two people, one of them a lady, adrift in a boat, without sails, oars, or even a rudder, may be easily imagined. However we satisfied their curiosity in a few words as possible and they proceeded to tow us to the steamer, where we were treated with all kindness and attention till we landed.

Of course, there was a grand scene when we reached home. I can't describe it, and I shan't try; suffice it to say, that everybody shook hands with every body else, laughed, talked, kissed and cried together, till if there had been any zealous lunacy commissioner in the neighbourhood our liberty would have been in some danger. When the excitement consequent upon our adventure had in some degree abated, Jack informed me that, after the loss of the boat, he had searched for another, but without success as all the fishermen were out. He then

started for the harbour, about two miles off and succeeded in getting one there, but not being acquainted with the shore, and it being then dark, it was useless, so after pulling about frantically for two or three hours he had to put back in despair. On reaching home he found Cameron junior who had reached land in too exhausted a condition to be of any use in rendering us assistance.

Metaphorically speaking, the Colonel killed his fatted calf, and carried him with his hottest curry for dinner that day. Afterwards he produced some glorious high-day and holiday wine, and we all wore out a jovial evening together. At its termination and on our way to the hotel, Jack, in a melancholy voice, requested me to condole with him saying that he was also an engaged man.

"If you hadn't turned up it would never have happened, and I should be as free as air now. Much against my inclination, I had to accept her, or her happiness wouldn't have been complete."

"Good night, old boy!" I interrupted him laughingly, for we had reached our destination; "go to bed and dream of her and of all the happiness in store for us; and, I say, think of some plan to prevent the Colonel from currying our wedding cakes."

SLEEP.

FROM thine ancient home
 In the starry dome,
 'Mid the boundless depths of the spangled blue,
 Come down in the shroud
 Of a moon-lit cloud,
 And sprinkle mine eyelids with Heavenly dew.

Come down in the night
 On thy pinions light,
 And gather thy soft feathers over my head;

Thy touch is a charm
That shall shield me from harm,
And drive evil spirits away from my bed.

Oh, sever the chain
That binds body and brain,
That my spirit may soar far away in the night,
And leave the dull strife,
And the tumult of life,
Till care comes again with the dawning of light.

It would dance with the waves
In the cold coral caves,
Where the quick ripples laugh at the chill staring moon ;
It would rest in the shade
Of some sweet Southern glade,
Where the long Summer day is perpetual noon.

It would fain take its flight
To some far mountain height,
That throws a dark line on the breast of the morn ;
Or in rapture would go
Where, o'er long tracts of snow,
Glance, in sheets of quick flame, the bright lights of the dawn.

It would fain fly to thee
Who art dearest to me,
Who art nearest and dearest, tho' still far away ;
It would stay by thy side
While the shadows abide,
Till the last faint star-twinkle hath died in the day.

PORT HOPE.

RAILWAY REFORM—THE CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY.

BY DAVID MILLS, M.P.

THE construction of Railways marks the beginning of a new commercial epoch. Railways create new political and social forces, which may affect injuriously Parliamentary Government. They revive some of the phenomena of mediæval society. To-day, industry pays tribute to private railway corporations, as it once did to the sword. There is still the application of force, but it has assumed another form and is of a more subtle character.

It is still true that the price of liberty is vigilance. There are other means by which it may be lost than by brute force; and it is not unfrequently the case, that when it seems most secure, it is in greatest peril.

When the dynasty of the Stuarts sought to establish an aristocracy in America, it was at a period when the House of Commons was rising to power in England. They hoped to check the growth of democracy. They made grants of land to favourites, larger than many European kingdoms. They hoped to fix deeply in the soil of this continent, the decaying institutions of the old world. But their tyranny at home stimulated the emigration of a population favourable to freedom. The force of circumstances made the colonists mutually dependent and politically equal. The result was as disappointing to the enemies of popular Government, as the vision of Banquo's descendants was to Macbeth. The forces, which were then called into activity, by the men of the English Commonwealth, continue to operate upon every country in America, from Hudson's Bay to Cape Horn. We, in Canada, although it has been in a mild way, have sought to extend the democratic element in our government. We have abolished laws

of primogeniture, and we have legislated, so as to defeat entails. Care has been taken that, through these means, society shall not be segregated into distinct orders. Now, the power and influence of the government in this country is derived from the people, and but few can be found who would favour the restriction of popular authority. Until recently, combinations among men, dangerous to popular liberty, were impossible, as they had no common object to secure other than the general welfare. Private railway corporations have changed all this. No single interest could, either here or in the United States, at this day, stand in opposition to the combinations which may, by railway men, be formed against it. The power possessed by a feudal aristocracy in the days of the King-maker, becomes as insignificant as the mock royalty of the Tycoon of Japan, when compared with the power wielded by some great railway corporations of America. The interests of private railway corporations are not identical with the interests of the public. It would be an act of the greatest folly, on the part of the people of this country to ignore the existence of danger from such a quarter. One of the most important duties now devolving upon Parliament is to determine within what range railway corporations shall be confined. It may be that it will yet be found necessary, for reasons political as well as commercial, to make all such works the property of the State. Great railway corporations are the most dangerous enemies popular government has ever had. Their aggressive tendencies originate in the cupidity of those who control them. Public opinion imposes no direct restraint upon them. They

are merciless in their operations. Railway men have turned exchanges into gaming houses. They have tampered with the administration of justice. They have interfered with the freedom of Parliamentary elections. They have marched their *employés* to the polls as an ancient baron did his vassals to the battle-field. It is true, they have conferred good. So far as the material prosperity of a people is concerned, they have levelled upwards: railways have equalized prices and enhanced the value of fixed property. But it is possible to purchase wealth at too great a price. A nation, to gain something less than "the whole world," may destroy the vital forces by which it has been enabled "to keep in step" with the progress of the age, and by which alone a condition of material prosperity can long be maintained.

Railway legislation is one of the great socio-political questions which are beginning to force themselves upon the attention of the Anglican nations. The policy of *laissez faire* has had full play. Everywhere the railways which have been built are pointed to as the successful results of private enterprise. Everywhere, within Anglican limits, we have had long and costly lines of railway constructed, which are pointed to as a proof of the wisdom of leaving the construction of railways to individual effort. Thinking men are beginning to ask themselves the question, whether this "no government" theory does not exceed tenable limits, when applied to the ownership of railways. We often hear railways spoken of as if the only persons interested in their management were the stockholders, the bondholders and the officials of the corporations. The people who travel and the general public who send the products of their industry over the roads are assumed to have no voice in the conduct of such enterprises. They have only to be mangled in body and depleted in pocket. In order to pay interest upon bonds or dividends upon stocks, a road is allowed to de-

teriorate. Then come accidents, in which scores of passengers are mangled or scalded; and if the legal authorities show, by ordering an inquisition, that the primary duty of a government is not altogether forgotten, forthwith all the newspaper organs of the company, and all those who are in opposition to the government, charge them with being actuated by personal pique or political hostility. It is gravely assumed to be a necessary franchise of a railway corporation, that its managers shall have the liberty to put in jeopardy the lives of passengers without being in any way responsible for casualties. It seems to be well nigh forgotten that railway corporations are not created for the benefit of the corporators. This is no doubt the purpose for which incorporation is sought; but the law calls them into existence for another purpose. Railways are held to be public necessities, whether they are owned by the public or by private persons. It is upon this ground that the right of way may, by law, be compulsorily acquired. There is no general law by which one may be compelled to part with his property, except for public purposes, either with or without compensation. Why then should a railway corporation differ from ordinary private corporations, and be endowed by the State with the right of *Eminent Domain*? Is it not obvious that this attribute of sovereignty was given upon the only grounds upon which it can be rationally defended—upon grounds, not of private, but of public utility? It is a special franchise to railway corporations, necessary to their existence, and demanded by the necessities of the public. The State, therefore, does not stand in the same relation to railways that it does to other species of private property; and the time is at hand, when the relations between railways and the State must be fully considered.

It has been argued by those who defend the present relations of private railways to the State, that the laws of competition suffi-

ciently protect the public interests ; that the tendency of charges is towards a minimum, the same as in other undertakings. This statement is not borne out by the facts. There are but few points touched by rival railways, and except at these points, railways are practically monopolies. If the different railway trains running upon each road were run by different corporations, then there might be general competition, but not otherwise. Experience proves that combination is not an improbable thing between managers of rival railways. The number of these corporations must ever be so limited, that combination will always be practicable. The charges on railways, both for freight and passengers, wherever they are private property, are ill-regulated and variable. It is to the interest of the public to have the greatest amount done at the least possible cost. The reverse of this is to the interest of the railway companies. If a company, by diminishing charges, could increase their business, it would not be voluntarily done unless the ratio of increase of business was greatly in excess of the ratio of the diminution of charges. Every one who has taken the trouble to look into railway statistics, knows well that it has been a common occurrence to increase the earnings by a reduction of the rates. This increase was not brought about by drawing away traffic from rival lines, but by the stimulus given to commerce, that rendered travel and traffic profitable, which were not so before the reduction was made. It is said that the receipts per train, at a penny fare, from Shrewsbury to Upton Magna, in England, were £11 15s. 8d., and at a fare of 3½d., the receipts fell to £4 4s. 11d. per train. The receipts per train from Shrewsbury to Walcot, at a penny fare, were £14 17s. 7d., and at 6d. fare they fell to £4 5s. 5d. We do not refer to these statistics to show that the railways of Canada would, in all cases, largely gain by a considerable reduction in their charges. If it were believed that this would be the immediate effect of reduced rates, the

reduction would be made. There can be scarcely a doubt, from the results of such trials elsewhere, that the ultimate gain here would be considerable. But men who wish to dispose of railway stocks and bonds, are not likely to consider what may be advantageous to a company after they have ceased to have any personal interest in its welfare.

It is not in the management of railways alone that the interests of railway companies are against the interests of the public. They endanger, if they do not destroy, the independence of Parliament. Corruption taints the majority of railway enterprises from their inception to their completion. Charters are sought, not infrequently, for purposes of speculation. Sometimes they are used to blackmail existing railway lines. However much a railway may be needed, a charter is seldom obtained without difficulty and stock is bestowed for Parliamentary support. The names of well-known railway men are sought to give credit to the projected enterprise, a number of shares are tendered them for their " eminent services " and they are seldom declined. At every step taken, some one is paid for his support, or some other for his opposition. When a railway scheme is fairly launched, it finds a large number of friends—engineers and professional contractors, the owners of rolling mills and the builders of cars and locomotives. The getters of land grants, and the traders in railway stocks, all come to its aid, and, it may be, experience its bounty. These constitute the grand army of a private railway enterprise. Besides these, there is a numerous band of camp-followers, who expect, in a variety of ways, " to reap where they have not sown," but about whose special services nothing need be said. It is this numerous host of allies and followers which " can kill or keep alive " a railway project and, because they have this power, must be paid, that add to the cost of every rival railway undertaking.

It is not our purpose in this article to discuss the general question of railway reform.

We have simply indicated our conviction that the question of ownership is yet an open question and that there are considerations, both commercial and political, unfavourable to the system of private ownership. There can hardly be a doubt that if the Canadian Parliament and the Provincial Legislatures were to take the whole subject of railway economy and railway management in hand, and secure a full report, not only of the traffic, but of everything relating to the railways of the country, they would confer a substantial benefit upon the public. But this is not all. The people of Canada will be forced to consider, if they wish to avoid being led on to disaster, the relation in which her public men stand to gigantic railway enterprises. Who has not become familiar with the history of Fisk's Erie Railway speculations; of Tweed and Sweeny's speculations and City Hall contracts: of Judge Barnard's prostitution of a Court of Justice to railway rings. We cannot say these things are impossible here. It is true the like have not happened. But it must not be forgotten that the opportunity has been wanting. These things were so, not because men were wanting in intellectual capacity, but because great temptations were presented and they were too strong to be resisted. Human nature is, in all civilized communities, much the same. What has happened in New York is likely to happen in Montreal and Toronto under similar circumstances. The country ought to have—it is possible—a triple guarantee for the upright conduct of those to whom they entrust the management of the affairs of the state—the high character of public men, a healthy public opinion, and an efficient law. The law ought not to allow a representative of the people to be put in a position that he may be suspected of acting in a particular way, not from considerations of public utility, but for his own private advantage. A member of parliament is a trustee of the country, and the policy of the law which forbids a trustee dealing with

himself on behalf of his *cestui que trust*, is equally applicable to him. It is not enough that a public man shall act honestly; it is important that the public should think so; and in order that this may be the case, care must be taken that his public duties and his private interests are not made needlessly to conflict with each other. In the case of the Canadian Pacific Railway enterprise, it would seem that this and other important principles of parliamentary government scarcely received sufficient consideration at the hands of the first Parliament of Canada. It is the most gigantic railway ever undertaken, and its relations to the Government and Parliament ought have been well considered. From the eastern extremity, upon the Upper Ottawa, to Victoria, in British Columbia, the distance is not less than 2,700 miles. A road of this length requires a large population to furnish it with the ordinary amount of local traffic. At present there is a population of less than 30,000 in the country it will traverse. In its construction 6,600,000 cross-ties, and at least 27,000 tons of iron will be required. It will take 540 locomotives, of 65,000 horse-power, and 8,000 cars properly to equip it. It will consume yearly 270,000 cords of wood and, to keep the road in repair, 40,000 tons of new or re-rolled rails, and 800,000 cross-ties will be needed. This is no exaggerated statement. The Union and Central Pacific Railway, extending from Omaha to San Francisco, a distance of 1,904 miles, has 334 locomotives and 6,649 cars. The New York Central, measuring the second track, is a line of 1,522 miles in length, and is equipped with 400 locomotives and 9,603 cars, not counting dummy engines, city passenger cars, or gravel cars for the service of the road. The operating expenses of the Union and Central Pacific Railway in 1871 were about ten millions of dollars and the gross earnings upon through traffic, \$6,650,000. When we consider the length of the Canadian Pacific and the unsettled country

through which it will run, \$13,000,000 a year will not be thought an extravagant estimate for operating expenses; and yet it is nearly twice the amount of the gross earnings of the American road upon its through traffic. The roughly-estimated cost of the Canadian road is \$100,000,000—less than one-half of the actual cost of the only Trans-continental railway yet completed, which is at least 700 miles shorter. We are aware it is said that the gradients upon the Canadian line are much easier, and the mountain passes much lower, and that the cost of construction must be proportionably less. But these estimates afford but very imperfect data for estimating the cost of building a railway. From Trucker to Ogden City, a distance of 628 miles, the American road passes over a table-land about 5,000 feet above the sea level, and from Wassatch summit to Cheyenne, a distance of 462 miles, it is nearly one and a half miles above the sea level. From the Missouri River to Cheyenne, a distance of 517 miles, there is a uniform grade of about ten feet to the mile, Cheyenne being about 5095 feet above Omaha. From Cheyenne to the summit of the mountains the distance is 32 miles and the grade eighty feet to the mile. "The elevation," says Mr. Poor, "of this vast plain, from which the Rocky Mountains rise, is so great that these mountains, when reached, present no obstacles so formidable as those offered by the Alleghany ranges to several lines of railroad which cross them."

British Columbia has been described as a sea of mountains. The whole province consists of a succession of mountain ranges, rising, it may be, to no extraordinary height, but being not the less formidable obstacles, on that account, to the construction of a cheap railway. The country between the Upper Ottawa and Lake Winnipeg is well-nigh an unknown land. This much we do know that the snow falls deep and lies long in the basin of Hudson's Bay; that the cold of winter is intense, and it is extremely

doubtful whether a railway can be worked there in the winter season. In a country without inhabitants, in which the ground freezes to the depth of ten or fifteen feet, where there is that depth of earth to freeze; in which the thermometer sinks to 40 degrees below zero, it is not easy to understand how passengers are to be made comfortable, how water tanks are to be kept open, or how *employés* are to be saved from perishing on account of necessary exposure to the cold. No one can look at a map of the country without being impressed with the idea that the cost of construction must be enormously enhanced from the position of the road. The Union and Central Pacific Railway began and ended in a settled country. The road connected thirty millions of people upon one side of the mountains, with one million upon the other side. It connects the greatest commercial emporium of the Pacific with the cities of the East. It had a labour market at hand. The Canada Pacific will pass through a country from which supplies cannot be had and which, from its isolation, is difficult of access. There are at present several Pacific Railways under construction in the United States. One from New Orleans to El Paso in Texas; one from Little Rock to El Paso and thence to Colorado and San Diego. One through New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California to Santa Barbara, upon the Pacific Coast, and the Northern Pacific from Lake Superior to Puget Sound. The road from New Orleans to Houston, in Texas, is to be completed within two years. Colonel Thomas A. Scott, late president of the Union Pacific Railway, has now under his management the building of the Southern Pacific Road. Already 500 miles have been put under construction, and it is proposed to complete the entire line within three years. This road will lie south of the snow limit and will, during the winter season, at least, possess a decided advantage over its more northern rivals.

What we have said is sufficient to show that the demand for labour in railway construction is likely to be very high for some years to come; that, for physical reasons, it will be more difficult to procure it for the Canadian Pacific than for its rivals; and that, other things being equal, the cost will be proportionately greater. With four trans-continental railways in operation, competing for through traffic, it can scarcely be hoped that the most favoured line will be able to secure a greater tonnage of freight than that now carried between Omaha and San Francisco, which yields a gross revenue to the company of about \$3,000,000 a year—one seventh less than the gross revenue from the carriage of through passengers. Assuming that the Canadian Pacific road will be equally fortunate, and that as large a percentage of Canadians will pass over it as there are of Americans travelling by the Union and Central Pacific, the gross earnings of the Canadian road, from through traffic, would be \$3,350,000 annually. The population which is to create a local traffic has yet to be found and taken into those northern regions. The coal, the metallic ores and the lumbering districts from which freights may be drawn, have yet to be discovered, and may be found at points not accessible from the railway. One may ask why was something not learned of the geology of the country before such a gigantic work was undertaken? We know of no other reason, than this, that the majority of the late Parliament preferred taking a leap in the dark.

There are three political considerations connected with this railway well deserving the attention of the people of this country:—1st, the circumstances under which the country was irrevocably committed to the scheme; and, the mode in which the Government propose to aid the enterprise, and 3rd, the relations which are likely to subsist between the Parliament and the company, until the work is completed.

