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### THE WOUNDED HEART.

Ye stars that gem the brow of night,  
That shine in peaceful glories there,  
That shed your purest rays of light,  
When sleep your sorrow and your care.

Is sorrow then a stranger to your home,  
A beauty changeless as the orbs of Heaven?  
Then rest in glory round your Maker's throne,  
And hear the sighs and sorrows that are given.

My hopes are crushed, my nature changed,  
No earthly cause my heart awake,  
Feelings that filled my heart estranged,  
And yet it beats and will not break.

O how I sighed for some pure heart,  
Some home, where all my sighs might cease,  
Where I thought all care might be forgot,  
And the sad heart might rest in peace.

But the loneliest grave is far more sweet,  
The darkest place is dearest here,  
Than hearts that practice foul deceit,  
And smile, while they inflict a lasting scar.

O fondly would I wing my flight,  
From earth to that hallowed sphere,  
Where virtue knows no stain or blight,  
A bliss forbids the falling tear.

### MR. BLAKE'S GREAT SPEECH ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

OTTAWA, April 16.

The following is the *opissima verba* of the Hon. Edward Blake's great speech on the Yale-Kamloop branch of the Pacific Railroad:

Hon. Mr. BLAKE resumed the Pacific Railway debate. There can be no doubt whatever that the conditions of British agriculture have altogether changed, owing to the increasing food supplies, both in meat and in grain, from other ports. The cheapening of the English supply has rendered it impossible for English farmers to continue paying the large rents they have been accustomed to pay. There is consequently a struggle between the landlord and the tenant this time, and it is not to be expected that the landlords will submit without reluctance, and in the course of that not hostile struggle it was to be expected, as happened some years ago, and I hope will again be, the emigration of a great many of them to this country. So far as that result is to be obtained by foreign emigration, I have already stated that the foreign emigration for the United States, for the two last completed decades, were 2,600,000 and 2,500,000, respectively, and that for present decade it was supposed it will amount to 2,700,000. These figures are enough to convince us of the railway rapidity with which Western lands have been settled. So far as that rapidity is due to the direct or indirect effects of foreign emigration is not a rapidity which we can hope to emulate with our North-West. The emigration, as far as I understand, has been composed in later years, particularly to a very large extent of the Teutonic race. The Germans have played a very large part in the settlement of the United States. The next factor in the emigration to which I have descended; and we know that the circumstances are such that, unfortunately for the British Empire, there has been a strong impulse on the part of a very large and important part of the population of Ireland to prefer the great Republic. In this case the sins of the fathers have been visited on the children—the wrongs and injustices which no man would defend inflicted on the Irish population in former days. That circumstance has led to a large emigration from Ireland to the United States. We know what the condition of Irish sentiment is, but I hope for great things in the return to power of a great majority of decided Liberals and Radicals. I hope that it will result in formulating and completing a measure for relief and justice to Ireland, which will tend to still further help to obliterate these feelings and make the Empire, in this regard, a United Empire. I hope we shall see a liberal measure of Home Rule for Ireland, and real bonds of Union between Ireland and the rest of the so-called United Kingdom. But things being as they are, no wise man can expect that within a short time, that within a space of five or six or ten years there will be any serious change in the current of Irish emigration. So far as the Roman Catholic portion is concerned, we must expect the tide of Irish emigration to continue to the United States. I hope the propositions may be diminished, but still it must be largely set to the great Republic. I have shown of what component parts the increase of population in the United States is composed, and the natural and foreign emigration grounds from which that country draws its increase. But this is not going to prove that our North-West is going to have a population of 550,000 in ten years as stated, for it is not a state of things equal to the position of Kansas, for besides, as the hon. gentleman showed, having 300,000 of a population to start with, Kansas had moreover no less than 1,200 miles of railway in operation, and during the decade their railway facilities were increased. In 1866 that State of Kansas was the twenty-fourth in rank in the United States. As a wheat-grower, it ran up in 1879 to be the first in rank. It produced in 1879 22,000,000 bushels. But with all its advantages, with this large domestic recruiting ground, to which I have before alluded, we find its increase of population in nine years only 494,000, and we are told that the North-West, without the advantages possessed by Kansas, is to have an increase of 550,000 in ten years. Now, sir, I will refer to Nebraska. In that State there has been rapid progress. In 1879 the population was 386,000, the increase in the nine years was 244,000. There was, of course, a substantial nucleus, the "natural" increase from which would form no immaterial part of the total increase.

