

very point upon which such stress has been laid, of the importance of inducing Great Britain to make a frank avowal of responsibility, thus falls to the ground. And with it goes the last possibility of ever gaining any satisfaction for those national damages, the omission of which from the Seward-Clarendon Treaty negotiated through Mr. Reverdy Johnson, caused the failure of that Convention. By the decision of the Court, on the presentation of the Indirect Claims, the field of reclamation for national damages was narrowed to the one point of asking compensation for expenses incurred in the pursuit of Anglo-Rebel cruisers. And now, by the final award even this class of claims is entirely excluded from consideration. By a vote of three to two the Court decided that these costs are not properly distinguishable from the general expenses of the war, and that there is, therefore, no ground for awarding any sum by way of indemnity under this head.

The cheerfulness of the London papers over the award is, therefore, easy to understand. It will be difficult for us to extract any satisfaction from the conclusion of the matter. We are to have a few millions, it is true, at the end of a year, provided there is anything left of the sum awarded after it is decided what English claims we are to pay. Otherwise we have nothing on our side of the account. There was a great opportunity presented for an important and beneficent improvement in international procedure. But it has been thrown away on our side by the vacillation and incompetency of our Government. We may consider ourselves fortunate if we do not lose by this Treaty in the long run more than the amount of gold over which Washington is now rejoicing and Mr. Clews is rubbing his recently naturalized hands.

THE STORY OF A HERO'S DEATH.

The London *Daily Telegraph*, in its issue of Sept. 5, says: "Noble as is the tale of the Birkenhead, it finds its parallel in the account of the death of Paul Elson, English pilot, in charge of the ship *Rothsay*. On the 26th of July, this vessel, which had three days before cast off the Calcutta tug and steamed safely out of the horrible jungles and swamps of the Sunderbunds, was caught by a cyclone. On the 30th she lay a wreck, all hope of saving her, long past. Then the pilot, Paul Elson, the one man who seems to have had his wits about him—collected a few volunteers, and rigged a raft. Thirteen of the crew got on her; the rest were frantic with terror—some praying, others drunk, others raving, others lashed inextricably to the sinking vessel. Elson was the last to leave the ship; leaping overboard, he swam to the raft, cut the hawser that held her, and constituted himself by inherent right her sole officer. Within an hour the doomed vessel heeled, lurched heavily, and went down head first. All that day and all that night the raft drifted, heavy seas breaking over her. 'We were up to our necks in water,' says the man who tells the tale, 'for she floated low.' All that night, nevertheless, Elson, who was a powerful swimmer, swam round and round the raft, lashing her together and strengthening her as best he could. Ever and anon the furious breakers washed a man off. And then would the brave pilot, who had not only the heart but the strength of a giant, strike out towards him and carry the drowning wretch back. But at last it became apparent that the raft must be broken up, and that a second and smaller raft must be con-

structed to relieve the other. This, too, the pilot effected almost single handed. The large raft floated away into the night; Elson and three other men took to the smaller: while on it drifted away a native boy, Paul Elson's servant; of whom, hitherto, in the midst of all his terrible toil the brave pilot had never once lost sight. 'He kept near him; he tended him as a mother would tend her child; he gave him our last supply of drinkable water,' the vessel had sunk on the 29th of July; it was now the second of August. The raft was drifting under a raging tropical sun; for three days there had been no food, no water; worse than this, the frail support itself began to break up, and, swimming about in a heavy surf, Paul Elson became much exhausted. The end, of course, could not now be far off. First one of the men was washed away, and then another until Elson himself and the Scotchman who tells the story were the only survivors. 'Pilot,' said I—so the narrative runs—'we must fight it through!' 'Oh, Frases,' answered he, 'I can't hold out any longer.' * * * Then a heavy sea broke upon us and knocked him off. I found it impossible to hang on, and was forced to let him go.' And so the story ends. The body of Pilot Elson, worn out by his incessant labours, floats away into the great deep, there to lie till the sea shall give up its dead. For hour after hour he had labored and toiled, wasting himself and his strength in the effort to succour those whom he had under his charge. A hundred times over he forgot to think of himself; he broke his great heart in an obstinate effort to save, not himself, but the others. All night he swam round the raft, tightening a rope here, wedging in a spar there; when the native boy was delirious he handed him the last drop of water; when hope grew desperate his cheery voice brought back fresh life and strength to the desolate; and at last, when all his strength is gone, when those stout limbs were cold and numbed and well nigh dead; and faintness, brought on by the deluging salt spray and the dreadful blinding sun, has set in— even then the brave man dies as he ought to have died—ending nobly. 'I told him,' says Fraser, 'that if he couldn't hold on, I would lash him. He then made some exclamation about his poor wife, and said, 'I will try to stand it,' but a huge wave, rearing its hundred foaming crests against the skies washes Paul Elson off—his body to the deep, and his soul to his God.'