It seems like a work of supererogation at

this day, to be obliged to assert gravely that Parliamentary government exists only so long as the government of the country is carried on in consonance with the well understood wishes of the people. The people of this Province long contended for representation based upon population. This principle is without meaning, unless it serves to secure to the political opinions of a majority of the people a preponderating influence in Parliament. So long as elections took place for no other purpose than to put the affairs of the country into the hands of a body of men independent of the Crown, it mattered little whether constituencies were equal or unequal. The vote was oftener a certificate of capacity or fitness, than an endorsement of political opinions. But this is no longer the case. Since the days of the younger Pitt there has grown up a great power in the State, known as public opinion. The newspaper and the magazine have been added to the rostrum. Men read and think and form opinions; and Parliament is but *one* of the educating forces of to-day. The discretionary power of Parliament is every day diminishing, because the convictions of the people upon questions of public policy are day by day becoming clearer. When Mr. Gladstone formed the Government, of which he is now the head, no one could be at a loss to know what would be its policy, because the sense of the country had been taken upon every one of the important questions with which he subsequently dealt and which he was pledged to make the policy of his Government, if called upon to form one. It is now, in England, a maxim practically recognized by both political parties, that no important measure shall be carried through Parliament and receive the sanction of the Crown, the principle of which has not received the popular sanction at an election. Why should a different practice prevail in this country? Ought not those who favoured the Pacific Railway scheme to have set forth their views formally in the House, and have gone to the

country upon this scheme as a part of their policy? The view taken by the public of so important a matter is many sided. It is always broader, and generally safer, than that taken by politicians who assume that the people have not the necessary capacity to reach a safe conclusion upon important questions of State policy. This reference to the people finds its justification upon the same grounds as trial by jury. In trial by jury we have the people arrayed on the side of the law; and the law is made flexible by being applied according to popular apprehension. So where the policy of the Government has received popular sanction, it is sustained by the sympathies of the country. There is little danger of domestic disturbance, and those upon whom the burdens fall will submit to them all the more patiently, having voluntarily assumed them.

It is proposed in this railway scheme to give, as a bonus to the company which may be formed to construct the road, \$30,000,000 and 50,000,000 acres of land. Any one who will take the trouble to read the provisions of the Railway Act, will see that Parliament has not only surrendered to the Ministry its right, or, we should rather say, its public duty of controlling the payment of the sums to which the company may have become entitled, but it has provided no certain basis of determining what this sum is. The road is not divided into sections of greater or less difficulty by the law. No degrees of difference are indicated by the amount of bonus per mile assigned to different parts of the road. It is not stated that the estimates of the engineers shall form the basis of the calculation in determining the amount of the bonus to which the company may have become entitled; so that the Ministry have a very wide margin of discretion in dealing out the bonus to the company. Land grants to railways have hitherto been a favourite way of aiding railway projects in the United States. Upwards of 10,000 miles of railways have been built that have

been so aided, and there are several thousand more in process of construction. At least 200,000,000 acres of public domain have there been applied in this way, and it is now extremely doubtful whether the public have been served by this policy. It is quite clear that this will be the policy of the Federal Government no longer, as we find both candidates for the Presidency pronouncing decidedly against it. The Illinois Central Road was one of the first aided in this way. By an Act of Congress, passed in 1850, 2,595,000 were granted to aid in the construction of the road from Cairo to Chicago and Duluth—707½ miles of road in all.

Up to this time 2,179,390 acres have been sold from which the company have realized the sum of \$25,000,000; and the 415,910 acres unsold, are held to be worth \$12.50 per acre. The company are likely to realize from the sale of these lands a sum greater than the cost of the railway. Congress granted to the Kansas Pacific Railway 6,000,000 acres in Kansas and Colorado; within three years 615,625 acres were sold for \$1,676,059, and three millions more were mortgaged for \$5,500,000. The lowest price was obtained during the first year, when they averaged \$2.51; in 1869, the year following, the average was \$2.62; in 1870, \$3.13; and in 1871, \$4.31 per acre. And this, too, in a tract of country known as the great American Desert. The average price realized by the Union Pacific Railway Company for lands sold prior to January, 1871, was \$4.46 per acre. Every year the price of land, in the districts ceded to railways, is enhanced in value, and, after the settlement of a sparse population has been secured, the railway companies do not make haste to sell unless their financial circumstances force them to put their lands into the market. There can be no doubt then, that a bonus of 50,000,000 of acres is an immense contribution towards the construction of a railway. Assuming that, of this vast area, but one fourth is fit for settlement, these

12,500,000 acres, at the price for which the School Lands of Minnesota sold seven years ago, would bring \$87,500,000. We believe it would have been preferable had the Government promised the company a fixed sum for every settler that might locate within twenty miles of the railway, upon such terms and conditions as would best secure an immigration into the country. The company then would have had a powerful motive to promote the settlement of the country—much greater than at present. The volume of immigration from Europe to Canada is not likely to be very largely increased. Since the abolition of slavery in the United States, the south and the south-west have been thrown open for settlement, and the tide of population is flowing more and more to the south. An effort which would have at one time secured for us a large population from Europe had it been put forth, will do so no longer. A gentleman who held a high position in the confederate army, says “we have a steady, though as yet a small, stream of good English immigration into Virginia. Those coming here are almost without exception men of intelligence and character, who are able to purchase and pay for comfortable homesteads. They are most cordially welcome, and are well satisfied with the country and people.” Englishmen are in like manner finding their way into other states of the south; and the sooner we appreciate the difficult task we have before us in turning any considerable portion of the current towards Canada, the sooner we shall provide against the embarrassments our present policy is storing up for the future. Our policy should be at once both wise and vigorous.

We fear in dealing with the Pacific Railway, we have mistaken the way which leads to prosperity, and have laid the possible foundation for transactions like those which have made Hall and Tweed notorious. We

think it is deeply to be regretted that any member of Parliament should be a stockholder in this enterprise. He cannot, at the same time, serve the public and serve himself in a contract with the public agents. He must either support or oppose the Ministry with whom he contracts, and in either case, a consideration of his gain or loss by the course he may pursue must influence his conduct. Will any one say that Ministers might properly be stockholders; and why not ministers as well as other members? Ministers are but a committee of the Houses enjoying their confidence and carrying on the affairs of the country in a way sanctioned by a majority of their fellow members. Parliament is responsible for what is done by Ministers, and no member can enter into contract with a Ministry without knowing that upon him ultimately depends the right to approve or disapprove, in his public capacity of the act of the Ministry in dealing with him as a private citizen. What if the Government should think the bonus insufficient and should propose to increase the amount, will those members with whom the Government contracted be in the position of other members of Parliament? Can there be any difficulty in predicting how they are likely to vote? If the fate of a ministry depends upon these railway members, does any one doubt that they would undertake to improve a bad bargain? From whatever point their position is viewed, it will be seen to be an indefensible one; and every consideration of public policy which calls for the exclusion of a salaried officer of the Crown from the Parliament, requires equally the exclusion of these men. This is necessary lest it should become the policy of Parliament to grant aid to railway and other enterprises ostensibly to promote *quasi* public works, but really for the purpose of enriching a few members at the expense of the nation.

THE KNIGHT'S GRAVE.

BY H. M. GILES.

WITHIN the chancel of a village church,
 Whose ivy-mantled turrets, grey with age,
 Baffle all archæologist research
 And leave no trace by which the puzzled sage
 Can tell its date, or who foundation gave—
 Sculptured in stone, a knight sleeps on his grave.

In summer time, the sun's effulgent rays
 Are shed in rich magnificence, and fall
 Full on his face; as oft in other days
 The same stained glass his form erect and tall
 Would tinge, when beams the rising sun at morn,
 And from his lips the matin-song was borne.

And as he lies, with hands clasped on his breast
 In endless prayer, a gentle child steals near,
 And, gazing with amazement on his crest
 Which decks the tomb, he views with child-like fear
 The gaunt device—a griffin *passant*, or,
 Surmounted by the helm and sword he bore.

And half-afraid, he lingers, loth to leave,
 While lengthened shadows fill the sacred aisle,
 Grim effigies fantastic fancies weave,
 But still he stays and ponders all the while :
 And evening's dusk is stealing on apace,
 And silver beams play on the dead knight's face.

Anon a maid with timid footsteps glides—
 Guilty of naught, save what good angels love—
 Into the choir she steals with noiseless strides,
 And sweeps the keys, and notes, as from above,
 Rich symphonies are wafted through the fane—
 Low, wailing sounds, as from a soul in pain.

Sonorous, full, the diapason swells,
 Then dies away in murmurings low and sweet,
 In cadences as soft as evening bells,
 Or whispered vows when anxious lovers meet ;
 And, as spell-bound the boy drinks in that air,
 She leaves the church, unconscious he was there.

And night has come, but still the child remains
 Entranced, serene, with every terror gone,
 And, while he sits, he broods on those sweet strains
 Which linger still, although the minstrel's flown.
 He hears a voice, in accents sweet and mild,
 Addressing him—that fair-haired English child.

It said : " Brave boy ! my blood runs in your veins,
 This trenchant blade your heritage did win,
 This 'scutcheon's gleam, devoid of blot or stain,
 I left at death. Dishonour's blight of sin
 Ne'er blanched my cheek : this marble breast would heave
 And spurn the lies that fainéant lips would weave.

" *' Sans peur, sans tache,*' emblazoned on my shield,
 My throbbing heart aye proved in life's stern fray,
 For God, my king, my country, did I yield
 That life's red-tide on Naseby's fatal day ;
 In war—in peace—at home—abroad, keep bright
 Thy sword from stain. May God assoil thee, knight !"

The voice had ceased. Secure as in his bed
 The fair child slept until the smiling morn,
 For angels guard the young Sir Guilbert's head ;
 And when friends came at early blush of dawn,
 The widowed mother found her offspring brave,
 In calm repose before Sir Roger's grave.

And as she clasped him to her yearning breast,
 And asked him if he did not dread the gloom,
 He turned his eyes, and pointed to the crest,
 And knelt and prayed beside the good knight's tomb :
 And after years the happy dream he blessed,
 And lived and died, with God and man at rest.

PARTY POLITICS.*

BY A RADICAL.

A FRIEND of ours was once a good deal puzzled in attempting to explain to a young lady of an enquiring turn of mind the nature of a Parliamentary Opposition. Government she understood and Parliament, as a deliberative and legislative assembly, she understood; but the idea of a party of men, whose sole function was to *op*-pose what others *pro*-posed, seemed to be beyond her grasp. If it could have been explained to her that this so-called Opposition was a mere temporary organization for a temporary purpose—the government of the country having fallen into bad hands and it being very desirable to harass them into an abandonment of their position—the thing would have been more easily intelligible; but no, the truth had to be told, that this “Opposition” was as permanent an institution as Government itself, and that the eagerness and bitterness with which it pursued its ends, bore no assignable relation to the merits or demerits of the holders of authority. However faultless an Administration might be, there must still be an Opposition, or the British Constitution would fall to pieces. “Why don’t they content themselves with opposing what is wrong?” was asked, with simplicity. “Well, of course, that is what they profess to do,” was the answer. “Then there is no particular reason for calling them Opposition, for everybody professes the same thing. I am Opposition, and you are Opposition—we are all Opposition together, if that is what it means.”

The difficulty in which our young friend was involved was one which, in some shape or other, presents itself to everybody. Even grown men, tolerably familiar both with the

theory and the working of the Constitution, find themselves wondering how the thoroughly artificial distinctions which prevail in the political arena, came to acquire such force and persistence; wondering, too, whether no new page of political history will ever be turned, and the monotonous see-saw of party strife—Oppositions becoming Governments, and Governments becoming Oppositions, and each, with every change of fortune, displaying most, if not all of the faults of those whose places they take—be succeeded by something more in accordance with reason, and more favourable to true progress. The subject is one which a little honest thought will do a great deal to clear up; for, to tell the truth, the difficulties that seem to surround it are mainly the creation of those who think they have an interest in the perpetuity of the present state of things. It is commonly assumed, for example, by the defenders of party, that those who are disposed to regard it as out of place in this advanced stage of human culture and reason, are bound to devise a complete new set of institutions for the government of nations; and, having devised them, to demonstrate their practicability. This assumption we entirely repudiate, for reasons which will sufficiently appear in the course of our argument. What we have to do, is to try and render a true account of party to ourselves, to ascertain what it is and what the conditions are that call it into existence. As we pursue the investigation, we shall see that the conditions which give it its greatest vitality have passed away, and are little likely to return; and that party, if limited to its natural and legitimate development

* It seems proper to state that this paper was written before our contributor had perused the article on “Political Corruption,”—the views expressed in which are thus supplemented and confirmed from an independent point of view.—ED. CAN. MONTHLY.

in these days, would be a very different thing indeed from what we now witness.

We cannot do better than take our departure from Burke's well-known definition. "Party," says the great philosophic statesman, "is a body of men united for promoting, by their joint endeavours, the national interest, upon some principle in which they are all agreed." Party, in this sense of the word, is something every one can understand: it calls for no justification, any more than any other form of association for a worthy object. It will be observed, however, that, according to Burke's definition, party is but a means towards an end, and a means which is only available in certain defined circumstances. The end is the national interest, and the condition necessary to give vitality to party, is the agreement of all its members in "some particular principle" which they wish to see applied in the government of the country, and to which, of course another party in the State is opposed. Burke says not a word to justify the opinion that parties are essential to the well-being of the State, under all circumstances: for that would be simply tantamount to saying that no country could be prosperous in which there were not those radical differences of opinion upon political subjects, which alone afford a rational basis for party organization. Nearly all the talk we hear in the present day on the subject of parties, really involves the absurd proposition that, *unless* a country is divided against itself, it cannot stand. Because parties were once a necessity of the times—the natural expression in Parliament of real and lamentable antagonisms that existed throughout the country, therefore parties must exist for ever; and if we have not real antagonisms to support them, we must get up sham ones! The Chinaman, in Charles Lamb's charming apologue, set his house on fire, in order to have, indirectly, some roast pork. Our roast pork is the party system; and, in order that we may taste the savour again and again, we

set the State on fire with all kinds of false and factitious issues.

In Burke's time, and almost down to the present day, in England, there have never been wanting more or less serious causes of division among parties; moreover, in a country like England—the continuity of whose political history has never been broken by revolution, and where, consequently, many institutions exist, simply because they *have existed*, and not because they are peculiarly adapted to the present time—there will always be a certain opposition between those who wish to preserve what time has handed down, and those who, imbued with the spirit of the present, aim at bringing everything as much into harmony with that spirit as possible. Even in England, however, there are unmistakable signs that the palmy days of the party system have passed away for ever. It is in politics, in these days, very much as it is in war: men see the inevitable much sooner than they used to do; and, when they see the inevitable, they yield to it. This arises simply from the greater sway that reason has over the minds of men, and, particularly, over the minds of those fitted by nature to lead.

The truth of these remarks may be seen signally illustrated in the policy of the Conservative party, led by Mr. Disraeli and the late Lord Derby, on the question of Parliamentary Reform. Everyone remembers what a nagging opposition they offered to Earl Russell's seven-pound-householder Reform Bill of 1867; and everyone remembers still better what kind of Reform Bill the same party, after their nagging had worked them into power, left on the statute book,—a bill which virtually amounts to what was once the cry of the extreme Radicals, household suffrage. Another illustration, almost as much to our purpose, may be seen in the very feeble opposition offered in the House of Commons to the Ballot Bill recently passed. In former times such a measure could only have become law after the most

convulsive and dangerous struggles; but, men now-a-days see what is coming and, even if they don't like it, try at least to reconcile themselves to it. Very much of the violence of former times was due to the blind prejudice with which even able men, and of course still more ordinary men, approached the consideration (if consideration it could be called) of all political questions. In these days educated men do not like to think themselves the victims of prejudice, and are, therefore, led to seek some solid ground of reason on which to base their opinions. In former times the interest of their party or their class was all that most men felt under any obligation to consult. In these days even average men have a certain feeling that the interest of the state is something greater and more important than that of any party or class whatever; and that it is both unreasonnable and selfish to expect the higher interest to yield to the lower. All these causes tend to make the contrast of opinions far less sharp, and differences of political aim far less profound, than formerly. In other words, the ground is cut away, to a great extent at least, from under the feet of parties; and if we see them still arrayed against one another, it is simply that the interest of certain professional politicians is concerned in their preservation.

The political circumstances of Canada are very different from those of the Mother Country. *There*, where so much exists which it interests one class to maintain, and which it seems to interest a much larger class to destroy, there will, for a long time to come, probably, be some real significance in the terms "Conservative" and "Liberal," or "Tory" and "Radical;" though there is every reason to hope that the political struggles of the future will be mitigated by the influences to which we have just referred. In Canada, however, when the same terms are employed, nothing can exceed the sense of mockery they bring to the mind. In olden times, when a knot of infatuated

men, thought they could govern the country for their own private interest, the political designations that had been borrowed from the parent State, were not so entirely out of place. But in the present day, you who call yourselves Conservatives, do tell us, for heaven's sake, what it is you wish to conserve that anybody else wishes to destroy? And you also, who call yourselves Liberals, where are we to find proofs of your liberalism or liberality, or whatever it is you pride yourselves upon? Or, if you prefer to call yourselves Reformers, what is it that you wish to reform? Your political creed, if we credit your own professions, is one of the intensest conservatism, regarding all the established principles of the constitution. You find fault with nothing, so you say, in the political frame-work of the State, and only complain of a few abuses of executive authority on the part of a set of men whom you propose soon to consign to perpetual oblivion; and yet you dub yourselves Reformers, just as if there was work to be done for a generation or a century, in the redressing of abuses, the removal of anomalies, and the general reconstitution of a disordered commonwealth. When you have acceded to power and have wrought such improvements as you are able or disposed to do in the management of public affairs, what will there be to hinder you from adopting the title of "Conservatives," now appropriated by and to your opponents? Nothing in this wide world. And what will there be to hinder them, after you have committed a few blunders, as you are sure to do within a short time, from seizing, if they choose to do it, for political effect, upon your special name of "Reformers," on the plea that they are going to put to rights all the things that you have put wrong? Surely you are both to be congratulated on the peculiar felicity of party designations so chosen that you might make an impromptu "swap," and look neither wiser nor more foolish in your new colours than you do at present.