### OUR EUROPEAN LETTER

The General Election—Success of the Liberals—Great Demonstration—The Irish Vote, &c.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

LONDON, April 7, 1880.

We are in the midst of a general election, and the war cry of party is heard far and wide throughout the land. The Liberals are jubilant, for victory seems to be perching on their standards all along the line. Go where you will there is the greatest excitement, but there is no mistaking the combination of Lord Beaconsfield and his imperialist policy. The people have had enough of blood and thunder, peace with honor and scientific frontiers. In reality this election is not an ordinary contest between Liberals and Conservatives, but one between intelligence and ignorance, progress and intelligence evidently having the best of the fight. The incoming parliament will have to deal with four great domestic questions, the Liberal party, through their leaders, Gladstone, Forster, Hartington and Goschen, having promised to legislate on the burning subjects of the franchise, the land, the State Church, and some form of self-government for Ireland. At present the land is not yielding, as much as it would under a better system of tenure and cultivation, for now the British, Irish or Scotch farmer cannot compete with the agriculturists of Canada or the United States. The Church is another sore point, for why should the entire nation be taxed to support a communion in which vast numbers do not believe? Religion being the essence of honesty, let its teachers be themselves honest, and not by sharp practice and the power of an unjust law force upon a people a most obnoxious tyranny.

### THE FRANCHISE

is another of the grievances which must be at once seen to. From the days of William the Bastard, when he overthrew the Saxons on the field of Hastings, in 1066, to the present hour, there has been in England privileged orders and hereditary legislators, and it is only by slow and gradual steps that the masses won anything like political freedom. Take, for instance, the history of the last eighty years, and what do we find but a continual battle between feudal oppression on the one side, and aspiration for freedom on the other. At present the qualifications for parliamentary elections are in boroughs and cities a yearly rental of ten pounds, and in counties a yearly rental of fifteen. In England a Bishop's See is a city, and a place where there is no cathedral is a borough or ordinary town, as for instance Birmingham, with a population of nearly four hundred thousand, is a borough, while a little place like Chichester is a city, because it is the seat of a Bishop—of course I mean a Bishop of the Established Church. This method of qualifying for the franchise is, in the least of it, inconsistent and anomalous, because in the towns men earn higher wages than in the country, while the latter are bound to have higher qualifications, and it is absurd to think that an imaginary line called the town limits will give a man a greater development of intelligence than that of his fellow-man on the country side of the imaginary line. But such is the statesmanlike plan of our feudal and privileged rulers to qualify our workers for citizenship and to have a voice in making the laws we are bound to obey. At present Mr. Gladstone is undoubtedly the most prominent figure in the British Isles. Himself a Scotchman, of English birth, that is to say, born in Liverpool of Scotch parents, he went down to the hitherto Scotch Tory constituency of Midlothian to do battle against Lord Dalkeith, the son and heir of the bold Buccleugh. Mr. Gladstone's object in selecting this constituency is to have a slap at the Scotch Established Church, himself being a Scotchman, and now a Scotch member of Parliament. It was a bold step to take, but he has succeeded, notwithstanding that every Tory device and all the Buccleugh interest was ranged against him.

