

should be the case! The reason for the decimal increase in the winter is patent to any one who may give the subject a moment's consideration. The wants of the poor in winter are greater than in summer; the facilities for procuring their supplies are less, while the chances of escape from crime are very considerably decreased; hence there are of necessity more prisoners in the reformatories in the winter than during the summer.

But under no consideration whatever do men, who are men, become prisoners from choice, the poorest and meanest in our cities shrink with abhorrence from the thought of a felon's cell, and the greatest criminals will do all in their power rather than be captured.

The notion that convicts are too well treated arises from pure ignorance, callousness, and that self-satisfied complacent idea that all is right, that we have good men at the helm, and after all is said anyway they are but the dregs of society, thieves, burglars, and debauchees, these prisoners and convicts; to say the least and any sort of treatment is good enough for such. No! No! shame upon such stupid sleepiness. These outlawed men are of the same species as we—and ourselves are but humanity—and as men deserve and have a right to be treated as such and not hustled and driven like cattle. The same great law that suggested the formation of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals should a great deal more interest man on behalf of his fellow man, and in no case, such as the question under discussion take for granted things he knows little or nothing about. People are punished severely for ill treating animals, and is there no law that provides for the safe keeping and humane treatment of prisoners under the charge of Godless keepers and unfeeling wardens of our reformatories and prisons.

And again, the question sounds peculiar, but is there a sort of tantamount understanding between wardens of prisons, and magistrates and chiefs of police in regard to the stocking of these houses of correction and of crime; our country and our cities are over-run with crime and vice unpunished, which if taken hold of by a stern hand, could soon be stopped, whilst the comparatively innocent, in very many cases, serve a long term of punishment with the hardened of the land, from whom they learn the intricate ways of the trade of theft.

What sort of judges have we on our country benches? and how many score of "justices of the peace" are made every year? Why the country is full to repletion of such; we are overstocked with justice, and scarcely a grain of mercy in the lot. Every other second consecutive man of any sort of distinction amongst us may, with odds of about 15 to 10, (speaking hyperbolically) be classed amongst that unique order of civilization, magistrate.

A peculiar sort of jurisdiction convicts a man for two years and sends him to the Central Prison; another sort of justice, fairly representing the jurisprudence of the country, advises a petition to be drawn up and signed by the prisoner's friends, &c., and sent to the Hon. the Minister of Justice, that he may find it possible to remit half, or a quarter, or two-thirds of the sentence, as the case may be.

As an actual fact, a prisoner having informed me of the nature of his crime and the rigour of his sentence, I made inquiry as to the truth of the statement, and the facts of the case, to my partial judgment, perhaps, warranted me in believing the man unjustly dealt with. I wrote to the Minister of Justice, and had a talk with the member of the Local House for the constituency in which the man resided, the ultimatum was, the man was released on half time or thereabouts.

In conversation with some seven or eight prisoners I found that four out of ten had had petitions sent in for their release or to remit their time and each of the four expected a certain proportion of their punishment remitted. Surely there is something loose here! either these men are guilty, or they are not guilty; if innocent they are unjustly sentenced, if guilty and half their sentence is remitted what sort of wonder is it that our cities teem with vice and crime, that vagrants and prostitutes of the worst type throng our streets, what wonder is it that crime is openly allowed to advertise itself and barefaced indecency of the most degrading character openly defy the law and laugh in infamous security at the powerlessness of the law that winks and chuckles at such sin.

Lastly, not only are men indiscriminately and unjustly sentenced, but the brutality of their punishment after the prison gates have closed upon them is of a like quality with the senseless regour of the unfeeling law that compelled their incarceration. I certainly apprehend the difficulty of proving the brutality of keepers and the wardens of our prisons, and although I do not advocate a system of prison discipline such as Mr. Creakle of undisputed authority matured, yet I would gladly hail a more careful watchfulness of the intricate workings of the too secret government of prisons and penitentiaries.

