"What Shall We Name the Baby?"

By Jennie E. T. Dowe.

"What shall we name the baby?"
"Some sweet old Irish name,
That shall wake the fairest fancies
Whenever we say the name:
Something that breaths of the shamrock,
Something that speaks of the sea,
Something that shows old Ireland
As bright as bright can be.

"Then we will name the baby
We roamed old Ireland through,
And Molly was the sweetest name,
The sweetest name I know:
We'll name the baby Molly—
Oh, the name it is so dear!
'Twill waken blessed memories
Through every changing year."

—TheCentury.

What Makes a Man.

A truthful soul, a loving mind;
Full of affection for its kind;
A spirit firm, erect, and free,
That never basely bends a knee;
That will not bend a feather's weight
Of slavery's chance for small or great;
That truly speaks from God within,
That never makes a league with sin;
That maps the fetters despots make,
And loves the truth for its own sake;
That worships God, and him alone,
And bows no more than at His throne;
And trembles at no tyrant's nod;
A soul that fears no one but God,
And thus can smile at curse or ban—
This is the soul that makes a man.

WHAT MAKES A WOMAN?

Not costly dress nor queenly air;
Not jeweled hand, complexion fair;
Not graceful form nor lofty trend;
Not paint, not curls, nor splendid head;
Not pearly teeth, nor sparkling eyes;
Not voice that nightingale outvies;
Not breath as sweet as eglantine;
Not gaudy gems, nor fabrics fine;
Not all the stores of fashion's mart,
Not yet blandishments of art;
Not one, nor all these combined,
Can make one woman true, refined.
'Tis not the casket that we prize,
But that which in the casket lies!
Then outward charms that please the sight
Are naught unless the heart be right.

MOONDYNE!

Book Second.

The Sandalwood Trade.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

'They all hate him,' said Mr. Pettegrew, one of the Board,—'I give you my word, sir, that every criminal in England hates the name of Sir Joshua Hobb. He has made them feel his power, sir, and they know him.'

'He was knighted by the Queen for his Separate System,' said another Director.

'Is that your present system?' asked Sheridan.

'No,' said the Director. 'At present we are on the other tack.''

'The Separate System was a failure, then?' inquired Mr. Sheridan.

'Not a failure, sir, but it was abandoned out of regard to the sentimental reformers. It increased insanity from 12 to 31 per 1,000 Sir Joshua himself was the first to find it out.'

'And then you adopted the Public-Works System, did you not' asked Sheridan.

'No, not so soon. When his Seperate System failed, Sir Joshua introduced the mask—a cloth skull cap coming down over the face, with eyelet-holes—to promote a salutary shame in the prisoners. He was made a Knight Commander of the Bath for that wonderful invention.'

'Then that system gave beneficial results?' inquired Mr. Sheridan.

'Well, there was no doubt of its moral excellence; but it increased the insanity from 31 to 39¼ per 1,000 Sir Joshua himself was the first to discover this, also.'

'He certainly deserves the name of a discoverer,' thought Sheridan. Then aloud,—

'And your present system is his invention, also?'

'Yes, our present system is wholly his. We are just now examining results. We discover one peculiarly, which Sir Joshua hardly knows how to class, but he says it certainly is a proof of progress.'

'May I ask what is this peculiarity?' inquired Mr. Sheridan.

'That within three years insanity has decreased 2 per cent,' answered the Director,' while suicide has increased 17 per 1,000.'

'Sir Joshua inclines to the opinion,' said another Director, who was listening, 'that this fact proves that we are at last getting to bear closely on the criminal principle. The law is touching it—there is no escape—and in despair the baffled criminals give up the fight, and kill themselves.'

There was something fearfully repugnant to Sheridan's broad and humane view in all this, and he would gladly have escaped from the place. But the Directors meant to impress him with their ability to manage the entire Penal System, both in Australia and England. To secure this general management, Sir Joshua Hobb had recently introduced a bill to Parliament.

