

THE COST OF CRIME.

One of our New York contemporaries has a very interesting study on the cost to the community of a single crime, when traced down in its effects from generation to generation. The history is full of instruction and interest, and may teach a lesson to us in Canada, as well as to our American neighbours. Eighty-five years ago the authorities of a county on the upper Hudson knew of a little neglected waif floating about through the villages and towns. Had some benevolent overseer of the poor or philanthropic supervisor thought it suitable, the child could, for a few dollars' expense, have been placed in some honest farmer's family, provided with schooling, and would have grown up—as thousands similarly cared for have done—and been a mother of honest men and virtuous women. Instead of this, she was left to grow up on the lanes and roads, sometimes fed by the kind-hearted, sometimes sheltered with a wicked gang of older vagabonds in the county poor-house. She fell, of course, as by a law of nature, into criminal courses; and this career, it should be remembered, in a rural community, does not mean an unrestrained life and early death, as in the city, but a life of comparative health, as an outcast, and a progeny, more or less vigorous, of similar characters. These children, as they grew up, drifted naturally back to the poor house, and resorted to crime or vagrancy for a living. Some of the bolder took to more violent crimes; others were petty thieves, others tramps, others prostitutes, and again, as the line extended, and criminal qualities were intensified, many became drundards, lunatics, and idiots. The unhappy "Margaret" had two sisters like unto her, and equally neglected. The descendants, mainly from Margaret, however, now number *six hundred and twenty-three* criminals, paupers, and prostitutes. We do not hear of any virtuous members of the line, but there may be such, unknown to those engaged in investigating this extraordinary genealogy, or who have not been mentioned. Now an interesting inquiry would be, what Margaret and her line have cost thier country. We hear of one generation in which, out of seventeen children, nine served an aggregate term of fifty years in the State prisons for high crimes. The average annual cost of these prisoners was probably two hundred dollars. This would make a single generation cost the public \$10,000 in prison expenses. But all these convicts destroyed or appropriated, besides, a considerable amount of property. Then, their brothers and sisters were constantly in the almshouse or the county jail. It is but an estimate, yet twenty thousand dollars would seem a small estimate for the expense of that one group to the country. But, besides these seventeen, we are to consider how much the other six hundred have cost, or are costing, the public. The Kingston Journal informs us of a number of the line who are still chargeable on the county or State. To estimate that the descendants of the pauper girl have cost that county one hundred thousand dollars would certainly not be an exaggeration. And, beyond this, what annoyance have they inflicted on the whole neighbourhood; what loss of property; what temptation have they caused to the children of the virtuous? And yet a judicious expense of ten dollars, eighty-five years ago, would have saved it all.

SIX MONTHS IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AND CORRESPONDENT.

I. THE START.

Stanley's swift obedience has been greatly praised. He started from Madrid one morning, arrived at Paris one evening, drummed up James Gordon Bennet, jr., from his bed, at the Grand Hotel, and asked him what he wanted. "Go and find Livingstone!" "I go." And he went.

This was prompt, decided, military. But I see nothing particular to boast of about it. Every journalist is a soldier. He must be ready to start for the earth's end at a moment's notice. This is precisely what I did, and I never thought much of it, though, upon reflection, I think there was something in it after all. Indeed, I mean to relate the circumstance. Besides, it is always well to begin every narrative *ab ovo*. It happened in this wise.

In the beginning of June, 1874, the Manager of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS received a letter from Colonel French. This officer was then at Toronto, making final preparations for the departure of the Manitoba Mounted Police, which he commanded in chief. His letter contained an invitation to an artist of the News to accompany the expedition on its march through British territory to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The artist would be supplied with a free passage by railway from Toronto to Moorhead, and thence with rations, horse, and full outfit, at the expense of the Government. He would be treated as a member of the staff, and shown every attention. He would likewise be afforded all facilities for sketching, exploring, and hunting, being restricted to merely general military regulations.

