

THE SOCIAL DEMOCRAT.

To his eye, in fine frenzy revolving, futurity
Is plainly revealed without any obscurity,
The wherefore, the why, and the when—
All things are laid bare to his faculties critical—
The social, ideal, the real, the political—
There's nothing escapes from his ken.

He'll tell you the wily Chinese, the Peruvian,
The River-drift man and the antediluvian,
The nigger of cannibal fame,
The Englishman, Hottentot, man of Manilla,
The Copt and the Celt and the gentle gorilla,
Are different only in name.

The king is a felon, with title erroneous,
The thief a poor victim whom doings felonious
Have wrongly deprived of a throne.
The pauper, *de facto*, is therefore a bishop,
The bishop his income should instantly fish up,
To give the poor pauper a bone.

Our wise men are fools who in great affairs meddle 'em ;
The actual sages are limboed in Bedlam,
Where he himself too ought to be.
All recognized truths are absurd and chaotic,
All laws are iniquitous, black, and despotic,
And the whole of the land is at sea.

He longs for the era of pleasure and jollity,
When all things shall be of such perfect equality
That everything's equally nice !
When those who can't read are the most academical,
When idiots as Premiers are shrewd and polemical,
And Jumbos no bigger than mice.

"Oh, welcome, blue ruin," he shrieks in conclusion,
"Embryotic, chaotic, abysmal confusion,
Topsy-turvydom, welcome ! All hail !
For never, until, by our language delirious,
All things but ourselves have been banished to Sirius,
Will Peace and true Freedom prevail !"

A. SUTTON.

THE WRECK OF THE AMANDA.

ABOUT the beginning of April, 1840, a black-painted ship of five or six hundred tons lay at the docks in Liverpool, her lower hold stowed, and her 'tween decks fitted out for the reception of steerage passengers; the cuddy, reserved for the accommodation of a few rich people, neat and comfortable; and overhead the tall masts and fine spars bespoke what in those days was considered a fast sailer. As the day drew on, drays arrived on the scene with the boxes and bags of the emigrants. Fathers and mothers were here to bid adieu to sons, sisters to weep over a brother, sweethearts to part with promise of a speedy letter and eventual meeting in a new land; and soon, amid the song of sailors on the yards, the *Amanda* swung from her moorings and headed seaward in fine sailing trim. All through that month, now driven forward, then backward, by gales from different points, the good ship toiled; the steerage passengers thoroughly wearied: even the more fortunate occupants of the after-cabin longing for the voyage to end. At last the Gulf was reached, and with northerly winds at night the *Amanda* crept steadily on, past Anticosti and Cape Rosier, with the snow still whitening the hills, until the evening of the 25th May, when a breeze from the east filled the squared canvas and sent her swiftly forward. A heavy mist settled on the waters, and when the morning broke it still lay like a pall; but before the light breeze the hull moved swiftly along, with a line of foam before her bows. The galley's smoke had just darkened the morning air, and some of the passengers stood questioning the captain, who leaned over the rail of the poop, as to the time which would elapse before they would reach Quebec, when, with a preliminary bump or two, the ship stopped in her course and the wavelets passed the stationary hull and disappeared in the fog; but the captain, after a pardonable start and a transient paleness, assured the frightened passengers that no danger need be apprehended. Her keel had caught bottom, it was true; but the tide was at flood, the sea nearly calm, and in another hour the ship would be on her course as if nothing had happened. With their doubts lulled to rest by the assurances of one who knew or should have known better than themselves, most of the passengers went cheerfully to breakfast. A few nervous ones remained on deck, leaned over the stern-rail to watch the splash of waters under the counter, and shuddered when the idle rudder swung from side to side with a rusty squeal. The second mate was evidently uneasy; he peered anxiously toward a point right ahead, whence a continuous wash and gurgle sent back its tones of warning; sniffed, sailor fashion, to the north, shook his head, and when the lifted mist revealed a deep reef close alongside, and right ahead a point of rugged rock, persuaded the captain to allow an anchor to be dropped, to which that worthy unwillingly consented.

Meantime an early-rising settler, looking seaward that morning, saw over the fog-bank the royals of a ship hard on the shore, and the news

therefore spreading like wildfire, a knot of anxious men gathered early in the morning on the reef, where the Little Metis Light-house now stands, and saw clearly a stranded ship, with every stitch of canvas set, within three hundred yards of where they stood, while no exertion was being made by her officers to land the human freight crowding her deck. To their repeated hail to know if the officers wished for assistance came back a sonorous "No." What did it mean? Overhead the dark clouds gathered; out of the wall of stone-gray mist hiding the north came the weird mocking laugh of the loon and the pibroch of the skurrying sea-gull, and a long glassy swell rolled shoreward with increasing velocity: yet not a man was to be seen aloft shortening sail, and the white boats hung quietly at their davits.

