

them and then the confusion between decks is something terrific, many a valuable beast has been lost in this way. Sometimes a steer manages to scramble right over the head-board when his rope loosens and wanders stupidly about the "alley-ways," then the cattlemen have a fine time getting him back to his place. Once in the night we heard the sound of a scuffle but it did not wholly awaken any of us. It was only in the morning when "Brum" came up, haggard with his night watch, with yesterday's dirt still on his face and his cheek bloody, that I realized there had been a fight.

"It was about twelve o'clock," he said, "when the one they call 'Ned' came aboard drunk, an' he comes up to me an' says he wants the lantern for his watch. I told him to get one for himself an' he offs with his belt and takes me across the face, but he didn't get the lantern."

Ned was the most quarrelsome rowdy on board and twice "Brum's" size, but pluck counts.

While we were tending to the cattle which were suffering from the heat, the great square openings in the ship's sides were closed and secured so that you could hardly tell where the gap had been, and the *Arcola* began whistling for tugs. She was moored with her head up stream and she could not turn of herself in the swift current of that narrow passage for fear of grounding. The tugs soon came and made fast, and now it was the sailors turn to be busy; and the cattlemen lounged about, forward of the bridge, watching what was going on as the steamer slowly swung round into the stream.

When the tugs cast off and the swift current caught us, it was touch and go for five minutes whether our voyage would not end at St. Helen's Island; there is a dangerous reef at the foot of the island and we came within an ace of grounding on it. The French pilot walked the bridge from side to side, almost frantic with terror, his cap crushed in his hand, grinding out a grist of prayers and imprecations in French between his set teeth and groaning every now and then in English: "O-o-o-o-o! captain! O-o-o-o-o! captain!" much to the amusement of us all. Captain Lawson was as steady as a rock; he did not say a word or move a muscle, nothing could be done. He stood by his signalling bells, perfectly motionless, looking very handsome in his blue uniform and a perfect contrast to the nervous Frenchman. It was only afterwards when he called up the fourth mate, through whose error the danger had been caused, that he showed any feeling. The tone in which he said, "I wish to goodness, Mr. N—, you had been at your post," was worse than any swearing, and the blonde young giant in blue seemed absolutely to shrink together for shame.

But ho! for England. We were really off, and plowing the blue St. Lawrence under the double impetus of a rapid current and a full head of steam. At eight bells we all got together in the cattlemen's quarters for our first meal on board. This consisted of porridge and sugar, coffee, canned corned beef and bread, all you wanted. "Brown's gang" were all in the port side of the ship, for one of the sailors had told me that there was a complete new kit for it, new blankets, mugs, plates and knives. Our quarters were two rooms in the bows under the turtle-back, with bunks for fifteen men. Everything was iron except the table; the berths were like lidless iron coffins on chests, from its being right in the nose of the steamer; it was a pretty close fit, when we were all in at once, and hot as a general thing. Still it was much more comfortable than on most ships in this trade. Cattlemen think themselves lucky if they have even a rough deck-house of planks, knocked up for them amidships among the pens, dark, leaky, and cheerless. Often they have to sleep on the hay, or wherever they can, and have their pilot bread and beef served on the top of a bale of fodder. On board the *Arcola*, our quarters were nearly as good as the sailors in the forecabin, only not so roomy nor so clean. The bosses had intermediate accommodation somewhere aft. But I am forgetting breakfast. It was brought to us by a poor old chap, who was working his way back to England as our steward. He was a Tyne-sider, a "Geordie" with bad teeth, and a bad digestion, always talking religion, and prophesying disaster. He gave us a lesson in politeness by making us take off our caps.

"It's not manners to wear your caps at meals, lads," and then he hoped we would behave ourselves. He was a little afraid of us, and I do not wonder at it; for we were a rough lot, and if not actually jail-birds, were drawn from the class from which the ranks of criminals are recruited. One sign of this was a certain delicacy about asking a man his name. The subject was generally approached by asking, "Say, mate, what do you want me to call you?" We were all known by our christened names or nicknames.

There was "Long John," a tall, muscular fellow, who had lived by his wits for some years in the train of circuses and "side-shows;" he could keep us laughing by the hour with his imitations of the cheap Jacks who haunt the country fairs. "Sam," was a red-headed rough from Toronto, who had been across many times, and was full of yarns about his experiences. The best of the lot was "Yorky," a keen, foxy-faced Yorkshireman; a poacher and fisherman in England, and a gardener in Canada. He was a perfect mine of knowledge about birds, beasts, and fishes, and the way to trap and hunt them, very good-natured and funny. "Tom" was a soft, good-looking Irishman, who collapsed utterly with sea-sickness the third day out; he had been in a Dragoon regiment, and the Royal Irish Constabulary. My chum was always known as "Black Whiskers," a name the humorous William bestowed upon him; I

was called indifferently "Tam o' Shanter," on account of my Scotch cap.