### DEKE OF BUCKLEIGH

is a Tory of Tories, who firmly believes in the duty of the multitude submitting to the rule of the privileged few. Of this we had evidence some years ago, when he wanted to stop the amanking of the Thames, rather than there should be a public esplanade in front of his palatial mansion in Parliament street. This residence is perhaps the finest private dwelling, next to Buckingham Palace, in London, one front facing Parliament street, the other the boulevard of the Thames embankment, yet this Highland Christ scarcely ever resides in it, because the Board of Works, at his bid, would not stop the construction of the embankment, now one of the finest thoroughfares in any city of Europe. Formerly it was a filthy mud shore of the Thames, but for that this Duke did not care, because his garden and pleasure grounds extended to the waterside, while now there is a thoroughfare between the garden and the river. The London Liberals of all shades are preparing an immense public reception for Mr. Gladstone when he returns from his residence at Howarden in Flintshire to the metropolis. In this spontaneous display most workingmen's organizations will take part, and judging from the vastness of the preparations and the enthusiasm over the Liberal victory, no doubt the veteran statesman will receive a magnificent ovation. During this electoral contest the Irish in England have not been idle, particularly in Southwark and York; in the first by a united Irish vote, throwing out two Conservatives, who voted persistently against every measure brought in by any member of the Irish National party; and in the other defeating

### MR. LOWTHER'S

the Irish Secretary, who in his place in Parliament laughed at the stories of the Irish famine. Now he is out in the cold through the Irish vote in York, and I hope he will be left there. Next week a meeting of the Irish electors of Southwark will be held to support the hands of the Irish party in the new House, by asking the members for Southwark and others who were returned by the Anglo-Irish electors to vote in favor of Irish national measures. This meeting will have a great weight, as it is the first of a series to be held in the various English constituencies, where the

### IRISH VOTE

is a power, and I have no doubt the incoming Government will pay some attention to whatever programme may be agreed upon, because the Irish vote is a weapon that cannot well be played with.

### CANADA

One way or another the Dominion is now receiving from our journals and public men considerable attention; some for and some against, but all tending to bring the country into prominence. A firm of brokers in the city issues a monthly circular, and in the one for April there is an article in praise of the Grand Trunk Railway, which says that within the last twelve months no railway has made so great a progress, and that it is now what it purports to be, a Grand Trunk line in reality, and the article goes on to say that in all probability the Canadian Government would purchase the road, for which there would be no difficulty to raise in London a loan at four per cent., but that at present it would not be to the advantage of the shareholders to sell, as their prospects were never brighter. This circular was yesterday published in all the morning papers, and such a eulogy of Canada's main artery of communication and trade must to the Company and country be very pleasing, and no doubt will to Canada, on the whole, be of immense service.

### THE BECHAL OF THE DEAD.

London is the largest city on the globe, having within a radius of about fifteen miles from a given centre, a population of somewhere about four and half millions, and although it is a very healthy city, there is an average mortality of nearly five thousand per week. Since the battle of Waterloo the population of England has more than doubled, and is still increasing, so that to an American or Canadian the entire country would seem to be one vast city. Around London there are numbers of towns connecting more or less with each other, such as Wellich, Croydon, Epsom, Dorking, Kingston, Richmond, Hounslow, Harrow, Barnet, Waltham, Hareford, Balfham, and many others. In this dense population the disposal of the dead is really a very important question. Some years ago cremation or burning the bodies was suggested, but the plan did not take, although a furnace was built at the great cemetery at Woking, about forty miles from London. A few were cremated, and notably among them the wife of Sir Charles Dilke, M.P. for Chelsea, and one of the leaders of the Radical party in England. She was a granddaughter of the famous Irish orator,

