The Colonist.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1892.

THE GOVERNORSHIP.

The news contained in our yesterday's Ottawa telegram that it was settled that the Hon. Mr. Dewdney is to be the next Lieutenant-Governor of this Province was not altogether unexpected. There has been a good deal of talk about the Governorship, and some who were able to form a pretty clear idea of the intentions of the Dominion Government believed that Mr. Dewdney would be the next occupant of Government House. They have now the satisfaction of seeing that their calculations were correct, and that their prediction has been fulfilled. We believe that the appointment will be acceptable to the people of the province generally. The Hon. Mr. Dewdney is one of the pioneers of British Columbia and did good work for the province in its "early days." He is pleasantly remembered and will be warmly welcomed by his old friends. Mr. Dewdney has much experience of the public life both of this province and of the Dominion. He served the province well and acceptably in the House of Commons, and although he did not represent it while he was Minister of the Interior, he was ready to do what he could for it whenever the occasion presented itself. His seven years' experience as Governor of the Northwest Territories will stand him in good stead when he comes to perform the duties of a similar position in this province. There is no doubt that he will ably perform the political duties devolving on the Governor of the province, and that, with the aid of Mrs. Dewdney, he will genially and gracefully meet all the social requirements of the position.

Lieut.-Governor Nelson leaves Carey Castle with the respect, esteem and good wishes of British Columbians of all classes, creeds and parties. He has performed the duties of his office without making a single enemy or without incurring the slightest illwill. He has been kind and courteous to all who have had occasion to do public business with him. He has made a genial host, and Mrs. Nelson has helped him to dispense the hospitalities of Government House with a gracious kindliness which will be long and pleasantly remembered in this city and every other part of the province.

THE HONEST TRUTH.

The following extract from the Seattle Post-Intelligencer shows that intelligent Americans who have studied the Behring Sea question see that the position taken by the United States Government is altogether untenable. Lieut. Sullivan, whose opinion it records, knows more about seals and sealing than nine-tenths of the officials in the Department of the Secretary of State, and he is evidently as well posted in international law as anyone who has been entrusted with making out the case for the United States Government. This is the Post-Intelligencer's paragraph:

Lieut. John Clyde Sullivan, paymaster U. S. N., is a guest of the Rainier. He has been cruising in Behring Sea on board the Mohican, which came into port yesterday to take coal. Having served forty-one months on active duty, he hopes to be relieved and allowed to go to his home in New York. The Lieutenant has made some study of the Alaskan government question, and said yesterday: "That country should have a regular territorial form of government, with a delegate to Congress. It should have every facility for the development of its wonderful resources. This bureaucratic form of government is a fraud anyway, and as a rule inefficient men are always appointed to manage affairs. Our work the past season has been to prevent pelagic sealing, and we have done so as far as we could. *But it's all wrong. We haven't the shadow of a right to declare Behring Sea a closed sea, and we will be knocked out entirely by the International Commission.* I have read everything I could get my hands on upon the subject, and am something of a lawyer as well as a sailor, and I believe Blaine's contention is all wrong, and the United States will have to pay double for the work we have been doing in Behring Sea."

Lieut. Sullivan being a thoughtful and well-informed American citizen, can see that if the American argument to support the United States' claim in Behring Sea is sound its contention with regard to its rights on the Atlantic Coast, and indeed everywhere else, must be unsound, for they are in direct opposition. Americans claim the right to traverse the high seas in every part of the world, no matter who may own the adjacent coast. And when their right, limited by their own treaties, is questioned they growl and bluster and threaten. It is ridiculous to suppose that Behring Sea is an exception to every other sea in the known world. If an attempt were made to treat the Americans in the Mediterranean, in Hudson's Bay, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or in any other large body of water, not completely land-locked, as the Americans treat the British in that part of the Pacific Ocean which has been arbitrarily named Behring Sea, there would be a tremendous row, and the Americans would be perfectly justified in kicking it up. All Americans know in their hearts that the United States and Russia have no more and no greater rights and powers in Behring Sea than they have in any other part of the ocean, and Lieut. Sullivan deserves credit for having spoken what he knows to be the truth to his countrymen manfully.