We shall be reminded here perhaps that, in talking of "Conservatives," we are altogether behind the age, inasmuch as the Administration and its friends are known, not as "Conservatives," but as "the great party of Union and Progress." Here then we have a party name chosen expressly to suit the times, and one therefore which ought, if party names are worth anything, to possess an altogether peculiar degree of appropriateness. What, however, does the recent election teach us? Why that in the Province in which the sentiment of Union and the spirit of Progress are the strongest, the Union and Progress Government has experienced a signal defeat. Take it all in all, there can be no doubt that in Ontario there is a stronger sense of the advantages of the present union, and a more enterprising and progressive spirit, than in any other Province of the Dominion; and yet precisely in Ontario has the Union and Progress cry proved a failure. Viewing things from the common stand-point of the Ministerial press, we should have to conclude that a majority of the electors, in a majority of the constituencies in Ontario, are hostile to Union and Progress; but where shall we find a Ministerial paper sufficiently severe or consistent in its logic to state such a conclusion? No, the Union and Progress cry meant nothing, or next to nothing, from the first; it was a mere piece of election clap-trap; and the proof that it was such lies in the fact that no one now has the hardihood to argue that since Ontario has shown itself opposed, on the whole, to the "Union and Progress" Government, it is therefore hostile to the great principles the Government professes to represent.

It is not the *bitterness* of political discussion that seems to us the worst result of the party system; it is its amazing *hollowness*. A reasonable man is simply lost in wonder as he reads day after day, in ably-edited journals, whole columns of writing in which there is hardly the faintest gleam of sincere

conviction to be discerned. Day after day the same miserable evasions, the same varnishing up of unsightly facts, the same iteration of unproved charges against opponents, the same taking for granted of things requiring proof, and proving things that nobody questioned; the same hypocritical appeals to the good sense of the electors whom every effort is being used to misinform and confuse; the same dreary, unmeaning platitudes: in a word the same utter abuse of man's reasoning powers, and of the privileges and functions of a free press. Of course so long as both sides indulge in this kind of thing, each can make out at least a partial case against the other; and so a constant cross-fire is kept up in the exposure of misrepresentations, and the rectification of all that has been set down in malice on one side or the other. To-day a good point perhaps is made by the Opposition; to-morrow it will be returned to them, if possible, with interest. Such is the party system of political warfare—a system which ought to have won the admiration of Archdeacon Paley, since it possesses the attribute that was wanting to that celebrated watch of his—the power, namely, of perpetually reproducing itself. Looking simply at the wordy strife between two such organs say as the *Globe* and the *Mail*, what is ever to bring it to an end? There is no termination to their arguments, any more than to a repeating decimal, which, truth to tell, they very much resemble.

"Like everything good," says the former of the two journals we have just mentioned, "party may be abused." We should like very much to know where the proper use of party ends and its abuse begins. The abuse, we suppose, is when men do things in the interest of their party that are not for the interest of the state; when, for example, the supporters of a Government convicted of some reprehensible act rally around it to save it from just condemnation; or when an Opposition, knowing that the Govern-

ment is dealing with a very difficult and dangerous question, walking, to use Horace's metaphor, on hot cinders lightly covered over with ashes, seek to hamper and distress it by every means in their power, even at the risk of fanning the smouldering fires into open conflagration. But if this is abuse, it is of the very essence of party politics. Either the interests of the country or the fortunes of their party are to dominate in men's thoughts : if the former, then all party tactics are at an end ; if the latter, then it is simply absurd to talk of party being "abused." It is all abuse from first to last. You might as well talk of selfishness being abused, or dishonesty being abused, or of hypocrisy being abused.

Let us, however, hear a little more about party from that thorough believer in it whom we have just quoted :—"All the essential characteristics of party," he proceeds to say, "enter into the very idea of free popular government, and when they are eliminated, such a government is not only impossible but inconceivable. Who is to say what is really for the good of the nation? All may be equally patriotic, all equally anxious to lay aside self-seeking and everything mean and unworthy, but they may have different ideas how this greatest national good is to be secured ; nay they will have if they think freely and intelligently. And with what result? Why, with the formation of more or less distinctly opposing parties, with more or less keenness in their discussions, and more or less divergence in their eventual courses of action. The whole history of the past tells of this ; while the 'national principle' would at best but give us something like the slumberous stillness of a sultry summer noon—quiet and peaceful, but at the same time stagnant, and the fruitful parent of injurious miasmata."

Here let us draw breath. Who would have imagined, had we not let out the secret, whence this charming picture of party politics was taken? There is a touch of

idyllic tenderness and sweetness about it which the great Sicilian poet himself could scarcely have surpassed. "More or less keenness in their discussions:—of course ; but then each side is so "anxious to lay aside everything mean and unworthy"—among other things, all mean and unworthy suspicions of their opponents—that really their divergences of opinion serve only to procure for those who take part in politics a reasonable and healthful amount of intellectual exercise. Under the "national" system we should all stagnate and be choked by noxious miasmata ; while under the party system we are braced and vivified by the pure powers of free discussion. What a happy, golden dream, one cannot but exclaim, for a writer to have who was penning an article for the same columns that contained "Who wants me?" Not more fancy-free was Colonel Lovelace in his prison than is this editor in his sanctum. He cannot for a moment assume the patriotism of his particular political opponents—they are tricksters, corruptionists, deceivers—everything in fact that is morally execrable ; but when he wants to draw a picture of the party system at work, why, all at once the political atmosphere becomes pure if not altogether calm ; there is equal patriotism on both sides, and men are only divided by theoretic differences which do not in the least impair the profound respect they entertain for one another.

Now the truth of the matter is that what this enthusiastic advocate of party has been here describing is not party at all ; but that very "national" system, the application of which to popular institutions he pronounces to be sheerly "inconceivable" (though not *too* inconceivable to allow its miasmatic results to be clearly foreseen). No one pretends that if men could be induced to give up the conscious imposture and rant and gibberish that are now dignified with the name of party controversy, they would forthwith all be of one mind. The great difference would be that men would endeavour to make their

opinions triumph by legitimate means ; and further, that the expression of all opinions would be very much freer than at present. As things are now a man is not at liberty at all times to utter the thought that is in him, he has to consider how his party will be affected by what he may say. In this way truths that would be eminently seasonable, so far as the country's interests are concerned, are suppressed as being unseasonable from a party point of view. The credit that a man would, personally, feel inclined to give his opponents for something he knows them to have done well, he withholds out of consideration for his party who would be seriously compromised by any admission in favour of those whom they are steadily trying to undermine in popular favour. It is the rarest thing in the world at present to see a man get up in Parliament and seem to utter his real and innermost conviction on any important question. You note his place in the chamber, and before he speaks you know almost all he has to say. Such is the party system. Instead of stimulating thought and teaching intellectual honesty, it does just the reverse—puts a ban on the free exercise of a man's mind, and leads people to conceal or misrepresent their real opinions.

We fancy that when people try to realize to themselves what the political situation would be like, in the absence of party organization and party strategy, a vague idea too often takes possession of their minds, that there would no longer be any available means of dislodging an unworthy Government from power. They forget that it is party that keeps such a Government in power at all. What is it that for years past has kept the special object of Opposition censure—Sir George Cartier, surrounded by that compact band of immortals, and made him, altogether, the most powerful man, personally, in the whole country? The answer is simply—party. It must not then be lost sight of that a relaxation of party ties, and a more honest and independent devotion on

the part of every member of Parliament to the public good, while it would shield the Administration from factious assaults, would also compel it to rely not on the support of an interested party, but on the honest approval of the people's representatives. There is not only a connection—there is a direct proportion between rigour of party discipline and political corruption. The one varies with the other and necessarily. When we speak of “a strict party vote,” what do we mean, except a vote in which the merits of the question were put out of sight, and party interests were alone consulted? And what do we mean by “party discipline,” except that species of control, partly internal and partly external, which compels a man to support his friends *per fas et nefas*, or as we say in English, “through thick and thin?” It may not always be a money consideration, immediate or prospective, which leads a man thus to surrender independence and conscience into the hands of others, but whatever the motive, it is a corrupting one. Unless we are mistaken, a leading Canadian “statesman” once said to a member of Parliament, who professed himself ready to support him whenever he was in the right, “That is not what I want; I want my friends to support me when I am wrong as well as when I am right.” And are they not both, at this moment, members of the Dominion Ministry? The friend who once wanted to limit and condition his support found, no doubt, substantial reasons for making it unlimited and unconditional—the kind in fact that was wanted. This is an illustration of the party system, if you like: one that everybody will recognize who knows the real article. As to that beautifully-coloured picture of the *Globe's*, exhibited under some other name, it might do very well; but as “A Study of Party Politics,” it can only be laughed at.

The great difficulty in arguing the thesis that the public interest is not promoted by an arbitrary division of the legislature, and

of all those who take an interest in politics, into two opposing camps, is to avoid saying things that are self-evident. It is perfectly clear that a party would not be a party, as the word is commonly understood, if it were actuated only by a desire for the public good, and if it followed out a strictly honourable line of action towards its adversaries. Such a body would not and could not display what is called party spirit; and as to party discipline, it would be lost in the higher and nobler discipline of duty. The agreement that existed amongst its members at any moment, however perfect it might be, could not be held to guarantee their agreement on any new issue; for *ex hypothesi* every man, as often as a new question came up, would shape his course upon it, not with a view to improving the position of his party, but to promoting the advantage of the State. It is understood now that those who act together to-day will act together to-morrow and next day. Why? Simply because *they mean to do so*; that is all about it: they have determined that their opinions shall not differ. For how could they ever hope to gain party triumphs without party organization and party orthodoxy? If the country does not thrive under such a system; if the vices of government are not cured; if the people are not educated to disinterestedness and high-mindedness: in other words, if patriotism and public spirit are not encouraged—so much the worse for all the interests, moral and material, involved. The British Constitution of which party-government (we are told) is the noblest tradition, cannot be allowed to fall through merely because a nation threatens to go to ruin.

When we are told that party is absolutely essential to free, popular government, we cannot help thinking what a vast amount of government is done, and what vast interests are successfully managed, without any help from the party principle. Look at our municipalities; look at our banks, our railways and other public enterprises; look at our

churches. Would it really be well to see our city corporations, and our county and township councils divided between two parties, each trying to hamper the other to the utmost of its ability? Who would care to hold stock in a bank or a railway, whose affairs were made the sport of party struggles? Whenever party spirit has shown itself in connection with the latter class of corporations, it has been the product of, as it has in turn ministered to, the very grossest and most shameless forms of corruption and robbery. We see party here assume its final and perfect development as the *ring*—an association of robbers who have agreed to aid in filling one another's pockets. When however, (as fortunately is most often the case) this horrible disease has not fastened upon a great public company, its administration is a fair type of what the administration of a country's affairs might be, if the organized selfishness of party were to pass away. Every shareholder knows that the value of his property depends on the successful administration of the company's affairs, and the maintenance of its credit before the world. His great anxiety, therefore, is to have the right kind of men as directors, and, when the right men have been found, it generally rests with them to say how long they will remain in the responsible positions assigned to them. Men get thanks for conducting the affairs of a company or association prudently and successfully; they get none for doing their duty by the State: they get interested and formal praise from their supporters, and unvarying depreciation and abuse from their opponents. The praise affords them no satisfaction, and the abuse, in the long run, hardens them and takes the edge off all finer feelings. The great difference between a member of a joint-stock company and a member of Parliament is, that while the former would lose more than he would gain by pursuing an obstructive course, or in any way trifling with the interests of the society, the latter may pursue a

similar line of conduct, and profit by it. His interest as a private citizen in sound legislation, and effective administration may easily be overcome by those special inducements which party leaders can offer. That is precisely the position, and hence it is that party is possible in the Legislature and *hardly any where else*. Party may therefore be defined with absolute correctness as a body of men whose interest in supporting one another is greater than the interest they have in giving a right direction at all times to public policy. . . . should scarcely call this, however, a good thing *per se*.

What becomes then of Burke's definition of party as "a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavours the national interest upon some principle in which they are all agreed?" Is it of no application at all in our day? Certainly; as often as a body of men honestly agree in a particular principle, let them unite their efforts to make that principle triumph, and if they choose to call themselves a party, why let them do so. No harm will result from that. Harm results when men take a license to themselves to do, as a party, things that are not for the national interest at all, and that, in their own consciences, they know are not for the national interest. It is certainly a strange thing that, because a number of men have got hold of one sound principle through which they hope to triumph, they should feel themselves excused in giving their sanction, if not their active support, to a number of evil ones. Yet this is precisely what our parties do; they have one end in view which perhaps they sincerely think a good one, and this end they allow to justify or sanctify the most scandalous means. Such is the party system; and if any one hints that a system, which not only permits but erects into a code the loosest moral practice, may not be worth perpetuating, he is pronounced at once an enthusiast, a dreamer, a doctrinaire, a person whom all sensible, practical men may complacently

laugh at, without troubling themselves in the least to enquire into the value of his ideas.

We are very far indeed from thinking that the age of political conflict has passed away in Canada. On the contrary, there is sharp work to be done at the present moment, and we only wish we could see a clearer prospect of its being done efficiently and speedily. What we really require is not closer party organization (the great specific of the "Grit" press) but a general awaking of the political conscience of the country. It is of little avail for a party to be in the right on some main issue if it is constantly putting itself in the wrong on a number of minor questions, and, in a general way, pursuing just as weak and temporizing a course as if its moral foundations were altogether unsound. Where we see a party acting in this way, and deriving no inward strength, apparently, from its espousal of the better cause, we may safely conclude that it has espoused that cause simply as a matter of expediency, a matter of party tactics. No wonder if truth triumphs slowly through such advocacy.

The unexpressed idea in the mind of every man who tells us that party-government must be eternal is this: that men in general are too selfish and too corrupt to accept any other system; the main thing in politics must always, it is held by these high-minded individuals, be a strife for place and power, and the State must e'en take her chance between contending factions. If people who think this (and they are many) would only utter it openly, instead of darkening counsel by their sophistical platitudes about party and its abuses, we should be in a much fairer way of rising above our present low level of political morality. Party is such a venerable institution that, like the heathen temples of old and the Christian sanctuaries of the middle ages, it can give shelter and asylum to all kinds of crimes. But let men cease to talk about party in the

abstract, or as an institution, and say what they mean, namely, that there is no use in looking for honesty and disinterestedness in politics, and then perhaps this very enlightened age will begin to feel a little ashamed that such injurious allegations should be so openly made. We do not share the opinion of these cynics; we hold that a great portion of the evils from which we suffer are due to a defective political system, and to that confusion of mind on political subjects which the current language in regard to party is so well calculated to produce. The heart of the people is not so unsound as some would have us believe; and if the people make up their minds to it, they can have honest men to serve them—men who will prefer honour to office, and the sense of duty performed to personal triumphs however flattering. To preach the cessation of party strife is no doubt, at present, like crying in the wilderness, but our hope is that, like other preaching that has begun in the wilderness, it will end by converting the multitude. Stripped of all verbiage and of all subtleties, the question is simply one between good and evil; and the good must either gain on the evil, or the evil on the good. The precise equilibrium we see established at present has no warrant of per-

petuity; it is simply the creation of the public opinion of the moment. In which direction then will public opinion change? Shall we see parties taking to themselves a wider and wilder license than ever, and, in their senseless animosities, trampling on the best interests of the State? Or shall the change be towards purer and more rational methods of government? Shall we see the press of the country becoming what a *free* press ought to be—just, outspoken and independent, dealing with public questions in a broad, national spirit, and with public reputations with that respect which *self-respect* invariably inspires? Or, shall we see the reverse of all this in a further development of the wretched system of “organs?” These are questions which the future has to decide, and upon the decision of which a vast amount of national prosperity may—nay must—depend. The country, in which a high tone of public feeling prevails, in which government is administered with purity, and public affairs are discussed with reason, enjoys already the best kind of prosperity; and only where these moral elements of well-being abound can the material possessions and advantages of a community be turned to their best account.

SELECTIONS.

AM I MYSELF?

(From “*Judicial Dramas, or the Romance of French Criminal Law*,” by HENRY SPICER.*)

IT was pleasantly remarked by a French gentleman of long descent but short means, that the antiquity of his house had at length exhausted its possessions.

Such, perhaps, was the position of the young

Louis de la Pivardière, Sieur de Bouchet, destined to be the hero of a case, which, towards the end of the seventeenth century, created an

* London, Tinsley Brothers.

intense interest, and has seldom found its parallel in the records of criminal jurisprudence.

Louis de la Pivardière was the youngest of three sons of a gentleman of noble lineage, but whose possessions at his death were scarcely sufficient to provide his children with the means of an honourable subsistence.

In this position the young and handsome Louis had the good fortune, as he thought it, to captivate the affections of Madame de Chauvelin, widow of the *Sieur Menon de Billy*, at that time about thirty-five, and the mother of five children by her first marriage. She had a moderate estate at Narbonne, producing a fair but not abundant income. Her beauty, which was but little impaired by time, and her refined and pleasing manners, rendered her a great favourite in the society in which she moved. Her marriage with Pivardière was celebrated at the close of 1687, and for two years all went well, their domestic felicity being only interrupted by passing fits of jealousy on the part of the young husband, which, however, had no other ground than his lady's devotion to general society.

In 1689 the *Arrière-ban* compelled *Sieur de Pivardière*, as lord of Narbonne, to take his turn of service, and two years later he obtained a lieutenancy in the regiment of dragoons of *St. Hermine*.

By this time a certain coolness had been engendered between the pair, and the inevitable absence of Louis was endured by both with an amount of resignation hardly consistent with a real affection.

One of the most frequent and (to Madame de la Pivardière) most welcome visitors at the *Château de Narbonne*, was the reverend prior of the neighbouring Abbey of *Misera*—a sequestered edifice nestling in the adjacent wood and accommodating only some six or eight brethren at most. The prior, as domestic chaplain, attended to celebrate mass on Saturdays at the *château*.

It was not very long before sharp-eyed and many-tongued scandal began to comment upon the undeniable fact that the reverend gentleman's visits were becoming far more frequent than his spiritual duties seemed to demand. Louis was aware of the existence of such a rumour, but a certain dread of that mixture of censure and ridicule which attaches to a needlessly jealous husband, induced him to

close eye and ear to the growing intimacy, and to merely absent himself more than ever from the scene of his annoyance.

While travelling from place to place on pretence of military duty, but in reality for solace of his mental trouble, Louis found himself one sweet summer evening wandering in the outskirts of *Auxerre*. Suddenly his attention was attracted by bursts of merriment proceeding from a group of young girls engaged in some youthful game beneath the trees. On one of them especially the young soldier's eyes were fixed with a curiosity and interest he himself could hardly understand. With blue eyes sparkling with mirthful excitement, and bright brown hair waving and glistening in the chequered light, Louis felt his heart irresistibly attracted towards the fairy figure, and without further ceremony set himself to making her closer acquaintance.