Managers of newspapers are generally a matter-of-fact sort of people, not much given to romance. But this particular invitation rather tickled the fancy of our manager. He thought the matter over with more than his usual serenity. He read the letter a second time, and actually smiled. Then he scratched his head with the butt end of his lead pencil, rose rapidly to his feet and muttered:

"I must see the editor about this."  
Editors are a very different race from managers. They care nothing for dollars and cents, so long as their paper is lively. Our editor snapped at once at the proposition. He was only sorry he could not go himself.  
"So you think we ought to accept the offer," said the manager, after showing him the letter.  
"Most assuredly."  
"And do you think it will pay?"  
"Certainly it will . . . that is . . . in the long run."

"H'm, well, I'm half inclined to believe you're about right."  
When our manager says that he is half inclined to a thing, it means that he is wholly inclined. That's his way. And so it proved in this case. He left the editor's room, and came over to mine. I was sitting at my easel, in front of my little Mansard window, working leisurely at a crayon sketch of the last Lacrosse match. I had just been giving the finishing touches to the figure of a tall, gawkish fellow, running across the field in hot pursuit of the ball. His weapon was brandished aloft, one leg was high in the air, and—

"Well."  
"Well, sir."  
"Want to go to the North-West?"  
"To the North-West?"  
"With Mounted Police. Here's a letter from Col. French. Asks an artist to go. Not a bad idea. Think it'll do. What do you say?"  
As I did not understand what it all meant, I did not say anything. But probably my looks betrayed no unwillingness, for the manager immediately subjoined:  
"Will you go?"  
"I don't care if I do."  
"You'll have to ride hundreds of miles bare-back."  
"Yes."  
"You'll have to eat pemmican for months."  
"Yes."  
"You'll perish of thirst in the desert sometimes."  
"Yes."  
"You may get scalped."  
"Yes."  
"You may get lost and devoured by bears."  
"Yes."

If the manager thought to frighten me by these pictures, he was mistaken. The stronger he put it, the more I liked it, and by the time he got through, whatever little misgiving I may have had, entirely disappeared, and the expedition spread out before me as glorious fun. So when the manager repeated his question:

"Will you go?"  
I jumped up from my seat, gave my trousers a good shake, and answered promptly:

"Yes."  
I made instant preparations for the journey. I left my studio—forgive the word—to take care of itself. My running Lacrosseman gave me a suppliant look, as if he asked me to let down that uplifted leg of his. But I did not mind him. He must balance on that other leg for the next six months. If he doesn't, he will fall and break his nose.

II.

THE MOUNTED POLICE.

From Toronto to Dufferin.

I departed from Montreal with hardly any luggage but my drawing materials. Everything needful was to be furnished at Toronto, where I arrived on the 3rd June. I at once reported myself to Colonel French, produced my credentials, and was by him very kindly received. Soon after I made the acquaintance of my future travelling companions.

The Manitoba Mounted Police is a military body, formed by special parliamentary legislation, to serve in the Province whose name it bears and throughout the North West Territory, east of the Rocky Mountains. Its duties are generally

to keep the peace throughout that vast country; to protect the Indian against the dishonesty of the white man; the white man against the treachery of the Indian; to prevent the smuggling of liquor over the frontier, and, in case of any outbreak or incipient war, to disarm and disperse the belligerents. The whole Force numbers 309 men, one half of whom were already quartered at Fort Dufferin, on the Manitoba frontier, near Pembina. The other half had just been recruited in Ontario and Quebec, and Col. French, commander of the entire body, was commissioned to lead them up to their destination. For convenience, I shall at once give the divisions of the Force:

STAFF.

Lieut.-Col. French, Commanding.  
Major McLeod, Second in command.  
Kittson, Surgeon.  
Col. Griffiths, Adjutant.  
Poett, Veterinary Surgeon.  
Walsh, Inspector.  
Walker, Sub-Inspector.  
French, " "  
Nicol, Quarter-Master.  
Chapman, Guide for Boundary Com. Road.  
Nevitt, Assistant Surgeon.

TROOP A.

Jarvis, Inspector.  
Gagnon, Sub "

TROOP B.

Brisebois, Inspector.  
Allan, Sub "

TROOP C.

Winder, Inspector.  
Jackson, Sub "

TROOP D.

Was the Staff troop.

TROOP E.

