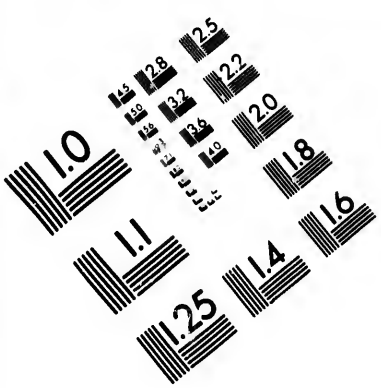


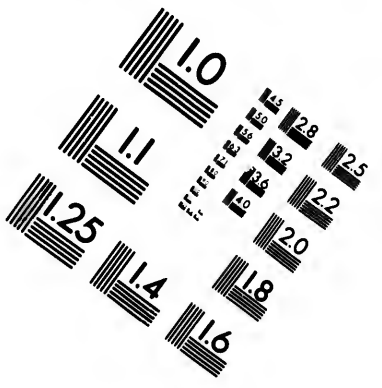
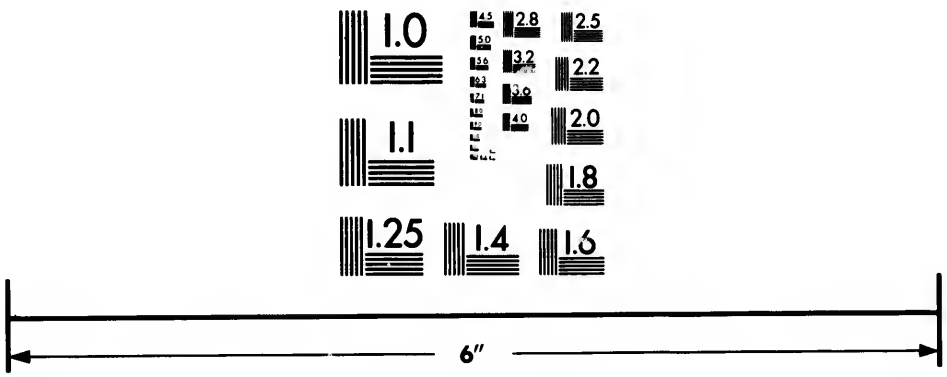
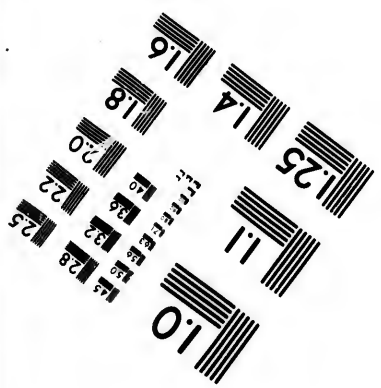


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)





Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

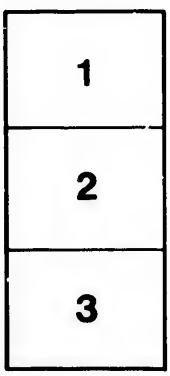
- ☐ Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur
- ☐ Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée
- ☐ Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- ☐ Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque
- ☐ Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur
- ☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/ Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- ☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- ☐ Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents
- ☐ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/ La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- ☐ Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/ Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- ☐ Additional comments:/ Commentaires supplémentaires:

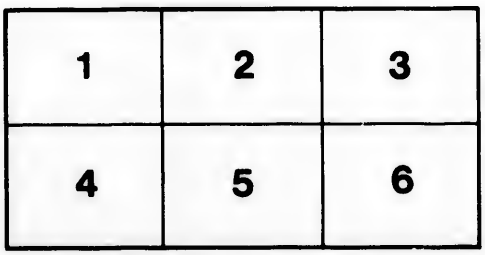
L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- ☐ Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur
- ☐ Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées
- ☐ Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- ☑ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- ☑ Pages detached/ Pages détachées
- ☑ Showthrough/ Transparence
- ☐ Quality of print varies/ Qualité inégale de l'impression
- ☐ Includes supplementary material/ Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- ☐ Only edition available/ Seule édition disponibla
- ☐ Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/ Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X ✓	28X	30X	32X





CANOEING ON THE COLUMBIA.

BY PROF. A. P. COLEMAN, Ph. D.
Of Victoria University, Cobourg, Ontario.