He very soon discovered that she was the daughter of a lately deceased innkeeper, named *Pillard*, a circumstance which gave him secret pleasure as increasing the facilities for, as he hoped, making this fair prize his own.

Without a moment's delay, the infatuated young man engaged an apartment in the little inn presided over by the widow *Pillard*, and entered heart and soul into the enterprise he had resolved upon. We need not pursue him step by step. That he speedily established himself in the good graces of the pretty rustic need not be a matter of surprise. Handsome, graceful, accomplished, and in earnest, Louis made short work of her affections. But here his progress was stayed. As good and pure in heart as she was fair in person, his young mistress refused all overtures unsanctified with the marriage rite, and would have dismissed her lover on the spot had he not, following out the impulse he had at first conceived, and determined through all obstacles to obtain his object, acceded to her conditions.

He went through the ceremony accordingly under his family name of *Bouchet*, dropping that of *la Pivardière*, and taking every other precaution that suggested itself to him for the concealment of the mock marriage, as he had previously concealed from his victim the real one. This successfully effected, he took up his residence at the little inn, and sacrificing pride to love, fulfilled the duties of host with a frank amenity that brought augmented custom to the

house, and thus materially added to the comforts of the now happy family.

Within a twelvemonth the young wife, as she believed herself, being shortly to become a mother, it seemed needful to Louis that he should pay a brief visit to his abandoned home, and obtain, if possible, a supply of money.

Accordingly, making what excuse he might, he took horse for Narbonne, and arriving on the second day at the period of the evening meal, found a merry party assembled, and the reverend prior of Miseray dispensing the hospitalities of the château in its master's chair. At this sight and the cold greeting he received from his wife, Louis' blood began to boil, but conscience whispered in his ear a quieting word. There was no scene; and Louis, taking occasion to mention that he must rejoin his regiment, if possible, on the morrow, found his lady so obligingly anxious that no financial impediment should arise, that he was enabled to take horse next morning with a lighter heart and heavier purse than he had brought with him.

Four years now elapsed without especial incident, save that Louis' young partner brought him four children, and that he himself paid an annual visit to Narbonne, from whence he derived what supplies he could towards the support of his establishment at Auxerre. But a change was at hand.

Some of those who delight in communicating evil tidings found means to inform Madame de la Pivardière of her husband's pretended marriage, but without indicating name or place. She instantly adopted measures for verifying the statement, and had just obtained the required assurance when her husband set out on his accustomed annual visit to the château.

It would appear that all Louis' old jealousy of the prior of Miseray had revived; for halting at the village of Bourgdieu, seven leagues from Narbonne, he fell into conversation with a mason whom he knew, and remarked to him that it was his object to arrive late at the château, where he would probably meet with the prior, and would either take his life or lose his own.

No thought of his own infidelity seems to have softened the man's heart as he spurred homeward on his deadly errand. But perhaps he was of opinion with Lemaître that men, claiming for themselves virtues of the mind, ex-

act from the other sex the less noble virtues of the body, maintaining, in fact, that man's honour is in no way allied with his chastity, while with woman honour and chastity are one and the same.

It was at sunset, on the fête of Notre Dame August 1697, that a splendid collation was taking place at Narbonne, at which many of the neighbouring gentry, who had attended the morning mass at the Château, were present with their families.

To the astonishment of all, the master of the house strode suddenly into the room, and took his seat at the table. All the guests rose and offered their salutations. His wife alone retained her seat, her countenance so expressive of scorn and pent-up anger, that a lady present could not forbear some words of condolence.

"Is it thus," she murmured "that a husband so long absent should be greeted in his own house?"

Louis overheard it.

"*Je ne suis que son mari—je ne suis pas son ami.*" ("I am only her husband—not her friend") he answered bitterly.

The mirth of the feast departed with Louis' appearance. A consciousness of "something wrong" silenced everybody, and at the earliest moment good manners permitted, Louis and his resentful wife found themselves alone.

For a few minutes there reigned a gloomy silence—then the lady—rising—offered to retire to her apartment. Her husband made a movement to attend her, and, being repulsed, at once demanded to know the reason of her contempt and anger.

"Go back to your new wife," was the indignant reply, "and ask *her* the reason!"

In vain Louis attempted to deny the wrong. She refused to credit—even to listen to—any defence, and heaping on him the bitterest reproaches, ended by declaring that, in a very brief space, he should be made bitterly to repent the injury he had done her. With these ominous words she withdrew, her husband retiring to a separate chamber prepared for him by her orders.

Warned, as it subsequently appeared, by one of the maid servants that his life was not secure, so long as he remained under that roof, Louis resolved to depart, under cover of the night, and taking with him his dog and gun

abandoned his horse (which had fallen lame the previous day), his cloak, and pistols—these being likely to encumber him too much in the fatiguing foot journey he proposed to make.

It was in evidence at the trial, that he passed through Bourgdieu, that he lodged on the 17th at Chateauroux, on the 18th at the hostelry de la Cloche at Issoudun, and from thence set forward towards Auxerre, where he expected to arrive at dusk.

A few days later there started into life a sinister rumour. Louis de la Pivardière had, it was affirmed, been assassinated in his own house at Narbonne! How, when, or where the report originated, was never known. One thing was certain, that it grew and spread until nothing else was spoken of in the vicinity of the supposed murder, while all went on as usual in the château, and its mistress appeared in public with her accustomed grace and smiles, and a demeanour perfectly unruffled.

But one fine day there appeared at the gate of Narbonne the police-lieutenant of Chatillon, in attendance on the Procureur du Roi, and an enquiry followed.

Fifteen witnesses were examined. Some of whom, resident in the neighbourhood of the château, deposed to having heard a shot fired during the night of the supposed murder.

Madame de la Pivardière was thereupon ordered into custody. But the lady had fled. It was ascertained that she had removed from the château all that was most valuable and easy of transport, and taken refuge herself in the house of her friend, Madame d'Anneuil, pending the issue of the inquiry.

It was no convincing proof of guilt that she should have avoided the storm about to burst on her head. The innocent are often timid: she had reason, moreover, to believe that the lieutenant was no friend to the prior of Miseray, and ignorant as she was of her husband's place of concealment, she was unable to refute at once the calumny.

But the astounding circumstance was, that her two maids, Marguerite Mercier and Catherine Le Moine, being arrested, gave a precise and detailed narrative of the murder of the missing gentleman!

The former, Mercier, her mistress's godchild, and a great favourite, stated that Madame de

la Pivardière, having got rid of all who might suspect her, introduced two male servants into her husband's chamber, by whose hands he was there and then put to death.

The second maid declared that she had been sent out of the way, and only returned when the murder was just accomplished.

The little Mdlle. Pivardière, aged nine, declared that in the middle of the night she had heard her father's voice exclaiming, "Ah, my God! have pity on me!"

A third servant, Jaquette Riffé, denied all knowledge of the assassination.

The first, Mercier, being ill and in danger of death, before receiving the last sacraments, confirmed her former deposition, and added that the prior of Miseray had assisted at the murder, and had dealt the last fatal blow!

There is perhaps nothing more inexplicable in criminal records, than the conduct of these two women, supposing that their testimony was false. They had no grudge against their mistress, who treated them with the kindest indulgence, and, in fact, had everything to lose—nothing to gain—by contributing to her ruin.

It was believed by some that a murder had really been committed, but upon the person of the servant of De la Pivardière, whom his master, under some feeling of distrust, had caused to occupy his bed, he himself escaping in the night, and that next day, on discovering her mistake, Madame de la Pivardière had, with the aid of the prior, buried the body of the murdered valet in the garden. This, it was suggested, accounted for the confidence of her denials, when charged with the murder of her husband. But there was no evidence of any kind to give reality to this hypothesis, and it was at least certain that M. de la Pivardière had brought no servant with him to the château.

The lieutenant now visited Narbonne, and instituted a close inquiry relative to some traces of blood found on the floor of M. de la Pivardière's apartment, but without result.

Meanwhile the lady had petitioned the "Chambre des Vacations" to cause a fresh process to be issued before another judge than he of Chatillon, and that search might be made for her missing but living husband. Her case was accordingly referred to the judge of Remorantin.

She herself pressed the search with the greatest perseverance, and no long time elapsed before he was actually discovered in his humble home at Auxerre. When informed that he was sought for by his wife, the idea that he was to be arrested and tried for bigamy, presented itself at once to his mind. He took to flight. Overtaken at Flavigny, he, for the first time, learned the real state of affairs, and now his apprehensions on his own account were lost in anxiety for his wife.

He returned to Auxerre, and we may imagine the painful scene that ensued when he found himself compelled to avow his true position to the gentle loving woman who had believed herself his wife.

As for the latter, with a nobility of soul hardly to be expected under circumstances so trying, far from giving way to hatred against the man who had wronged her, and jealousy against the woman who was to take him from her, she did her best to comfort her mock-husband, and incite him to proceed, without the delay of an instant, to the succour of his legitimate wife.

De la Pivardière followed her generous counsel, and without an hour's delay executed a formal declaration before two notaries, confirming his own existence. He wrote to his wife and to his brother, and this done, started for Narbonne, where he found the château a scene of indescribable confusion, the perquisitions of the police, and the unauthorized intrusion of curious strangers, having reduced it to the condition of a house sacked by a mob.

Shocked at the disturbance of which he had been the unconscious cause, he proceeded forthwith to the judge of Remorentin, and demanded a formal and legal recognition; after which, accompanied by that official, he repaired to Luce, not far from Narbonne, where he was immediately recognized by at least a dozen people, the fact being admitted by the police who had the case in hand.

From Luce they proceeded to Jeumaloches, and, entering the church during divine service on St. Anthony's day, the appearance of the missing man so excited the assembly, that vespers were for some minutes suspended, every one gazing at him with distended eyes and quickened pulse, as though looking upon one

really returned from the tomb.* Later in the day more than two hundred witnesses, including many persons of high consideration, testified on oath to his identity, and subsequently his little daughter, her nurse, the clergy and gentry of Miseray, and numerous others, recognized the returned man.

One would have thought that such a mass of evidence would have set the question at rest. Far from it. The contest was only now beginning. The law appeared to consider that if the *Sieur de la Pivardière* was not murdered and buried, he certainly *ought* to have been, and declined to accept the contrary without much more satisfactory proof than that supplied by the reappearance of the murdered individual among his congratulating friends.

The Lieutenant of Chatillon at once bestirred himself, and, proceeding to Narbonne, ordered a strict search to be made in the grounds and lake for the body. While thus engaged, the *Sieur de la Pivardière* himself joined the busy party, and laughingly accosted the magistrate—

"Do not trouble yourselves, Messieurs," he said, "to hunt at the bottom of any lake for what you may find on the bank."

The lieutenant directed one scared look at the speaker, then, springing on his horse, departed at full gallop, amidst the cheers and laughter of De la Pivardière's friends.

To his friend, Monsieur Denyan, the advocate, the lieutenant apologized for his flight, on the ground that he really believed that he was looking on the spectre of the missing man.

"But why avoid it?" asked Denyan, coolly. "A magistrate should be proof against such impulses. This—hem—phantom came only to demand revenge, and to show you where to seek its mangled frame. Such a prodigy might perhaps surprise, but should not startle you. Instead of galloping away, my good sir, you should have drawn up a *procès-verbal* on the spot. The discovery of the shade of De la Pivardière beside the lake was surely the most convincing proof of his decease!"

The *Sieur*, accompanied by the judge of Remorentin, now visited the prison, and presented himself to the two maid-servants who had re-

* Those who have read Charles Reade's powerful novel, "Griffith Grant," will be struck with the similarity of the leading incidents.

lated his murder. To the surprise of every one, they positively denied his identity, pointing out the difference they professed to discover between their visitor and their master.

It was imagined that the Lieutenant of Châtillon had prompted this denial. He had kept the women up to this time in close confinement, without external communication, and he now protested strongly against the visit of the judge of Remorentin.

The Sieur now visited an Ursuline convent, and was recognized by his two sisters and the lady Abbess. All his family unhesitatingly acknowledged him, and detained him among them for three weeks, during which period the Remorentin judge prepared a procès-verbal embodying these facts, and this being signed by De la Pivardière, it might be supposed that his difficulties were over. Not so. The tyranny of form prevailed still against reason and reality.

The irrepressible lieutenant resolved to continue his investigation of this murder of a living man. He managed to obtain from the Attorney-General an order of Court, staying the proceedings of the judge of Remorentin, and ordering a new and superior inquiry. The prior of Miseray was arrested, and placed—contrary to custom—in irons, pending the process. The Sieur de la Pivardière took part in the latter, as representing his wife, and in the first place demanded a safe-conduct for four months (protecting himself thus against process for the bigamy), and that the letters &c., he had written since the date of his alleged assassination, might be compared with those preceding that date.

The pleadings were sufficiently curious, but would weary the patience of any reader, unless one were found who could take a professional interest in the intricacies of old French law.

De la Pivardière's counsel of course dwelt strongly upon the overwhelming evidence that established their client's identity; while, as regards the depositions of the two maids, their contradictions and retractations were pointed out with great perspicuity, and at inordinate length, seeing that the closing argument simply asserted that their testimony to the murder *must* be worthless, the victim having returned.

This rather reminds one of the French préfet, who, being censured for not receiving a

royal visitor with the customary salute, adduced a whole catalogue of reasons, ending with that not immaterial one, that there were neither cannon nor powder in the town.

The counsel concluded by attributing the trouble and calumny heaped upon Madame de la Pivardière to two great causes, an injurious cabal, and the mystery which her husband had, to hide his own misdoing, flung around his recent life.

After a plea of equal length from the opposite side, still adhering to the non-identity of De la Pivardière, the Court (July 23, 1698) issued a most verbose and elaborate decree, the substance whereof was to the effect that, further proceedings being judged necessary, the prisoners should be conveyed to Chartres, and M. de la Pivardière be placed in immediate arrest, with the view of setting the question of identity at rest for ever.

This decree, which puts the innocent, as it were, in the place of guilt, was not in effect prejudicial to his interests, since a judgment in his favour, without such previous inquiry, would have been void.

The presence of De la Pivardière was imperative, and since (having failed of his safe conduct) he refused to appear, compulsion was necessary. Besides, his very absence favoured the imputation of imposture.

On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that at this time bigamy was a capital offence, and though the records of love can boast of many an example of men sacrificing their lives for their mistresses, those of marriage are almost barren of such instances.

In this difficulty help came from an unexpected quarter. De la Pivardière's noble second wife hastened to Versailles, and, aided by some persons about the king, petitioned the latter for the required protection for the husband who was about to abandon her.

Louis Quatorze was not the monarch to be wholly insensible to beauty in grief! He raised the fair suppliant from her knees, with the gallant remark:

“Une fille, faite comme vous, méritait un meilleur sort.”

And, having inquired into the particulars, granted an immediate safe-conduct for three months—in terms so ample that—as some one observed at the time—the Sieur de la Pivar-

dière might, if so disposed, have gone through the whole gamut of crime, short of treason, without any one daring to interpose, until the period for which it was granted had expired. As things were, the protection was several times renewed.

Thus provided, the *Sieur* gave himself up a voluntary prisoner, at Fort l'Évêque, Paris, September 1st. 1698.

The matter became at this time more than ever complicated by the death of the Lieutenant of Chatillon, whose heirs, from motives of respect to his memory, felt it their duty to continue the process he had originated.

Upon the second trial a large and distinguished bar appeared on either side, and gigantic efforts were made to increase the mystery—efforts so successful that it was not until the 14th June, 1701, that this extraordinary case came to an end.

The final judgment, after duly reciting the foregoing proceedings, decreed in favour of De la Pivardière, acquitting all those placed in arrest during the process, and condemning Marguerite Mercier (her fellow servant, Le Moine, had died during the process) to make the public “*amende honorable*” in the usual form as a false witness denying “*in a loud and intelligible voice*” her slanderous assertions, after which she was to be publicly whipped and branded with a *fleur-de-lys* on the right shoulder, thereafter to be banished, her goods being forfeited to the crown.

Whatever may have been the private wrong and suffering inflicted in this strange case, it

was not without benefit to the Commonwealth, many questions theretofore of legal uncertainty having been definitively set at rest. A list of fifteen of such decisions were issued to the judges of the various courts, and became thenceforth indisputable law.

The *Sieur de la Pivardière* did not long survive this event in their lives.

The *Sieur*, still cherishing his old jealousy, having only consulted his own honour and the safety of his wife in the recent proceeding, refused to return to his home. He, however, revisited the noble-hearted woman who had come to his rescue, only to bid her farewell. It would be difficult to realize the mingled love and grief of such a parting.

De la Pivardière subsequently obtained through his relation, the Duc de la Feuillade, a semi-military employ, in which he was killed while leading his brigade against a large band of “*contrebandiers*.”

Nearly at the same time his lady was found dead in her bed from natural causes, at the *château*.

The prior Miseray, who had long since ceased to visit at the latter place, died in high esteem, at a very advanced age.

It is pleasant to be able to state that the generous second wife was destined to see many days of peace and prosperity. She was twice married, lived for many years after the events above recorded, and enjoyed the well-deserved esteem of all who knew her, and were acquainted with the strange history in which she alone appears to advantage.

EUTHANASIA.

(From SCOFFERN'S *Stray Leaves of Science and Folk-Lore*.)

THE change from this scene of existence to the next is usually heralded by suffering and pain, insomuch that dying has come to be regarded as the extreme of calamities.

Usually the animated machine clogs, and in mid-career is disarranged, then struggles before coming to the pause which is death, long be-

fore the component parts of it are so far worn or altered as to be unfitted to the functions of vitality.

Few of mankind can be said to die of old age pure and simple; fewer still of non-human animals. Disease or violence or accident precipitate commonly the issue. For man, disease

is the normal rule of death, violence and accident the exception. For non-human animals, conditions are reversed; comparatively few die naturally. In fish the chances in favour of natural death sink to the lowest level. Fish eat each other without compunction, heedless of consanguinity or species similarity.

Violent death may well be called the *natural* death of fishes; and perhaps this way of going out of the world in their case has important consequences in nature's economy. If terrestrial animals were to die naturally and to remain unburied, the atmosphere would soon become so contaminated, that no living creature could long breathe it and live. It is known that putrefactive decomposition takes place in fresh water at least as readily as it does in air; and although the saline materials of sea-water do check putrefaction to some extent, yet they are not in quantity sufficient to prevent it wholly; wherefore the cannibal propensities of fish may be a wise provision of nature for keeping the waters pure.

