

MASADA'S TRAGEDY.

"What man is there would not rather
All Death's dismal terrors brave,
Than submit with craven spirit
To be cruel Silva's slave?"
Bitterly mused Eleazer,
As he stood alone at night,
Gazing down upon the Romans
From Masada's giddy height.

Then he called in stirring accents,
As he strode o'er tumbling stones,
While the crags and lofty ramparts
Echoed back his trumpet tones:
"Ho, the guard there, give the warning!
Summon to the council hall
Old Masada's stalwart soldiers!
Bring them quick and bring them all!"

Soon, responsive to his orders,
Trooped the veterans scarred and grim
To the faintly-lighted chamber,
Filled with shadows weird and dim;
And the chieftain's piercing glances
Noted through the murky gloom
That his soldiers' wives and children
Lined the borders of the room.

For a moment gazed he fondly
On the silent gathering there,
On the gray-haired, war-worn heroes,
And their wives and daughters fair,
With pale, eager, anxious faces
Upward turned to hear their doom,
Then his eloquence resounded
Round the crowded council-room.

"On the morn the Roman legions
Will o'erwhelm us with their power,
And the torments of the captured
Will be awful in that hour.
Let us, therefore, meet the danger,
And, by voluntary death,
Cheer proud Silva of his victims,
And in freedom end our breath."

"It is vain to think that longer
We can hold the foe at bay,
God Himself declared against us
In the struggle of to-day.
He no longer loves the nation,
That was once His chiefest care,
And His aid we need not pray for
In our hour of dire despair."

"Had He not condemned, accursed us,
Would He not have raised His hand
To protect the Holy City
From that conquering heathen band?
He has doomed us to destruction
For our sins so manifold,
And the Roman is the weapon
His Almighty hand doth hold."

"Let us die like heroes, soldiers!
If we suffer for our guilt,
Let our own swords be the weapons
Then by which our blood be spilt!
Burn up all but the provisions,
That the heathen horde may see
We succumbed not unto famine,
But chose death 'fore slavery!"

Then he paused and gazed around him
On the wild group gathered there;
Saw that some were nerved for action;
Saw that some were in despair;
Heard he, too, the solemn silence
Broken by their heavy sighs,
As unto their wives and children
Turned they, then, with fearful eyes.

"Soldiers!" quick he shouted sternly,
"I am ashamed to see those tears!
Rise above each petty weakness;
Dash to earth your puny fears!
Life is but a dreary prison,
Shackling down the human mind;
Death unbars the iron portals,
Snaps the chains that gail and bind!"

"For the love you bear your families,
Die with them in honour now!
With the morn will come dishonour,
Blighting each survivor's brow,
Death and honour, life dishonour,
I entreat you make your choice,
Surely there's not one among you
Who will raise dissenting voice!"

"Death and honour!" fiercely shouted
Then that remnant of their race;
As they to their aching bosoms
Folded in a last embrace,
Wives and mothers, sweethearts, children,
Bound in death they would not part,
Then with purpose unrelenting
Stabbed each loved one to the heart.

With the dawn the conquering legions
Up their scaling ladders came,
But the ramparts were deserted,
And black vestiges of flame
Met their eyes in all directions,
As amazed they gazed about,
Then among the ruins rushing,
Raised they high a mighty shout.

At this sound two trembling women,
Who'd survived that awful night,
Crept from out their hiding places
With their faces white with fright;
And they pointed to the palace,
Where the Romans quickly found
Full nine hundred human beings,
Stiff and dead upon the ground.

Gray-haired sires, and aged grandams,
Fathers, mothers, husbands, wives,
Side by side had for their honour
Given up their precious lives,
Baby faces, sweet and dimpled,
Cold and white were there at rest,
Each one pressed by rigid fingers
To its mother's blood-stained breast.

Maidens, that had yester even
Been so blooming and so fair,
Lay with ghastly eyes upstaring,
While their beautiful flowing hair
Brushed the death-damp from the faces
Of their lovers lying near.
'Twas a sight to awe the sternest,
Thrill the bravest heart with fear.

Spell-bound stood the sturdy Romans,
Filled with admiration high
For the valour of those brave ones,
Who were not afraid to die;
And they raised no cheer of triumph,
But, in silence and in gloom,
Mute placed each noble foe man
In a soldier's glorious tomb.

