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SLAVE TRADING TIMES.

How the Business was Managed
and What it Paid.

"I was a stockholder in the last cargo of Africans brought into New Orleans," said a well-known Creole business man in that city in a conversation over "the good old times." The gentleman who was a "slave broker," continued: "It was just at the beginning of the war that our vessel arrived from Africa with about seven hundred savage African negroes, poorly clothed, half starved, and many of them bearing the marks of brutal treatment from the officers of the vessel. Being savages, captured in wilds of Africa, it was difficult to control them, especially as they were more desperate in the belief that their captivity meant death."

"Well, the slave trade was managed by a stock company. We bought a vessel, manned and equipped her, and of course, a portion of the capital stock was used in the purchase of these captives. Those savage African tribes were generally warring against each other and generally put to death all captives which they could not utilize among themselves as slaves or concubines. But they became more civilized when we opened up a trade with them," said this Christian gentleman in the most matter-of-fact way.

"We paid from \$15 to \$25 for each captive and we sold them at from \$150 to \$250 each. You must remember that these Africans were wild and savage. They could not speak any known language—only the dialect of their tribe—and were very dangerous. First, we had to tame them—make them believe by signs and extra good treatment that we intended no harm to them. Being only accustomed to roam in their native jungles, they knew not how to work, and, after being tamed of their savagery, we had to teach them to work on the plantations. It was more difficult than teaching a child to talk or walk. It was taming a savage and teaching where there was little or no intelligence."

"They were worked in gangs, under guard, as are felons in the State prisons. At night they were chained in their cabins. Gradually they learned enough of what is called to this day is called 'lingo' to make themselves understood, and that is as far as the African ever progressed in this section. The stockholders in these enterprises were mainly planters. We would bring over about two cargoes a year—seven or eight hundred in a vessel. I recollect at one time we lost about half our cargo by disease. Those who died before reaching port were buried at sea—there were about 300 of them. Whenever the market became overstocked, or rather when the planters needed no more 'hands' on their plantations, we sold the savages at auction. The rotunda of the St. Louis hotel, in the French quarter, was the theatre of these sales, which now seem so strange and barbarous."

"The African savages were brought into the rotunda of this human chattel mart in chains, as if they were animals, and the cries, or rather moans for mercy and roars of agony of these frightened savages were pitiful and heart-sickening. They did not understand that they were to be transferred from one master to another, but believed that they were to be beheaded on the auction block I do not see how I ever could have been engaged in such a traffic. But then we did not see as we do now, and then—it was the custom of the country," said the Creole, dismissing the unpleasant subject.

Resuming, the gentleman related some of the still earlier history, as handed down from sire to son through several generations, and reaching back to the earliest settlement or colonization of this city, more than a century and a half ago. "The first cargo of slaves landed on Louisiana soil was brought from Africa by an English vessel. The English at that time had 'colonized' South Carolina with African slaves, and then turned their speculative heads to this sparsely settled section. There were about 2,000 white persons here and only a few hundred trifling soldiers, and the landing of 500 savage Africans was rather dangerous. These negroes were sold at \$100 and \$150 each; a cask of brandy was sold at 500f.—about \$125."

"These negroes," continued the speaker, "were governed by a special set of laws known as 'the black code,' some of which were in force until the close of the civil war. The slave who struck his master or any of his master's family, causing blood to

flow from the wound, was hanged. Slaves who carried large sticks were subject to a beating by the first person who met them on the highway. For stealing a horse or a cow the offender was punished by the brand of the 'flour de lis' on the shoulder; for a second offense the offender was branded on both shoulders, and for the third offense he was hanged. A negro invariably filled the office of executioner—perhaps to add additional disgrace to the punishment. For the smallest act of disobedience the master could place upon the slave the iron collar, which he was compelled to wear at the mercy of the angered master."

GAELIC AND IRISH DIALECT.

In Irish you must necessarily answer a question by a sentence, a logical proposition. Dr. Joyce illustrates this chiasm, in which the answers throughout are of this character:

Is the Father God?
He is, certainly

Another characteristic peculiarity of the present dialect is the use of "in" to denote identity. The idiom has an analogue in such English expressions as "Come in your thousands;" but many of its uses are quite unfamiliar to English ears.

Thus, instead of saying, Oh, it's you, an Irishman will say, Oh, it's you that's in it, which is a word-for-word translation of the Irish idiom.

The next idiom that Dr. Joyce examines is the phrase, not unknown in parts of England, "the dear knows"—see Mrs. Ewings six to 16—which turns out to be nothing but a misspelled translation of an Irish euphemism.