Though life-duration, regarded as to the individual, is most uncertain, nobody being able to form the vaguest notion of the hour of his decease, yet considered as to the species, the period of life-duration can be estimated with much certainty. Were it otherwise, the practice of remunerative life-assurance could not obtain. In a general way the rule has been established, that the normal life-duration of an animal is directly proportionate to the time occupied by it in coming to the extreme of growth. To this, however, there are so many exceptions, that they almost invalidate the rule. Thus ravens die extremely old; so do parrots; both having been known to attain ages beyond a hundred years; yet neither parrots nor ravens are slow of growth.

From very ancient times there has been a traditionary belief in the long life of deer—even hundreds of years. The Egyptians in their hieroglyphic code chose the deer for their symbol of longevity. From the Egyptians the belief passed down to the Romans, and thence to our own times.

In no part of the world is belief in the longevity of deer more firmly fixed than in the Highlands. It is not asserted by Scottish Highlanders that the lives of deer *in general* are immoderately long, something like twenty-five

years being assigned for the usual term of existence of a red deer. The Highland belief is, that certain old stags are endowed with a magic vitality; that they are a sort of wizard stags. Of these weird creatures numerous tales are told. Take, for example, the following:—

In the year 1826, the late Glengarry, when hunting in the garth of Glengarry, shot a fine stag, which was seen to have a certain mark on the left ear. A gillie coming up said it was the mark of Ewen-Mac-Ian Og. Five other gillies coincided, and they all agreed that Ewen-Mac-Ian Og had been dead one hundred and fifty years. The tradition had been handed down that this old chieftain for thirty years before his death had marked with this particular brand all the calf-deer he could lay hands upon. Assuming the mark on this particular deer to have been authentic, then the animal's age could not have been less than a hundred and fifty, and it *might* have been a hundred and eighty years.

The anecdote is narrated by Mr. Scrope, who, however, suggests that the old forester's mark was known to the hillmen, and had been by them imitated. Hundreds of Highland traditions might be cited in regard to the alleged longevity of deer. The belief has always prevailed in the Highlands, and hence a certain Gaelic proverb, which stands thus translated into English:—

'Thrice the age of a dog is that of a horse,
Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man,
Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer,
Thrice the age of a deer is that of an eagle,
Thrice the age of an eagle is that of an oak-tree.'

What may be considered the normal age of man, the age to which the human mechanism might be expected to endure but for disease, accident, or other collateral interference? Threescore years and ten is the scriptural answer; but without irreverence we may easily assume that the scriptural statement contemplated the probability of disease, of accident, of one or another amongst the extraneous causes which in by far the majority of cases terminates human life; not allowing *euthanasia*, or death from actual wearing out of the animal mechanism, to supervene.

The physiologist Blumenbach came to the conclusion that there is no period which can be said to be entitled by its frequency and marked

regularity to be considered the natural term of advanced old age. Trying to determine this point, he consulted all the bills of mortality he could gain access to, and the conclusion he was able to arrive at was, that in Europe no considerable number of individuals reach their 85th year, but few get beyond it; that farther, from one or other cause, only one in every seventy-eight human beings in a thousand can be said to die in the condition of euthanasia. Blumenbach, it is worthy of remark, died in the beginning of 1840, aged eighty-eight, having retained his faculties to the last. He continued to lecture up to a few days before his death, and with the spirit and humour that had always been his wont. Hufeland was of opinion that, were it not for disease or accident, or other extraneous cause, the natural term of man's existence, ending in euthanasia, might be fixed at about two hundred years. He considered the assertion strengthened by its agreement with the proportion between the time of growth and the duration of life. An animal, according to Hufeland, lives eight times as long as it grows; and the growth of man can be hardly looked upon as complete until twenty-five. According to this calculation, the term of human euthanasia would of course be two hundred years.

Hufeland occupied by no means a solitary position among physiologists in respect to this conclusion. Blumenbach was of the same opinion; so was Buffon. Those who uphold this belief have much to advance in support of it. Take almost any extreme case of old age of which records are extant, and it will be found that death came through the operation of some extraneous cause. Take the case of Old Parr, for instance, who died at one hundred and fifty-two. We shall find he did not actually wear out; he was killed by kindness.

Who of us, having arrived at the age of one hundred and fifty-two, would mind dying under the perpetration of such kindness as I find recorded in a certain ancient book entitled *The Old, Old, very Old Man*, being a chronicle of Mr. Parr's last days? From the account in this book, it seems that the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, being in Shropshire, heard of the venerable Mr. Parr; 'when,' states my record, 'his lordship was pleased to see him, and in his innate noble and Christian piety, he took him into his charitable tuition and protection,

commanding that a litter and two horses be provided for him; also that a daughter-in-law of his (named Lucy) should likewise attend him, and have a horse for her own riding with him. And to cheer up the old man and make him merry, there was an antique-faced fellow called Jack, or John the Fool, that had also a horse for his carriage. These all were to be brought out of the country to London by easy journeys; the charges being allowed by his lordship, and likewise one of his honour's own servants, named Brian Kelly, to ride on horseback with them, and to attend and defray all manner of reckonings and expenses; all of which was done as followeth.'

Then comes the itinerary. How Master Parr was received in this town and that is minutely recorded; how Master Kelly 'had much to do to keep the people off that pressed upon him in all places where he came; yet at Coventry he was most opprest; for they came in such multitudes to see the old man, that those that defended him were almost quite tired and spent, and the aged man in danger to have been stifled.'

Arrived at London, Master Parr was sumptuously lodged, profusely and delicately fed. He became a court lion, dividing the regards of sight-seers of Charles I.'s court with a giant and a dwarf, also under royal patronage; all three, as I gather from the curious old book from which these particulars are taken, court pensioners. There seems to have been a court poet in those days, whose name has passed into oblivion. He printed an effusion to celebrate the three court prodigies; the opening lines of this effort of genius are as follow:

'Of subjects, my dread liege, 'tis manifest
You have the old'st, the greatest, and the least;
That for an old, a great, and a little man,
No kingdom, sure, compare with Britain can.'

They lodged Master Parr sumptuously. they fed him delicately. It killed him. Abundant meat and generous wines failed to agree with one who throughout life had eaten very little animal food, and who, though indulging in ale occasionally, had seldom tasted wine. He died at the mature age of one hundred and fifty-two, but not of pure old age, the condition of euthanasia. Harvey, the celebrated anatomist, who dissected Master Parr's body, found in it no

signs of natural decay. And here it may not be inopportunately stated, that when Master Parr had outlived a century by some years, a certain youthful indiscretion brought on him the penalty of doing church-penance in a white sheet!

Speculating on the average age of mankind, and animals in general, some have expressed surprise that the organism should wear out at all, seeing that the materials of it are so constantly replenished; others, on the contrary, have wondered that the mechanism should last so long as it ordinarily does.

In reference to the former, it has been said that every part of a living animal's body undergoes renewal once in about three months; but this is not strictly correct. Every *soft* part of the body may, indeed probably *does*, come under that process of regeneration in the time specified, gelatine or the soft portion of the bones inclusive. The composition of our bodies alters with age, notwithstanding. During life something goes on comparable to the furring of a tea-kettle or the fouling of a steam-boiler. Hard earthy concretions deposit in the heart, impeding its movements; in the arteries, impairing the elasticity needful to their vital functions. Vainly are the soft portions of our bodies renovated, whilst those earthy depositions continue to be formed. The longer we live the more brittle do we grow. Young children can fall about, rarely breaking their bones; whereas old people often fracture their limbs by the mere exertion of turning in bed.

Bearing in mind the fact, that as we grow older we become more brittle, this is explained; and being explained, shall we not marvel that life's fire burns so long? Consider what the animal machine has to do to keep itself alive and going, the heart above all. Taking an average of different ages, the human heart may be considered to beat one hundred thousand times in the twenty-four hours. A human adult may be considered to hold from fifty to sixty pounds of blood; and this has to be kept in continuous motion by the pulsating heart to the very end of life. The mechanical labour is enormous. Were a mechanic to devise a machine of ordinary materials for overcoming the weight of fifty or sixty pounds, as happens to the blood, repairs would be incessant, the machine would soon wear out.

I do not know how it happens that, when an

illustration of extreme old age is in question, we all recur to Master Parr. He was an old man certainly, a *very* old man; but by no means the oldest of whom authentic records exist. Old Jenkins beats him. Of Jenkins more anon. The very oldest man I can find account of is Thomas Carn, who, according to the parish-register of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, died 28th January, 1588, æt. two hundred and seven. He was born in the reign of Richard II. in 1381. He lived in the reigns of ten sovereigns, viz., Richard II., Henries IV., V. and VI., Richard III., Henries VII. and VIII., Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth.

Some years ago, when Parliament had closed and London was deserted—when the silly season, as newspaper-people call it, had fairly set in—the leading journal admitted to its columns a series of letters, the general purport of which was to cast a doubt on records of extreme longevity. Could it be demonstrated that, since the existence of scriptural patriarchs, any man or any woman had completed a hundred years?

Such was the general question; and much argument was expended to prove the negative. Amongst others reasons for disbelieving the statements of persons of extreme age, their failure of memory was insisted on; also a certain pride of age, that dawns and dominates, just like the pride of youth at earlier epochs of life. Deferring to these arguments in their general application, it is still impossible to set aside the precise testimony of certain cases. However easy it would be for a supra-centenarian to tell an untruth, or to make a mistake, as to the bare statement of age, it would not be easy—rather would it be impossible—for him to make the bare statement consist with cross-questioning founded upon consideration of events and historical periods. The extreme age of Jenkins—he died at one hundred and sixty-nine—is attested by the following line of, as it would seem, unimpeachable evidence.

Henry Jenkins is said to have been born at Bolton-upon-Swale, Yorkshire, in 1500, and to have followed the active employment of fisherman for about a hundred and forty years. Being produced as a witness on a trial at the Yorkshire assizes, to prove a contested right of way, he swore to near one hundred and fifty years' memory, during all which time he said he remembered the right of way. 'Beware what

you are swearing,' said the judge; 'there are two men in the court each above eighty they have both sworn they have known *no such* right of way.'

'Those men,' replied Jenkins, 'are boys to me.' Upon which the judge inquired of those men how old they took Jenkins to be. Their answer was, they knew Jenkins very well, but not his age; for that he was a *very* old man when they were boys.

Here, then, we have evidence of the great age of this patriarch, - evidence, so far as it goes, of the most satisfactory kind; educated, as it was, from the testimony of those who, being in a certain sense antagonists, can hardly be assumed to have gone out of their way to enhance his antiquity. Evidence equally satisfactory and more precise, as it goes to fix his age *exactly*, was elicited by judicial cross-questioning founded on comparison of historical dates. Being brought before a court of law to give evidence, he testified to one hundred and twenty years: having been born before parish-registers were kept, these only having been established by the 30th of Henry VIII.

This seemed so extraordinary that Jenkins was cross-questioned with reference to historical occurrences. What remarkable battle or event had happened in his memory? 'Flodden Field,' said Jenkins - 'I being then turned twelve years of age.' How did he live? 'By thatching and salmon-fishing. I was thatching when served with your subpoena, and can dub a hook with any man in Yorkshire.'

Reference to Flodden Field brought more cross-questioning. His reply was consistent, and still more confirmatory. When eleven or twelve years old, he said, he was sent to Northallerton in the North Riding, with a horse-load of arrows to be used in the battle of Flodden Field. From Northallerton the arrows were sent on to the field of battle by a bigger boy, all the men being employed getting-in the harvest. The battle of Flodden Field was fought September 9th, 1513.

Being farther questioned, Jenkins said that he had been butler to Lord Conyers of Hornby Castle, when Marmaduke Brodclay, lord abbot of Fountains, did frequently visit his lord, and drink a hearty glass with him; that his lord often sent him to inquire how the abbot did, who always sent for him to his lodg-

ings, and, after ceremonies, besides wassal (a liquor made from apples, sugar, and ale), ordered him a quarter of a yard of roast beef for his dinner (for that monasteries did deliver their guests' meat by measure) and a great black-jack of strong drink.

Being next questioned whether he remembered the dissolution of religious houses, he said, 'Very well;' that he was between thirty and forty years old when the order came to dissolve those in Yorkshire; that great lamentation was made, and the county all in a tumult when the monks were turned out. After this sort of evidence it will be impossible, I think, to refuse credence to this *very* old man's tale.

Is growing old an art to be acquired? is it a matter of eating, drinking, and avoiding? These are amongst the questions that people, desirous of growing *very* old, will not fail to propose to themselves. And thus may we reply. Viability, or the capacity of living long, wrote somebody, is an inheritance. Like talent, it may be cultivated; like talent, it may be perverted; but it exists independent of all cultivation. Some men have a talent for long life. Longevity tends to be hereditary. M. Charles Lejoncourt, in his *Galerie des Centenaires*, publishes some curious examples. He cites a day-labourer, who died at one hundred and eight; his father having lived to one hundred and four, and his grandfather to one hundred and eight. His daughter, then living, had arrived at eighty. In another page of M. Lejoncourt's treatise, we find a saddler whose grandfather died at one hundred and twelve, his father at one hundred and thirteen, and he himself at one hundred and fifteen. This man, two years before his death, being asked by Louis XIV. how he had managed to live so long?—'Sire,' said he, 'by acting on two principles since I was fifty; the principles of keeping my wine-cellar open and my heart shut.'

A more surprising illustration of hereditary longevity is furnished by John Golembiewski, a Pole. In 1846 this man was living, aged one hundred and two. His father died at one hundred and twenty-one, his grandfather at one hundred and thirty. This Pole had been eighty years a common soldier. He had served in thirty-five campaigns under Napoleon; had even survived the terrible Russian campaign in spite of five wounds.

We perceive, then, that capacity for living to very old age tends to be hereditary. It is a talent, so to speak, and, like other talents, it may be developed or abused. If the question be proposed, By what regimen longevity may be most subserved,—the answer would be, A temperate regimen. The reply is indefinite; not one whit more precise than are the circumstances that make a *bonâ fide* traveller.

I cannot discover in the annals of extreme old age any sort of testimony favourable to the views of total abstainers. As little does the faculty of long life comport with excess, either in food or drink. Gluttony and drunkenness are both unfavourable to longevity; but gluttony, as it would seem, in a higher degree than alcoholic drinking. Buffon places the mountainous districts of Scotland in the very first rank for longevity, and we all know that John Highlandman is *not* a teetotaler. Whether total-abstinence people would like to argue, that though John Highlandman lives long, yet but for 'whisky' he would live longer still, I know not. To support that argument they might adduce St. Mungo, otherwise called Kentigern, founder of the bishopric of Glasgow. This worthy is said to have lived to one hundred and eighty-five, eleven years older than Jenkins, thirty-three years the senior of Old Parr.

In respect to sex, I do not find that women figure as supra-centenarians in any way comparable to men. Old women of eighty-five or ninety are plentiful enough, but not antique women—female old Parrs and Jenkinsons. This rather unsettles the somewhat common belief—or is it a petulant outburst only?—that old women never die.

Married life or celibacy—what shall we say? Unfortunately I can come to no conclusion at

all; worse, a conclusion I come *near* to is opposed to the belief of wiser men than I. Nowadays insurance actuaries tell us that the married state is favourable in the highest degree to longevity; but how is this to be reconciled with the case of St. Mungo, who died at the astounding age of one hundred and eighty-five? Being a saint, *of course* he was a celibate; a standing proof of old bachelordom vitality.

One swallow makes not a summer: I fancy most of the antique people whose records I have scanned were, in some sense, married. Mr. Parr was so little of a celibate, that, arrived at the age of one hundred and five, they made him undergo penance at church, as we already know, to atone for a youthful indiscretion; setting him up as an example to be avoided by other young men.

Thus it seems that, fearfully and wonderfully made, the chances of dying from the effects of mere old age—the condition of euthanasia—are so much against us as well nigh to bar the hope. On the most favourable computation, it only happens to one in a thousand; and out of that thousand, the one can only belong to some seventy-seven or seventy-eight.

Is euthanasia—death without disease—coming when life has been prolonged to the uttermost, a result to be desired? Perhaps not. The optimist, believing all things to be for the best, must fain believe not.

When hearing fails, and taste flags, and sight grows dim; when memory of things past mingles, wavering, with visioned thoughts of the change to come; when the lifelong-palpitating heart pauses in its beat as if worn and weary,—is it not better then that the silver string should be cut in twain, and the pitcher broken at the well?

ART AND MORALITY.

From Macmillan's Magazine for October.

SPINOZA says somewhere that our passions all imply confusion of thought; and of course he proves this with all the parade of geometrical method which is so satisfying to some and so tedious to others. But everybody can verify the aphorism for himself by observing that he becomes calm as soon as he can attend to what it is that has disturbed him. And this suggests

that passion and art must be enemies, so far as passion is a temptation, and so far as art is perfect; for certainly everyone would agree that it is a perfection of art to present, and therefore to conceive, its subject as clearly and as adequately as may be. The subject of the Epithalamium of Mallius, or of the Vigil of Venus, is full in one sense of danger to mora-

lity, but the danger is that our feeling for the subject should be too strong for the poetry which inspired it, that we should abandon ourselves to a blind glow of pleasurable emotion and lose sight of the vivid train of clear, articulate images which set our hearts on fire at first. And there is another safeguard to morality; perfect art must be more than adequate, it must be satisfactory; it is condemned by its own standard till it can produce a type which can be contemplated upon all sides and throughout all time. The situation of Maggie Tulliver, in the boat with her cousin's betrothed, has many elements of artistic beauty; it is romantic, intense, and elevated; but it is not satisfactory ideally because it is not satisfactory morally: like Maggie, we cannot forget the beginning, we cannot but look forward to the end. It is well that the dream should be broken; though the voyage on the flood to Tom and to death has less charm, it has more peace; the imagination can dwell upon it. The new pagan treatment of the Tannhäuser legend seems capable of a more musical intensity than the traditional Christian treatment, yet it can hardly be doubted that Heine was right on purely artistic grounds in giving up this intensity, and following his own temper, and turning all to irony. Mr. Swinburne has to undertake the impossible task of reconciling us to the thought of a Hell, too intensely realized to be poetical; the knight has to promise that he will remember and rejoice in Venus there—we could not have believed it of a saint. Perfect art does not deal in paradoxes. This carries us a step further. In order that art may be adequate and satisfactory it must be sane and rational, it must be the expression not of revolt but of harmony, it must assume and reflect an ideal order in the world. The impulse of revolt is strong both in Byron and Shelley, and they are among the greatest of poets, but the law holds good in them. The grandest canto of Childe Harold is the last, where despair and disdain are passing into a calm that at least is half-resigned. Shelley's anguish for himself and for mankind goes off incessantly into mere shrieking whenever it takes the form of a revolt against the tyranny of kings and priests, it becomes musical again when it blends with the mute sorrow of "the World's Wanderers," and becomes a voice in the universal chorus of the whole creation that

groaneth and travaileth in pain together. It is not required of art to be cheerful, neither is it required of morality as such. Marcus Aurelius and George Eliot present "altruism" under a form that makes the Epicurean burden—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die"—glad tidings of great joy to flesh and blood. But though George Eliot's fascination is painful, it is complete, there is nothing to disgust and emancipate us: for her art rests upon the acknowledgment of an order to which all must be subject whether they will or no, though the order exists for other ends than the happiness, or even the perfection, of the creatures under it. We need not inquire whether such a morality is enough for life, but, in its obedience, art finds perfect freedom. Or rather, absolute art is not subject to absolute morality, but both are expressions of one ideal order which must always be conceived as holy, just, and good, though it is not always conceived as giving life and peace.

