

The Epizootic.

A sick horse is not a nice object to chromo ; Good health is essential to horse as to homo ; But you won't cure the creature by giving him bromo

And if you are prudent, possessing acumen, You won't employ sulphur, or pills, or bitumen— And just the same way if the patient is human.

Not say! My friend, I'll reveal to you what'll Restore him. Just rest him and poultice his throat— Don't dose him with anything out of a bottle.

Ventilate. Fumigate. Feed him on gruel. Wrap him up. Coax and caress him, for you will Save a sick horse by observing this rule.

Swab his nostrils with tepid like water or brandy, For he can't wipe his nose with his hoof, you see, and he Is so rigged he can't use a handkerchief handy.

If a chap comes along with "a sure panacea," Go lead him right out of the barn by the nose ; He's the fellow that is spreading the hyph-norhea.

S. Cunard & Company.

A SKETCH OF "THE MODEL MERCHANT AND BUSINESS MAN"

Sir Samuel Cunard, who was the son of Abraham Cunard, was born in Halifax towards the close of the last century, and for some time was a clerk in the lumber yard. Soon after the termination of the war of 1812, we find him establishing himself in business, engaging largely in the West India trade, in a general importing business, in shipbuilding and exportation of lumber—in short, in almost every kind of mercantile undertaking that promised advantage to himself, or extended the commerce of the Province. He was a man of little education, but possessed natural business talents, quick perceptions, shrewd judgment, and an excellent address, which easily made friends for himself. He became well acquainted with the military and the navy, particularly the latter, who were stationed in the colonies longer than now, and by this means gained great influence with people in high position in England, even with the nobility.

THE ORIGINAL PARTNERS.

of the firm consisted of himself and his brother Edward. Joseph, another brother, was afterwards associated with them, but spent most of his time superintending the lumber trade in New Brunswick. Chatham, Miramichi, owes its present advanced position chiefly to his enterprise. To Mr. Cunard is due the brisk trade with the East India Company in the article of tea. By his instrumentality the large ships of this Company visited us periodically, laden with the commodity pure and genuine, direct from China, until the East India Company monopoly was abolished. To meet the business that resulted from this trade,

THE CAPACIOUS WAREHOUSE ON WATER STREET.

was built, one half of it was devoted exclusively to storing tea, and the wharf premises were greatly extended. When steam came to be used as a motive power, steam vessels began to be looked upon as possessing greater advantages than the old sailing craft, and the question was freely discussed, was it possible to cross the Atlantic by their means. The majority of people at once declared it an impossibility. They could not contain sufficient fuel for so long a voyage, and winds and currents would prove too strong for paddle wheels driven by such an agency. These and many other reasons were asserted by Lardner, a celebrated scientist of the time, in the most positive manner, as proving the utter futility of the attempt. Some spirits braver than the rest determined to give the matter a trial and the *Sirius* was well fitted up as

A PIONEER STEAMER,

and with the additional aid of sail, performed the trip to New York rapidly and successfully. She was followed by the *Great Western*, built in Bristol in 1837 or 1838.

Her Majesty's mails had heretofore been conveyed across the ocean in sailing packets, or gun brigs, as they were called, and a voyage of twenty days was looked upon as a marvel. It is well known that the Hon. William Crane, speaker of the New Brunswick Assembly, had the honour of first suggesting to Lord Glenelg, then Colonial Secretary, the idea of subsidizing a line of steamers, but the suggestion was not carried out. Mr. Cunard, who was in England at the time, and whose mind was ever on the alert for any new enterprise, made representations to the British Government, who thereupon entered into a contract with him for the conveyance of the mails

FROM ENGLAND TO HALIFAX

and Boston by monthly steamships. He then formed a company, consisting of Messrs. Ivor & Co., of Liverpool, Burns & Co., and Napier & Co., of Glasgow, together with himself. These firms took portions of the contracts. The steamers, four in number, were constructed in the Clyde, and were propelled by paddle-wheels, the more modern screw propeller being then unknown. They were named the *Britannia*, *Acadia*, *Caledonia* and *Columbia*, were built of wood, presented quite a fine appearance, and from their novelty were looked upon somewhat with reverence, though they would look ridiculous now-a-days when placed beside the magnificent iron-plated ocean-going palaces of the same line, that unfortunately have been withdrawn from Halifax, but may be seen any day in the harbors of Boston or New York.

