

SEPT. 8, 1882.

What is a Gentleman?

What is a gentleman? Is it a thing decked with a scarf-pin, a chain, and a ring? Sporting in eyeglasses, a top, and a smile; Talking of races, of concerts and balls; Evening assemblies and parties on collie; Spinning himself at "Homes" and bazaars; Whistling mazurkas and smoking cigars.

What is a gentleman? Say is it one Boasting of conquests and of his done. One who unobtrusively glories to speak Things which should call up a blush on his cheek. One who, while railing at actions unjust, Robs some young heart of its pureness and trust; Seeks to steal money, or jewels, or wealth, Thinks it not wrong to take honor by stealth.

What is a gentleman? Is it not one Knowing instinctively what he should shun, Speaking no word which could injure or pain. Spreading no scandal, deepening no stain; One who knows how to put each at his ease, Striving successfully always to please; One who can tell by a glance on your cheek When to be silent and when he should speak.

What is a gentleman? Is it not one Honest in all that he does and says; Walking in uprightness, fearing his God, Leaving no stain on the robe he may wear; Caring not who sees him, but that he may be seen; Prizing sincerity far above gold; Seeking not to be seen, but to be heard; Stretching it boldly to grasp its reward.

What is a gentleman? Say is it birth Makes a man noble or adds to his worth? Is there a family tree to be had? Study enough to know what is bad? Seek out the man who has God for his guide, Nothing to tremble at, and nothing to hide; Be he a noble or not, he is in trade. This is the Gentleman Nature has made. —Dublin Freeman's Journal.

THE LEPEERS OF TRACADIE.

A Day in the Lazaretto in Northeast New Brunswick.

This exceedingly interesting description of the self-sacrificing of Catholic religious is taken from the Sun, of Aug. 13.

Miramichi is a little town in the north-eastern New Brunswick, about half way between New York and Greenland. Over half a century ago one Gardner, a Scotchman, and a resident of the town, saw a fawn-colored spot on his wife's forehead. Anon there were ominous swellings at the corners of her eyes. Then the tendons of her fingers began to stiffen and contract until her hands resembled birds' claws. The fawn-colored spots were doubled and quadrupled. The husband sought the advice of Dr. Mackey, a young medical graduate. This physician made a careful study of the disease. It baffled his skill. He could give it no name and nothing like it on the medical calendar. It seemed beyond the reach of remedies. So engrossed was he in its study that he grew thin and pale. Sleepless nights were passed. To add to his distraction, his attention was directed to a second case. The victim was a Mrs. Landry, living seventy-five miles from Miramichi. Of French extraction, she was in no way related to Mrs. Gardner. Fawn-colored spots appeared upon her body. Her skin became as transparent and as scaly as fish scales. The contraction of the fingers and the ominous swelling of the eyes were there. There were the same aches and pains as in the case of Mrs. Gardner. The physician was nonplussed. At the end of his medical rope, determined to ascertain the true character of the disease, he sold his little property and went to England. He travelled through England, France, and Germany, and gleaned no information. Acting upon a hint received in Paris, he passed through Denmark into Norway. Near the coast, where the main staple of food was dried fish and salt meats, he visited a lazaretto. Its inmates were immured for life. There was no mistaking the symptoms. They were suffering from the same disease as Mrs. Gardner and Mrs. Landry. It was leprosy, and incurable.

On his return to Miramichi Dr. Mackey found the scourge eating into the little community like a cancer. Prompt action was necessary. Mrs. Gardner's fingers had dropped off at the joints, her skin was in a dry and flaky condition. Her eyes were in a worse condition. Her eyesight was gone, and she exhibited unmistakable symptoms of elephantiasis. The young physician sounded the alarm. The interest of the oldest practitioners was aroused. One or two scoffed at the idea of leprosy, and asserted that the disease would yield to remedies employed. Their experiments, however, verified the young doctor's discovery, and the community was thoroughly startled. It was composed mainly of descendants of the old French settlers. The English language was not much spoken. Families had married and intermarried for nearly two centuries, until whole parishes were that attending the over-breeding of animals. The blood became over-heated and impure. Its impurities were quickened by a diet of salt meats and dried fish, and a genuine leprosy cropped to the surface. There were 75 cases in one section within twelve months.

