

miserably narrow lanes are being laid out here. While elsewhere, every man before he begins to build, has to produce plans before the authorities shewing the size of each room, the open space of yard in the back for breathing purposes, together with the level of ground floor, &c., &c.; every man in Montreal, builds what seems right to himself, and hovels are erected at the back of the front houses as the habitations of men, without reference either to ventilation, drainage, or any other condition of health. In other cities, the houses are required to be kept up to the first floor upon a uniform level; but here, every man keeps his house either up or down to suit his own pleasure, and what is most absurd of all is, he is afterwards allowed to protrude out upon the footpath, to construct steps either up or down, as the case may be. As for these footpaths, in a walk of one-hundred yards you go over all conceivable gradients, made to suit the various levels of the houses. Then there are the incessant steps formed by the construction of cart ways to almost every other door. Sometimes the foot-path is a couple of feet above the level of the road, at other times the case is reversed. Now your foot has sunk down into a sort of bottomless gutter of mud at a crossing, again you descend through a rotten plank and find yourself fast in the stocks, or perchance treading heavily on the end of one of these loose deals, it springs up and gives you a lurch into the gutter.

The general apology for all this is "economy." "We are a new city and this is a young country, and we cannot afford to do any better." This excuse meets us at every turn. Now, what are the facts. Nearly every city in England has, of late years, under the Board of Health and other Acts, been remodeled. Cesspools have been filled up, drains have been constructed, streets have been paved, scavengers carts are at the doors of every house every morning, the streets are swept nearly every day, and yet, after paying the cost of all this, the average taxes of those cities for sanitary purposes, are no higher than those of Montreal, where there is the absence of drainage, and of the scavenger, and of the Macadamized road, and where, with the exception of a few streets, the whole may be described as a swamp. The question then arises, "if the burden of taxation is so heavy in the absence of all these conditions which constitute the modern city, what will it be when these essential requirements shall be carried out?"

We conclude our first sketch of "things

notable in the city of Montreal," by observing, that the Corporation that imposes these heavy taxes upon the people without conferring corresponding benefits, is the dead carcass which is bound fast on the back of the living man.

To be continued.

HEROD IN MONTREAL.

H. B. S.

"Quousque tandem abutere patientiâ nostrâ."

From the statistics of the City mortality of Montreal for the year of grace 1863, we learn that out of a total number of deaths of 3560, 1760, or "very nearly ONE HALF were children under one year old;" and 1854 recorded under the head of "Infantile Debility."

When a dragon devoured youths and maidens in ancient times, somebody was always found to go out against him, and conquer him at last. We must not be less watchful, and devoted than our forefathers—we must rescue, or find some means of rescuing our youths and maidens from an early doom, for it is plain that there is some dragon lurking in our midst, some Herod of the nineteenth century issuing his mandate, or this prodigious sacrifice of budding life, this amount of killing could not go on, in a country where infanticide is not an institution. It is no use, my lady or nervous gentleman, to throw up your hands in disgust and say "Bah!"—Here is a stubborn fact for you to digest.

Now there is no creature so tenacious of life as a baby; those who know the creature best, say they never despair of an infant's life while it breathes, and most of us have witnessed some recoveries which are called miraculous. Nothing is so easily kept healthy and happy as a baby,—nothing so easily taken care of, merely by not interfering with the natural course of things; and it is precisely, because the natural course of things is interfered with, that infants die as they do. Medicine, for instance, may be called an interference with nature in every case, but the consequences of a yet worse disobedience may render physicking, the lesser of two evils on certain occasions. Remedies should rarely be needed, and of all remedial measures, swallowing drugs will some day be the last remedy to be resorted to.

We need say nothing of the practice of giving laudanum, paregoric, or other narcotics to infants, because all that can be said, has already been said, solemnly and vehemently, from one end of society to the other. Wherever an infant is to be found laid down, with a flannel steeped in cordial, stuffed into its mouth; or a bottle labelled "sleeping mixture," or "soothing syrup" on the mantel, it is an infallible sign of indisposition or apathy on the mother's part, to *naturally* soothe her offspring, or when we see the household, following their own notions (the mother obedient to the grandmother), diligently engaged in killing a baby by the use of drugs and quacking practices, as effectually as by a dram, we may set down that household as sunk so low in ignorance, that nothing can be done but through education; from the lowest point upwards.

Brain diseases seem to be the scourge of infancy in our time; far more so than of old,