'Have you heard, sir,' said Sir Joshua, addressing Sheridan with a patronizing kindness, 'of the proposals made to the Government as to penal reform, by Mr. Wyville, of Western Australia?'

'No,' answered Sheridan, smiling at his own ignorance. 'I have never even heard of Mr. Wyville.'

'Indeed!' said Sir Joshua, with a stare of rude surprise. 'He is the most influential man in the West Australian Penal Colony.'

'I never heard his name before,' simply answered Will.

'He, perhaps, resides in a district far from yours, Mr. Sheridan,' said one of the Directors. 'Mr. Wyville is a wealthy settler from the Vasse District.'

'From the Vasse?' repeated Sheridan, quite surprised; 'I thought I knew every man, rich and poor, bond and free, in that district. I have lived there for many years.'

Sheridan saw that his importance was lessened to the Board, but, strange to say, increased to the Chief Director, by his confession of ignorance of Mr. Wyville. However, Sir Joshua continued to speak.

'Mr. Wyville wants to introduce the sentimental idea into our penal system,—an absurdity that has never been attempted. There is only one way to blend punishment with reform, sir,—by rigid rules, constant work, low diet, impersonal treatment,—and all this kept up with unflagging regularity for all the years of a prisoner's sentence.'

'With educational and religious influences added, of course,' suggested Mr. Sheridan.

'No, sir, not of course,' said Sir Joshua, in a tone of severe correction; 'a chapter of the Bible read by a warder every morning, in a regular way, may do some good; but these influences have been overrated—they are of the sentimental school. The quality that is absent in the criminal class is order, sir, order; and this can best be supplied by persistent and impersonal regularity of work, meals, exercise, and sleep.'

'You subject all prisoners to the same course of treatment?' asked Sheridan.

Precisely,' answered Sir Joshua. 'Our system is the measure of normality, sir. We make the entire criminal or abnormal class pass through the same process of elevation, and try to reach one standard.'

Mr. Sheridan would have asked what the standard was, and how many had reached it, and what had become of those who had failed to reach it, who had sunk under the Draconian yoke; but he thought it prudent to keep the questions back.

'Suppose a youth commit a first offence,' he said, 'or a man hitherto respectable and industrious commit a crime in a moment of passion,—will you treat him as if he were a professional criminal?'

'Precisely,' repeated the eminent reformer; 'our system regards criminality as a mass, and ignores its grades. This is our leading idea, sir—uniformity and justice. The criminal body is diseased—our system is the cure, sir; physician and cure in one.'

Accustomed to say the word he meant, Will Sheridan could hardly restrain an indignant comment. 'Confound the man,' he thought, 'he would take a hundred men, with as many diseases and treat them all for cholera.' He concluded that Sir Joshua would have earned distinction as a torturer as well as a reformer, but he did not say so. As soon as possible he ended the conversation, and withdrew from the presence of the Directors of the Prisons

'Lord help the convicts!' he thought, on his way to the hotel. 'No wonder they are eager to be sent to the Penal Colony.'

IX.

MR. WYVILLE.

At the hotel, Sheridan found a note from Lord Somers, requesting him, if disengaged to call upon him that afternoon. Half an hour later, he and the Colonial Secretary were riding together toward the West End.

'By the way, Mr. Sheridan,' said Lord Somerr, 'there is a gentleman in London I want you to meet, who knows a great deal about the Australian Colonies, and, especially about the West. He is our chief adviser on the proposed reform of the Penal System.'

'Indeed!' said Sheridan, interested at once. 'This is the second time to-day, I surmise that I have heard of him. Is his name Wyville?'

'Yes; do you know him?'

'No,' answered Sheridan; 'I have never heard of him. Sir Joshua Hobb does not like his reformatory ideas—which inclines me to think Mr. Wyville must be a superior man.'

