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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

IF WE WOULD.

If we would but check the speaker,
When he spoils a neighbor's fame,
If we would but help the erring,
Ere we utter words of blame.
If we would, how many might we
Turn from paths of sin and shame.

Ah! the wrongs that might be righted,
If we would but see the way!
Ah! the pains that might be lightened
Every hour and every day;
If we would but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go astray.

Let us step outside the stronghold
Of our selfishness and pride;
Let us lift our fainting brothers,
Let us strengthen ere we chide;
Let us, ere we blame the fallen,
Hold a light to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed—ah, how how blessed
Earth would be, if we but try
Thus to aid and right the weaker,
Thus to check each brother's sigh;
Thus to talk in duty's pathway
To our better life on high.

In each life, however lowly,
There are seeds of mighty good;
Still, we shrink from souls appealing,
With a timid "If we would;"
But God, who judgeth all things,
Knows the truth is—"If we would."

Religious.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

READINGS AND LECTURES TO CONVICTS.

A new mode of treatment of criminals is being adopted from that which prevailed only a few years since. Some of our ablest men have treated them with popular lectures, the men and women who for setting the law at defiance have been deprived of the kindly influences of home and freedom. This we find is also being done in some of the Prisons of the United States. The *New York Tribune* gives an account of a recent visit of Miss Ranny Edwards, a celebrated electioneer, to the Massachusetts State Prison, and occupied an evening in reading Poetry to the inmates. The following reflections on the occasion will be read with interest:

It was a matter of curious interest to see what sort of literature would "tell" on such an audience. They listened very quietly to the tender little ballad with which the entertainment began; and over some of the more intelligent faces swept a shade of hopelessness more hopeless still than their habitual gloom, as the last four lines filled the old stone chapel with their pathos:

God pity wives and sweethearts
Who wait and wait in vain
And pity little Mabel,
With her face against the pane.

Then they cheered. You do not know what applause is till you have heard it from a State Prison audience. When it subsided, Miss Edmunds said: "I will now read you something with which many of you were doubtless familiar in your school days,—the battle scene from 'Marmion.' This allusion to their school days appeared to strike some of them as a gigantic joke, but the more intelligent doubtless received it as a compliment, and again they all listened. The applause at the close, however, seemed to me to have a different expression than before. It was noisy, to be sure, but less heartily enthusiastic. Evidently they were willing Lord Marmion should die, and did not much care whether "Clare or injured Constance bathed his head." It was time for some fun, and the next selection was "Ike Partington's Composition," on the American Eagle. This piece of waggish drollery roused them to unprecedented demonstration. They interrupted the reader once or twice with their applause, and at the close they fairly made the old stone walls ring; clearly fun was the thing they wanted. They were not insensible to

pathos; but what poetry of woe could match the long paths of their lives? They wanted to laugh, and for the next three-quarters of an hour they laughed their fill: as they listened to Hood's "Lost Heir," to selections from Widow Bodott, and finally to as felicitous a piece of Yankee humor as it has ever been my fortune to hear, an old woman's story of her new minister and how he fared in his parish.

There were a few countenances which never once lighted up,—a few of those desperate faces which God, it seemed, must have forsaken and man would fain forget. Also the Guy Livingstone cavalier, with his dark eyes, kept unmoved the impassive scorn on his rockless, handsome face; but the white-choked Episcopal dignitary laughed with the heartiest of them, and I think "the celebrated cloutonist" will never have a more complete success than that to which stamp and cheer and clapping hands testified as she bowed her good night. While the audience departed, still under the escort of their armed guards, we talked them over a little with the warden. "For what scholarly offence did that clerical-looking gentleman in the front row find his way here?" we asked. "For breaking and entering," was the laconic reply. Of course it must have been in the pursuit of sermons; and who that has had twice fifty-two to write in course of a year would severely condemn him? "And that hand-ome, dark-eyed man," we added, "who would not laugh?" "Oh, he stole his uncle's bonds. He was from one of the first families in Massachusetts. He was graduated at Harvard, and stood A1 in his class the first two years. Then he grew dissipated, fell into all sorts of extravagances, and brought up here; but he doesn't relish his company."

"Are they allowed to talk to each other?" we inquired. "Oh, no, it is against the rule; but on occasions like this we give them a little license." "But they seem to have their attachments. Several of them sat with an arm over their next neighbor's shoulders." "Yes, they always sit in the same order in chapel, and somehow they contrive to make friends." "How many are American?" "About one-third are American and of American parentage; another third were born in this country of foreign parents, chiefly Irish, and the rest are importations from the 'old country.'" "One sees some really good faces; I suppose they are tolerably good fellows, who have been led away by bad company."