The Provincial Parliament was spurred to action under the personal appeals of the members from Miramichi. A bill establishing a lazaretto was passed. Shelldrake Island, dotting a bay on the northeast coast of the Province, was the spot selected. It was an isolated island, off all lines of travel. Here buildings were erected, with barred windows. A strict search for all tainted with leprosy was made, and they were confined on this island. Scores of the unfortunate wretches were captured. The lazaretto was under the charge of two men, who seemed to be destitute of all feeling. No care was given the lepers. They were left to live by cultivating the thin soil and by fishing. They were neither bathed nor dressed. Clean underclothing was distributed three a year. The most abject and squalid never removed their clothing, but drew their clean shirts over their old ones at each distribution. The sexes were not separated. The lazaretto was a virtual prison for life. It was the horror like unnumbered sheep. It was the horror of the adjacent parishes. Occasionally a poor wretch escaped, and appealed to those outside for protection. Every face was turned from him. He dejected and almost morose. Even the white-telling fence that he leaped against. If he pitiful story was contaminated. If he drank from a spring the spring was poisoned. If a cup of milk was given him the cup was broken as soon as drained. A walking upstree, freighted the atmosphere with its poison, would not have been regarded with more horror. He was either

recaptured or driven back to the lazaretto by hunger. Worse than all this, lepers, in whom the seeds of the disease were fructifying, were concealed by friends and relatives. The lazaretto was regarded as more of a prison than an hospital. A commitment disgraced a family far more than a commitment to the penitentiary. Fathers and mothers enlarged themselves and their families in the effort to shield a favorite son or daughter. It was a disgrace to be hidden, and not to be made public. A discovery of leprosy tainted every relative. The children could not make eligible marriages, and the family was shunned.

The lazaretto was removed to Tracadie, on the bay of that name, about 1849. Here the treatment of the unfortunate was a little better, but there was an utter lack of cleanliness until fourteen years ago, when the Sisters of Mercy took sole charge. They found the inmates dying in filth and misery. They inaugurated new treatment. They tore out the iron bars from the windows. The lepers were bathed each day, and their ulcers were carefully dressed. The bandages were washed, and the cloths of the unfortunates were kept scrupulously neat and clean. They were allowed the freedom of the grounds. The sexes were separated. Rations of tobacco were given to the men. A sailboat was bought, and parties of the lepers were allowed to go sailing and fishing. Nor was the body alone entertained. The Sisters administered to the mind. The lepers no longer brooded day and night over their unfortunate condition. Some of their number played the violin and they danced to its music. A sure death was thus robbed of some of its terrors. When the Provinces were confederated in the Dominion of Canada, the lazaretto passed under the control of the Federal Government. The sisters, however, remained in charge, receiving a miserable pittance from the Government for their labors.

The rigor of the law was softened by Father Joseph A. Babineau, Pastor of the little Catholic church at Tracadie. When cases of leprosy were reported he visited the afflicted and prepared their minds for the inevitable. They usually entered the lazaretto with resignation, and submitted to their fate without a murmur. Where the good Father's efforts failed, the strong arm of the law was invoked, and the culprit was seized like criminals and imprisoned for life. Their discontent was softened by the kindness of the Sisters, and they dropped into the grave hopeful of a better fate in the world to come.