UNITED STATES LAW.

The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in his charge to the Grand Jury in the Homestead cases, gave utterance to some truths which English-speaking men, no matter to what class they may belong, would do well carefully to consider. It should be remembered that the learned Chief Justice is a republican, laying down the law in a republic, and to men who believe the people to be sovereign. With regard to freedom of contract, the Chief Justice said:

The mutual right of the parties to contract in regard to wages and the character of the employment, whether by the piece or by the day, whether for ten hours or less, is as fixed as any other which we enjoy under the constitution and laws of this state. It is a right which belongs to every citizen—laborer or capitalist—and it is the plain duty of the state to protect them in the enjoyment of it.

Having described the seizure of the works by the strikers, their refusal to allow the sheriff to take possession of them, and the resistance to the officers of the law, he went on to say:

We can have some sympathy with a mob driven to desperation by hunger, as in the days of the French revolution, but we can have none for men receiving exceptionally high wages in resisting the law and resorting to violence and bloodshed in the assertion of imaginary rights and entailing such a vast expense on the taxpayers of the commonwealth.

It was not a cry for bread to feed their famishing lips, resulting in a sudden outrage with good provocation; it was a deliberate attempt by men without authority to control others in the enjoyment of their rights. The men had a right to refuse to work and persuade others to join them, but the moment they attempted to control the works and resorted to violence they placed themselves outside the pale of the law. If we were to concede the doctrine that the employe may dictate to his employer the terms of his employment and upon the refusal of the latter to accede to them to take possession of his property and drive others away who were willing to work we would have anarchy. No business could be conducted on such a basis; that doctrine when once countenanced would be extended to every industry.

The intelligent reader will be struck with the resemblance which this utterance of an American Republican judge bears to the deliverances of British judges on the same subject. It shows that the principles of law are the same, whether its chief administrator is a constitutional hereditary Sovereign or a President elected by the people. An English Tory judge would have expressed the same principles in almost the same words as this Republican Chief Justice.

The Homestead strikers were charged with treason, and Judge Paxson decided that the offence they were accused of committing is treason. This is his definition of the offence:

"It is a state of war," said he, "when a business plant has to be surrounded by the army of the State to protect it from unlawful violence at the hands of former employes. Every member of such asserted government, whether it be an advisory committee or by whatever name it is called, who has participated in such usurpation, who has joined in a common purpose of resistance to the law and a denial of the rights of other citizens, has committed treason against the State. The definition of this offence is the designing or overturning of the Government of the State. Such intention need not extend to every portion of its territory.

"It is sufficient if it be an overturning of it in a particular locality, and such intent may be inferred from the acts committed. If you find from the evidence that the defendants have, or any of them has, committed, participated and aided in any of the acts which I have defined to you as constituting the offense of treason, it will be your sworn duty to find a true bill against the party or parties so offending."

With regard to the necessity of asserting and enforcing the law, the Chief Justice said:

We have reached a point in the history of the State where there are but two roads for us to pursue—the one that leads to order and good government, the other that leads to anarchy. The one great question which concerns the people of this country is the enforcement of the law and the preservation of order.

The Judge also declared that the owners of the iron works were justified in hiring and in arming guards to defend their property. This was a surprise to many who believed that the owners, when they found that their property was taken possession of by the strikers, should have applied to the State for protection and not have attempted to maintain their proprietary rights by men hired and armed by themselves.

We find that George Ticknor Curtis, an eminent American publicist, in a paper in the October number of the North American Review, bearing the title, "A Constitutional View," expresses the opinion:

First—That the owners of the mills had a perfect legal right to employ any necessary number of men to defend their property.

