

his fire. For both fighting purposes and those of sport the absurd practice of shooting with one eye closed should be abandoned. To close one eye is to lose a sense of distance, and to throw away the natural endowment of binocular vision. This is not done in driving a nail, in playing cricket or billiards, and ought not to be done in rifle-shooting.

WHATEVER the objections—and they are many—to the military systems of the continent, at any rate they have spoiled the trade of the anarchist. The immense numbers of men under arms, the precision of their weapons, the substitution of broad straight boulevards which can be commanded by artillery for the old tortuous streets in great cities, have made street fighting much too serious a recreation for malcontents. Hence the indifference with which Paris received a threatened descent “into the streets” of some hundred thousand *canaille*, who from misfortune or fault were idle, and who modestly demanded some two hundred francs each from the Government. Neither in Paris nor Berlin were securities affected as they would have been quarter of a century ago by such an announcement, nor did the London exchange show any excitement. For the same reasons the Nihilistic scares in Vienna and St. Petersburg are productive of only local agitation. A few persons in authority who have made themselves obnoxious or who represent obnoxious institutions may quake, and by their influence the press is made to send up a cry to heaven for sympathy and help. But the community at large has perfect confidence in the power of the executive to maintain law and order. The cheap blather of such men as Rossa, and the wild chimeras of Mr. George have no effect on educated England beyond causing derision. Albeit, the real friends of Ireland are pained to see an excitable warm-hearted people misled by the blood-thirsty vapourings of the former.

THE *Saturday Review* devotes a couple of columns to the exposure of Mr. George's theories. Our contemporary says that enthusiast uses big brushes and very bright or very dark colours, but no competent person who has read his book can call him a competent writer. “The book is essentially an appeal to ignorance in its method and style no less than in its arguments, and in what do duty in it for facts.” Nothing is gained by calling the English people “stupid” because they decline to rob the Duke of Westminster. The following extract is a good specimen of the terse, acrid manner which forms the specialty of the *Saturday* :—

If, as has been abundantly shown already, Mr. George's history is fiction, his economy moonshine, his proposal to make the State directly dependent on the changing seasons and the varying skill of agriculturists a piece of political madness; if his ethics are limited to the assertion of the divine right of robbery, and his theology an assumption that the divine thoughts are necessarily identical with Mr. George's crotchets, the connection of his theories with the supposed facts which prove his enthusiasm for humanity deserves epithets no more complimentary than these. In neither of his books is there the slightest attempt to show in what way the expropriation he proposes would benefit any living soul, or a single recognition of the fact that, as all his scheme could do would be to relieve taxpayers of taxation, the paupers and the prostitutes, the outcast children and the starved labourers whom he pities, and not one of whom pays a penny of taxes except on excisable liquors and a few other commodities, would be in no way relieved. Nowhere is it possible to find the least consciousness that, if the scheme could ever be got to work at all—if mankind at large could be seized of the estates with which Mr. George would invest it, and, further, could be got to retain possession thereof, the only result would be a condition of permanent stagnation in which all men would live like negro squatters. The “natural, equal, and inalienable rights of men,” which Mr. George recognizes, mean simply the natural and unalterable level of savagery. To put it briefly, Mr. George's past is a fiction, and his future, if it could be brought about, would be a pigstye.

The article then concludes by stating there can be no possible antidote to Mr. George, in the case of any reasonable person, better than the reading of Mr. George's works.

### ENGLAND'S OLDEST COLONY.—III.

#### LAND AHoy!—CAPE PINE.

STEAMERS of the Allan Line which ply between Halifax and Liverpool make Cape Race, the south-eastern corner of Newfoundland; those which carry the Royal Mail under contract with the Newfoundland Government, call at St. John's, in passing to and fro. When our Scotch friends, arm-in-arm, a bottle in each hand, were “first fittin’” for the year of grace '83, and the “fun grew fast and furious”; when many in Toronto were returning from watch-light service; on a night clear and star-lit, the wind fresh but steady from the north-west, the billows of the Atlantic rolling long and free, the s. s. *Caspian*, plunge on plunge, making fourteen knots an hour, we sighted a fixed white-light on the southernmost point of Newfoundland—called, from the dark forest that once overhung it, Cape Pine. From the deck you may see that light twenty miles at sea. It stands three hundred and twenty feet above water-mark. The house for its accommodation consists of iron, was built by Mr. Gordon, of Greenock, at the instance of the British Government, and is similar, in form and material,

to that erected by the same engineer on the south-east end of the Bermuda Islands, which is classed by navigators among the finest light-houses extant. There was need of it.