Strong Masada was dismantled
And abandoned long ago,
When the hopes of doomed Judea
In the dust lay cold and low;
But the memory of its soldiers,
And their last great deed sublime,
Will re-echo down the ages
Throughout all the coming time.

Staynor, Ont. C. E. JAKWAY, M.D.

HUMOURS OF THE CENSUS.

The aristocracy of St. Mary street, Cross alley and Cullen street were found in a state of excitement recently when the census enumerator and a reporter arrived upon the scene. The visitors were no sooner espied than they were surrounded by a motley crowd of blacks and whites, cursing them.

"Hello! here's the blokes what put our names in the paper to-day," said a white woman with a black eye and discoloured face, which looked as if she had recently suffered a severe beating. "Oh, but you're going to catch it."

"If my man was here he'd rip you open," shouted another hag, with an oath. "You'd better look out for yourselves, I can tell you."

"Dere's a big cullud woman 'round on St. Mary street huntin' for you wid a club," said a burly mulatto elbowing his way through the crowd. "She swears she's goin' to break your neck for insultin' her in de paper."

"Don't you dare to come in my house unless you want to spend \$2," said a coloured man standing at the entrance to an alley on Cullen street. "I don't want no trash around here."

"Young fellers," said an old coloured man, waving his stick in the air, "if you take my advice you'll clear out. De neighbours 'round here are mad at you, and dey may hurt you."

There was no danger of anything more than talk from these persons, however, as a policeman was posted on the corner of Cross alley and Cullen street, and they confined all their warfare to threats. The enumerator proceeded with his work without molestation, although he was annoyed and hampered by a crowd of men and women following him wherever he went, and commenting with much freedom upon both the strangers' personal appearance.

"Say, here's Aunt Chloe," said a fellow, seizing an old coloured woman who was passing along with a pitcher in her hand; "don't you want to put something in your paper about her? Look yar, she's got a beard," holding her chin up for inspection.

"You done put anything in de paper about me I'll break your jaw," said the old woman, brandishing her pitcher and glowering at the reporter.

At one house a woman told her little boy, who was evidently in disgrace for some mischief, that the man with the big book had come to take him away for being a bad boy. A coloured man inquired very anxiously if the enumerator didn't want to put down his six dogs, and assured him that they were half mastiff and half St. Bernard. "All sons of Gen. McClellan," he said, and inquiry revealed that their father was a mastiff that bore that title.

"Does your wife work?" was asked a German in one of the houses.

"Nein, she goes to school," was the reply.

"I mean your wife," said the enumerator.

"Oh, mine old woman; yah, she works," replied the Teuton.

"Do you suffer from any sickness?" was asked a very fat coloured woman, on St. Mary street.

"I'm conflicted with a smothering of the heart," she replied, but was unable to tell anything more about it.

"We're all blacks 'round here," said an old woman, when asked the colour of the inmates of her house. "I don't mix with no white folks and don't want to."

In one house on St. Mary street the man was told that information was wanted, and responded that he didn't know anything except what his mother had told him.

"He ain't got no education," said his wife, apologetically, "but I can read and write."

When asked if he was married he replied that he had a piece of paper which the minister had given him hanging upstairs, and that was all he knew. One man stated that he was suffering from "misery in the back." Before a little house in a court an old coloured woman sat knitting when the visitors approached.

"Oh, Aunt Rose," said a little mulatto girl, playing on the pavement, "here's two gentlemen come to tell your fortune."

"Dey'll be smarter men dan any I have seen if dey can do dat," said the old woman with a chuckle.

"Say, mister, do you vaccinate babies?" asked a woman with a baby in her arms, approaching the enumerator.

When informed that he did not she looked quite disappointed. No further trouble was experienced, and before night the enumerator had the satisfaction of knowing that he had completed the worst portion of his division.

William Robb, one of the enumerators for the Ninth Ward, has the division bounded by Market and Arch and Tenth and Eleventh streets. In his peregrinations recently he came upon a tumble-down old dwelling off Market street, near Eleventh, occupied by a stout Irish woman and three children. The enumerator explained what he had come around for, and after the expenditure of a good deal of breath convinced the woman that his visit was perfectly legitimate, and that whatever objections she might have to the census system he was not to be blamed for it. She told him her name, but when he came to ask her age she became a changed woman.