Secondly—That all the acts of the Pinkerton men at Homestead were lawful; and that, as watchmen, they had a right to bear arms on the premises of the Carnegie Company in order to protect life and property, whether they were or were not deputized by the sheriff of Alleghany County; and that the agency had the right to ship arms for such purposes from Chicago to the Carnegie yards at Homestead; and that in view of the attack on the barges, the watchmen had a right to bear arms and defend themselves; and that all their acts in firing in self-defence from the barges, after the attack on them, were legally justifiable under the laws of the United States and the State of Pennsylvania.

Thirdly—That the killing of Klein by one or more of the riotous strikers was a murder.

Fourthly—That all who stood by, sympathizing with and encouraging the strikers or not exerting themselves to prevent the strikers who were armed from firing on the barges, were accessories to the murder.

What is law in the United States on this subject is law in this country. It might be expected that British law would be more stringent in a matter of this kind than that of the United States, but it does not appear that it is. One of the main objects of Government, whether monarchical or republican, is to protect property, and the laws which enable it to do this cannot differ at all materially. The reader will see from the passages we have quoted that English law, for the protection of property, is not in any respect more stringent than American law. In the Empire of Great Britain and the Republic of the United States the law is intended both to protect property and to secure the liberty of the citizen. Those, therefore, who, on any pretence whatever, take possession of their neighbors' property and encroach upon their neighbors' lawful rights, violate the laws of the land and expose themselves to punishment. Liberty in no country means liberty to do harm to one's neighbor.

M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

How a Ship's Boy and Two Women Beat off a Mutinous Crew—Bunker's Nugget.

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The crew of the brig Penguin when we left the Cape of Good Hope for Bombay consisted of captain, two mates, steward, cook, ship's boy and eight men before the mast—fourteen in all. Captain Richards, who was part owner, was a man of thirty, and was married to a very handsome English girl at the Cape only two weeks before we left port. She not only accompanied him on the voyage, but her sister Emma, a girl of twenty, was on board as well, though she did not intend to return with the brig.

Our cargo was a curious one. It had come from two or three derelicts which had been picked up at sea and brought in, and their cargoes sold at auction. Agents for parties at Bombay had bid for enough to load a ship, and the Penguin had then been chartered. Captain and mates and one seaman were English. There were two Spaniards, a Lascar, a negro, two Norwegians and a man who claimed to be an American. Steward and cook were negroes. I had run away from the Nantucket whaler Obediah M. Jones, and there was no question about my being a Yankee. I then lacked three months of being fifteen years old. The crew was up to the average, and had the voyage been free from disaster no complaint could have been lodged against them. I can remember that some of the men growled and grumbled because of the two ladies aboard, and others declared that the mates were no sailors because they did not knock the crew about. Jack is sure to grumble, no matter how you put it, and his grumbles are seldom to be taken in earnest.

We had a fair run up the east coast and the Mozambique channel, and were well clear of the northernmost point of Madagascar, when we got a sudden and violent squall one afternoon which carried away the masts before an order had been issued. Had the squall passed off as it came we might have pulled through right enough, but it proved to be the forerunner of a howling gale. It was the chief mate's watch on deck, and he must have been swept overboard as the brig lay on her beam ends for a moment. When she righted everybody rushed to cut away the wreckage alongside, and while rushing about and giving orders Captain Richards was thrown to the deck, and had his right leg broken just above the ankle. He had to be carried below at once, and the command of the brig devolved upon Mr. Brooks, the second mate. We got the wreckage clear after awhile, but all saw that he was not the man for the place. Indeed he admitted it when he left the deck to Chipps, the carpenter, and locked himself up in his stateroom with a bottle of brandy. He was a good sailor but no man for a pinch.

It was just at sunset that the squall struck us, and as the gale followed so fast and the sea became so ugly, we could do nothing but let the brig drift off before it.