Lord Somers laughed. 'Sir Joshua Hobb is, indeed, a strong counter-blast,' he said; 'by nature, two such men are compelled to antagonize each other.'

'You admire Mr. Wyville, my Lord?' asked Sheridan.

'Thoroughly,' answered Lord Somers. 'He is a most remarkable man—a man of exalted principles and extraordinary power. His information is astonishing—and what he speaks about he knows absolutely. I fancy he has lived a long time in the colonies, for he is enormously wealthy.'

'Is he an old man?' asked Sheridan.

'No, I don't think he can be forty—certainly not more—but a person of so much force, and with a manner so impressive, that really one forgets to think of his age. He is altogether a notable man—and I may say, in confidence, that even the Prime Minister has more than once consulted him with advantage on Colonial affairs.'

'You interest me exceedingly,' said Sheridan. 'Such men are not common in Australia.'

'We are beginning to think otherwise,' laughed the Secretary. 'And yet you Australians seem to learn everything without newspapers. I remember, when Mr. Wyville first appeared here, some years ago, he might have dropped from the moon, so oblivious was he of the doings of the European world.'

'He must have lived in the bush,' said Sheridan, smiling.

'Why, he had never heard of the Crimean War,' said the Secretary; 'and when I mentioned the Indian Mutiny to him, one day, he gravely stared, and asked; 'What mutiny?' Are you so utterly removed from civiliz—from news, in your bush?'

'Well, Mr. Wyville must certainly have had the minimum of society,' responded Will; 'we usually get a report, however vague, of what your civilization is doing.'

'Shall we call on Mr. Wyville?' asked Lord Somers; 'he lives in Grosvenor street.'

'I shall be delighted to meet him,' said Sheridan and a few minutes afterward they stopped before a large and handsome mansion.

Mr. Wyville was at home. A colored servant showed the gentlemen into a rich reception room, in which Sheridan's quick eye noted many Australian features of decoration.

The colored servant seemed a negro of the common African type to the superficial eye of Lord Somers. But there was an air of freedom about him, an uprightness in the setting of his head on the neck and shoulders, the effect being heightened by blue black hair, that stood straight out like a handsome and very soft brush which at once attracted the attention of Sheridan.

'Australian!' he thought, half-aloud; 'is it possible that a bushman may be trained in this way?'

He smiled at the absurdity of the thought; but was struck once more by the man's air as he turned to the door.

'*Mir ga na nago mial Vasse!*' said Sheridan in a low voice—('*Mir ga na*,' a common name among bushmen, 'you have know,' or 'you belong to the Vasse.')

The black man turned as if a shot had struck him, and stared at the gentlemen, not knowing which had spoken.

'*Nago mial wan gur Vasse?*' repeated Mr. Sheridan.

'*Tdal lung nago Vasse! Guab ka leetcn!*' answered the man, the look of amazement slowly changing to one of deep pleasure and curiosity. ('My mouth knows the Vasse! That is good!')

'*By* Jove!' said a pleasant voice from a window recess in the room; 'please ask what was the prince's name in his own country.'

There came from the recess a handsome well-set man, who greeted Lord Somers in a familiar manner.

'O, my dear Hamerton,' said the Secretary, 'I have great pleasure in making you acquainted with another Australian gentleman, whom you will find as interesting as Mr. Wyville.'

The gentleman bowed. Sheridan liked him from the first look. An aristocrat, stamped; with a broad open forehead, clear, honest eyes, a firm mouth and jaw, and a manner above trifles, and careless of form.

'Mr. Hamerton is a priest of the new order,' said Lord Somers to Sheridan in mock earnest; 'he is a journalist and book-maker—hungry for novelty as an epicure.'

The black man had remained in the room, statuesque, his eyes fixed on Sheridan's face.

Mr. Sheridan, will you please ask his royal name?' said Hammerton.

'*Wam gon di?*' said Sheridan to the man.

'Ngarra jil,' he answered.

Mr. Sheridan motioned him to go.