THE 'OLDEST INHABITANT'

would be glad to narrate to an open-mouthed gathering of listeners what an excitement the arrival of the *Britannia* in the port of Halifax created, how the wharves were lined with eager spectators to watch the monster of the deep as it moved up the harbour and how the delighted citizens entertained Mr. Cunard to a banquet. These steamers continued their voyages for some years until the *Columbia* was lost on Seal Island, off Cape Sable, on her way from Boston to Halifax. Passengers, mails and cargo were all saved. Hon. Abbott Lawrence, who had recently been appointed United States Minister to England, was among the passengers. Meanwhile the *Hihernia* had been built and was sent out in her place.

ABOUT THE YEAR 1842

in consequence of the over-speculation of Joseph Cunard in Miramichi, and the general panic that seemed to have taken hold of commercial affairs, the firm was brought to the verge of bankruptcy. Mr. Cunard came out from England and with the assistance of the Bank of Nova Scotia and his friends, Stephen DeBlois and John Duffus, who made loans to him on large estates which he owned in P. E. Island, the firm were able to float off the quack-sands. He then went back to England and never returned to reside permanently. In course of time all liabilities were settled and the firm embarked in new ventures, increased the number of their steamships, and extended their navigation to Bermuda and St. Thomas. They also established a line to New York and Mr. Cunard's eldest son, Edward—afterwards Sir Edward—was sent there to take control of that part of the business. Among the undertakings engaged in by the firm was

THE AGENCY OF THE GENERAL MINING ASSOCIATION

which, up to the year 1859, had a monopoly of the mining business of this Province. It originated in this way. The Duke of York was desperately in debt, and in order to satisfy his creditors, his brother, George IV, made a grant of all the mines in Nova Scotia—coal, gold, silver, iron,—which belonged to the Crown—to Rundel, Briggs & Co., jewellers, in London, who disposed of them to this company formed for the purpose. This took place about the year 1835, and as a result the Albion Mines in Pictou, and Sydney, and Ling-n mines in Cape Breton were largely developed. Mr. Cunard became very wealthy, acquired landed estates in England and was made a Baronet, an honour he lived many years to enjoy. He married a sister of the late John Duffus, and had several children. Edward, the eldest, married a grand daughter of one of the brothers Emmet,

FAMOUS DURING THE IRISH REBELLION,

and succeeded to the baronetcy, but died a short time after. His son, Sir Bache Cunard, is the present possessor of the title. William, the next, is still living, and is now on a visit to Halifax. Two of his daughters

have been well known in the Maritime Provinces; the one as the lady of Judge Peters, of Charlottetown, P.E.I., and the other as the lady of Colonel Franklin, who, with her husband, resided for several years in Halifax, and whose son is a partner in the present concern. The firm still goes by the old name, and now owns one of the largest fleets of steamships in the world. When Sir Samuel went to England in 1849,

WILLIAM CUNARD,

and Henry Boggs—the latter of whom was a nephew of Stephen DeBlois, and had been brought up in the office—carried on the business, and continued to do so until about the year 1852, when they, too, went to England, Mr. Boggs retiring from the firm. The late lamented James B. Morrow became a partner about that time. It has always been a problem whether the circumstances of the time combine to reduce a man who from his connection with them, succeeds in winning a name for himself, or whether an original mind, by foresight and penetration, makes its own surroundings and becomes great of itself. We more readily incline to the latter view, but certain it is, in the history we have been endeavouring to trace, one name stands forth boldly as entitled, himself alone, to all the honour that can be given, for, by his own energy and skill, building up the trade of Halifax, for establishing a steamship company that has benefited the world, and for making himself

THE MODEL MERCHANT AND BUSINESS MAN

for our young men to follow for all time to come, and that name is Sir Samuel Cunard. —*Halifax Exchange.*

A Tramp to the 15 Mile Stream Gold Diggings.