The warden smiled. "A certain scientific gentleman from New York thought so," he said, significantly. "He came here in the interest of phrenology, and wanted to see some of my specimens. I sent for a clear-eyed, smiling fellow, with well-shaped head, and soon Fowler had his hands on him. 'Well, Mr. Haines,' he said, when he had well handled the level head, 'you've got this fellow here once, but you won't catch him again.' 'Perhaps he will learn wisdom by long experience,' I answered; 'he is in here for the seventh time.'" Afterward, standing again before the dainty cabinet of curiosities in the warden's office below, we inquired what provision the State made for these criminals at the expiration of their terms? Would the cleric have to steal more sermons, and the graduate of Harvard more bonds, out of sheer necessity? We were glad to find the State no cruel stepmother, even to these erring children. An agent is appointed to look after them, and to make provision for their future before their sentence expires. Each man has a good suit of clothes given him, in which to go out of bondage, and work is at once provided for him, or a respectable boarding place, in which he can stay till the agent has procured him employment. So each one has his new chance in the world, if he will but take it. "And do many of them reform?" we asked. "Oh, yes; a good many. Others we have back here again and again. But of the largest number we lose sight altogether. They go out into the world, and we do not know what becomes of them."

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.

Whilst the High Commission is sitting at Washington all matters in relation to the conduct of the United States in such cases as that of the *Alabama* possess public interest. The *Guernsey Star* of Feb. 21st contains a letter signed Ferdinand Brook Tupper, which gives statements of a number of important facts in relation to letters of marque and privateering which will be read with interest just at this time. He says:—

I paid a visit to Buenos Ayres just fifty two years ago, and remained there four months in 1818-19, during which period a few Spanish vessels were brought into that port as prizes to privateers under the Buenos Ayres flag. But for two or three years previously so many such prizes had been captured as seriously to diminish the trade of Spain with her colonies, and in consequence as also to limit the number of privateers, the venture of which having become less profitable. The sea privateers were almost openly fitted out in the United States, chiefly in Baltimore and on their departure with *American Commanders and crews*, proceeded at once to cruise against Spanish shipping, without first going to Buenos Ayres to take up their commissions. At least such was the understanding in that city at the time. These commissions were sent to the owners from Buenos Ayres, and I much doubt if there was a single native Buenos Ayrean serving as an officer, or even as a seaman, in those privateers! In the same manner, and at about the same period, American privateers, similarly circumstanced, cruised against Portuguese shipping, with commissions from Artigas, a petty chieftain in the neighbourhood of Monte Video, who, I believe, possessed not a single sea port, but who had had the effrontery to declare war against Portugal because her troops had been sent from Brazil to garrison that city. Until within a few years I retained a copy of the invoice amounting, if I remember rightly, to at least 300,000 dollars, including specie, of the cargo of a Spanish ship captured on her voyage from Peru to Cadiz, and brought into Buenos Ayres, circa 1817; but not foreseeing the *Alabama* claims, I unfortunately destroyed the said invoice. The Spanish and Portuguese Governments naturally remonstrated against these piratical doings, but I am not aware that either obtained any redress or satisfaction; and therefore it is with a very bad grace that the Americans now claim compensation for the losses caused by the *Alabama*, which vessel escaped hurriedly by stealth from Liverpool unarmed and with men only sufficient to navigate her: she proceeded to the Azores, a Portuguese dependency, where she obtained her armament and proper crew, and consequently Portugal, not England, became liable for her subsequent captures of American property.

But it may be urged that Great Britain cannot exempt herself, as regards the *Alabama*, under the plea that Spanish and Portuguese vessels were captured above half a century since by *bona fide* American privateers, as I have just stated. If so, I will very briefly relate a much more recent case of justification. During the Crimean war, a steamer named the "America," arrived late in 1855, or early in 1856, in Rio de Janeiro, bound for New York, where she had been built, to San Francisco. The crew, having quarrelled with the commander, gave out that the cargo on board consisted of munitions of war, &c. and that the vessel, although under American colours, was Russian property. Rear-Admiral W. Hope Johnstone, in command of the British squadron on the Brazilian station, was then in Rio, and it seems that he applied to the American commodore for an examination of the cargo. The commodore requested the American consul to perform this duty, and the latter reported

that the cargo was a legal one; and shortly afterwards the "America" was towed out of port by the American frigate "Savannah," so as to prevent the possibility of the British flag-ship, the "Indefatigable" of 50 guns, going to sea, and searching the "America," which arrived safely at San Francisco. Whether she left that port under American or Russian colours was not ascertained in Rio, but she was next heard of, "as a Russian man-of-war fully armed," at Sitka, a Russian settlement on the West coast of North America, in lat. 57.3. As, however, intelligence of the peace must have ere long reached that place, it is not probable that she encountered any of the British ships of war in the North Pacific Ocean.

The preceding details relating to the "America," were collected in May, 1858, in Rio de Janeiro, by my informant, who was in that city during her visit, and I can vouch for his general accuracy. But should he have been mistaken in some of the particulars, he can easily be set right by any of the senior officers of the "Indefatigable," or by the British minister or consul in Rio at the time.