'He is Ngarra-jil, a native of the Vasse country,' said Sheridan.

'Is this really a language, with even an approach to regular formation, or the local gibberish of incoherent tribes?' asked Lord Somerr.

'I have not studied its form,' answered Mr. Sheridan 'but it certainly is not a mere local dialect. The same things have the same names all over the continent, with only a slight difference between the Swan River and Sydney—two thousand miles apart.'

'How did you guess this man's particular nativity?' asked Hamerton.

'I have lived at the Vasse many years,' said Sheridan, 'and have grown familiar with the people. I believe the Vasse natives are the most superior tribe in Australia.'

'You are right, sir,' said a deep voice behind them; 'the Vasse people are the parent stock of Australia.'

'Mr. Wyville!' said both Lord Somers and Hamerton, with sudden gravity and respect.

Sheridan turned, and met the eyes of him who had spoken—deep, searching eyes that held him strongly for a moment, then passed quietly to another direction.

Never, among all the men he had known, had Sheridan seen such a man as this. The head, with all its features, the eye, the voice, the whole body, were cast in one mould of superb massiveness and beauty. There was no point of difference or weakness. Among a million, this man would not have merely claimed superiority, but would have unconsciously walked through the opening crowd to the front place, and have taken it without a word. Before him now stood three men least likely of any in London to be easily impressed—a young and brilliant statesman, a cynical and able novelist, and a bold independent worker; and each of these felt the same strange presence of a power and a principle to be respected.

Nature, circumstances, and cultivation had evidently united to create in this man a majestic individuality. He did not pose or pretend, but spoke straight the thing he meant to say; yet every movement and word suggested a reserve of strength that had almost a mysterious calmness and beauty.

He was dressed in such a way that one would say he never could be dressed otherwise. Dress was forgotten in the man. But he wore a short walking or shooting coat, of strong dark cloth. The strength and roughness of the cloth were seen, rather than the style, for it seemed appropriate that so strangely powerful a figure should be strongly clad.

His face was bronzed to the darkness of a Greek's. His voice, as he spoke on entering the room, came easily from his lips, yet with a deep resonance that was pleasant to hear, suggesting a possible tenderness or terror that would shake the soul. It was a voice in absolutely perfect accord with the striking face and physique.

'Mr. Sheridan,' he said, holding out his hand, which the other took with a feeling of rare pleasure, 'we should not need a formal introduction. We are both from a far country, where formality is unknown; and I have been quite intimate with your plans and progress there for several years.'

Sheridan could hardly stammer a reply, he was so profoundly astonished. He could only recall the wild nature of West Australian life, and wonder how it could have contained or developed this important man.

'You have studied with some effect,' continued Mr. Wyville with a smile, 'to have learned the language and discovered the superiority of the Vasse tribe.'

'My life for nine years has been passed among them,' answered Sheridan; 'but the possibility of training them to European manners I should not have thought possible.'

'Oh, civilization is only skin deep,' said Mr. Wyville, pleasantly. 'The gamut of social law is not very extensive; and a little skill, practised with kindness and attention, will soon enable one to run over all the keys.'

'You really think it possible, Mr. Wyville,' asked Lord Somers, 'to transform the average savage into an obedient footman?'

'Yes, my Lord, I know it is possible—and I have seen stranger things accomplished with little difficulty. Refinement and gracious intercourse, even according to civilized rule, are quite in keeping with the natural character. We assume that to be savage which is contrary to our habit; but this is no proof of inferiority. Degraded civilization is brutal, indeed; but the natural or savage life is not.'

'Then,' said Mr. Hamerton, 'why can't we put all our savages in Australia through your civilizing process, and do away with savagery at one stroke?'

'Why not begin at home?' quietly asked Mr. Wyville.

'Ah, just so; I hadn't thought of that?' and Hamerton lapsed into listening, with a shrug.

'Have you actually civilized your savage servant?' asked Lord Somers.