It is only occasionally that we hear of an exposure of the cruelties committed in such places; but when we do hear of them, our feelings are outraged and shocked beyond description. We are not told how often the prisoners are flogged until their backs bleed and they faint beneath the dreadful lash. How can we tell when our fellow mortals are plunged in the fearful horror of the dark cell? How can we free tell how long these bond tremble with terror in

the dreadful hole, gagged and watched, and dogged and drilled, and worked and confined, and lashed until, too frequently, strength and nerve give way?

Who gave these prison authorities power to lash these men so? Who made them a supreme tribunal to do as they please with our prisoners? The law has tried them and found them guilty; let them serve their term, and if they misbehave—as they assuredly will at times, though not if they are treated like men—in the name of God and of humanity let some one higher in authority than a reckless keeper try them and award their punishment.

The evils of the black cell and gag are being done away with in the States—even the horrible prison of Milwaukee has prohibited both of these degrading institutions; and shall we be behind our American cousins in the law of love?

Faithfully yours,

Herbert G. Paull.

Toronto, Dec. 5th, 1879.

### THINGS IN GENERAL.

Is there a word in the English language which contains all the vowels? Unquestionably, there is.

THERE'S one thing certain, if the Adventists stick to it they'll succeed at last in correctly predicting the day on which the world is to end.—*Boston Post*.

AN English correspondent, speaking of the Pitcairn islanders, says: "The inhabitants have lost much of the unsophisticated innocence of a few years ago, chiefly, it is believed, through the intercourse with the crew of an American schooner."

THE editor of the *Nashville Advocate* says: "We met the man who is not able to take his paper. He owns a large farm, is building a new and costly house, and when we met him was driving a span of blood horses. There was a pinched and hard look about him that indicated poverty—of some sort. But it was not of the purse."

THE following anecdote of Bishop Selwyn, though not recorded in his life, is told in the *Quarterly Review*:—"One of his Archdeacons being taken out on a little expedition soon found himself wading waist deep after the Bishop, who, turning back in mid stream with his skirts over his shoulders, called out that if he were ever offered a See in England he thought '*Bath and Wells*' would suit him best."

ATHENS journals publish the returns of the last census made in Greece. The population of the kingdom, which in 1870, was 1,457,894, had risen in 1879 to 1,679,775, an increase of 221,881. In 1838, when the first census was made, the number of inhabitants was 850,000, so that it has almost doubled in forty years. In 1870 Athens had a population of 40,000 souls, in 1879 it had augmented to 74,000, and the Piræus, which at the former date had 11,000, has now 22,000. About half a century ago Athens was only a village, and the Piræus did not exist as a town.

LA MARMORA.—The King promoted Alfonso La Marmora to the highest rank, and loaded him with honours; but he did not wish the General to resume his place in the Cabinet, because on some points they differed strongly. Cavour, however, persuaded the King that the uncompromising soldier's services were necessary, and he yielded. "The King loves and esteems you sincerely," wrote the Count to his friend. And La Marmora loved and esteemed Victor Emmanuel; nevertheless they often disagreed. "Now that you have resumed office," said the King, "I hope you will do as I wish." "Sire, I will do my duty now, as always," was the proud reply.—*Life of Victor Emmanuel*.

### ENGLISH MANNERS.

English people impress you first of all by a sense of the genuineness of their actions and of their speech. Warm or cold they may be, gracious or ungracious, arrogant or considerate, you feel that they are real. Englishmen adulterate their goods, but not their conduct. If an Englishman makes you welcome, you feel at home; and you know that, within reason, and often out of reason, he will look after your comfort—that for your well-being while you are under his roof he considers himself responsible. And yet he does not thrust himself upon you, and you may do almost what you choose, and go almost whither you will. If he wants you to come to him, he will take more trouble to bring you than you will to go, and yet make no fuss about it any more than he does about the sun's rising, without which he would be in darkness. If he meets you and gives you two fingers, it means only two fingers; if his whole hand grasps yours, you have his hand, and you have it most warmly at your parting. His speech is like his action. His social word is his social bond: you may trust him for all that it promises, and commonly for more. If you do not understand him well, you may suppose at first that he is indifferent and careless, until something is done for you, or suggested to you that shows you that his friend and his friend's welfare has been upon his mind.—*Atlantic Monthly*.