One of the complaints against the "Alabama," is, I believe, that she burnt her prizes—if so, I am old enough to remember that during the war of 1812-14, American privateers frequently set fire to British vessels when not of sufficient value to be sent to the United States, as did the United States brig of war "Argus," on the coast of Ireland, as will be seen on reference to James' *Naval History*. As with individuals, so should it be with nations, and when either sue for damages, they should at least enter the court with clean hands. Whether the American Government does so in the case of the "Alabama," I leave it to jurists to determine. It is true that Liverpool covertly instructed one, and only one, "Alabama" for the *de facto* government of the Southern States, to cruise against their enemies, but is it not equally true that Baltimore did send forth at least a dozen privateers to prey on the commerce and shipping of two unoffending peoples, with whom the United States were at peace? If so, the one case was legitimate warfare—the other was unblushing robbery! Notwithstanding all this, I would add in conclusion that the British commissioners will do well to make any concession to the Americans which does not involve the forfeiture of national honor and self respect, for I frankly confess that I would rather see England at war with the whole of Europe than with her American descendants. An American commodore justly observed in China, in allusion to the English—"Blood is thicker than water!"

In place of my usual initials, I think it better in this instance to give my full name.

FERDINAND BROOK TUPPER.
Guernsey, Feb. 21, 1871

A DAY FOR HISTORY.

The correspondent of the *Times* gives an interesting account of the Evacuation of Paris. When it is born in mind that this "Arc de l'Etoile" is the "Arch of Triumph" created by the first Napoleon to commemorate his German victories—Austerlitz, Jena &c., what significance it adds to the scene and the cheers of the Germans as they passed under it. He writes:—

At last, at the bottom of the Avenue Friedland, I succeeded in passing the charmed line, with the aid of a friend fertile in expedients, and saw, looming through the fog, the Arc de l'Etoile; but even before we could distinguish its outline the distant cheers of the German army reached us, a long, continued, unbroken roar, rising and falling like the waves of the ocean, and as intermittent. It was impossible to doubt that those cheers meant. Thirty thousand Germans were marching in triumph beneath the Arch on which are chronicled German defeats, and making

it ring with the shouts of victory. By degrees we reached the Arch itself, and were witnesses of a spectacle which no one who was present, be he French, German, or neutral, can ever forget. The broken ground beneath the Arch had been levelled and a good roadway made through it, and along this passed Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery, the faces of the men radiant with an exultation which it is impossible to describe. For this supreme hour they had endured and bled, but now the dangers and the hardships of the war had come to an end. Their faces were turned at last to the Fatherland, and their first step homewards was thus made the sign and pledge of their success.

As the head of each battalion came under the Arch the mounted officers leading it reined up for a moment, cast one look up at the victories inscribed overhead, one glance back to their men, and then, waved their helmets high above their heads, gave the signal for a ringing cheer. In a second every helmet was in the air; the horses, startled by the sudden roar, pranced and reared; their riders, carried away by the excitement, with heightened colour and flashing eyes, still waved their helmets, while the men strained their throats with their shouts of triumph.

No matter at that moment upon which side one's sympathies might be, it was impossible not to catch the infection of the enthusiasm, not feel one's heart beating and one's cheek flushing in harmony with the palpitating mass of men which went roaring and rolling past like some mighty torrent that had ever proved irresistible, and was still sweeping all before it. No wonder the groups of spectators looked stunned and awe-stricken. All along the Champs Elysées came regiment after regiment, with colours flying, swords and bayonets glancing in the sun, for the mist had by this time cleared away, and down the Avenue de la Grande Armée far as the eye could reach, the glittering line extended—Generals with their staff, horse artillery and lancers with fluttering pennons, breaking here and there the line of march, the whole making the most gallant array that a soldier might wish to look upon. It was the only occasion upon which I have seen the Germans indulge in military glorification; they fairly revelled in their triumph, and it was the more legitimate now, because in entering they had modestly gone round the Arch, and because if there were Frenchmen present to witness their own humiliation; the Germans by choosing a very early hour and closing up all the avenues had done their utmost to confine the celebration of their triumph to themselves.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OLD AGE.

What is happening to the old men? According to all established precedents, they should retire, give themselves to contemplation, and leave the busy affairs of life to a younger race. That may have been the practice in ancient times, but in our day they hold fast to work, and rule the world right royally. Von Moltke, quite juvenile at seventy, plans and executes such a campaign as modern ages have never witnessed; his sovereign, tough as oak at seventy-four, roughs it on the field as jauntily as a young lieutenant. Von Roon, the Prussian War Minister, older than either general or king, directs from Berlin the marshalling of hosts and gathering of supplies. Nor are these wonders confined to the German side of the controversy. Thiers, at seventy-five, flits with the vivacity of a boy from one camp to the other, is a negotiator of peace, and the executive head of the French Government. Of his associates, Dufaure, the Minister of Justice, is seventy-three. Guizot, King Louis Philippe's ex-Minister, though past eighty, writes books with as much precision and force as when he occupied a professor's chair.

In England, where men are reckoned young till they are past fifty, splendid examples of vigorous old age have not been wanting. Palmerston, Lyndhurst, and Brougham, octogenarians all of them, led public opinion in Great Brit-