### RICHARD LALOR SHILL

and it was her own wish to be cremated, her body being sent to Dresden, in Germany, for that purpose, but, generally, the example has not been followed. If it was, speaking from an economic and sanitary point of view, no doubt in the world it would be an improvement upon interment in burial grounds, but, with our impressions, customs and usages, it would indeed be difficult to persuade a mother to cremate her child. Around London there are a great many very large cemeteries which are rapidly filling. Those cemeteries are in the suburbs, but are now fast becoming parts and parcels of the metropolis, yet, when the cemeteries were founded, the locations were isolated and in the country, far away from streets or houses. The Catholics have two very large burial grounds—one at Kensal Green, in Middlesex, where the late Cardinal Wiseman is buried, and the other at Leytonstone, in Essex, both being about nine miles from the centre of the city. In those grounds no Sunday interments are permitted, by order of Cardinal Manning, and in the issuing of this order the Cardinal is perfectly justified, because on the Sunday such crowds went to the country that made the place more like a fair than the houses of the dead. The Jews have cemeteries of their own, where their burials are conducted with the Mosiac law and the tenets of the Jewish dispensation. In London itself there are no burials allowed, the law a few years ago closing all the town graveyards. Gradually the sites are built on or broken up for new streets, and I am sorry to say, that frequently little regard is paid to the human remains ruthlessly dug up from the resting places where loving hands had laid them. We have a case of this kind now before one of the police magistrates, but all that he can do is to stop the contractors from unearthing the bodies until some arrangements are made to re-inter them. The huge cemeteries now open for interments soon must, from the growth of houses and streets around them, and for the sake of the public health, be closed, and then, no doubt after a short time, the sites, which cover some hundreds of acres, will be built over. Five thousand interments per week soon fill up a piece of ground, even though the coffins are piled three or four in a grave, which is the case with at least seventy-five per cent of the burials. A workman's funeral in London will cost about six pounds, that is without any ostentatious, such as mourning clothes for the family, a headstone at the grave, or anything of that kind. Paupers in London, without friends able to pay burial expenses will be buried by the parish workhouse at Woking Cemetery, and two people will, at the public cost, be allowed to accompany the body to the ground. The rapid increase of population, the wonderful enlargement of London, the filling

### up of the present cemeteries, the

impurities alleged to be flowing from them into streams, wells, cellars, and other excavations and waterways in their neighborhood. The scandals that from time to time occur with contractors and others, and the amount of valuable land absorbed makes the burial question one of vital importance. In Paris and Rome the bones are periodically taken and placed

### IN THE CATACOMBS,

and thus the grave is given up to a new comer, but here we profess to leave forever the remains in the ground, yet during the last few years I have no doubt but what tons of human bones found their way to the rag-shops, and were either made into buttons or ground into manure. For economic and hygienic reasons the ancients were right in burning their dead, and there could be just as much reverence and solemnity shown to the poor body at the furnace, or urn, as there is now when we place it in the earth as food for rats and worms, or to be, after a few years, thrown about by ruthless and unscrupulous contractors and their whiskey-drinking workmen.

### CELTO-CANADIAN.

### LETTER FROM LACHINE.

### THE OPINIONS OF MR. MYLES O'REGAN.

Mr. Editor.—If I did not belong to the stolid order of philosophy I would at once surrender to what seems my evil destiny and acknowledge myself conquered by an adverse fate. But no, O'Regan, *meurt mais ne se rend pas, dum spiro, spiro*. I often have caught myself guilty of wishing that the future might be revealed to me at once, but on calm consideration I have as often thanked a beneficent Providence that it was withheld. Except a man had a heart of iron or that his future were to be unusually serene and void of troubles the raising of the curtain would strike him dead. When misfortunes come singly or in small batches hops whispers, "never mind Myles O'Regan, better luck next time, this is positively the last of them, there is a brilliant future before you." And I listen to the charmer, which is well. Now, for instance, if I, at some former stage of my existence, had been shown myself delving away on this canal, my treatment by Sir John, my heart's grief at the annihilation of my friend Beaconsfield, the failure of my religious efforts, my encounter with that Anglo-Saxon, and the rat catastrophe, with a thousand other ills too numerous to mention, think you, Mr. Editor, my heart would not have failed me? It would.