Chipps and the steward got the captain's leg in splints and did whatever else they could for him, and he sent us word that we would probably drift ashore on some of the islands to the westward of us before midnight. He suggested that we make ready a raft in addition to the yawl, which had escaped being swept away, but the men were demoralized by the cowardice of the mate and refused to raise a hand. About midnight we heard the breakers on Magadova island. Chipps and the steward and I went to the cabin to get the captain and the women on deck, while the rest of the crew exhibited a selfishness truly surprising. They would not even assist each other, and they quarreled as to who should go in the boat, though it was large enough to hold all. The captain was a truly brave man and not at all unnerved, though suffering great pain from his broken limb. But for him we should have forgotten the mate, who was lying in his bunk in a drunken stupor, and who lay like a log on deck as we dragged him out of the cabin. Seeing how the brig lay, the captain sent Chipps to the wheel in hopes to pay her off, and as good luck would have it we got her stern to wind and sea and she drove straight ahead for the shore. Half a mile from the beach she struck a coral reef with a great crash, but drove over it and brought up on a sandy beach with her nose almost among the mangroves.

We were wrecked, but we were saved. The reef caught and broke the force of the heavy seas, and they hadn't power enough to break up the brig where she lay. She lifted half a dozen times after she struck, and thus wallowed out a bed for herself in the sands and settled down as firm as a rock. We carried Captain Richards below, hauled the drunken mate forward out of the reach of the water flying over us, and there was nothing else to do but wait for daylight and discover our exact situation. The captain's wife and sister-in-law had been pretty badly upset by events, but yet they took heart as soon as it was known that the moment of peril was passed. The crew, with the exception of Chipps and myself, retired to their quarters to sleep as calmly as if nothing had occurred. We were called to the cabin, and after a bit Captain Richards said:

"Just what the men forward will do in such an emergency as this I can't say, but I want to be prepared for the worst. We are in the track of vessels, but it may be a fortnight before we are taken off. Do you know if any of the men have pistols?"

I answered that both Spaniards and the negro had double barreled pistols, and volunteered to go forward and secure them. While I was on this errand Chipps hunted through the staterooms of the mates to see what could be found. While I got the pistols, he found two revolvers and a double barreled fowling piece. The captain himself had a shotgun, and we found an abundance of ammunition for all the firearms. A hunt was then made for liquors, and three bottles were found in the staterooms. When the search had been concluded Chipps got out his tools and fixed a bar for the cabin door, cut two portholes to command the deck and knocked together three or four stout shutters which could be put in place inside. In fact, from the time we were called down until broad daylight we were working to put the cabin in a state of defense and prepare for the worst. We had just knocked off when the men began to turn out. The first discovery made was that Mr. Brooks was dead. He had expired where we left him, and a ghastly sight he was. The next was that the brig was high and dry on the sands, the tide now being out, and that she had been beached on a lovely shore. We knew it must be an island, and the captain had little difficulty in naming it. It is, I may tell you, a small island, being about three miles long by half that distance in width. It was well wooded, and as daylight grew stronger the chatter of parrots and the notes of other birds became almost a nuisance. We could see trees laden with wild fruits, a profusion of flowers on every hand, and the men uttered shouts of delight as they turned out. When breakfast had been eaten the Englishman, whose name was Tom Dean, called the men around him and said:

"See here, mates, let us understand this thing. I take it that this ends our voyage. When a craft's ashore hard and fast, one man's as good as another. I propose to take what will make me comfortable and happy, and go ashore for a good time."