I visited Tracadie on Sunday, July 26. The Hon. Arthur D. Williams, of New York, accompanied me. The distance is a driving village on the curved railroad from Halifax to Quebec. The road was a bee-line and as level as a prairie. It was shaded by stunted spruce-trees. We passed straggling settlements of French Canadians and Indians. At times the atmosphere was laden with the lobster canneries on the beach. This is used as a compost, for the soil is thin and poor. Where the spruces were cut away there were magnificent views of the ocean and of bays leading to prolific salmon and trout streams. It was mid-day when we reached Tracadie. On the night before we repeatedly awoke residents on the route, and asked for a pail to water his horses. It was always given with the greatest pleasure. The conversation was in French. There is no hotel at Tracadie. Through the kindness of Mr. John Young, its richest inhabitant, we were given a lunch and lodging. At sunrise next morning the little bell of the primitive Roman Catholic chapel fronting the broad bay announced early Mass. High Mass was celebrated at half-past ten. By ten o'clock the dusty roads were filled with French Canadians on their way to church. A few came in rickety wagons, but most of them were on foot. They swept their eyes, and oil and water, clad in quaint costumes. Some had arisen with the dawn and walked ten and twelve miles. One man on crutches lived seven miles away. It was a hot day, and the air was filled with mosquitoes and sand-flies. The devotees seated themselves on a long broken pile of split-wood near the house of the priest, and awaited the tap of the bell. The little cemetery allotted to the lepers lies in the shade of the unpainted church. It is overgrown with shrubby and brambles. A large, weather-beaten cross stands in the centre, stretching its arms over the unmarked graves of the unfortunate. A white and a fish-house stand 200 yards to the north, and beyond them the squat buildings and domer windows of the lazaretto are seen. We knocked at the door of the parsonage. The rustic gazed at us inquiringly. Father Babineau was in the vestry dressing for Mass. He was summoned by an attendant, and gave us a gracious reception. His glittering face, recalled the features of Judge Carleton. With extreme courtesy, he accompanied us to the lazaretto, leaving his assistant, Father Nugent, a jolly-faced Irishman, to chant Mass. As we crossed a rustic foot-bridge near the lazaretto we heard the plaintive notes of a violin. The melody was sad notes of a violin and a flute. The family cries of "Manna, manna!" The family is isolated, the children have no playmates, and the neighbors shun the place as though it were the nest of a pestilence.

The disease is said to be contagious, but we could learn of no well authenticated case of contagion. None of the Sisters have shown the least symptoms of leprosy, although two have waited upon the patients for fourteen years. They take the greatest precaution against it. There is only one case on record of a husband and only one case on record of a husband and wife who were confined in the institution at the same time. They were cousins. Wives who have had children by leprosy husbands have married on the death of their husbands. Some of the children by the first husband were infected, and the disease did not appear until the third generation. Then it broke out on the body of a man of herculean strength. The native families of French descent seem to be satisfied that it is contagious. They gaze at the lazaretto from the outside, and very few pay it a visit.

The victims of the disease are at first visited by their near relatives, but as the seasons roll on the visits are less frequent, and at last cease altogether. Husbands forget their wives, mothers forget their

children, and vice versa. Not long ago a poor boy of 19 broke out of the lazaretto at night, and walked twenty-five miles to see his mother. He remained home a few hours, and returned with a less aching heart. The lepers all express a willingness to work, but many of them are unable to do so. The Sisters are allowed only a pittance to feed them. They have meat on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and fish on Friday. Seldom, if ever, do they see fresh beef. They abhor mutton and veal. Fresh pork is the meat most coveted. Three of the lepers play the violin, and each appears to be ambitious to excel the others. When the weather is dry, those who are able frequently dance from morning until night. Those who enter the institution complain of a drowsy feeling, and sleep days and nights, hours at a stretch. The lungs become affected. The hair falls from the eyebrows. The voice is husky. In some cases there is a loss of all feeling in the hands and arms. A girl rested her wrist on a red-hot stove, and was seriously burned, without the least sensation. Cats are times seen skin scenes to be filled with filth. Then it cracks open the bone and gradually shrivels away. When the liver and lungs become seriously affected, the patient wastes away with all the symptoms of consumption. He dies by suffocation.

All have separate beds. The men are kept on the main floor, and the women on the floor above. Rarely do they see each other. There is a little room on each floor where the Sisters officiate as wardens. There is not a man about the establishment who is not a leper. The Sisters are allowed a washerwoman and a servant boy. Aside from this they do all the work in the dormitories. The beds are arranged by side beds in a hospital. Old-fashioned quilts cover the iron bedsteads. The floors are scrubbed once a day. Everything is scrupulously neat. Each dormitory contains an oratory, where the afflicted say their prayers on retiring and arising. The walls are covered with pictures of saints and religious mottoes in the French language. Here is a specimen.