The end came soon. While those on the shore are yet gazing, a hoarse roar comes from the north, the screening fog is blown away, and riding on a long line of foam the hurricane drives straight on the ship. The waves sweep fiercely over her deck, now entirely visible to those on shore through the flying scud, as the ship lies down on her side before the blast. The men fly aloft to try and furl the canvas, but too late; jammed as it was against the masts, no crew that ever sailed could now bring that canvas to the yards, and the men descend quickly to the deck again. The boats had been lowered, partly filled with passengers, and sent ashore, only to capsize in the breakers and float away, keel uppermost, leaving their inmates to struggle for a moment, then to perish in the surf. A mountainous breaker struck the ship, accompanied by a wild blast of wind and hail; the main-mast swayed, the bolts of the chain-plates tore upward, sawing the hull in twain, and the after-part of the vessel rising on the sea, rolled over a low reef alongside—which, thus tragically christened, men call the Amanda Reef to this day—and broke into fragments, the wild screams of the drowning mingling with the howl of the tempest. Only the bow remained intact, and binding themselves to the windlass the captain and a few others were picked off by a boat launched by Rev. Mr. Paul, the Presbyterian minister, and steered by him to all that remained of the ill-fated ship—an act which, unknown to history, is yet one of the bravest I ever knew.

"When the ship broke up on the reef," said an old man, from whom I obtained most of these facts, "a little girl of about five years of age was floated ashore by her quilted petticoat; we spread ourselves along the reef, every man of us trying to catch her, but she happened to come in just where a large boulder was in the way. I was quite close, and she had put out her little hands to me, when a cross sea dashed her against the stone and killed her: a pretty child, with fair hair and blue eyes." They found her at low tide at the foot of the cruel boulder, her golden hairs tangled in the slimy sea-weed, but her blue eyes gazing sightlessly upward.

Thus the *Amanda* ended her voyage; and in so unlooked-for a manner had her passengers—who had been all speculating on their future in a new country—their doubts solved. The captain, who had eaten his breakfast cheerfully with the barometer at his back crying out against him, was himself saved, but had something to think upon for the rest of his voyage through life. Men went forth in the afternoon of that fateful day with barrows and gathered together the bodies; all night long primitive coffins were being put together; and, followed by a humble cortège, the dead were borne in carts to the Protestant burying-field. They were thought of for a time by those from whom they had parted at the docks in Liverpool: perhaps a few tears were shed for them: then they were forgotten altogether.

J. H. FERGUSON.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

It was at Doncaster, on Wednesday morning last, that I heard of the Duke of Wellington's death, which at first nobody believed; but they speedily telegraphed to London, and the answer proved that the report was correct. Doncaster was probably the only place in the kingdom where the sensation caused by this event was not absorbing and profound; but there, on the morning of the St. Leger, most people were too much occupied with their own concerns to bestow much thought or lamentation on this great national loss. Everywhere else the excitement and regret have been unexampled, and the press has been admirable, especially the *Times*, the biographical notice and article in which paper were both composed many months ago and shown to me. Indeed, the notices of the Duke, and the characters drawn of him, have been so able and elaborate in all the newspapers that they leave little or nothing to be said. Still, there were minute traits of character and peculiarities about the Duke which it was impossible for mere public writers and men personally unacquainted with him to seize; but the knowledge and appreciation of which are necessary in order to form a just and complete conception of the man. In spite of some foibles and faults, he was, beyond all doubt, a very great man—the only great man of the present time—and comparable, in point of greatness, to the most eminent of those who have lived before him. His greatness was the result of a few striking qualities—a perfect simplicity of character without a particle of vanity or conceit, but with a thorough and strenuous self-reliance, a severe truthfulness, never misled by fancy or exaggeration, and an ever-abiding sense of duty and obligation, which made him the humblest of citizens and most obedient of subjects. The Crown never possessed a more faithful, devoted and disinterested subject. Without personal attachment to any of the monarchs whom he served, and fully understanding and appreciating their individual merits and demerits, he alike revered their great offices in the persons of each of them, and would at any time have sacrificed his ease, his fortune, or his life, to serve