These gold diggings are situated half way between the South Shore and Guysborough road, and eleven miles from Trafalgar Inn, managed by John Nelson, a place where travellers have to stop, and good accommodation for man and beast are provided. Although Mr. Nelson's vision has failed, yet he appears to be able to see as far into a granite rock as those whose eyes are sound. About a mile from Nelson's, you leave the Guysborough road, and with your guide make for the land of gold. When you travel seven miles, you reach a nice little lake that abounds with trout, known as "Dayspring" Lake, after the mission ship *Dayspring*. It was on the bank of this lake that the masts were taken for the mission ship. In 1867 claims were taken up, and quite a large sum has since been paid either for claims or royalty, and yet very little has been spent by the Government in opening up the road. The Government must consider the road favourably, and assist the owners of claims so that they may be able to get out machinery suitably for carrying on their operations successfully; the present road being simply a path through swamps over rocks and brush wood. Provisions cost one dollar per hundred from Nelson's to the Diggings. Hall Brothers have been crushing for a week, and after cleaning up the battery they realized the nice little sum of 80 oz. of gold. The amount of quartz still to be crushed we would suppose will give twenty thousand dollars, what is already crushed can scarcely be missed from the large pile. Twenty-five men are engaged in the work. The owners had a handsome offer from an American Company, but by some mishap they did not succeed in selling, which I believe is a lucky event for Hall Brothers. They (Hall Brothers) are very quiet and unassuming men, and remarkably kind to strangers visiting their works, as all who are acquainted know. There are five houses. One 1½ story building, two crushers, comprise the amount of buildings at these diggings at present. Quite a number are engaged prospecting. Claims taken up, besides Hall Brothers, are of great value, such as Morrison's free claim, Shand's, Grant's, Hudson's, Duran's, the Eagle Nonpareil, Holdday's, and Jackson's. These claims have all been prospected, and show richly. Hall Brothers have paid over one hundred dollars royalty in the spring, and a very much larger sum must be paid when they go to Halifax, and all is cleaned up. Many fine sights can be obtained from boulders on the surface. So rich are these boulders that one can make wages breaking them up.

While Mr. Vanderbilt was in Amsterdam recently he purchased, one afternoon, thirteen thousand dollars' worth of blue ware for his new residence in New York.

War—Supporting the Guns.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

Did you ever see a battery take position? It hasn't the thrill of a cavalry charge, nor the grimness of a line of bayonets moving slowly and determinedly on; out there is a peculiar excitement about it that makes old veterans rise in their saddles and cheer.

We have been fighting at the edge of the woods. Every cartridge box has been emptied once and more, and one-fourth of the brigade has melted away in dead and wounded and missing. Not a cheer is heard in the whole brigade. We know that we are being driven foot by foot, and that when we break back once more the line will go to pieces and the enemy will pour through the gap.

Here comes help!

Down the crowded highway gallons a battery, withdrawn from some other position to save ours. The field fence is scattered while you could count thirty, and the guns rush for the hill behind us. Six horses to a piece—three riders to each gun. Over dry ditches where a farmer would not drive a waggon, through clumps of bushes, over logs a foot thick, every horse on the gallop, every rider lashing his team and yelling—the sight behind us makes us forget the foe in front. The guns jump two feet high as the heavy wheels strike rock or log, but not a horse slackens his pace, not a cannoner loses his seat. Six guns, six caissons, sixty horses, eighty men, race for the brow of the hill as if who reached it first would be knighted.

A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. We look again, and the six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition chests open, and along our line runs the command, "Give them one more volley, and fell back to support the guns." We have scarcely obeyed, when boom! boom! opens the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought and despaired.

The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe for the first time in three hours as we form a line and lie down. What grim, cool fellows those cannoners are! Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets splash dust into their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around, they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth, shot through the head as he sponged his gun. That machinery loses just one beat, misses just one cog in the wheel, and then works away again as before.

Every gun is using short-fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles, the roar shouts out all sounds from a battle line three miles long, and the shells go shrieking into the swamp to cut trees short off, to mow great gaps in the bushes, to hunt out and shatter and mangle men until their corpses cannot be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it—aye, press forward to capture the battery. We can hear their shouts as they form for the rush.

Now the shells are changed for grape and canister, and the guns are fired so fast that all reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demonic singing, purring, whistling grapeshot, and the serpent-like hiss of canister. Men's legs and heads are torn from bodies, and bodies cut in two. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the rank as it crashes through. Grape and canister mow a swath and pile the dead on top of each other.

Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in the flame of the guns. The guns leap from the ground, almost, as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks and screams and shouts blend into one awful and steady cry. Twenty men out on the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accept it as a sign of wavering and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them a last shot. That discharge picks living men off their feet and throws them into a swamp, a blackened, bloody mass.

Historians write of the glory of war. Bural parties saw murder where historians saw glory.

The London *Telegraph* says that in consequence of the advance in value of many securities held by the Glasgow Bank, the liquidation is likely to show much better results than were at one time anticipated, and those shareholders who have met their calls in full will be handsomely remunerated.

MR. WILLIAM B. ASTOR lately paid one hundred and ninety thousand dollars for the beautiful Parish estate in Newport.