Carvel, Inspector.  
McIlree, Senior Sub do.  
Lecaine, Junior " "

TROOP F.

Crozier, Acting Inspector.  
Welsh, Senior Sub "  
Diney, Junior " "

On the 6th June everything was in readiness, and orders were received to proceed to the railway station. There we found two special trains in waiting for us. The work of embarking the horses was long, tedious, and amusing. A sketch of it was given in the tenth volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, page 52. In the same place will be found an interior view of the officer's car on the way. At half-past three, the whistle sounded, and, amid the cheers of a vast crowd, we glided out of the city of Toronto. Away across the western counties of Ontario, through the Michigan peninsula, to Chicago, which we reached on Sunday, the 7th, at 6 p. m. There our train halted at the stockyards, on the outskirts, and we found ourselves amongst thousands of pigs and hogs, the stench of whose pens was rendered doubly offensive by the rain and mud. We soon got out of this unsavoury neighbourhood, however, the officers going to the Merchant's Hotel for a comfortable night's rest, and the men seeking refuge in different inns. Only a few of them were detained to take care of the horses during our absence. The next morning was devoted to a stroll through the beautiful and wonderful city of the Lakes, and at 3 o'clock we re-embarked for St. Paul, where we arrived on the morning of Wednesday, the 10th. We were exceedingly well received here, and complimented on being the finest set of men which had ever appeared in the Queen city of Minnesota. Our clothes were new, our horses were fresh, and we had had ample time to wash and brush up, so that we received the tribute with excusable complacency. One whole day was allowed for rest, and early on the 11th we set out on the last stage of our railroad journey. We were booked for Moorhead, but, on reaching it, we found that the train could run a couple of miles farther to Fargo. Moorhead is already "considerable of a town," but Fargo is no more than a station. As we stepped out upon its platform, at 10 on the morning of the 12th, the novelty of the situation burst upon us all. This narrow strip of plank was the dividing line between civilization and the wilderness. Behind us lay the works of man, with their noises. Before us stretched out the handiwork of God, with its eternal solitudes. The first sight of the prairie is as impressive as the first sight of the sea. There at our feet it spread out, silent, immeasurable, sublime. In a few moments we were to go forth upon it, and for months and months it was to be our home.

We camped around Fargo station till the 13th June, having naturally considerable labour to go through. Our two long trains were there at a halt. They had to be unloaded. Our waggons were in pieces. They had to be put together. Our saddles had to be unpacked. Our horses had to be properly groomed and shod. Finally, on a beautiful Saturday evening, we set out in two bodies for our march across the prairie to Fort Dufferin. We followed the line of the Red River.

This historic stream takes its rise in Elbow Lake, near Lake Itasca, the fountain head of the Mississippi. Its first direction is southward, then it majestically turns to the north, and maintains that course through innumerable windings to its mouth in Lake Winnipeg, where it divides into a delta. Its total length is 900

miles, and it is navigable for almost the whole of its extent. The river is not true to its name, so far as the colour of its waters is concerned. That is of a turbid white. The origin of the name is traced to an Indian legend, which tells of a great battle formerly fought on the banks, and of torrents of blood which dyed the waters. From Georgetown to Pembina, Red River divides the State of Minnesota from the territory of Dakota. On the former side, it is lined with stately trees, while on the latter it is fringed with prairie, extending in a clean sweep to the farthest edge of the horizon. It was on this prairie side that we rode along, with no other incident than the loss of three horses, who fell suddenly on the plains. At length, on the 19th, just as the sun was going down at the close of a beautiful summer day, we reached Fort Dufferin. Here we were at last on Canadian ground. A view of this frontier post was given in the tenth volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, page 221. The place is not much to look at, consisting only of a few frame houses standing close together and partially shadowed with trees, but the importance of its site is unquestionable. It has therefore very properly been selected as the headquarters of the Mounted Police. It is needless to add that it is named after our very popular Governor-General. In time it will be the chief frontier town of Manitoba, and a port of entry both for river and railway merchandise. Its rival on the other side of the line is Pembina.