'I don't think I quite know your meaning, my Lord,' answered Mr. Wyville. 'All my people are Australians, taken from the bush. I am well served, and honestly; and I have no gossips in my household, for no one in Europe can speak to my people—except Mr. Sheridan here,' he added smiling.

'But how have you changed the nature of the bushmen?' asked Lord Somers, very much interested.

'I haven't changed it; my men are bushmen still. I have attempted no change whatever,—and that is the secret of my success. It is true, I have asked Ngarra jil and the others to wrap some warm cloth round their bodies while we live in this cold climate; to open the door when the bell rings; and to drive slowly and carefully in the streets. This was learned easily in a week or two. The bushmen are natural horsemen, trained to riding through close woods. We have no collisions with other carriages, I assure you. Then again, my men, being savages, never lie and never steal.'

'But is not this actual civilization?' asked Lord Somers.

'I really don't know,' said Mr. Wyville.

'Ha, ha?' chuckled Hamerton. 'I really think it is?'

'Yes, you may laugh, Hamerton; but this is very interesting,' said Lord Somers. 'Have your men retained any of their savage ways, Mr. Wyville?'

'I think they have kept all their natural customs which people in England call savage ways. They eat and sleep in their own fashion—I do not see any reason for imposing my way upon them, if they prefer theirs. Mine is in itself no better, except as it pleases me. They even keep their familiar implements, if they please.'

'What, for instance!' asked Lord Somers.

Mr. Wyville touched a bell. Ngarra jil appeared at the door.

'*Yango dan na wommera*,' said Mr. Wyville.

The Australian disappeared, and in a few moments returned to the door, holding three or four long and slender spears in one hand, and the *wommera* or throwing stick in the other.

Lord Somers and *Mr.* Hamerton examined the weapons with great interest, vainly trying to draw a word from the observant Australian; while Mr. Wyville took *Mr.* Sheridan aside, and conversed with him for several minutes.

On taking their leave, *Mr.* Wyville gave Sheridan a cordial invitation to come and see him soon, as he had much to say to him.

'You will find me at home almost always,' he said.

'And if *Mr.* Wyville is absent, you will certainly find Mr. *Hamerton*,' said Lord Somerr, jestingly.

Before they parted, Lord Somers informed Mr. Sheridan that Hamerton was a wealthy gentleman, who had refused to adopt his hereditary title, and who had also decided to earn his own livelihood, making a yearly division of the profits of his estate among his farmers and tenants. This had earned him quite another kind of title amongst the upper classes; but he had gone on working in his own way, and had already won for himself an honorable name as an author.

'Hamerton is a Republican now,' said Lord Somers, after a pause; 'he was a Socialist in the University.'

Mr. Sheridan remarked that he seemed quite to agree with Mr. Wyville's opinions.

'Yes,' the Secretary said, 'he has been much attracted to this remarkable man—more so than to any one he has ever known.' Lord Somers also mentioned that the Government was about to introduce a sweeping reform of the entire Penal System, at home and abroad, and that the assistance of Mr. Wyville had been deemed of the utmost importance.

'He has already reformed our system at the Andaman Island, the Penal Colony for India,' said the secretary; 'but the Australian colonies offer a profound problem. If possible, we are bound, he says, to use the convicts not merely as slaves, preparing the way for civilized life, but to transform them gradually into a healthy basis of population'

'It certainly is a wide field, and a grand undertaking,' responded Sheridan, 'and it is terribly needed. But Mr. Wyville is an uncommon mind. I trust his views will be largely heeded by the Government.'

'He has the matter in his own hands,' said the Secretary, confidentially; 'the Prime Minister has asked him to draft the entire bill.

X.

THE UPAS-TREE.

In a few days, as soon as he could do so without apparent haste. Will Sheridan visited Millbank again, and was escorted by a warder to the governor's office, where he was graciously received by that dignitary. Very soon, Sheridan adroitly turned the conversation on the transport service, and the class of prisoners to be transported in the next ship. The governor, who was a portly old army major, was willing enough to talk on this subject.