The Irish for God knows is, ta fios ag Dia, pronounced colloquially thauss ag Dhee. Now, God knows, is a solemn expression which many people would not like to use on ordinary occasions, as bordering on profanity. Therefore, they substitute fee (Irish fiadh, a deer) for Dia or Dhee, God, and in its new form, thauss ag fee, it means the deer knows—a kind of obnoxious blank cartridge that may be fired off without danger. When speaking English the people always say the deer knows, but those writers of Irish stories who perpetuated the expression in the first instance, not being aware of its origin, wrote it the dear knows, which is now the form always used in books.

Among other expressions which are perfectly correct in Irish are: 'You thief of a vagabone'—we suppose that the favorite phrase, 'You thief of the world' comes under the same category, i. e., 'You great thief'—to be 'kilt dead'; 'all to, i. e., 'except'; and 'venomous,' for energetic, vehement; and we may surmise, although Dr. Joyce does not allude to them that such characteristic Hibernicisms as 'to throw a lep,' that is, to jump, and to 'have conducted, that is, to behave properly, are to be explained in the same way.

Another special feature of the Anglo-Irish dialect is the use of the tenses. Irish has no perfect or pluperfect, and the familiar Hibernicism 'I am after having my dinner,' or 'He was after going home,' is a mere translation of the Irish periphrasis.

The Irish cansuetudinal tense is represented by the quaint coinage, 'I do be.' 'O Misher Scott!' said an expansive young woman to a clergyman, 'I do be so hungry in church! I take a little piece of bread, and I put it in me pawkut, and I eat it in the litny.'

Other reproductions of Gaelic idioms are the phrases, 'It is dead I should be,' 'himself' and 'herself' for the master and mistress of a household—a survival of a signature of an Irish chief, 'Myself. O'Neill'—and the redundant use of pronouns.

An Enterprising Woodsman.

Some days ago a shoemaker who was making shakes at Black Cox mountain, cut down a big five-foot sugar pine, but, after felling it, discovered it was hollow for some forty feet above the butt of the log. Gazing in the cavity he discovered it to be chuck full of bears, five black, seven cinnamon and three grizzlies, the animals having holed up for the winter. With great presence of mind the man slit off some slabs, sawed off the hollow part, nailed the slabs over the opening, and started the log down the steep mountain towards this place, where it arrived safe and sound. The bears can be seen through the cracks in the slabs, lying in a state of semitorpor.—St. Cloud (Wash.) Pioneer.

NATIONAL INSURANCE.

The London Daily Chronicle (Unionist), dealing with Dr. Hunter's national insurance scheme, says:—The suggestion that the laborer can "save" is a grim joke perpetrated at the expense of long enduring, toiling humanity. It cannot be done by the average man, and there is the end of it. What, then, is the solution? Those socialists who are innocent of political economy have a simple remedy. They say diminish production, work as little as possible and divide everything equally all round. It may interest the Fabian Society and Mr. Bernard Shaw to know that Dr. Hunter and the skilled actuaries who have assisted him have considered this solution of the problem, and that their researches end with the conclusion that if we could carry out this idea it would end in giving everybody an income of £75 a year. We preserve an open mind in all these exciting socialistic discussions, and we do not say it is impossible to organize a human society that shall live happily and do noble work and produce great things, which even Mr. Shaw might admire, on incomes of £75 a year—no more and no less. When this is done it will, we, however, venture to predict, be managed for a great deal less money than £75 a year, because then there will be no such thing as money in use. Far more practical is Dr. Hunter's suggestion to take the facts of life as they stand, and in that spirit to rally round each other and bear each other's burdens. That the State must do something to give labor a fairer share of the results of toil is indisputable. Surely, failing other things, Dr. Hunter points to one way in which this may be done. Let us take the question of pensions in hand and decide that the State and the employers of labor shall share with the workman the burden of providing these national pensions. For the skilled artisan Dr. Hunter would give a pension of 10s a week, accruing at the age of 65; for the laborer he would give 7s. 6d. and for working women 5s. Of course the State could only contribute equally to all, so that if it gave 4d a week all round to the three classes it would work out thus:—The State, the employer and the employed would each pay 4d a week to the skilled artisan's 10s pension. But the State paying 4d a week, it would not be necessary for the unskilled laborer to pay more than 2½d a week and for women to pay more than 1d per week. As regards Scotland, Dr. Hunter clearly shows that the Scottish share of Mr. Goschen's surplus would enable this scheme to be started. We do not go into this complex question of Anglo-Scottish finance. The only question for us is to consider how far it is prudent to sanction such a scheme as Dr. Hunter's for a portion of the United Kingdom. If we start the scheme on his lines for Scotland, what are we to do with the Scottish workman who migrates to England? Are we to suppose that his English employer will submit to find a third of the Scottish national pension tribute? May Dr. Hunter's scheme not end in excluding Scottish workmen from employment in England. For be it noted, this pension scheme, involving as it does the expenditure and guarantee of a sum of £4,000,000 for Scotland only, will assume still more disturbing proportions when the English phase of the case must be met and disposed of.