This is a splendid country for spring. When the great emigration agent who seduced me hither told me in confidence that winter in Canada passed away like a dream, I did not for a moment imagine the dream would last from November to May. And then, said the knave, you will have a glorious time, Myles, nothing to do but take your sleigh and go tobogganing round the mountain with the local aristocracy, wrapped in the most luxurious of furs. The way the fellow spoke left me under the impression that the government on the very day I landed would present me with a magnificent cutter, horses with bells attached, a Caughnawaga coachman, and three different sets of furs. But never mind, them little mistakes occur, but if I ever get hold of that emigration agent I'll drive or cause him to be driven round the mountain in one of Mr. Michael Feron's most gorgeous coaches, with a Caughnawaga man from Limerick holding the reins. I confess to you, upon the faith of a Christian, and of one who might himself have been a preacher, had adverse circumstances not prevented it, that all the sleigh riding I have had since my arrival was a five cent ride in the street cars last month, the snow on the streets being so high that one could easily imagine one was going over the tops of the telegraph poles. I observe that the sparrows in Lachine are as much disgusted at the everlasting winter as I am. They commenced building their nests last week thinking the winter was over, but found out their mistake before long. It was then they assumed that cynical look so peculiar to English immigrants, and chattered to each other, I have no doubt, "Say, bloke, have you ever heard of such a blasted country?" I should like to know where those pious birds borrowed such patriotic airs. Why, no one thought of the disreputable, dingy looking creatures in the old country. But they are just like the other bipeds who come out here assuming aristocratic manners and decrying everything Canadian. [Although I abuse the spring for not coming, I don't permit others the like privilege, for I am a philosopher.] There's Nad Ainsworth, for instance, who was only imported last fall, and who, I venture to assert, never saw a turkey even in his most exalted dreams of future opulence, yet who is now continually talking of the toughness of our Canadian bird, just the same as if it had not been to him heretofore a *rara avis* indeed. And so it is with our tobacco, our horses, our beer, our justice, and also even our whiskey. Why in the name of the immortal gods did they come here? or why, if they don't like Canada don't they go home again? I will be only too happy to subscribe my mite towards sending them back, sparrows and all. I only abuse the spring, which, after all, is more the fault of Mr. Vennor than the climate of our beloved country. You must remember, Mr. Editor, the Englishman with whom I had the little unpleasantness in the widow's on the evening of the day of my religious fiasco. He is the greatest grumbler on the Lachine Canal about Canada and its climate, and its beer, and its tobacco. Well, when he arrived here from Old England he was a sight to see. His clothes, which had been worn by five generations of footmen, were not remarkable for their power of cohesion, and his general appearance was not that of a man who had dined with any other problem than Duke Humphrey. He was delighted with the country, I assure you, and the only fault I had to find with him was the

### trivial one of being a bore, for so sure as

Saturday night arrived he would come to me and ask me to translate his dollars and cents into British money. I always obliged him, and more, for I universally doubled his wages, much to his satisfaction. For instance, with the best intentions in the world I told him \$10 were equal to four pounds ten. But as he grew enlightened he became discontented, and not only that, but composed poetry, such as the following, which I picked up in his bunk on Sunday last:—

### LAMENT OF THE ENGLISH IMMIGRANT.

I'm sitting on a rock, Polly,  
The soil edge of a rock,  
Just after beating huffy ash,  
'Tis all past twelve o'clock,  
The beer was thin and sour, Polly,  
The best was lean and tough,  
The latters were not beautiful,  
Nor were they 'alf enough.

My nerves are all unstrung, Polly,  
As the section boss goes by,  
With thimble ring voice and cloudy brow,  
Am I fighting in his eye,  
"Ha! keep your shovel moving, Stokes,"  
(These words he speaks to I),  
'You're not in that life Highway now,  
A scoupling of old rye."

### THE SNOW IS ON THE GROUND, POLLY,

It twelves to my chin, Polly,  
And when it goes away, Polly,  
The slush it does beget,  
'Tis different far to my mind, Polly,  
For there the slush is clean,  
And, Polly, in this curious place  
No duke is ever seen.