TOUR UN MOMENT DE SACRIFICE POUR L'AMOUR DE DIEU. UNE ETERNITE DE JOUISSANCE.

There is no specified dress for either the male or female leper, and unaccustomed eyes could not distinguish some of them from ordinary persons. As we entered the male ward ten of the unfortunates were arising from dinner. It was a plain board table, destitute of cloth and napkins, and furnished with tin plates, cups, and spoons. On an iron cot within ten feet of the table sat a pitiful object. His flesh looked like a piece of parchment, and he had been in bed over a year. Although but 15 years old he looked like a man of 70. Nothing in the wards on Blackwell's Island equals this scene; yet the Sisters said that the patient was much better than he had been. As we entered a man clad in a blue woollen shirt turned his face from us, and moved into the sunlight through the open door. Poor fellow, his misfortunes were his own, and he sought no sympathy from the other warder. He was Michael Duane, a leper, and he had been in bed over a year. The windows were open, and a cool breeze from the sea was felt.

There were ten other males in the ward. All but the miserable being on the bed ranged themselves in a line with bowed heads and dejected countenances. They were mere boys, 11 to 12 years of age. One was suffering from leprosy, and the other was suffering from a fungous outgrowth. Only one of these men spoke English. He was Peter M. Noel, of Tracadie. A man of magnificent physique, beyond slight swellings, above the cheek-bones he showed no signs of the disease. He had a clear blue eye, a rugged complexion, and an honest face. He was a man of ordinary intelligence. Content of sympathy, he told his story in a straightforward way. He was 23 years old, a woodchopper and craftsman.

"You seem surprised to see me here," he said, "because you see no marks of the disease. Look at my hands." He showed his palms. All the lines of his hands seemed to have been frosted with silver. The lines of the skin glistened as though dusted with silver. "Look at the whites of my eyes," he continued. They were of a light orange color. He pointed to a slight swelling below his temples, and said: "All your doubts would be spring moved if you see my body. This Spring I was logging up the northwest branch of the Miramichi. One night, when I was yellow to bed near Comard's Ledges, I saw a yellow spot on my leg. I paid no attention to it, supposing that it came from wading so much in the cold water. Two or three days afterwards another spot appeared on my chest. I began to have peculiar pains in my legs, and could not get enough sleep. Within a week I noticed a spot on my breast. The pains increased, and I thought that I had rheumatism. I took some medicine for it, but it did me no good. At last I came over here, by the advice of a comrade, to see the Sisters and to find out what was the matter with me. They told me that I had the disease, and here I am for life."

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The Sisters then conducted us up stairs to the female ward. Fourteen women and girls, in all stages of emaciation, stood in line with clasped hands and eyes cast down. Sisters and cousins were among them. All were in some way related to the men down below. They were not dispoised to be communicative. One woman, nearly eighty years old, overheard Sister

St. John calling our attention to the fact that she was concealing her hands under her apron. She flung up her hands with a look of despair, and extended two withered fingers, accompanying the action with bitter words. She had no hands. Her heart was touched by our expressions of sympathy. She was the woman released from Shelldrake Island forty years ago under the supposition that she had been cured. She called to her side her daughter, a pleasant-faced woman, 23 years old. Her fingers were talons in appearance, and her hands were withering, losing the joints one by one, the same as her mother's had done. In the dormitory we saw a female dwarf only twenty-eight years old. She looked to be ninety. Her eyes were sightless, and her face misshapen and totally unlike the face of a human being. It was the face of a man suffering from the worst form of elephantiasis. Despite our remonstrances, she arose to receive us. Sad at heart, we turned away. The afflicted women, in low tones, had us good-bye as we went down stairs.