The art which is always claiming to be emancipated from morality is not the absolute art; perhaps the morality which it rebels against is hardly the absolute morality. The practical question has to be discussed on a lower level, but it is not to be dismissed as though the art which comes into conflict with morality were spurious because it is not the highest. True, the perfections of art are its safeguards, but art may be so much without being perfect. Its perfection exists rather for itself than for us, though we rejoice in it afar off; what we need is that it should be stimulating, and this too is what the artist needs, for he too is of the same clay as we. Like us, he desires fresher emotions than the ordinary round of life supplies, though this too has a satisfaction of its own for those who cherish its affections. And the craving which is occasional with us is habitual with him. He refuses the false gratification that might be found for it if he would make virtue always culminate in some kind of Lord Mayor's Show; life loses such flavour as it has in the attempt to make it just a little better, a little easier and a little prettier. If the artist will not idealize ordinary life by falsifying it, and cannot idealize it in the light of the higher law, or sustain himself upon the level of ideal action, it remains for him to go beyond the world since he cannot rise above it. He tries to escape from the hackneyed routine of domestic duties and fel-

cities into an unsatisfactory fairy-land of extreme passions, of untried desires, of unfettered impulses, working themselves out within the exciting complexities of abnormal situations. Since he cannot have the true ideal, and will not put up with the false, he demands the whole range of the real, and chooses to be always gleaning on the outskirts of possibility. The lust of the flesh and the lust of the eye and the pride of life are not really ideal, but they have their ideal moments (or they could not tempt us), and there comes a time when art finds it hard to part with one of these. The only justification that has yet been put forward for the persistent attempt to pluck the "flowers of evil" is that the artist shares the general dislike to their fruit, and that, whether he plucks or no, the world is sure to wear them. There are very few like John Foster, to whom almost all art, especially all classical art, was essentially immoral because it nourished the pride of life: art that appeals merely to curiosity or to the extreme sense of beauty is always thought safe and respectable; when we speak of immoral art we mean art that deals with sensual impulses, or rouses rebellion against the order of society; perhaps too there are many who object to the first because it results in the second. And even on this point public opinion is rather emphatic than clear. It would be hard to find a popular definition of literary immorality which would not condemn the episode of Paolo and Francesca; it is almost as if Dante had come to curse them, and lo! he blessed them altogether: they are always together, and they always love; there are more who could learn to look to such a hell with yearning than choose to enter the purgatory of Gerontius. The Laureate may seem as unimpeachable on this score as Dante, yet it is hard not to think Aylmer's Field an immoral poem. The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God, and the only outcome of Aylmer's Field is the wrath of man. We have an evil action represented in an evil spirit; if we are not to condemn this, how are we to condemn such a poem as "The Leper," *à priori*, merely because Mr. Swinburne follows Luther's maxim, *pecca fortiter*? In truth, the question within what limits it is safe to pursue "art for art," is hardly one that could be asked in an ideal state of things. Then art would be continually enriched by life,

and life illuminated by art. It never occurred to Shakespeare, or Titian, or Leonardo, that the choice of Hercules lay between life and art. art in its supreme epochs has always been nourished and exalted by the chastened or unchastened pride of life. When we speak of choosing art for art, we acknowledge that the pride of life does not need any longer to be mortified, because it is dead. When life and art are parted,

"Stratus humi palmas viduas desiderat ulmos."

But the gleaning of the vintage still is sweet; only when a man has renounced the rewards of life for art, he has not escaped its obligations; if any were mad enough to lose his soul for art, he would find he had lost art too. We cannot expect an ideal answer to a question which it is a misfortune to have to ask. Artists who have not attained the vision of eternal and ideal beauty have no right to an ideal liberty, and we have no right to try their work by an ideal standard till we have tried ourselves. Every one must apply as he can the principle that all art is lawful for a man which can be produced or enjoyed within the limits of a safe and wholesome life. When we know that Etty lived quietly and soberly with his sister, and was grateful to her for finding him respectable models, we know that he had succeeded for himself in finding a true relation between morality and art. Yet we should think hardly of a man who collected exclusively what Etty produced exclusively. An idle man might get all the pleasure from Etty's pictures that they can give, and that is not a safe pleasure for an idle man, but the pictures themselves were the work of honest labour—and *qui laborat orat*. The safeguard that the artist has in the very necessity of working we may bring from our own work, and then we shall be most likely to find it anew in strenuous sympathy with his. To the pure all things are pure; it is recorded of one of the best public men of America that even the *ballet* always filled him with religious rapture.

It is fortunate to possess such a temper, it would be silly and dangerous to aim at it; individuals must be guided by their own desire for virtue, and by the consent of virtuous and cultivated men. It is suggestive to observe that the limits of their toleration vary according to the medium in which the artist works.

In music there are hardly any limits at all ; we can hardly imagine such a thing as a melody immoral in itself, though there are melodies which do not seem profaned when fitted to immoral words. Plastic art has less liberty, yet even here almost everything is permitted short of the direct instigation of the senses to rebellion ; it is impossible to draw the line earlier when we have once sanctioned the representation of the nude. After all, Eye Gate does not lead far into the town of Mansoul. It is only when we come to the literature that the conflict becomes serious, and that honest artists wish to handle matters which honest men of the world wish to suppress. This points to a distinction which is not without practical value. Literature is the most complex form of art, the form which touches reality at most points, and therefore the mind passes most easily from literature back to life. And, therefore, what is dangerous in life is dangerous in literature, though it may be innocent in other forms of art which in themselves are more intense. The first impression of a great picture, or a great symphony, is more vivid than the first impression of a great poem ; it is, at the same time, more definite and more completely determined by the intention of the artist. A great picture, a great symphony are in one way infinitely complex, but both take their key-note from a single movement of the subject. Few subjects are too unsatisfactory to present at least one noble aspect, to strike at least one noble chord. In literature it is difficult to isolate the æsthetic side of a subject so completely, because literature tells by the result of a great many incomplete suggestions which the reader has to work out for himself, so that there is no security that he will be able to keep entirely within the intention of the writer. And the writer, too, finds it harder to subordinate the intellectual and the emotional sides of his subject to the æsthetic ; and morality is certainly justified in proscribing anything that can make familiarity with those sides of an immoral subject less unwelcome and disgusting. Still it is possible to maintain a certain ideal abstractedness of treatment even in literature which has its use. Every one feels the difference between the diseased insolent pruriency with which Byron keeps flaunting the sin in our faces in all the loves of Don Juan, and the sad gracious

navveté of Mallory, as he sets forth the passion of Lancelot and Guinevere. Some, indeed, might think that it was better to let us rest upon the nobleness of Lancelot than to try to save morality by demonstrating the superiority of Arthur. Demonstration involves discussion, and discussion might leave us sceptical as to whether Guinevere's second thoughts were really best. There certainly are instances which show beyond question that abstractedness and simplicity of treatment are a better safeguard than the best didactic intention. Madame Bovary, not seductive in intention, is undeniably more deterrent in result than the episode of Paolo and Francesca ; but no one would dream of calling it more moral.

Of course it is possible to maintain that all these distinctions are superfluous, that Plato and Savonarola were right ; that, no matter who treats them, no matter how they may be purified by severe accuracy and æsthetic isolation of treatment, still, dangerous subjects will be always dangerous, that art, if permitted to exist at all, should be rigidly and consistently subordinate to edification, and that if a few supreme works should be allowed to subsist unmutated, all production that fell short of supreme perfection should be carefully limited to drawing-room charades and nursery novelettes, and Sunday picture-books, just to keep children of all ages out of mischief. At any rate, this view has the merit of being thorough and intelligible ; it is infinitely more respectable than the common view, if it is to be called a view, which emancipates art from rational and ideal restrictions to subject it to restrictions which are shifting and arbitrary, which allows it to call evil good and good evil, so long as it does not violate the conventionalities of the day, and thinks it is quite sufficiently stimulating if it can be got to show the world, or at any rate the little piece of it the public likes to look at, all *couleur de rose*.

Only it is to be remembered that if we sacrifice art to morality we must sacrifice other things too. Comfort and liberty and intelligence, to say nothing of such trifles as wealth and luxury, have their temptations as well as art, and Plato and Savonarola would gladly have sacrificed them all. The sacrifice might be rewarded if it could be made ; Rousseau thought it would be well to return to bar-

barism to escape from the inevitable injustices of civilization; perhaps it might be well to return to the Thebaid to escape from its temptations. But as we are too weak for the Thebaid we do well to endure the temptations of the world lest we should regret them, and among these the temptation of art is not the deadliest because it is the sweetest. Even Plato thought that virtue should be tested by pleasure as well as by pain, and therefore he directed that the citizens of his ideal city should be proved by seeing how they bore themselves when drunk with wine—surely it would have been better to make them drunk with beauty.

Of course Plato wished to make them drunk with beauty too. He thought concrete beauty was the fountain which could quench the ascetic's thirst.

"Lætificemur sobria
Ebrietate spiritus."

But all this while he was thinking of the beauty not of art but of life. He did not underrate, perhaps he overrated, the moral value of æsthetic culture: but this high estimate of æsthetic was quite compatible with a very low estimate of art, which he regarded simply as providing instruments for a series of æsthetic exercises to be regulated in accordance with superior regulations, so that a poet had no more right to set up on his own account, and develop his products for their own sake, than if he were a maker of flesh-gloves or dumb-bells. Consequently he had no occasion to discuss the artistic value of morality, though if he had done so he would hardly have been tempted to indulge in an estimate of its æsthetic value so one-sided as to be extravagant. One reason of this one-sidedness was that Greek morality, before the rise of Stoicism, treated the mass of human actions as indifferent; to be left to nature or at best regulated by external conventionalities: consequently the notion of virtue was not lowered by the dullness of duty, it was always identified with the rapturous ecstasy which accompanies great deeds, which are always exceptions even in the life that is fullest of them, or with the calm diffused satisfaction which radiates over the whole of a fortunate and praiseworthy life. Aristotle could still hold that virtue was virtuous in that its works were wrought *τοῦ καλοῦ ἕνεκα*, "for the sake of the Beautiful." Epictetus was not far from the

view of Christian asceticism, that good works done from a motive savouring so much of self-satisfaction were hardly virtuous at all.

But even the most picturesque heroism involves sacrifice and suffering, and no sacrifice is without an element that is hardly attractive æsthetically. The comely corpse of the young warrior slain in the front of the battle, in *Tyræus*, is more satisfactory to the æsthetic sense than the soul of Hector flitting to Hades, wailing for the supple strength of the limbs it left in their young prime; but morally the advantage is really on the side of Homer,—it is better to look facts in the face. The saints of life wear no halo, the heroes of life wear no enchanted armour to keep them scathless to the fatal hour that translates them to Valhalla, or Elysium, or Avalon. If it were so, life would hardly be better, but it is a paradox to deny that it would be more beautiful; and it would be a paradox to deny that most of the virtue which enables the world to go on is without any æsthetic value at all. Nor can we take refuge in the convenient observation that human virtue is never quite perfect, that for the most part it is grossly and glaringly imperfect; for virtue may be all but perfect, and yet be dull, because it is painful, obscure, and, humanly speaking, fruitless. Professor Jowett is quite right in pointing out that a servant girl who spends her wages on a peevish, slatternly mother, and a lazy, dissipated brother, is the heir of many beatitudes, but it does not follow that she is a "Beautiful Soul:" fine feelings go the way of fine phrases with those who have to do and suffer overmuch.

And the aspects of morality which have the highest æsthetic value are very far from having the highest artistic value, for literary art at any rate. The best that can be obtained from them is a lyrical or semi-lyrical allusion, that may light up a lower theme. To try to idealize a great deed is only painting the lily; to try to idealize a great purpose is to drift into a labyrinth of mere intellectualism. From this point of view it is instructive to compare the "Idyls of the King" with the "Antigone" of Sophocles, and to notice what proportion of the emotional and artistic interest bears in each to the moral and intellectual interest. But if it can be answered without a theory, an ideal problem is better for literature than an ideal character

Wallenstein is lower æsthetically than Tell ; artistically King Alfred is less valuable than Richard III. The closing scene of the life of the Emperor Maurice when his children were butchered before his face, and he gave up the last rather than allow the nurse to sacrifice her own, combines almost every element of ethical and æsthetical nobility. At first it seems dramatic, but what could dramatic art add to it? Stage effect perhaps, so far as it is due to the actor ; all that a poet could hope to do on his own account would be to prepare a character to culminate in such a sacrifice. The value of this last is very doubtful. The æsthetical value of Joan of Arc's life lies in the historic moments which it would be impossible to adorn and a profanation to falsify. It is hardly worth while for literature to do what remains, and supplement pictures of concrete heroism with the most delicate analysis of her feelings when the French army was beginning to find her a troublesome visionary, or when she was being brow-beaten into recantation in an English dungeon. It might be done fifty ways ; but Etty's picture of her at the stake would always be worth them all. In the same way Delaroché's "Christian Martyr" is a greater addition to the "Golden Legend" than Massinger's "Tragedy on Dorothea," and we need never expect to meet with a poem on Elijah which shall light up the history in the way Mendelssohn's music does. Or to come down to a level where the æsthetic value of morality is not on the heroic scale, who would not give all the graceful books that can be written on Eugénie de Guérin for a portrait of one whose life within its narrow limits was so beautiful? Or to come lower yet, such æsthetical value as the pathos of common life possesses is better represented by Frère than by Dickens, because Frère avowedly represents its momentary aspects, whereas Dickens would have been compelled, if he had not been inclined, to represent the picturesque and pathetic side of poverty as something normal and habitual. The fact is, literature comes too near to life to rise above life at its highest, or to keep above life at its lowest ; it is confined to a middle region where it can embellish without falsifying.

And if literature has to turn away from what

is best in life, other forms of art by their greater detachment carry us away from life into fairy land, so that here too it is impossible to formulate an ideal relation between average art and average morality, so that practical enthusiasts can always maintain that what is given to art is taken from morality. Yet there is an ideal reason for their co-existence. Life has been compared to a tapestry which is worked on the wrong side, and after all it is this side which we see in morality ; in art we see not the right side, for this is covered up as fast as it is finished, but perhaps some reflection of the pattern too much distorted to be valuable when the tapestry is finished and fixed ; till then it has its use. Those must work very earnestly who work the faster for looking upon the wrong side alone. Of course it is unsatisfactory to have to think of art and life co-existing in this state of jealous co-operation that can hardly be distinguished from subdued antagonism ; but after all this is one of the minor discomforts of an unsettled period in which nothing is satisfactory, though to healthy tempers much is hopeful. To such a temper it would be one hopeful sign that we are beginning to recognize that, as it is ruin and madness to sacrifice morality to artistic eccentricities, so it is folly and loss to sacrifice the normal development of art to moral conventionalities. Though art must always contain something which is a snare to morality and morality must always cultivate much which is simply an encumbrance to art, we may rest upon the thought that absolute art and absolute morality, though perfectly distinct, are always harmonious. All are bound to practise morality, though the majority can never carry it to its ideal stage ; it is the same with the majority of those who are called to cultivate art ; but by keeping their eyes on the unattainable, morality will catch some grace, art will be preserved from revolt and excess. By patience and work we may hope to lift a happier generation to a level when the question between morality and art disappears : at all events we shall be lifted ourselves to a world where that question and many others are easily answered and need not be asked.

G. A. SIMCOX.

BOOK REVIEWS.

WORK AND WAGES: Practically Illustrated. By Thomas Brassey, M.P. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

This work is the result of a suggestion made by Sir Arthur Helps to Mr. Thomas Brassey, that he should write a paper on the subject of wages, taking his illustrations from the facts brought out in writing the Life of the late Mr. Brassey, the great railway contractor, which was reviewed in these pages last month. But, as usually happens when industrious men, full of their subject, are beguiled to take pen in hand, the paper expanded into a volume, and the facts introduced into it took a so much wider scope than at first was contemplated, that a second book has had to be published, instead of a mere appendix to the Life.

A thoughtful work on labour, as connected with the price of it, is ever valuable. For, like another old, old story, this, too, interests at some time or other every one of us. We are all work-people, toiling for hire, and yet, in a sense, all masters, paying for service. Now, especially, that the world is being revolutionized, that the aspect of every department of labour is changing or changed, should we be glad to receive a contribution which, by carefully collating figures bearing on the subject, points out the direction in which the changes are being, or have been, made.

This, Mr. Thomas Brassey's work certainly does, and does well. It is statistical, and, therefore, to many people, dry. It deals with an important branch of Political Economy, and so is in danger of being neglected, as abstruse. Some books of this kind, if left upon the shelves by the general public, can, at least, be introduced to them by condensations and reviews. But this work is itself a condensation, cleverly written; it is itself a summary, well summarized, and, therefore, a *crux* to a *prolix* writer or reviewer. It must be read and re-read, entire, to be appreciated; and we trust that our recommendation of it will not be neglected in this Dominion of Canada.