"Indade," she said, "it's nobody's business what my age is, an' I shan't tell it to anybody." The puzzled enumerator looked around until his eye rested upon the three chubby children who stood staring with all their eyes.

"Have you a husband, madam?" he asked in

a persuasive and gentle tone, expecting by a change of the subject to mollify the indignant woman.

"Shure, an' do yez think these childer wud be aroun' here if I hadn't?" she demanded, in a voice that made the enumerator quail.

"I didn't know, madam, but that your husband might have been dead, or that you might have got a divorce from him, or—"

"Och, have yez got rid o' yer wits? He's not divorced nor dead either, but as alive an' able-bodied as yerself."

There is one Chinese laundry in Mr. Robb's division, Sam Weng's establishment, on the west side of Tenth street, a few doors below Arch. Entering here recently Mr. Robb found a single Chinaman at work, ironing. A pair of wooden shoes protruding from the top of a box behind a screen, with a pair of linen legs attached, seemed to indicate that the solitary Chinaman had a fellow-workman, who at that precise moment seemed to be recuperating his frame with sleep. The enumerator had quite a satisfactory interview with the solitary Chinaman, as the following dialogue shows:

"Do you speak English?" said the enumerator.

"Speakee English?" repeated the Chinaman, looking at him suspiciously, as though he suspected a joke.

"What's your name?" said the enumerator.

"My namee?" said the Chinaman.

"Um," said the enumerator, nodding "your name?"

"Namee?" said the Chinaman, looking searchingly at the enumerator, as though positive he was being made a fool of.

"Yes," said the enumerator. "Name, name," he continued, making motions on his paper with a pencil.

"Whatee fol?" said the Chinaman.

"Census," said the enumerator.

"Census?" repeated the Chinaman, still with that suspicious look.

"Census," said the enumerator, looking at the Chinaman. The Chinaman looked at the enumerator and the enumerator looked at the Chinaman, and both looked as though they knew that each considered the other a fool.

"I'm taking the census," said the enumerator, spreading out his paper on a pile of smooth linen and trying to demonstrate. "The census—names, ages, occupation, everything."

"Ebelything?" repeated the Chinaman, curiously.

"How many of you are here?" said the enumerator.

"How many hele?" repeated the Chinaman.

"Yes," said the enumerator, eagerly, "how many?"

"How many?" repeated the Chinaman again.

"Write it down," said the enumerator, shoving his paper and pencil toward him.

"Lite it down?" repeated the Chinaman, inquiringly, resuming his iron.

"Can you write English?" said the enumerator, shoving the pencil and paper temptingly near the Chinaman.

"Lite English?" repeated the Chinaman, composedly following with his eyes the course of the iron.

"Write it down in your own language," said the enumerator with sudden eagerness after a moment's pause. "Oh, no," he said in the next breath; "that wouldn't do me any good, either."

"What's your name?" persisted the enumerator.

"Youl namee?" repeated the Chinaman, stopping his work at the appealing look of the enumerator.

"Yes," said the enumerator; "I must write your name down here," and showed the Chinaman a lot of other names. "I have everybody's name here, and I want your name to be put down with them."

The Chinaman looked as though a faint gleam of intelligence shot athwart his benighted mind, and he nodded.

"What is your name?" said the enumerator, coaxingly.

"Charlie," said the Chinaman.

"Charlie what?" said the enumerator, beginning to write it down.

"Charley ebelything," said the Chinaman, resuming his iron.

After awhile the enumerator got the Chinaman to say that his name was Hoo Lam. Further and more persistent inquiry, however, modified this title down to Hoo Ling and thus it went down in the enumerator's book.

"How many of you are here?" asked the enumerator.

"Two," said the Chinaman, sullenly.

"What's his name?" said the enumerator, pointing to the wooden shoes.

"I lont low," said the Chinaman.

"Don't know?" said the enumerator. "Yes you do."

The Chinaman did not answer, but went on ironing.

"What's his name?" repeated the enumerator.

"Sing," said the Chinaman.

"What's his first name?" said the enumerator.

The Chinaman said he didn't know and the enumerator went and waked up the wooden shoes. He seemed a good deal put out at being thus disturbed.