Every single man except Chipps was at once agreed. At this point they were simply in for a lark and had no evil plans. There was no mate to argue with them, and none of them would see the captain, though he sent word to several by name. What was it to him, anyway? The brig was ashore, there was nothing to be done, and if rescue arrived they could easily be found ashore. You would have thought the steward and cook bound to remain by the people in the cabin, but they were among the first to go. They were very impudent about it, too, and it was pretty plain that the entire lot were determined to do as they pleased. The men were gone about three hours and returned in high spirits. The island was a veritable paradise, they said, and they proposed making a permanent camp about a mile from the brig. Tom Dean had apparently been chosen as their leader, and he was very independent and saucy. He ordered his crowd to help themselves to whatever they fancied, and when Chipps remonstrated Dean threatened him. They collected bedding, spare sails, beef, bread, flour and other provisions, and then removed the main hatch and broke out a cask of brandy and broached it. The captain knew what was going on, but he felt that he was powerless.

The ingrates left the brig loaded down with plunder, and we knew they would enter upon a spree which might last until next day. Chipps and I got the dead body of the mate down on the sands and buried it, cleared up the decks, attended to the wants of those in the cabin as far as able, and it being now about 8 o'clock in the afternoon he lowered himself over the bows to search for something we could make use of as a signal staff. He carried with him a light ax, and did not expect to be absent over half an hour. Two hours had slipped away without his return when the captain sent for me to say:

"Harry, I'm worried over Chipps. I believe Dean's gang has made him prisoner. Go at once and pull inboard every rope by which they can board us."

The brig was on an even keel, and her rail was ten or eleven feet above the sands. Her bowsprit had been broken off with the masts, and one could not board her by way of the forechains. I had pulled in the half dozen ropes hanging over when Chipps suddenly appeared. He was hatless and coatless, with blood on his face, hands and shirt. I threw him a rope, and he was over the rail in a minute and crying to me:

"In with the rope, Harry, and then bring the fowling pieces!"

He staggered and fell to the deck, but I did not stop to ask questions. The captain called to me as I got the guns, but I hurried away without replying. I found Chipps sitting on the forehatch with his hand to his side, and the red blood oozing out between his fingers. Before I could ask a question he said:

"Tom Dean stabbed me with his own hand! They mean to come and kill the captain, and take the women away! You must kill them if they try to get aboard!"

With that he staggered aft to the cabin and disappeared. He was seriously but not fatally wounded, and while the captain's wife at once proceeded, under the captain's directions, to staunch the flow of blood, her sister Emma came forward to me. She was very pale and her voice trembled, but there was no cowardice in her eyes.

"Harry, you and I must defend the ship!" she said as she came up and picked up the other fowling piece. "I know how to shoot, and if they attempt to come on board we must drive them back even if we have to shed blood!"

I assured her that I stood ready to do my best, and two or three minutes later the whole gang of men broke cover and came to a halt before us. They saw our heads above the rail, but not our firearms. Dean was carrying the ax taken from Chipps. They were a bit surprised to find no ropes at hand, and Dean at once commanded me to throw over a couple. When I refused the gang began to curse and threaten, and the negro sailor called out in a loud voice that they had done for Chipps and meant to serve the rest of us in the same way. Finding me determined not to assist them in boarding, two men stood against the hull and the steward, who was a light man, sprang on their shoulders and grasped the foremast channel plates on the port side. Three others executed a like movement on the starboard side.

"We must shoot!" whispered Emma, as I told her what was going on. "You take that side and I'll attend to this."

We were both badly rattled. I know I shook like a leaf and my teeth kept up a clashing, and the girl was so white faced and made such efforts to keep her feet that I expected to see her sink down every instant. The two men shoved their heads above the rail at the same instant, and our two guns made but one report. They were loaded with swan shot, and the men were dead before they struck the sands. The others raised a yell and retreated into the woods, and I fired a second shot to accelerate their pace. Emma did not faint. On the contrary, she grew cool and calm, and after three or four minutes went to the cabin to report. There was a dead man on each side of the ship, and there lay the ax where Dean had dropped it as he started for cover. I threw over a rope and slid down, and secured the ax, and was hardly safe on deck again when Dean hailed from the woods. It was to say that the men were only on a lark, and that they meant no evil to any one. They were truly sorry for what had happened and begged the privilege of coming aboard.