THE STRIKE POLICY.

One of the new factors to be reckoned with in the industrial evolution of the new future is the rapidly-growing dislike to the strike policy, except in cases where it is rendered necessary by the determined attitude of the masters. People begin to realize that striking, although at times a necessary evil is too heroic, and demands from the workers too often suffering and danger incommensurate with the benefit derived. Modern competition, with its large factories, subdivision and greater intensity of toil, has dehumanized and deindividualized the worker of to-day. The subordination of the unit to the aggregate mass in the product of wealth by collective means has been for some time the workers' curse. This is being altered, and the unity that production on a large scale demanded has given the workers a desire for co-operation in other things. Modern agitation, strikes, and federations on a large scale have produced their logical and inevitable political counterpart. That is the federation of skilled and unskilled labor internationally through the best, cheapest and easiest in democratic countries—the

united and simultaneous voting power of all, unionist or not, who agree to a general and common end, in preference the spasmodic and isolated action of trades, who can only succeed where it pays the masters to allow them. The admission of all the opponents to the general Eight Hours Bill that a Trade Option Bill would receive their support is a satisfactory sign, but their conversion to the sweeping measure would have come just as soon if no half-way house had been provided for them.—John Burns in Labor World.

IN THE DEEP SEA.

Animal life is ultimately dependent upon the vegetable kingdom, and that kingdom in turn is dependent upon the light of the sun. Miles below the ocean surface the sun cannot penetrate, or at all events, vegetation with all its powers of bottling up the solar rays, can not there, so far as at present known, maintain an existence. The water at very great depths is in most parts of the world near the freezing point. Further, the pressure upon every square inch of the surface of a body under three miles of sea water, instead of being about 15 pounds, as in atmospheric air, is three tons, or in other words, 6,720 pounds. It was not, perhaps, irrational to suppose that a sponge or a delicate fish would be crushed into nothingness if each square inch of its surface were subjected to such a weight as a score of the strongest coal-heavers in the world would stagger under. It rather humbles one's pride in the prowess of human reason to see how sometimes its apparently most cogent and most readily accepted arguments suddenly lose all their force when unexpectedly confronted with facts.

The skilled ornithologist, after pointing out that the owl in the barber's shop was so badly stuffed that it could not be taken to represent either an owl or any other possible member of the bird creation, might well be disconcerted when the impossibility stepped down from its perch and proved to be not a stuffed owl, but a live one. Even lawyers, and law-givers, theologians and political economists have occasionally made mistakes, and the votaries of natural science are also human. Now that we know that animal life can be and is supported under enormous pressure in the cold, dark depths, where even kelp and sea-moss take no foothold, reason is equal to the task of explaining how the difficulties of the position may be encountered. Though plants can not grow without sunlight, yet when their life in the upper region of the sea is over they may sink, as diatoms undoubtedly do, through all depths to the bottom. Even if the deepest living animals had no access to vegetation, they might derive the benefit through a chain of consumers, ending with themselves, but beginning with vegetable feeders.

Many of the dwellers in the deep sea have no eyes, and are, therefore, comparatively unaffected by the absence of light; for others that have eyes the gloom is relieved by the luminous organs which they or their neighbors possess. The temperature, we may be assured, is well suited to the permanent inhabitants of each region, so that those surrounded by water nearly at the freezing point would not thank us for warming it for them, any more than the Esquimaux is pleased when a rise of temperature sets everything adrift in his pavilion of ice. The pressure, too, however stupendous to our imagination, is evidently borne without concern by creatures which are themselves permeated by fluids of the same density as the surrounding medium. Though also to our taste the chemistry of seawater is unpalatable, we know that most marine animals can not live without it, and while terrestrial life is limited in its distribution, and often put to sore straits by the scanty supply of fresh water, to the denizens of the sea the resources for the quenching of thirst are always at hand, never-failing and practically infinite.

Killing Whales With Bacilli.

Dr. Nilsson, of Norway, says that for at least five centuries the Bergen fishermen have killed whales by the aid of the now familiar bacilli. The whales are surprised in narrow inlets, where they are tamed by shooting poisonous arrows into the skin. At last the brute becomes so enfeebled that it can be attacked with harpoons and lances, and is soon despatched. The poison used to infect the arrow is the festering matter around the wounds. An examination of this deadly material shows that it owes its virulence to a bacillus closely allied to that of sympathetic anthrax.