All that hot morning, we were hard at work tending the cattle, getting the proper number of sheep into each pen, separating the bales and bags with Brown's marks on them from the rest, and getting them where they would be most convenient for feeding, namely, forward. There was a lot of heavy lifting and we worked like slaves. From time to time there would be a lull, and then I could look over the side and watch the beautiful scenery past which we were gliding, the blue water, the green banks, sloping up to the higher ground, the distant mountains, the little farms and white houses, the succession of villages, each with a great church or nunnery; and all bathed in the clear light of a brilliant July day.

It was an eventful day. About noon the "bosses" had a row with the first mate. It was a very important matter to provide water for so many animals, especially in such hot weather. It is managed by having huge casks lashed securely to the deck, and filled twice a day from the ship's tanks. The trouble was that every foreman wanted the casks where they would be handiest for his own lot; and, in order to lighten his own labour, wanted more than could be made room for on the deck. They argued and swore for a long time, and at last got violent and began to gesticulate and crowd around the brown-faced man, with the clear eyes, and the determined ring in his voice. William's checked sloop was in the front rank, of course. At last the mate just looked at them in his firm, unexcited way:—

"Well, if you don't put the casks where I want them, you shan't have a drop of water. I'll tell the donkey man not to work the engine."

That ended it at once. He had the whip hand of them, and they sullenly gave in.

Later in the day, "Long John" told me in great glee how our boss had knocked down another, the one with the crooked nose. "He had him down and was choking him when I jumped on him and pulled him off," John said. They were a nice set, to be sure. These little incidents were caused by the necessary amount of friction in getting things ship-shape. There is often much brutality on the cattleships, but for the rest of our voyage the men were peaceable enough. Sometimes the "bosses" were abusive, but they never lifted a hand to us, not even the terrible William, though his cursing and swearing was terrific.

In the afternoon, a thunder storm swept down from the blue Laurentides. It was a grand sight, and I watched the march of the storm across the wide stretch of country, from behind the great smoke-stack. It lasted till we reached Quebec, and took on the new pilot. My first sight of the glorious old city was through flashes of blue lightning and driving sheets of rain.

After supper we tended the beasts again. We were all tired out, and when I turned in I slept so soundly that I never heard the iron cable rattle through the hawse-hole close to my head; for we had to anchor below Quebec, to wait for the turn of the tide.

(To be continued.)

#### "WAITING FOR THE ANSWER."

THERE never was a more suggestive cartoon than that which appeared in the columns of the *London Punch*, when the strained relations between Great Britain and the United States imperatively demanded a "yea or nay" to the question: Will you recede from the untenable position you have assumed in taking from beneath the *ægis* of the British flag those persons who were under its protection as passengers on the high seas?

Who, that viewed that cartoon, will ever forget its significance? A "man-of-war" prepared for action, the guns shotted and run out, the lion awakening from his slumbers ready for a spring, Britannia with grave and sombre mien, the lanyard in her hand "waiting for the answer."

It was a time when good men and true of all countries anxiously awaited with bated breath the result of the final appeal that was forced on Great Britain by the worse than folly of the United States' authorities.

Admiral Wilkes may or may not have exceeded his instructions, and it was not on behalf of Slidell and Mason, as members of the Southern Confederacy, that impelled Great Britain to demand satisfaction for the outrage on her flag, but because it was a grave breach of maritime law, a law that the United States had, in the past, most strenuously upheld. Happily, at the last moment, when hope had almost vanished, the United States' authorities appeared to realize the fact that their position was untenable, that they had been in error, and, like wise men, they instructed their officials to deliver up the parties who had been so outrageously taken from beneath the British flag.

One would have imagined that a recurrence of so grave a nature could not again happen. Unfortunately, however, the lesson appears to have been forgotten, or, if not forgotten, at least, ignored.

Yet, again, another vexed question has arisen, and one equally grave in its tendencies! Yet, again, British vessels have been boarded and seized on the high seas, the cargoes confiscated, and the officers and crews said to have been most cruelly treated.