THE ROAD TO MANITOBA.

The problem of how to reach Manitoba and the fertile prairie lands of our future wheat rising province, and the further question of the probable cost of transport, must, we think, seriously disturb the peace of mind of intending emigrants. Official statements upon these heads possess, therefore, enormous value, since they serve to assure emigrants that, even though portions of the distance are travelled by the primitive mode of teaming, yet the journey can now be made with comparative comfort at a very moderate expense. Emigrants bound for the North-west have the choice of two routes, one lying solely through our own territory, the other by way of the United States, entering Manitoba from Minnesota State on the south. The former route is, it appears, coming into general favor. In a parliamentary return just issued, some particulars as to the expense of transport of emigrants over this route, which is termed the Red River route between Lake Superior and Fort Garry, are supplied. The line of travel lies partly

by water, across the lakes and rivers, and partly by land. Great efforts were made during the past summer to improve the navigation by opening portages and building dams, and several steam launches and steamers have been placed on the navigable sections to transport passengers, whilst barges were provided for the conveyance of cattle and heavy goods. These navigable sections lie between the westerly terminus of the Thunder Bay road and the Lake of the Woods, and cover a distance of somewhat over 300 miles. From the Lake of the Woods to Fort Garry the mode of conveyance last season was by carts drawn by horses or oxen; the hire of a man to drive 2 such carts averaging eight shillings sterling per day, to which must be added the cost of supplying the driver with rations. Owing to the number of emigrants last year being small, only some one hundred and fifty, no fair criterion was afforded of what the cost per head would be for greater numbers; but, we are officially informed that should one thousand emigrants present themselves during the season, they could be taken through from Arthur's landing to Fort Garry at twenty-five dollars per head, and should that number be quadrupled, the average cost would be reduced to ten dollars. The means of transport to Manitoba have been materially improved of late, to such an extent, that we are officially assured that farmers will be able in future to take their horses and heavy implements over the Red River route without difficulty or any great delay. This announcement must prove highly satisfactory to agriculturists and others purposing to take up their residence in the province, and with cheap and rapid transport, the magnificent lands of our northwest territories will speedily be occupied by an energetic and prosperous population.

While American yachts beat British on salt water, and the owner of the *Sappho* is challenging English yachtmen in vain, American yachts on inland waters are getting badly beaten by Canadian yachts. A Toronto sloop has just beaten all the crack American boats on Lake Erie by nearly an hour in a thirty mile race. The fact is that Americans living on the great lakes do not, and Canadians do appreciate the privileges such a residence offers them. There is no better water for yachting in the world, and there is none so little improved. On Lake Ontario there are three or four flourishing yacht clubs on the Canadian side, there is not only a yacht club, but there is nothing that deserves to be called a yacht on the American side. When we go into yachting as freely and as keenly as our cousins we may expect to beat them at it, but certainly not before.—*N. Y. World.*

This year's military manoeuvres in Italy will take place in the vicinity of the Ticino, and part of the operations will be a passage of the river by pontoons. The King will be at Arona in order to witness them.

The Prince of Wales recently presided at the ceremonial attending the completion of the Portland Breakwater and Harbor, of which breakwater his father, Prince Albert, laid the foundation stone twenty four years since.

The German Government has taken measures to improve the harbors of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubeck, so that vessels of the largest class will be enabled to enter and depart, without delay from inadequate depth of water.