'The Government has no special ships for transport,' said the governor; 'we charter a large merchant vessel, and fit her up for the voyage. The *Hougemont* which will sail in April, is now lying at Portland, under preparation.'

'The convicts to be transported you select from those who are best conducted, do you not?' asked Sheridan.

'No,' said the governor,' only the women. These are the healthiest and best among their class; because they are soon released in Australia, and get married to liberated men, or go to service in settlers' houses. But the men who go to Australia are the opposite—they are the worst criminals in Great Britain.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Rustico Mills,	Stanley,	Grand River Bridge	Valleyfield,
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Emerald,	Summerside	Souris,	Vernon River Bridge,
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	A M	P M	
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Royalty Junction.....	6 14	3 01	
North Wiltshire.....	6 48	3 50	
Hunter River.....	6 58	4 05	
Bradalbane	7 23	4 40	
Emerald Junction.....	7 30	4 55	
Freetown.....	7 40	5 08	
Kensington	7 53	5 28	
Summerside.....ar	8 15	6 00	
Summerside.....dp	8 30		P M 1 40
Miscouche	8 45		2 02
Wellington	9 05		2 28
Port Hill.....	9 25		3 17
O'Leary.....	10 20		4 42
Bloomfield	10 47		5 08
Alberton.....	11 14		6 00
Tignish.....ar	11 55		6 55
Emerald Junction...dp			P M 5 15
Cape Traverse.....ar			6 05

TRAINS FROM THE WEST

STATIONS.	Expr's	Accom	Accom
	P. M.	A. M.	
Tignish.....dp	12 25	6 00	
Alberton.....	1 05	7 05	
Bloomfield	1 30	7 44	
O'Leary.....	1 46	8 09	
Port Hill.....	2 37	9 35	
Wellington.....	3 07	10 17	
Miscouche	3 25	10 44	
Summerside.....ar	3 40	11 05	
Summerside.....dp	4 05		A. M. 6 15
Kensington.....	4 29		6 42
Freetown.....	4 48		7 10
Emerald Junction...	4 55		7 20
Bradalbane.....	5 01		7 30
Hunter River.....	5 24		8 15
North Wiltshire.....	5 34		8 30
Royalty Junction....	6 05		9 10
Charlottetown.....ar	6 20		9 40
Cape Traverse.....dp			A. M. 9 25
Emerald Junc.....ar			7 15

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS	Expr's	Accom
	P M.	A. M.
Charlottetown .....dp	3 00	6 30
Royalty Junction.....	3 15	6 50
Bedford.....	3 40	7 25
Mount Stewart Junc.....ar	4 05	8 05
Mount Stewart Junc.....dp	4 10	8 20
Morell.....	4 38	9 00
St. Peter's.....	5 00	9 30
Bear River.....	5 33	10 14
Souris.....ar	6 00	10 55
	P. M.	A. M.
Mount Stewart Junc.....dp	4 10	8 25
Cardigan.....	5 03	9 38
Georgetown.....ar	5 20	10 00

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Expr's	Accom
	A. M.	P. M.
Souris.....dp	6 15	1 15
Bear River.....	6 45	1 50
St. Peter's.....	7 20	2 45
Morell.....	7 42	3 15
Mount Stewart Junc.....ar	8 10	3 55
Mount Stewart Junc.....dp	8 15	4 05
Bedford.....	8 45	4 40
Royalty Junction.....	9 05	5 15
Charlottetown.....ar	9 20	5 35
	A. M.	P. M.
Georgetown.....dp	7 00	2 15
Cardigan.....	7 17	2 37
Mount Stewart Junc.....ar	8 10	3 45

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. All trains run daily, Sundays excepted

J. UNSWORTH,
Superintendent

Railway Office, Ch'town, May 22, 1893.—tf

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