The question naturally arises: How long is this state of things to continue? Does Mr. Secretary Blaine wish to

go a step further than his predecessor, Mr. Seward? President Harrison and the much lamented Mr. Lincoln can be spoken of as truly honourable men, *sans peur et sans reproche*, but what can be said of the unwisdom of their Secretaries of State? Mr. Seward nearly involved the United States in a conflict with Great Britain, and it has been said that it required all Mr. Lincoln's (and his friends') keen perception and good common sense to avert the evil. There is a point beyond which "forbearance ceases to be a virtue"—that point had been reached—hence the ultimatum.

In the present unseemly state of things, Mr. Blaine appears desirous of seeing "how near he can sail to the wind" without getting the ship of State "in irons" amid the breakers. It may be a part of his policy to appear antagonistic to Great Britain, but 'tis a very unwise and dangerous game, tampering with the evil passions of men. The Secretary of State well knows the stupendous interests that are involved in the *brotherhood* of the two peoples, each aiming for right, each desirous of the other's welfare, each side by side in every good work of humanity and civilization. We know, however, that Mr. Blaine is terribly handicapped by exigencies almost beyond control.

Differences of opinion may arise, now and then, to throw a passing cloud across the horizon—fiscal matters and a wordy war of "tariff"—that create sectional differences (the McKinley Bill to wit), but, happily, they are seldom of such a character as to affect the honour of the whole people. When such cases do arise *party*, like chaff, must be scattered to the wind, and principles, truth, honour, and justice must be the guiding stars. In the present case, which is admittedly a very grave one, England's Premier in the interest of peace has held out the Olive branch to the President, and the solution of the question by arbitration is one that must commend itself to all who desire to live in harmony.

On the question at issue, let us imagine a vessel, no matter of what nationality, being boarded and seized some forty or fifty miles from land, under the pretence that the seals (skins) found on board had been born and bred, on some undefined territory, said to belong to the United States. Verily (and with due respect for Mr. Blaine's position), it must be said that the honourable gentleman has discovered a *mare's nest* instead of a *mare clausum*.

As well might Canada, who has expended millions of dollars in the protection and development of her fisheries, claim "all the fishes in the sea" that are spawned and brought to life within her four thousand miles of seacoast. As well might she, Canada, object to the United States or other fishermen, netting, seining or otherwise catching mackerel, cod, herring or other fish outside the three miles limit, because, forsooth, they have been brought to life within her territory. I dare affirm that two-thirds of all the fish that are caught (save those on the banks) are spawned within British or Canadian waters. So long, however, as the American or other fishermen keep without the limit, no one can say them nay, for they are within their right. So, also, with the fisheries off the Alaska shores. No alien has a right to trespass within the three miles' limit, under penalty. Beyond that, however, there is no legitimate authority to prevent fishermen of any nationality from catching seals or any other denomination of "fish, flesh, or fowl," or even the Aldermanic turtle, if haply they were found in those waters. The responsibility of any interference with the nationalities engaged in their lawful pursuits must rest on those who are so unwise as to interfere. Mr. Seward was much blamed for what was called his "Alaska purchase" and the official documents that are extant tend to prove at least that more precaution should have been observed in dealing with a not over scrupulous power in a *presumed* purchase, to which the vendor had no right.

The mines in Alaska, said to be very rich, were great factors in facilitating the purchase. Interested parties and speculators held that the "old abandoned gold mines" and others were more than an equivalent (in value) for the whole proposed purchase money.

From parties who have visited these old gold mines (for a specific purpose), I have understood that it would be unwise to attempt to work them again. Of other parts of the territory, favourable reports have been received as to its mineral wealth.

As regards the protection of the seal, it is to be hoped that some satisfactory solution of the question may be arrived at to prevent its total destruction. It is to be feared, however, that in the present unsatisfactory state of things, and from the cupidity of so-called civilized man, that the seal and the salmon will meet with the same fate as the buffalo, that so short a time since roamed in countless thousands over the prairies of the far west.

Ottawa, Sept. 23, 1890.

SPECTATOR.

DURING 1889 there were 1,076 people killed in the working of the railways of the United Kingdom, and 4,836 injured. Of the above numbers, 183 persons killed, and 1,829 persons injured, were passengers. But of these only 88 were killed and 1,016 injured by accidents or collisions with trains. The remaining deaths were mainly due to carelessness on behalf of the individuals themselves. The total number of passengers carried, excluding season ticket holders, was 775,183,573 for the year. The proportion of passengers killed and injured during the year from all causes was 1 in 4,236,000 killed and 1 in 423,380 injured. In 1888 the proportions were 1 in 6,642, 336 killed and 1 in 527,577 injured.