At Dufferin we met the rest of the Force which had been stationed there awaiting our arrival. All together, we began the work of organization. This was completed in a comparatively short space of time, but our progress was unexpectedly retarded by a terrific thunder storm, which overturned all our tents and stampered our horses. The fright and flight of horses on the prairie is a wonderful spectacle, but as it occurred several times, I shall describe it more fully later on. After recovering our horses, with the loss of only two, we at length set out from Dufferin. An illustration of this event will be found on another page. Our force consisted of 22 officers; 287 men, called constables and sub-constables; 310 horses; 67 waggons; 114 ox carts; 18 yoke of oxen; 50 cows, and 40 calves. This long procession filed out of Dufferin in the afternoon of the 18th July, and camped about two miles out.

(To be continued in our next.)

VARIETIES.

THE Countess Mirafiore, wife of Victor Emmanuel, is a coarse, common looking woman of about forty-eight or fifty years, but is quite as good looking as her *caro sposo*.

THE astronomical clock used by the English party which took observations of the transit of Venus at Cairo, will be presented to the Egyptian Government as a mark of appreciation for the kind offices rendered.

THE Lord Mayor of London, when he went to Paris recently, delighted the French cher by wearing his state robes and gorgeous paraphernalia and by driving about in his splendid state carriage drawn by fine bays.

LADY Dudley, who recently had her diamonds stolen from her, has the poor satisfaction of knowing that the only jewels in England to be compared with them are those of Mrs. Mendel, the wife of a Manchester Cresus.

THE Pope was given a Christmas cake by his chair-bearer, who is a baker. This dolce was of enormous size, and was ornamented on the top by a clever copy in sugar of the celebrated picture, "Communion of St. Jerome."

THE Emperor William made Christmas gifts to Prince Bismarck and Count Von Moltke. They were carefully executed miniature models of the Column of Victory at Berlin, erected in commemoration of the three last victorious campaigns.

MESSRS. BASS & Co., according to their annual custom, have distributed the following presents among their Burton employes, numbering about 2,700 clerks, managers, men and boys:—20,500 lbs. of beef, 100 turkeys, 250 geese, 20 couples of ducks and fowls, 20 brace of pheasants, and 20 hares.

FULL inquiry into the case of the man arrested at Gwalior by the Maharajah Scindia has proved that he is not the Nana Sahib, but a humble individual named Jumna Dass. The Calcutta telegram announcing this fact says nothing of his history excepting that he is supposed to have been born at Benares.

THE Swiss, Austrian and Belgian Governments have, it is stated, adopted stringent measures against the importation of American potatoes infected with the Colorado beetle. The British Government have thanked Herr Von Tschudi, the Swiss envoy at Vienna, for directing public attention to this dangerous insect.

THE war club of the king of the Fiji Islands is the latest present to the Queen. King Cakobau had given the weapon to Sir Hercules Robinson to be forwarded to Her Majesty, and it is now being exhibited at Sydney. The club is a formidable looking piece of wood, richly ornamented with silver, and was used in times of peace as a sceptre.

THE great snowstorms which descended upon Scotland at the end of the last week caused the loss of several lives. On some of the northern lines of railway the drifts were 20 feet in depth, and the suffering of the railway passengers were very great. The recent thaw has caused the rivers to overflow their banks in all directions, and vast tracts of land in the valleys are covered with water.

A CURIOUS skin cure has been practised by an Indian hakeem in Rajpootana. He encased the legs of his unfortunate patient in clay, and when, after some weeks, the extremities of his subject were released from their imprisonment, the legs were found immovably bent, the heels touching the thighs and the knees quite stiff. The sufferer was ultimately cured by an English doctor.

THE Paris *Liberte*, in its catalogue of the events of the year, states that during 1874 there died 19 sovereigns, chiefs of the state, or princes, French or foreigners; 65 politicians, functionaries, judges, or barristers; 22 prelates or ecclesiastics of high rank; 20 eminent, scientific, or literary men; 43 dignitaries of the French army or navy; four celebrated French physicians or surgeons; nine great merchants and manufacturers; 12 journalists; 11 painters, draughtsmen, sculptors, or engravers; 19 musicians or dramatic performers; and 22 influential personages.