The volume opens with a chapter on Strikes and Trades unions, to which Mr. Thomas Brassey, in the interest of the working-men, is alike opposed; and his opposition, while strongly declared and well supported by facts and arguments, taken, in most part,

from those who have originated and organized such movements, is most effective, because it deals with the subject broadly. Thus, he does not confine his facts and reasons within the limits of his own country, but takes us to Mr. Krupp's famous engineering establishment at Essen, with its army of between 8,000 and 10,000 men, and shews that wages there to day-workmen are only from 30 to 40 cents a day, and to smiths, puddlers, carpenters, and masons, \$11 to \$32 per month. He admits that provisions in some districts of the Continent are somewhat cheaper than in England, but he brings prominently forward the greater frugality of the German artisan. At Essen, he says, 1,500 of the workmen live together in a barrack, with one eating room in common, at which food and lodging can be had for 20 cents a day. He shews that whereas no great manufacture of heavy goods could, in olden times, be established except on the seaboard, so that England's position was, as to these, the most central in Europe. Railways have now changed this, and Russia can be supplied from the interior of France, Germany, or her own great Empire, with what she could formerly, with most convenience, bring from England. He dwells upon the greater knowledge of neighbouring markets, funds, tariffs, and customs regulations possessed by French and German manufacturers, when compared with the English, who are, moreover, less familiar with Continental languages. He quotes authorities and proves that, after all compensating conditions have been allowed for, wages are at least 15 per cent. cheaper on the Continent than in England, while, without making such deductions, the difference is fully 30 per cent. He, therefore, cautions the English workmen to be careful, lest they, by unreasonable demands, throw in the way of English capital still greater difficulties than exist; and by stating that even now Profits are less in England than on the Continent, seeks to convince that wages, as compared with other elements of cost, have reached their limit, and urges that, as trades-unions cannot have other than a temporary influence on the rate of wages, it would be better that their organisations should be utilized for keeping a watchful eye on all that is taking place abroad, for educating in foreign languages delegates, who should prepare for publication frequent reports on the activity of labour and the fluctuations in the rewards for labour in all countries.

with which England has relations. Mr. Brassey hints—his political position, perhaps, hardly allows him to do more—that the suppression of intemperance would be equivalent to a considerable advance in wages. He states that there was, on the Great Northern Railway, a celebrated gang of navvies, who did more work in a day than any other gang on the line, and always left off work an hour earlier. Every navvy in this powerful gang was a teetotaler. He contrasts with the draughts of the British workman the favourite cup of coffee of the German. And we are surprised that, among the Canadian notes in which his father's manuscripts are rich, he did not find reference made to the habits of the Canadian lumbermen, the hardest, hardest working, and, perhaps, most powerful set of white men on this Continent, who seldom drink anything but tea as an accompaniment to their salt pork and beans.

In his second chapter, Mr. Brassey swings off, with an easy transition, to the question of supply and demand. He shews us the "fitter," with a weekly wage of 30s. a week in England, receiving £200 a year in the Argentine Republic; where, also, the farm labourer receives from 6s. 8d. to 8s. 3d. a day. He glances at the Moldavian labourer of 1865, receiving 6½d. a day in money, and an equivalent of 3½d. a day in food. He shews us English navvies sent out to work at the Callao docks at 8s. 3d. a day, seduced to go into the service of an American railway contractor in Peru at 22s. 6d. per day. He gives tables which shew the Bombay carpenter to have been receiving 30s. 4d. a month in 1830, and 58s. in 1863. He glances at the crowds of labourers swarming up from the Abruzzi to work on the Marmma Railway in winter, and from the interior of India, to be employed on the great railways there. He draws attention for a moment to the poor peasantry of the north of Sweden, who receive no wages in money, but merely a limited supply of cast-off clothing, and a scanty quantity of meal, from the agents who visit them in summer, to purchase with such wares the tar they have managed to make during the short days of their long winter—a condition not much better than that of the Newfoundland fishermen, who are always in debt to the store-keeper, who supplies their outfit, at his own price, and who must be repaid in fish at his own price, too—and concludes an interesting chapter, replete with information, by a reflection, not unfavourable to the British workman, who does not live where "employers are too poor to be generous, so that the desire to make the most of their small capital has altogether extinguished the virtue of charity and the spirit of justice."

But the cost of labour, Mr. Brassey goes on to prove in chapter iii., cannot be determined by the

rate of wages. This will be to many the most interesting part of the whole work. The idea is not new, but Mr. Brassey brings more varied illustrations to bear upon his thesis, and gives, better than any other author we have yet read, the various compensations which counterbalance the cost of labour.

He states that the wages of labourers on the North Devon Railway were at first 2s. a day, but were gradually increased to 3s., while the work was executed more cheaply at the latter rate. The brickwork of the Metropolitan Drainage Commission was done more cheaply per yard, when wages were 10s., than when they were 6s. per day. Wages in Russia are nominally cheaper than in any other European country, but it costs as much to manufacture iron there as in England, where they are the highest. Neither in France nor Belgium is the cost of extracting coal reduced by the low price of labour. The cost of producing pig iron, per ton, is greater in France than in Cleveland, Ohio, although the actual labour is 20 per cent. cheaper. French shipwrights seem to receive only half as much as English, but the ships built for the Mediterranean trade are built on the Thames rather than in France. Wages in German cotton spinning factories are 50 per cent. lower than in England, but the number of hands in proportion to machinery is larger, and the work turned off between 5-30 a.m. and 8 p.m. (the working day there), no more than in England from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. Two Middlesex mowers will mow in a day as much as six Russian serfs; and, in spite of the dearth of provisions in England, the mowing of a quantity of hay, which would cost the English farmer a shilling, would cost the Russian six or eight. The English manufacturers, who pay a higher rate of wages than these foreign competitors, still compete with the rest of the world successfully in point of cheapness. The causes which redress the balance are cleverly enquired into by Mr. Brassey, and, in many cases, clearly traced. For these we refer the reader to his pages.

The only other chapter we have room to refer to at any length, though they are all interesting, is the tenth, on the influence of American wages on the English labour market. He handles this with much ability. He wishes to impress upon all, that men who have failed to earn a livelihood in the United Kingdom, would be equally certain to fail in a wider country, in which industry and energy are still more essential. The same class who would fail in London, would, from the same cause, fail in the United States, he truly says, for, "if the reward of labour is more liberal, more energy of character is required than in the more settled communities of the old world." He cautions the over sanguine, and frankly states that the difference in wages on the Atlantic seaboard of America,

is not now so different as it was from that current in England. But he sees there is yet a margin and, indeed, until all our vast domain is fairly settled, there must always be; and he gives statements of the relative advantages as to wages and cost of living of many of the American fields for labour, the Plate, the Argentine Republic, as well as the United States and Canada. Nor does he omit mention of the influence of emigration on the home countries. He shews that, so great has been the exodus of railway labourers from Ireland, that it is, at the present time, difficult to procure the necessary supply to complete the Fernoy and Lisnare Railway; but he does not regret Irish emigration, on the contrary, he admits that the labourer in Ireland is still comparatively poor, and, surely, he adds, a destitute, and "because destitute, a disaffected population is a discredit and a weakness, and not an honour or a strength to a nation." "Is it not immeasurably better," he adds, "that a man should prosper in a foreign country, than struggle miserably for existence in his native land?" Here speaks the man of large heart and broad principles, and we cannot but contrast his language with that of Lord Lisgar, in yesterday our Governor-General, now living on his Irish farms, where long may he remain, who, at a recent meeting of Irish landlords, tried, by false representations, and for selfish purposes, to prevent emigration to this country, to which, for his peerage and his savings, he should be for ever grateful. Mr. Brassey beautifully proves, in several chapters, that where the labourer is poorly paid, he is hardly worked, and destitute of the comforts of life. He gives a sorrowful picture of the condition of the peasantry of Russia, where the women give birth to children in barns and stables, and, in three days at the utmost, are again employed in hard field labour—where, in some Provinces, the average limit of life is but 15 years, and rarely exceeds 27, so that there are, in the whole Empire, but 265 persons alive between 15 and 60 years of age, out of 1,000 born, while in Great Britain there are 548. He traces up the relations between low wages and physical degradation and misery in many countries, under many suns, and the conclusion is irresistible, that it is well for the labouring man to live where wages are high. There were people like Lord Lisgar in the Hebrides, in the time of Johnson's tour, who wished to dissuade the inhabitants from taking ship for America; but, if we compare the present position of the Hebridians with what Johnson describes, we find that even they are better off, while the sons of those who left are now among the rulers of the States and Provinces on this side of the Atlantic. Has the wealth of the landlords of the Hebrides decreased? Far from it. Emigration has raised to the average of

prosperity all classes of an overcrowded population, and so it has done and is still doing in Ireland; but Irish landlords of Lisgar's stamp, accustomed to look closely to present needs, cannot see beyond them. Mr. Brassey does. Throughout his book, indeed, there runs a delightful vein of real human sympathy with his fellow-men of every nation, creed and class. He recommends courts of conciliation, to re-unite the temporarily widened gap between employer and employed; piece work, as a means of raising the earnings of the men without detriment to the master; the eventual shortening of hours to prevent the over-tasking of the energies, in these days when the close attendance upon machinery taxes brain and muscle alike, and makes labour more severe than formerly; co-operative societies, in shapes shewn to work advantageously, as means for the settlement of disputes as to wages. He is a man of progress, not in the sense of feverish, restless excitement; but in the broad philanthropic sense, which looks to the elevation of the conditions of all classes, physically and morally; not a man whose piety begins and ends in his own money bags. And to Lord Lisgar and to the public generally, we commend the extract with which we close:—

"The importance of social reforms, and of securing the material well-being of the masses of our population, is now universally recognised. I confess my doubts as to the efficacy of legislation in such matters. It must be remembered that all national expenditure for the benefit of the working classes which is not reproductive must be defrayed by additional taxes. Let the transfer of land be by all means facilitated, let railway communication between the centre of a great city and its suburbs be made as cheap as possible, let emigration be assisted by loans, if security can be taken for the repayment of such advances; but, granted that something may be done by these various means, I hesitate to admit that the State can be the chief instrument for elevating still higher the moral condition of the people. The work is too vast for any Government to undertake. It can only be accomplished by the self-help and self-sacrifice of the whole nation. And when all shall have done their duty in their several stations, the pressure of unforeseen calamity upon some unhappy individuals and the incapacity of others will leave a mass of suffering to our compassionate care, which it will task our best energies to relieve. The poor we shall always have with us; and the great peers, the landowners, and the men who have become rich in commerce, must show themselves active in their sympathies for all just demands, benevolent and kindly in the presence of distress. The exercise of these excellent virtues, while it is in the first place a paramount duty, will undoubtedly bring with it to

the State and the society in which we live, the immediate and priceless blessing of social union and contentment."

FIRST BOOK OF BOTANY: being an Introduction to the Study of the Anatomy and Physiology of Plants, by John Hutton Balfour, F.R.S., Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh. London: William Collins & Sons.

Now that the Natural Sciences are rapidly taking their true place in the education of the young, it has become a well recognised necessity that schools should be able to obtain accurate elementary text-books. Publishers are beginning to manifest a keen appreciation of the revolution in educational matters which is quietly but surely taking place; and from all sides we have announcements of forthcoming manuals and text-books of Science. Professor Balfour's little book is one of a series of elementary Science-text-books in course of issue by Messrs. Collins, and its appearance is creditable to its publishers. No department of Natural Science is better fitted to be taught in schools than Botany, and there is no lack of excellent hand-books on the subject. In point of size, Dr. Balfour's work is everything that could be desired, not extending to one hundred and twenty pages, duodecimo. It is, also, in our opinion, a very wise, if somewhat novel, arrangement, that the work is made to treat exclusively of Vegetable Anatomy and Physiology—the department of classification being reserved for a second companion volume. The style is plain and clear, and the illustrations are all good. The chief defect in the book, intended as it is, exclusively, for beginners, is that the subject is treated with an excess of dry detail. Too much space in proportion is devoted to a description of the *structure* of the organs of plants; whilst far too little is said about the *functions* discharged by these organs. In other words, there are too many dry anatomical details and not enough of the equally important and much more interesting information as to the life of plants. In spite of this defect, however, the work will answer its purpose admirably in the hands of a good and thoroughly qualified teacher. It cannot be too strongly insisted, however, that the teacher constitutes as important an element in the teaching as the text-book. In the hands of one not sufficiently acquainted with the subject, and relying for his knowledge entirely upon books, Dr. Balfour's work would be likely to fall short of its object. In the hands of a really good practical botanist, on the other hand, the dry bones of this little book would be clothed with flesh, and might be presented to the learner as a living body and not as a dead skeleton. It cannot, also, be too strongly insisted upon that

Botany, to at least as great an extent as any other of the Natural Sciences, requires to be taught *practically*, if it is to be taught with any real profit to the learner. If the pupil is to be taught Botany in the dead of winter, solely by means of text-books and diagrams, he may acquire a parrot-like knowledge of a number of technical terms, but he will assuredly acquire nothing else—except, perhaps, a disgust at science in general. If, on the other hand, the leading facts of Botany are demonstrated to the beginner in the open fields, or by an appeal to actual specimens, he will be likely to gain some genuine acquaintance with the subject, along with some still more valuable knowledge of the scientific method of research, and some permanent and abiding love of nature-studies. So long as the teacher does not make his text-book the sole agent in his teaching, we can cordially recommend Dr. Balfour's little book. Its information is not imparted in the most attractive manner, but it is, at any rate, perfectly clear and entirely accurate—qualities which cannot be too highly estimated in judging of a work of this nature. As before remarked, also, it has the recommendation of great brevity, and it thus obtains a most decided advantage over the excellent text-books of Professor Asa Gray.

THE LAND OF DESOLATION: being a personal narrative of observation and adventure in Greenland. By Isaac J. Hayes, M. D., Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society, London, and of the Société de Géographie, Paris; honorary member of the Geographical Societies of Berlin and of Italy; author of "The Open Polar Sea," "An Arctic Boat Journey," "Cast away in the Cold," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers.

If Dr. Hayes, arriving by night at a Greenland inn, and asking for a bed, had given all his titles, the answer to him would probably have been as it was to the Spanish Hidalgo, who gave all his names: "We haven't room for half of you." Nevertheless, his book is a pleasant, unaffected, lively little book, and gives us, very vividly, the sensations and impressions of the Land of Desolation. It is the record of a summer voyage with a party of friends in the steam yacht of Mr. William Bradford, an eminent painter of Arctic scenery. The party sought out all that was most picturesque and striking in every way—photographed the northernmost human dwelling on the globe by the light of the midnight sun, explored glaciers, saw the birth of icebergs, chased bears on the ice—*did* Greenland, in short, to their own and our satisfaction. The plum of the book—at once the most impressive scene and the most exciting adventure, is the birth of an iceberg in the fiord of Scrimtsialik. An iceberg is the extremity of a glacier,

which protrudes into the sea, and in course of time becomes detached. The *Panther* was lying by the glacier, the artists were on shore, photographing; the sun was hot and, under its influence, cracklings and splittings had been going on in the glacier for some time. "Then without a moment's warning, there was a report louder than any we had yet heard. It was evident that some unusual event was about to happen, and a feeling of alarm was generally experienced." On the glacier was a forest of ice spires, and one which stood out quite detached, nearly two hundred feet high. "The last and loudest report came from this wonderful spire which was sinking down. It seemed, indeed, as if the foundation of the earth was giving way, and that the spire was descending into the yawning depths below. The effect was magnificent. It did not topple over and fall headlong, but went down bodily, and in doing so, crumbled into numberless pieces. The process was not instantaneous, but lasted for a space of at least a quarter of a minute. It broke up as if it were composed of scales, the fastenings of which had given way, layer after layer, until the very core was reached, and there was nothing left of it. But we could not witness this process of disintegration in detail after the first few moments, for the whole glacier, almost to its summit, became enveloped in spray—a semi-transparent cloud through which the crumbling of the ice could be faintly seen. Shouts of admiration and astonishment burst from the ship's company. The greatest danger would scarcely have been sufficient to withdraw the eye from the fascinating spectacle. But when the summit of the spire began to sink away amid the great white mass of foam and mist into which it finally disappeared, the enthusiasm was unbounded. By this time, however, other portions of the glacier were undergoing a similar transformation—influenced, no doubt, by the shock which had been communicated by this first disruption. Other spires, less perfect in their form, disappeared in the same manner, and great scales, peeling off from the glacier in various places fell into the sea with a prolonged crash, and followed by a general hissing and crackling sound. Then in the general confusion all particular reports were swallowed up in one universal roar which woke the echoes of the hills and spread consternation to the people on the *Panther's* deck. This consternation increased with every moment, for the roar of the falling and crumbling ice was drowned in a peal, compared to which, the loudest thunder of the heavens would be but a feeble sound. It seemed as if the foundations of the earth which had given way to admit the sinking ice, were now rent asunder, and the world seemed to tremble. From the commencement of the crumbling till this moment the increase of sound was steady and unin-

terrupted. It was like the wind which moaning through the trees before a storm, elevates its voice with its multiplying strength, and lays the forest low in the crash of the tempest. The whole glacier about the place, where these disturbances were occurring, was enveloped in a cloud, which rose up over the glacier as one sees the mist rising from the abyss below Niagara, and, receiving the rays of the sun, hold a rainbow fluttering above the vortex. While the fearful sound was pealing forth, I saw a blue mass rising through the cloud, at first slowly, then with a bound; and now from out the foam and mist, a wave of vast proportions rolled away in a widening semicircle. I could watch the glacier no more. The instinct of self-preservation drove me to seize the first firm object I could lay my hands upon, and grasp it with all my strength. The wave came down upon us with the speed of the wind. The swell occasioned by the earthquake can alone compare with it in magnitude. It rolled beneath the *Panther*, lifted her upon its crest, and swept her towards the rocks. An instant more, and I was flat upon the deck, borne down by the stroke of falling water. The wave had broken on the abrupt shore, and, after touching the rocks with its crest a hundred feet above our heads, had curled backward, and, striking the ship with terrific force, had deluged the decks. A second wave followed before the shock of the first had fairly ceased, and broke over us in like manner. Another and another came after in quick succession, but each was smaller than the one preceding it. The *Panther* was driven within two fathoms of the shore, but she did not strike. Thank heaven our anchor held, or our ship would have been knocked to pieces, or landed high and dry with the first great wave that rolled under us." The agitation of the sea continued for half an hour. "The iceberg had been born amidst the great confusion; and as it was the rolling up of the vast mass that sent that first wave away in a widening semicircle, so it was the rocking to and fro of the monster that continued the agitation of the sea; for this new-born child of the Arctic frosts seemed loath to come to rest in its watery cradle. And what an azure gem it was! glittering while it moved there in the bright sunshine like a mammoth lapis lazuli set in a sea of chased silver, for the waters round were but one mass of foam." The iceberg when measured was found to be a hundred and forty feet high above the water, giving a total depth of eleven hundred and twenty feet, since the proportion of ice below is to that above as seven to one. Its circumference was almost a mile.