The Sisters then showed us the kitchen, the range, the electric bells, the neat apothecary shop, and the exquisite chapel with its images of the Virgin Mother and Child. The chapel is latticed on either side. Behind the lattice, on the right of the altar, the Sisters hear Mass. Half a dozen benches fill the main body of the chapel, and are evidently used by the male lepers. A solitary woman, bearing marks of the disease, was on her knees behind the left lattice, counting her beads and saying her prayers. Everything throughout the building was clean and neat. The floors were scrubbed as white as snow, and the windows were as clean as the plateglass of Simpson, Crawford and Simpson's store. The oratories were simple but attractive. Delicate stoves, the electric bells, the neat aprons and kerchiefs of the women were as white as snow, and the windows were clean as the plateglass of Simpson, Crawford and Simpson's store. The oratories were simple but attractive. Delicate stoves, the electric bells, the neat aprons and kerchiefs of the women were as white as snow, and the windows were clean as the plateglass of Simpson, Crawford and Simpson's store. The oratories were simple but attractive. Delicate stoves, the electric bells, the neat aprons and kerchiefs of the women were as white as snow, and the windows were clean as the plateglass of Simpson, Crawford and Simpson's store.

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long day and many a long night before I forget your face." He turned and walked slowly down the lane, the hot sun casting his shadow before him, and I saw him no more. ZISKA.

VULGAR PRETENSIONS. Entertaining Beyond One's Means to Make a Fine Show.

The moment a strong desire for social advancement seizes on a man or woman it commences to undermine the very foundations of character, and shall be the fall thereof. "To keep up appearances," "To make a show," one of these sentences is only more vulgar than the other. The important thing is not to appear but to be. It is true, and pity it is true, that many people are shut out by limited and narrow fortunes from the society to which by right of taste and culture they should belong. But nothing proves more surely that they do not belong there than any attempt to force their ways by means of shams. The grass is scarcely yet growing upon that grave in Sleepy Hollow where he lies, who above all men protested against shams, that peer of Concord, whose mantle there is no one left to wear. He deprecated even the too hasty or impetuous seeking of what seems to belong to us. In his important essay on "Friendship" he wrote:

"You shall not come any nearer a man by getting into his house. If unlike, his soul only fleets the faster from you, and you shall never catch a true glance of his eye. We shall see the noble afar off and they repel us; why should we intrude? Late, very late, we perceive that no arrangements, no introductions, no habits of society would be of any avail to establish us in such relations with them as we desire, but solely the uprise of nature in us to the same degree it is in them; then shall we meet as water with water, and if we would not meet them we shall not want them, for we are already they."

In this last sentence, it seems to me, lies the true cure for all unworthy striving after position. If your steady purpose is each one, to rise himself, in his own mind and spirit, to the highest standard possible for him, he will not only be too busy to pursue shams and shadows, but he will be secure of perpetual good society, since he will be always with himself. I think it must be that the reason so many people dread solitude is that they do not like the undisguised self that comforts them in lonely hours, and shrink from its better acquaintance.

I have been betrayed into moralizing. I meant to speak of the vulgarity, of the ill-breeding of that kind of social ambition which leads people either to refrain from hospitality because they cannot economize, or to make the whole household uncomfortable in order to give some grand entertainment of vulgar and unaccustomed aptitude. And it is the worst, of the best, of these shams that they are always failures, that there is about them the unmistakable savor of unaccommodated nature, and that they fall even of their own poor intention. We divine instantly whether the household is to the manor born, and we smile inwardly, yet it is tender-hearted, with a little pity in our laughter. But at the very simplest form of entertainment—the berries and milk of a wayside arm, the chops and fried potatoes of a bachelor's breakfast—we do not laugh. Well served and hospitably offered they have all the sufficiency of a feast. May I quote Emerson again where he says:

"I pray you, O excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or that woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed-chamber made ready at so great a cost. These things they can get at any village for a dollar." Do not think that I undervalue the attraction of a table spread with the daintiest damask and covered with China and silver that is a delight to behold. When these appointments are made to the taste of their owners, they make no inconsiderable part of the pleasantness of living; but they are not a necessity, and they lose all their charm when they involve running in debt, or dishonesty or even the sacrifice of a small daily comfort that leads us to rob the Peter of comfort to pay the Paul of show—to live beyond our means or of depriving ourselves of the pleasures of helping others. So to calculate our expenses and our pleasures as to bring them well within our income and leave an easy margin, it is a receipt for cheerfulness and ease of mind that cannot be over estimated.

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