We were on guard all night, and all satisfied that we could beat them off whenever they attempted to board. But about sunrise the American hailed us from the cover of the bushes to beg forgiveness and ask to be taken aboard. This the captain would not consent to, even though he argued that they had probably had enough of it and were honest in their promises. They might mean well enough then, but as soon as they got at the brandy cask again there was no telling what they might do. How the adventure might have turned out if we had been besieged for several days and nights I can't say, but help came to us that very afternoon in the shape of a French government vessel engaged in surveying and charting the islands. The brig was abandoned as a total loss, and we were landed at Zanzibar. The Frenchman refused to attempt the capture of the men ashore, but later on a British man-of-war gobbled the whole gang aboard the brig, burned the wreck, and the fellows were taken to the Cape and got long terms of imprisonment.

BUNKER'S NUGGET.

One of our miners at Strawberry Hill was a man named Tom Anderson. He was a quiet, soft spoken man, always seeming to prefer to be alone, and until it became plain that he was a victim of consumption no one put himself out to make friends with him. The poor chap realized that he was doomed, and the look he carried on his face from day to day haunted us for months after he was gone. He had never said anything of his past, but one day, when some act of kindness had softened his heart and made him feel childish, he explained:

"Boys, I've got a wife and four children back in the states, and the thought of never seeing them again is helping to kill me. They are waiting and waiting, but I've got to die and be planted here. If I could only see them once more it wouldn't be so hard to die."

We could pity him, but we didn't know what to say to console him. What could we say? Thousands of miles lay between him and home, and if every man in camp had chipped in his savings the sum wouldn't have paid his way back. We were down on our luck and not averaging a dollar a day. As the days went on Tom got so bad that he couldn't work his claim, but we saw that he wanted for nothing. Among the rough chaps with us was a fellow called Bunker. That may have been his real name, but probably not.

He knew about Tom of course, but I had never heard him express a word of sympathy. On the contrary he had two or three times blurted out harsh and unfeeling words, and we had set him down as a man without a heart.

One afternoon Bunker, who was working entirely alone, made a big strike. He uncovered a nugget worth about $3,000. His lucky find excited the whole camp in ten minutes. He carried the golden lump up to camp and laid it on the ground, and sat down on a box beside it. I think Tom Henderson was the only man who didn't come out to see it and offer his congratulations. By and by, when we had cooled down a little, some one asked Bunker what he was going to do. As a rule when one of his class made a strike he sold out at once and started for some place where he could turn loose for a while.

"Boys," he replied as he looked around him, "something aroused me about midnight last night, and I got up and went out and found poor Tom Henderson kneeling beside the big rock out thar, and prayin to God to spare his life till he could see his wife and little ones. I'm rough and wicked, but that softened me up till I felt like a woman. When I turned up this lump my first thought was of Tom. What am I goin' to do? I'll tell ye. I'm goin to take this nugget and Tom Henderson, and make over the trail to the stage route, and send him home to his family! It'll be the only decent thing I've done fur a feller man in twenty years, but I'm goin to do it."

It was a minute before we could cheer him. We were dumb with amazement. When the news was carried to Tom he just broke right down and sobbed like a grieved child and couldn't say a word. They started next morning. Tom felt that every hour was bringing death nearer, and Bunker realized that there was cause for haste. Some of us accompanied them four or five miles up the trail, and the last we saw of them Tom was leaning on Bunker's arm as if they had been brothers.