### THE MONEY THEY HAVE HERE, POLLY,

In dollars, likewise cents,  
Unlike our heavy iron pounds,  
Our shillings, crowns and pence,  
But what can you expect, Polly,  
From a Canadian hoer,  
Who when he should be at "the day"  
Will say instead "bon jour!"

### THERE ARE NO BOWS HERE, POLLY,

To whom to bow and scrape,  
And one man thinks himself as good  
As any other ape;  
The Anglo-Saxon is no more  
Than Jean Baptiste or Pat;  
And Papsie are M.P.'s, and ere,  
Hold situations fat.

### I'M SENDING YOU MY PHOTOGRAPH,

My Polly, kind and dear,  
But it won't show my truest heart,  
Nor in mine eye the tear,  
But I am going home, Polly,  
All in the Anglo-Saxon gear,  
Where Monarchy is plentiful  
And where the hogs are swine.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am not opposed to poetry in the abstract; I think poetry is good before going to bed, or to allow a patient to collect his shattered thoughts when on the political platform using up the other scoundrels, but I do solemnly protest that it is not appropriate when mixed with the ordinary transactions of life. I remember in the glorious days when our staunch Tories worked their sweet will in that part of the old country I hail from, long before that much beaten young man Parnell was born, that they had a monopoly of poetry as of religion and Government patronage. That was the time when the English *literati* composed such beautiful comic songs for the Irish as "Loony Macwalter," "Darby O'Shanigan," "Lanty Fagan's breeches," and other brutal stuff which is enough to make a horse sick in the stomach, always supposing a horse could understand bad English. They are now called Irish comic songs. When singing them in character it was necessary that the festive Anglo-Saxon in possession of a black eye, a rimless hat, brogues, a tattered coat, a shillelagh and a bottle of whiskey. Thus it was that the intelligent foreigner visiting London obtained his notions of an Irishman. Thus it was that the negro preacher, down south, compassionately said: "Belubbed Broddren, you hab a soul to be sabel; I hab a soul to be sabel, and even the poor Irish railroadman hab a soul to be sabel." But the Irish have their revenge. The composing and the singing of the Jingo was so infinitely, so solemnly, ridiculous, that it not only throws Loony MacWalter in the shade, but has helped to burst up D'Israeli.

Mr. Editor, I cannot go on, excuse me, my nerves are weak. I cannot mention that honored name without weeping. I know I am a weeper, I know I have feelings which overpower me, but the "poetry," I have stolen from Stokes is the worst yet and breaks me completely down.

Yours in a lamoncholy spirit,  
MYLES O'REGAN.

### TELEGRAMS.

LONDON, April 16.

A Dublin correspondent says the result of the Cork County election is a great surprise, as it was confidently believed Kettle would replace Colthurst. It is stated the Parnellites will lodge a petition in the House of Commons on behalf of Kettle on the ground that clerical influence was used against him. The defeat of Parnell's nominee after the tremendous efforts made to secure his return is a heavy blow to Parnell's dictatorship, and the successful stand made by the Catholic clergy and respectable laity, including doubtless many Conservatives, will be regarded as a great moral victory.

BOMBAY, April 19.—An officer and party of the 19th regiment are reported massacred beyond Quettaf by a band of Pathans, and others.

LONDON, April 19.—A Constantinople despatch says great anxiety prevails respecting the future policy of England towards Turkey. Khereddin Pasha and Mahmud Pasha have been frequently summoned to the palace lately. There are rumors of impending changes in the Cabinet. The Turks are almost at the end of their resources. There is little money in from the impoverished provinces, and the custom house receipts are inadequate for the requirements of the departments. Rations were heretofore supplied to the army officers and families, but are now furnished to the officers only; thus families are, consequently, suffering great deprivation. The Porte is showing itself more and more incapable of governing the Empire. There is a general feeling, even amongst a large section of Turks, that the sooner the great powers take the power out of the present hands the better for everyone.