In 1816, before the closing of navigation, the transport *Harpooner* took on board at Quebec detachments of the 4th R. V. Battalion, their families and stores, to land them at Deptford, England. Peace was restored, their long and arduous term of service in Canada was over. About midnight of the tenth of November, when all but the watch were below and many, most, were asleep, she was thrown upon St. Shott's, a few miles inside Cape Pine, and fell on her beam ends on the port side. Sharp rocks staved the bottom of the ship, and the waves washed furiously over her, carrying away masts, tackling, every boat but one, smashing berths and stanchions between decks, and burying not a few both of passengers and crew. When a report ran through the shivering survivors that a lighted candle had set fire to some spirits in the captain's cabin, not far from the magazine, control was at an end, panic revelled unconfined. Now and here was the opportunity, not of the cautious, the prudent, the sage, but of the brave man, of him who would give his life a sacrifice. Altruistic? Ay, as the Apostles were altruistic. Chief-mate Atkinson, somehow, got the remaining boat out astern, with two others jumped in, and, taking a line with them, the trusty three made for a boulder that loomed largely close by and against which the breakers fell with terrific roar. They reached the summit of the cliff, a hundred feet or more, how none of them could tell, heard above the din the shrieks of those on board, returned hail, but for what end? Their line was gone, their boat ground to splinters, the nearest settlement fifteen miles off, its existence doubtful, its direction unknown. In this extremity, no boats, no rescue, nor chance of any, death shrieking wildly for his prey, Captain Bryant stood collected, bethought him of a dog there was on board, made fast the log-line round his chest and middle, then flung him overboard. No record tells what agony these people went through as, day struggling with night made darkness visible, they strained their eyes to track the poor brute's course, now on the crest, now on the bosom of the wave, now pitched almost to the summit of the bluff on which Atkinson and his comrades cried aloud, cheering him on, now swallowed in the trough, the breakers lashing and rolling over him, their lives resting on a frail cord, on a dog, and he a shuttlecock for the waves.

It is the fashion now to call Byron pretty names, and many homilies have been built on that cynical epitaph wherein he contrasts the virtues of his dog with the want of them in man. There shall be no defence of him offered here. But, one would be inclined to think that the poet had cause to rejoice that he had a friend, true and leal, rather than, in this keenly intellectual age when, nine cases out of ten, friendship veers with the wind or adjusts itself to the barometer of fortune, to complain that he had not more than one. The reader, also, will be glad to learn that that friend was of the race most daring of his kind in extremity, most gentle in disposition, most faithful to man, around whose neck hang the medals of humane societies, was first discovered on these shores and takes his name from Newfoundland. Conscious, as it were, of what depended on him, the gallant creature cast from the *Harpooner* battles bravely with the storm, with no small toil reaches the summit of the bluff, then, his work done, disappears from history. To the log-line was knotted a rope, to the rope a hawser, to the hawser slings, to which all who trusted themselves, men, women, children, one by one, came safe to shore. All? All but one. His wife and daughter came scatheless through the flood; but Lieutenant Wilson, a stout, able man, we are told, could not maintain his grip on the rope. The company was scarcely planted on the rock out of the breakers' way, on that wild November morning, but a healthful son, who, in all probability, still flourishes in the West of England, was born unto the sergeant of the guard. The helpless mother was plucked from a watery grave, but the strong swimmer was swept under of the surf. Explain it how you will, it is the unlikely thing which comes to pass. Of the three hundred and eighty persons whose names were on the ship's roll, two hundred and six, in large measure veterans who frequently had faced shot and shell on this and on the continent of Europe, met their death near Cape Pine. One hundred and seventy-five were conveyed to St. John's, where, say the papers, “the merchants and gentlemen most promptly and generously came forward, in the most handsome manner, to the relief of the surviving sufferers.” A fortnight after, they set out for Portsmouth in the *Mercury*, of Poole, carrying with them vivid recollections, if of the terrors of St. Shott's, then of the hospitality of St. John's.

From Cape Pine to Norman is several hundred miles. The text-books have it that the island is three hundred and fifty miles long by two hundred broad, and contains thirty-six thousand square miles of surface, that is, four thousand more than Ireland, seven thousand more than Scotland.