It was almost winter, but the weather had been fine. They were hardly out of sight before a cold rain began falling, and in a little time it turned to hail and snow and drove us all into our shanties. We knew that the two men had been caught in it, as they had nearly forty miles to go, but we could only hope. All night long the storm raged around us. All next day it beat upon hilltop and valley. It did not clear until the second midnight, and we dared not move till day broke. Then ten of us started up the trail, hardly able to make any progress for the snow and ice. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon we found them. They had sought shelter behind a mass of rock, and Bunker had started a fire. The storm had pelted it out and made it impossible to gather more fuel. He had removed his coat and buttoned it around poor Tom. Aye, he had laid down beside him and taken him in his arms, as if he were a child, and tried to keep the warmth of life in him! Tom had died hours before we came up. Bunker was pretty nearly gone, but we saved him for a few days. We got him back to camp and gave him every care, but he did not even recognize one of us or recall a thing until an hour before he died. Then as we gathered around him and told him what had occurred he simply said:

"God bless you, boys, fur yer kindness to me! I tried to save poor Tom, but I—I couldn't do it! I'm so tired! Let me sleep."

And seeming to sleep he passed away without a word.

M. QUAD.

Special to the COLONIST.

FANCIES FOR THE FAIR.

Gotham Flocks to See the "Black Crook"—The Comic Opera that Pleases.

New York is Disappointed in Lottie—Redfern Leads the New Style.

NEW YORK, Oct., 1892.—Under the carnal influence of the "Black Crook", and Lottie Collins, New York is enjoying its evenings, and having what appears to be a very fair time. Each of these amusements contains a good deal the spirit of the other, and both have a very strong flavor of rollicking deviltry,—so we may feel that Gotham has quite recovered from the attack of "Christian Endeavor", which it was prostrate with only a couple of months or so ago.

Strange isn't it, and surprisingly true, that a thing only has to obtain a reputation for naughtiness, to become a success.

I have been speaking of the new Empire cloaks, which are to be so fashionable. Here we have a pretty example. It is made of fine faced cloth, with velvet yoke and sleeves. Bands of braiding on satin form the trimming. The back is made with the yoke cut straight across.

"The Black Crook" is after all only a jumble of Faust, Macbeth, Tony Pastor and Alhambra painted throughout with a scheme of color, modelled on that of that great spectacular artist and manager Augustus Harris.

It is only this, for the plot is obscure and cut up into such little bits, such a long distance apart that it is really too much for the average mind to connect them together, and endeavor to get at a result.

There is enough high kicking in it for the most blase front row bald-head. No woman, even if she began kicking in her earliest infancy, and continued kicking through her whole career, with the very briefest intervals for rest, could learn to kick higher than the four young ladies in the French Empire quadrille, that seems to be the great feature of the "Black Crook."

These same young ladies, whose limbs, while apparently made on the same plan as the rest of ours, have the startling double jointedness of wooden dolls, sit flat down, with their legs at an angle of sixty degrees like very loose compasses.

The Lottie Collins, Tara-ra-Boom-de-ay ballet is also full of action, principally leg action, while the very commonplace words that have done duty since the rage for the doggerel first began do duty again.

Meanwhile the New Yorkers when not at "The Black Crook" are looking at Lottie and wondering at her mushroom popularity. The New Yorkers profess to see very little in Lottie, they say she thinks too much of herself and places too high a value on a series of kicking demonstrations that after all is not so wonderful. They forget that "beauty lies in the eye of the beholder," and "the success of the jest in the ear of him who hears it." So Lottie kicked and her kicking struck a responsive chord in the bosom of the audience and they straightway elected her the Queen kicker. New Yorkers are broad-minded, and welcome trans-atlantic stars. If they are disappointed in the brilliancy of this one, they must bear in mind that English humor and American are poles apart.

This is a pretty sketch of one of Redfern's latest models. It is composed of black serge, with black velvet facing, and buttons. The yoke and sleeves are made of terra cotta cloth braided with gold. This is without exception the newest thing that has been produced.

We are already plunged into a new style, and that is the Empire. There is hardly any need to say that, but every body doesn't know that Redfern was the first man in New York that introduced it.

Redfern says that he finds Americans much more enterprising in the matter of dress than the English, they have taken up the Empire style in the upper classes, without a moment's hesitation.