"What's your name?" said the enumerator.

"Whatee fol?" said the wooden shoes.

"Census," said the enumerator, tapping his paper; "what's your name?"

"Lont low," said the wooden shoes.

After awhile he said it was Sing, but would not tell what his first name was, so it went down on the paper as Ah Sing. The enumerator says he is glad there are no more Chinese in his district.

GLEANER.

MONTREAL harbour is illuminated with the electric light.

FAVOURABLE reports are given of the New Brunswick crops.

MOUNT PILATUS, near Lucerne, was ascended for the first time this season on the 5th ult., by two English ladies.

THE *Gazette of India* announces the issue of the India Medal of 1854, with clasp inscribed "Perak," to all troops engaged in the Perak expedition.

AN "Engineer" writes to the *Quebec Chronicle*, proposing a scheme for utilizing the Montmorency Falls for loading vessels with grain by means of compressed air.

SIR JAMES HANNEN, of the British Bench, has decided that a Kansas divorce is ineffectual to dissolve a marriage contracted by two English subjects domiciled in England.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD is understood to be devoting some of his leisure time to the collection of the political memoirs of his time, with a view to their future publication.

It is stated at Toronto that Mr. J. B. Robinson has been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and Mr. Angus Morrison, Collector of Customs for the port of Toronto.

DURING the past year there were 265 vessels built in Canada, with an aggregate tonnage of 74,227. The Dominion now ranks as the fourth maritime power of the world.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND is commencing to participate in the cattle trade between the Dominion and Great Britain, the first shipment having been made the other day.

PRINCESS VICTORIA, the future wife of Wilhelm, the eldest son of the German Crown Prince, has a quiet, winning, and gracious manner, and is of the true type of German beauty.

THE Great Council of Geneva has adopted a measure which involves the disestablishment and disendowment of both Catholic and Protestant Churches in the Canton of Geneva.

It is stated in the latest Australian news that a new gold field has been discovered on the Carpentarian watershed in the Cape York Peninsula, belonging to Queensland.

THE latest development of sport in Australia is "oatmeal-porridge eating" against time. A New South Wales exchange contains a challenge from a man named Biddy to "eat" against anybody else for £1 a side.

THE *London Spectator* says that the worst of these fishery disputes is that even if you come to some temporary agreement, each dispute is as prolific of new disputes as a shoal of the most prolific fish in the sea is of new fish.

SIR EDWARD SELBY SMYTH, the retiring Commander-in-Chief of the Canadian Militia, left Ottawa on Saturday for New York on his way to England. Major-General Luard, his successor, will arrive in Canada about July 12th.

A DAUGHTER of Dr. Livingstone has sent to Mr. Spurgeon one of the sermons which was found among her father's effects, having on it some words of commendation in the handwriting of the great African explorer and missionary.

MR. GLADSTONE is husbanding his strength, and does not propose to keep the late hours to which the House of Commons has got so accustomed. Lord Hartington has arranged to share the duties of leader of the House, and, except on rare occasions, will discharge the functions from midnight onwards.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA is about to visit England, which she has long wished to see. The Paris correspondent of the *London Times* says that she entertains great admiration for the English Royal Family, and those members of it whom she had met during her residence in Paris have inspired her with respect, which she has expressed at every opportunity.

ALBERT VICTOR, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, is a tall, slender, delicate-looking boy, slightly resembling his grandfather. His brother George is short, stout and round-headed. The Prince's eldest daughter is rather plain, but the other little girls are exceedingly pretty, especially the blooming and spirited little Princess Maud.

So abundant are corn and hay on the great steppes between Tomsk and Tjumen, Siberia, that horses are hired for one halfpenny per mile. A ton of salt, which costs in England fifteen shillings, is sold on the Yenesei for fifteen pounds; and wheat, which commands fifteen or sixteen pounds per ton in London, may be got in any quantity for twenty-five shillings per ton.

THE origin of the "mark" with which illiterates now sign is enveloped in some doubt; but it would be quite wrong to suppose that the cross they now use was employed in very early times. On the contrary, it is said that for many centuries after the Dark Ages those who could not afford to wear a ring or keep a signet used to make some special and peculiar mark, such as an arrow-head, in which it was supposed, and perhaps rightly, that their autograph could be recognized.