The visit to the ruins of old Norse settlements, long since abandoned either because the climate has changed, or because the circulation of the blood in

man has become less heroic, are an interesting part of the book. The part which we could best have spared, is that which relates to the pranks of an American youth, nicknamed "The Prince," with a Greenland beauty, called Concordia. The book is Yankee, not in a disagreeable sense, but as having a strong tinge of Yankee adventurousness and audacity, which come out conspicuously—breaking through ice with the *Panther*. We are not told where the *Panther* was built, but she seems to have done credit to her builders.

THE CHRISTIAN'S MANUAL: being a book of Directions and Devotions to be used daily, and especially in preparing for the Holy Communion. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co. 1872.

This little work, written, we believe, by an Anglican clergyman of the diocese of Toronto, and dedicated to the Bishop of the diocese, is extremely creditable to the earnest piety of the author. He evidently belongs to what is commonly called the "High Church," and his views on the Eucharist will, perhaps, prove unacceptable to some sections of his own communion; yet, controversy apart—and we do not think it is obnoxiously prominent—the "Manual" ought to be of essential service to all English Churchmen. It provides, within a brief space, a complete scheme of personal and family devotion, self-examination and preparation for the reception of the Communion. The prayers are, for the most part, taken from the Liturgy of the Church of England; the hymns, selected with admirable taste; and the admonitions to the reader, are well calculated to stimulate worshippers "to be spiritually-minded which," as St. Paul informs us, "is life and peace."

We may add that the manual is, in point of price, within the reach of all, and that, typographically, it is all that can be desired.

ORIENTAL AND LINGUISTIC STUDIES. The Veda, the Avesta; the Science of Language. By Wm. Dwight Whitney, Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Yale College. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

This work is made up of a number of papers which originally appeared in American periodicals or were embalmed in the transactions of learned societies. The endowment of a Professorship of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology is, of itself, a creditable proof of intellectual life; and the republication of these essays seems to indicate that Prof. Whitney hopes to interest and instruct a wide circle of readers. As collected in the volume before us, they treat of

two subjects more or less connected by the author: the sacred literature of the Hindu and Iranian nations, and the origin and development of articulate speech—the former pertaining to Comparative Mythology, the latter to Philology.

So far as the primitive religions of the Aryan race are concerned, the mass of educated men are still in gross darkness; but this is not to be wondered at, when dignitaries of the church are hopelessly at sea regarding the existing beliefs of the people they propose to convert. It was only the other day that the Archbishop of Canterbury pulled a hornet's nest about his ears by stigmatizing a number of Hindu youths, now studying English law at one or other of the Inns of Court, as "heathens" and "idolaters." Dr. Tait went so far as to express the whimsical apprehension that London was in imminent danger of being converted to Brahminism. The imputation was resented with what appears to us unnecessary warmth; but the Hindu is extremely sensitive, disputatious, and fond of self-assertion. The truth is, the gulf between the creed of the intelligent Hindu and that of the lower castes and the pariahs is practically immeasurable. It is wider than that which divides the ethereal mysticism of Fenelon and Pascal from the simple devotion of the Italian *contadino*, or that which served to distinguish the mad capers of an Athenian slave at the Dionysia from the philosophic contemplations of the Porch or of the Grove.

As far back as we can trace them in the Veda and the Avesta—for both are of kindred origin—the Oriental beliefs were pure forms of nature-religion. Before the Hindu had set foot within the fertile peninsula—in a remote past when he still gazed wistfully across the Indus upon the promised land—his faith had found a permanent record in writings which are with us to this day. The gods of Greece are conjecturally resolved into human embodiments of the powers of nature; in India we find the spiritual religion itself, out of which sprang the Titans and their somewhat degenerate successors, the deities of Olympus. Anthropomorphism had not yet been developed when the hymns of the Rig-Veda were chanted by dusky worshippers. There was a god in the fire and a god in the breeze—in the rosy dawn and in the sober depths of the clear, blue sky. We are thus brought closer to the momentous question:—What is the origin of the world's religions? Did they uniformly begin with the impersonation, in a spiritual form, of the beauty and the power displayed in earthly phenomena? Or was there an anterior faith,—purer than these—which taught that there were not "gods many and lords many"—numerous as the manifestations of nature—but one God alone, whom men saw in clouds and heard upon the wind? A collection of writings which confronts the student

with one of the great problems of this perplexing time, deserves the serious consideration of Christian and philosophic minds. It may be admitted, that, at their best estate, the Aryan faiths, as we now know them, were but as broken rays, soon to grow hazy in the darkness. Still, to the eye of faith, they yet glow with some sparks of the Divine effulgence they possessed when first, like every perfect gift, they descended "from the Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

To appreciate the sacred writings of the East, we must first divest our minds of the prejudices which European contact with modern Hinduism has naturally excited. We must forget the modern institution of Suttee, the worship of juggernaut and other kindred abominations and go back to "the infancy of the Hindu nationality, at the dawning time of Hindu culture, before the origin of caste, before the birth of Civa, Vishnu or Brahma, before the rise of the ceremonialism, the pantheism, the superstition and idolatry of later times." Bearing this in mind, we have "enough to attach a high and universal interest to these books—that as, in point of time, they are probably the most ancient existing literary records of our race, so, at any rate, in the progression of literary development, they are beyond dispute the earliest we possess, the most perfect representation of the primitive lyrical period" for the form of the Vedas is that of lyrical poetry. Prof. Whitney gives an interesting view of each of the four Vedas which constitute the *mantra* of the Hindu theology. His second paper, devoted to the "Vedic doctrine of a future life" is exceedingly interesting. For over two thousand years past, the doctrine of metempsychosis has prevailed in India; but this was not countenanced in the Vedas. Here we have a simple faith and ceremonial, based upon a firm trust in the immortality of the soul:—"Yama hath found for us a passage; that's no possession to be taken from us, whither our Fathers of old time departed, thither their offspring, each his proper pathway." "Death was the kindly messenger of Yama, and hath thus sent his soul to dwell among the Fathers"—"they who within the sphere of earth are stationed, or who are settled in the realms of pleasure." The parallel passages in Scripture will readily occur to the reader, and even "the fore-heaven as the *third* heaven is styled, there where the Fathers have their seat,"—revealed in trance to St. Paul, finds mention in Hindu verse.

We ought now to proceed to a consideration of the Avesta,—or Zend-avesta, as they are sometimes, incorrectly termed—the Persian sacred writings, with which the name of Zoroaster, the Moses of the Iranian race, is intimately associated. Those who

call to mind the connection which subsisted between the conquerors of Babylon and the Jewish race, restored by them from captivity, will readily recognize the interest of the subject; our limits, however, forbid even a slight sketch of this important portion of the work under review.

In the remaining papers, Prof. Whitney discusses the origin and development of language—a subject too vast to be hastily noticed here. We should like to have been able to give them unqualified commendation; but they are largely controversial, and the discussion is not conducted, unfortunately, in a temperate and becoming spirit. It is deeply to be regretted that, in treating of a purely scientific question, national jealousy and self-sufficiency should be permitted to insinuate themselves. Our American friends ought not to mistake the pursuit of knowledge for its attainment as Prof. Whitney is prone to do. Especially do we protest against the rude and unscholarlike attack upon so respected a name as that of Max Müller. In some parts of this volume the author is prodigal in the Oxford professor's praise; in others, he is as coarsely vituperative. Indeed we have a shrewd suspicion that the New Englander owes the European scholar more than he is willing to acknowledge, and that, as sometimes happens, the abuse is but a measure of the felt, but unacknowledged, obligation. One of Max Müller's unpardonable sins is that he is the supreme authority in England on philological subjects—a sufficient reason, it would appear, for an attack hardly less bitter than St. Bernard's onslaught upon Abélard and the Nominalists. Continental scholars are treated with a little more courtesy, but they are also the victims of what Max Müller terms Prof. Whitney's "over confident and *unsuspecting* criticism." Bleek and the Simious (!) Theory, Schleicher and the Physical Theory, and Steinthal and the Psychological Theory are all astray, and are likely to continue so until they espouse the "scientific theory" which, of course, is that of the professor himself. An English sergeant-at-law once remarked, "that the oftener he went to the West, the better he understood how the wise men came from the East." It is to be feared the saying will receive a wider application, unless our American friends cultivate in season the humility which characterizes sound learning all the world over.

These pugnacious manifestations somewhat mar Prof. Whitney's work; but they are not fatal blemishes. As an introduction to the subject of which it treats we commend it with pleasure to our readers. It will serve a good purpose if it only directs the student to the rich treasures of Oriental literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

Two missionaries have recently crossed the Atlantic from England, bent on different errands, and having few opinions in common. It may be worth while to consider, for a moment, their chances of success. The reception which Prof. Tyndall has met in the metropolis of New England must be very gratifying to the lecturer, as it is certainly creditable to Boston. To have come in contact with so thoughtful a man—the incarnation, as it were, of the scientific spirit of the age—cannot be without its effect upon the intellect of the nation. Whether this influence will be abiding or not, remains to be seen. Boston arrogates to herself the title of the Western Athens. Like her prototype, she is vain, opinionative, egotistical. Even Prof. Tyndall's success may not be so complete as we hope it will be found to be—for here the parallel holds good—seeing that the Athenians of the west, like their predecessors, are accustomed to spend their time “in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing.” We can even imagine the Mutual Admiration Society “certain philosophers of the Epicureans and the Stoics” encountering the Professor, in an air of astonishment, with the query—“what will this babbler say?” The novel aspect in which scientific truths were presented appears at once to have arrested the minds of the hearers. “In the wind of winter,” said Prof. Tyndall, “the aspect of the soap-bubble exhibits all sorts of reflections. Why is it coloured? Why are these colours of different kinds? Why is it necessary to blow the bubble out so large before the colour appears?” These and many other questions filled his brain. All at once it flashed upon him that this colour depended upon the thickness of the film. He immediately sought to determine numerically the relations between the thickness of the film and the production of the colour. The phenomena instanced seem trivial but they are important enough for the object in view to infuse not so much the knowledge of science as the scientific spirit into the minds of the auditory. “Now,” said he, “I wish to test the powers of concentration of this audience. I wish you to get into the brain of Newton and to acquaint yourselves with the means by which he determined this relation.” The peculiarity of this kind of instruction is that it concerns itself with method rather than matter. Instead of cramming the mind with facts, it seeks to train it to investigate and digest them for itself. It has been objected to the modern scientific method, that it is antagonistic to religious truth,

and that Prof. Tyndall has laid himself open to animadversion, by widening the breach. It is to be regretted, undoubtedly, that in a period of transition, like the present, there should be even the appearance of collision between science and faith. The efforts at reconciliation hitherto made have not been so successful as they have been earnest and laudable. That the solution of these difficulties will ultimately be reached there can be no doubt; meanwhile we have no right to cast upon men of science the entire responsibility. Whilst we are yet in the midst, we must be content to let every earnest man struggle by his own path-way to the light. Let it only be conceded that the road each selects for himself is a provisional one, and that truth is the goal each is endeavouring to reach, and we have every motive for charity in reviewing the opinions of others. To Prof. Tyndall, the experimental method of science seems alone secure and reliable, he may appear to place too much confidence in it, but he is far too earnest, having advanced so far upon his journey, to doubt or look back. We sincerely deprecate, therefore, the efforts made by some well-meaning people to prejudice the popular mind against science and its apostles. We understand that a very excellent association in Ontario have invited Dr. George Macdonald and Mr. Froude to lecture in Canada, we trust that some of our literary institutions will consider it their duty to bring Prof. Tyndall amongst us. The impetus such a visit would certainly give to the growing intellect of the Dominion ought to be a sufficient motive for the invitation.

Mr. James Anthony Froude comes to America, avowedly with a mission. Having proposed it to himself, he consulted his friends and was further encouraged by their efforts to dissuade him. The English historian appears to have got the notion into his head, that America is the only proper ground for a rational consideration of Ireland's grievances. From a Canadian experience of the subject, we are inclined to think that Mr. Froude is mistaken. At any rate there appears no reason why the editor of *Fraser* should undertake a special journey to New York, during this inclement season of the year, in the character of an arbitrator. We can only call to mind one other volunteer of the sort, with whom civility forbids us to compare Mr. Froude. When Anacharsis Clootz was welcomed at the bar of the French National Convention, as “the ambassador of the human race,” he presumably understood the object of his mission; we are not quite sure that Mr. Froude has the advantage of his great predecessor in this respect. He appears to entertain the idea, that Americans are specially interested in the emancipation of Irishmen. He even proposes that the United States' Government should be constituted a

court of arbitration between the sister isles. A more impracticable proposal, it would be difficult to conceive. The American people, since they first espoused the cause of injured Ireland, have had a taste of rebellion for themselves, and although they have given culpable encouragement to the Fenian organization, they are not blind to the insanity of the movement. There is all the difference in the world between the utterance of the French king, "After me, the deluge" and the Hibernian maxim, "Let us have the flood as soon as possible, and then you will see how I can swim." At any rate a recollection of the Geneva Arbitration might have stayed Mr. Froude's hand, when he was penning the proposal to submit England and Ireland's troubles to those who ventured to put in writing the indirect damages. Mr. Froude appears to have made an impression in New York on the Irish question - not that he has succeeded in his mission, for that was antecedently impossible - but by enlightening the American people on a subject about which they were grossly ignorant.

The busy season in the publishing trade has set in, but rather too late for us to deal with the new works other wise than by way of announcement. The religious literature is as abundant as usual, and, taken as a whole, is likely to be of a ponderous and scholarly character. The second volume of the "Speaker's Commentary" includes a portion of the historical books of Scripture, from Joshua to the first book of Kings inclusive. A "Dictionary of Christian Antiquities and Biography from the times of the Apostles to Charlemagne" - the work of various authors, and edited by Dr. Smith, will appear early in November. "The Psalms," another instalment of Lange's Commentary, in the American edition of that valuable work, has just made its appearance. A new collection of "Sermons on Living Subjects," by Dr. Horace Bushnell, the author of "The Vicarious Sacrifice," has just reached us. It appears to possess all the freshness and originality which distinguish all the author's writings. Canon Liddon's "Lent Lectures" deserve more particular mention than we can devote to them this month. They consist of a series of rhetorical pleas in defence of orthodox religion. The author is, perhaps, the most popular and effective preacher in the English Church. He belongs, as our readers are, doubtless, aware, to the High Church, and to that section of it, as the *Spectator* calls it, "that somewhat more literary, more Puseyite, and more artistic stratum of the party the high and sweet Church, rather than the high and dry." Dr. Liddon claims that these lectures have been of service "to some minds, anxious, if it might be, to escape from perplexities which beset an age of feverish scepticism."

"Thoughts for the Times," by the Rev. Mr. Havis, comes from the Broad Church, and, whilst mainly expository of Christian doctrine, is also designed to defend the "literal clergy" from the charge of vagueness in their doctrinal teaching, with what success the reader may judge for himself.

In the department of Science, the most interesting announcement is that of Mr. Darwin's new work "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and the Lower Animals." The work has not yet reached us, but we propose to offer our comments upon it in December. Two additional volumes of Figuier's popular works on Natural History have been re-produced by Messrs. Appleton, of New York:—"The Vege-

table Kingdom," and "The Human Race." Wagner's "Chemical Technology" is a work which has long been required by the student. Knapp is a cumbersome book and, in many respects, unsuitable as a college text-book. Dr. Wagner's work, besides being compendious in form, brings the application of science to act down to the latest date.

The second volume of Lanfrey's Life of Napoleon will appear in the early part of the current month. Mr. Forbes, the correspondent of the *Daily News* during the Franco-Germanic war, has collected his experiences in book-form, as we shall probably have occasion to notice them again, we merely comment them here to our readers, Mr. E. A. Freeman is to be the editor of an historical series from the Clarendon press. The first volume of the course from Mr. Freeman's own pen, is entitled, "General Sketch of European History." England, Scotland, and Italy are to follow immediately. The second volume of Forster's Life of Dickens, to pass to Biography, is to appear in a week or so. Percy Fitzgerald, who appears to have a taste for *bizarre* subjects, announces, "The Life and Adventures of Alexander Dumas." The Rev. Mr. Elwin's eighth volume of Pope's Works the third volume of the Correspondence is also in the press. Mr. J. C. Jeaf ferson, who has contributed a number of gossip books, gives us an interesting one on marriage, entitled, "Brides and Bridal," detailing all the folklore on that absorbing subject.

In Geography and Travels, the chief work of interest is Captain Burton's "Unexplored Syria," which we unhesitatingly recommend to the reader. "Rome," by Francis Wey, is enriched by an introduction from the pen of Mr. Story, the author of "Roma di Roma," and is, besides being a valuable guide to the eternal city, richly illustrated. Scribner's Illustrated Library of Travels, &c., continues to be extremely attractive. The latest volumes on South African travel, and the exploration of the Yellow stone, are fully equal to their predecessors.

In Economical Science, we have only two works to note:—"The Social Growth of the Nineteenth Century" - an essay on Sociology, by Mr. Statham, and a translation, from Edmond About, of the "Hand Book of Social Economy the Worker's A. B. C."

In Poetry, we have nothing new, if we except Dr. Holland's "Marble Prophecy," but there are several announcements. Mr. Tennyson is soon to appear with a final Idyll "Gareth and Lynette." Mr. Morris, of "The Earthly Paradise," offers "Love is Enough," a morality in unrhymed alliterative metre. The works of fiction are plentiful enough. Perhaps we ought not to name among these Mr. Cox's "Tales of the Teutonic Lands," a sequel to that attractive book, "Popular Romances of the Middle Ages." Of the novels, pure and simple, we may mention, "To the Bitter End," by Miss Brad don; "Within the Maze," by Mrs. Wood; "The Strange Adventures of a Phaton," by Mr. Black more; Anthony Trollope's "Eustace Diamonds," originally published in the *Fortnightly Review*, &c., &c. Of the announcements, we have Lord Lytton's new novel *La Sorcella Moderne*. Mr. Reade's "Simpton"; Mr. Wilkie Collins' attractive story, "The New Magdalen"; Mr. Mortimer Collins' "Squire Silchester's Whim," and last, but by no means least, Miss Broughton's strange title "The Man with the Nose."