The long Empire cloak which is the latest thing Redfern has made, is indeed a thing of beauty. Long folds of velvet fall in rich severe folds to the ground, from the short waist, which is marked by the termination of a richly embroidered yoke. The sleeves are long embroidered ones headed by full, puffed baby sleeves of the velvet. On some of these long Empire cloaks very wide bands of fur are used as trimming and with this addition they make very luxuriant garments.

Very sumptuous velvet capes are also being worn, and these are also velvet, lined splendidly with silk, and made with a little beef eater crinkly cape about the throat, and a full cape hanging from the shoulders in straight generous folds. Some of these velvet capes are surmounted by braided capes which merely touch the angle of the shoulder.

LE BARON DE BREMONT.

MICROBES!

Their Manifestations in Dreams—Habits—Modes of Life—Places of Resort, Etc., Etc.

☞ *Prizes Will Be Given the Suspects Writing the Best Poems on the Above Subject.*

The above notice is said to have been posted up at a certain quarantine station not long ago, and a special reporter assigned to enquire into the mater claims to have found the painfully distorted efforts of the first, second and third prize winners.

Without further comment these efforts are reproduced:—

SUSPECT'S DREAM—NO. 1.

(Nightmare—Dedicated to the Guard.)

Grave reflection,
Retrospection,
Fills my brain with fear and dread;

Visions teeming—
In my dreaming
Microbes crawl about my bed.

Thousands thirsting,
Soon are bursting
With the blood they extricate.

One animalcul-a,
Taking my scalp away,
Danced the sword dance on my pate!

Things so wild would,
In my childhood,
Cause my infant flesh to creep;

Though I'm bolder,
Grown older,
I am like a shambled sheep—

Trembling, quivering,
All a-shivering,
Every limb is on the shake;

Courage leaves me—
Microbes seize me—
Bump!! Upon the floor I wake.

SUSPECT'S DREAM—NO. 2.

(Sink-we Scent-o-Sanitas—Meeting of the Microbes—Dedicated to the Editor of the Home Journal.)

I read the papers through the other night,
When drowsiness o'ertook me, but in spite
Of listless limbs I found myself in fright—
On James Bay Flats.

I saw huge parasites uncanny creep
Along the surface of a noisome keep,
While microbes, big as musk rats, sport and leap
About their wake.

A mammoth Entozoa whiles the time
By snoring loudly on the banks of slime
Dreaming of some more leprous, putrid clime
More dank—more foul.

A giant polly-wog lies over fed,
Lashing with furious tail his muddy bed,
Then smiles a bilious smile and soaks his head
In muck and mire.

The putrifying sink, just as the air
Is, filled with *scabies vulgaris*
Oh shade of Argyle from these pests pray
spare us
Inflamed cuticles.

Trichinæ spirales fall like rain
About me and I try to flee in vain—
But stay, where am I, I'm awake again,
And have been dreaming.

SUSPECT'S DREAM—NO. 3.

(Burial of Mike Robe, the smallpox fiend, James Bay Flats, 1892—Dedicated to the Mayor and Council.)

I dreamt that I stood on the flats at James Bay
As his corse to the marshes they hurried,
And the microbes assembled had nothing to say
When the germ of the smallpox was buried.

No useless sarcophagus covered his breast,
Nor in vegitable growth did they bind him,
But he lay like a pollywog taking his rest
With 'zymotic ferment' all around him.

They buried him deeply in sewage and slime,
The voice of the microbe sounding
In strangled accord witn the tuneful chime
Of the ship hammer constantly pounding.

But half of their loathsome task was done
When I certainly felt like retiring.
As I scented the flatulent whiffs from the scum
Of the choleraic sea weeds perspiring.

Lightly they'll talk of the microbe that's gone,
I thought as I woke from my sleeping.
While pestilent microbes will still gambol on,
Where cleanliness watch is not keeping.

A. E. GOODMAN.

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