From the St. Lawrence to the Columbia is more than two thousand miles, but in these days when the earth is shrinking so fast, that is only a trifle; so that not long after making up my mind to visit the Big Bend gold region I found myself at Farwell on the Columbia, the nearest point by rail. But here commenced my troubles. Laporte, the gateway to the mines, was only fifty miles up the river. From the mountains opposite, one could almost see it far away in the long valley; but it seemed as hard to reach as the sources of the Nile. The Government had a party cutting a trail over the mountains, but at so slow a rate that my holidays would be finished before it was. My thoughts naturally turned toward the river; but there was not a boat in the town. There was one on the stocks, it is true, in a vacant lot by a tavern; but the two enterprising builders spent more time over a glass of whisky in the neighboring bar than over their work, so that the launch of their craft looked somewhat remote.

Heartily tired of the ugly and wicked little place with its log saloons and gambling hells crowded with navvies of all nations eager to spend their hard earnings as fast and as viciously as possible, I wandered one hot morning along the river, and, watching its muddy current, wished myself back among the Thousand Islands again. Loitering past the much needed, but little used, "City Bathhouse" floating on its platform of logs, all at once the yellow of fresh hewn pine struck my eyes, and before me lay a log canoe. Beside it stood three men in their shirt sleeves, deep in consultation and broiling in the sun. They had just come to the "city" for supplies. In five minutes they were persuaded to go up to Laporte; and in consideration of the sum of $12.50 I became a fourth partner in the dug-out, with the understanding that I should provision myself and do my share of the navigation.

When Farwell learned our intentions, it took a sudden interest in us. All the loafers and railway men, and they made up nine tenths of the city, proceeded to give us advice, often emphasized with profanity. "They were going up to the Big Bend too, when the trail was cut, or the river went down; but to attempt it now, with the river in flood—no, they were not fools enough for that." Some recommended us to have a look at the Dalles, five miles up, before we started; while others darkly hinted that within a week an empty dug-out would drift past Farwell and four more names be added to the list of missing prospectors. Pulling the canoe half a mile above town to avoid curiosity, we made ready for the start. The flour and beans and pork, the tent and rolls of blankets, and "dunnage bags" with our few personal effects were stowed in the canoe as she tugged at the rope. The French Canadian raftsman, whom we had chosen captain, took his place at the stern; an ex-army sergeant and I laid our clumsy oars in the row-locks; the fourth man, letting go the line, stepped into the bow, and off we swung into the current. At last, good-by, Farwell!

Splash went oars and paddles, and we pulled with all our strength, but to our dismay, the canoe went steadily down stream, stern foremost. The current was too much for us, and in a minute we should be drifting past the town to the delight of the kind friends who had offered such good advice. There was no help for it but to land, and when we stood on shore again, surely four more disconsolate men were not to be found in all British Columbia. But we were not to be beaten in this ridiculous way. Slowly we uncoiled the eighty feet of tow-rope, and throwing the end over our shoulders, the sergeant and I trudged off, dragging the dug-out, with the other two men as crew, against the stiff current. When I had been told the day before that taking passage by canoe meant walking along the shore and pulling the canoe after me, I had laughed at the idea. But even this was not the worst. The strip of muddy beach failed before long and we had to scramble along the top of the high bank, passing the line around projecting bushes and overhanging trees. At one point the crumbling bank gave way under my feet and I found myself up to the hips in the water. Our respect for the Columbia had very much heightened when toward the close of the second day we camped at the foot of the Dalles, only five miles from Farwell. The spot was wonderfully beautiful. The great Columbia valley had steadily narrowed as we advanced, till here the mountains of the Gold Range to the west crowded close against the rugged Selkirks to the east, jostling the angry river into a narrow cañon.

A sharp bend hid the rapids from our view, but the hoarse roar and the rags of white foam that came to us, foretold what was ahead. In the eddy where we landed there was a strange and ominous fluctuation of the water, at one moment sweeping in toward shore, then withdrawing till the canoe was stranded in the mud. It seemed like the frightened breathing of a creature just escaped from danger. Our camp, however, was thoroughly peaceful. The tea kettle, filled from a spring near by, swung from a sapling over a fire of drift-wood. Darkness came on, the shadows thickened in the dense woods behind us, and the firelight gleamed orightly on the Frenchman's wrinkled face as he watched the bannocks browning before the coals. After supper we chatted round the fire and I began to make the acquaintance of my partners. They had been navvies on the railroad but had grown tired of swinging a pick or wheeling a barrow under the rule of a "walking boss," and had clubbed their resources and started for the Columbia in search of freedom and of gold. They were decent fellows, but had not quite the qualities for an expedition like ours. However, I might have fallen into much worse company. When their pipes were smoked, my partners went to bed in the little tent, leaving me to roll in my blankets by the fire outside.

Next morning came the first ordeal. Our canoe, too heavy to lift, must be dragged up the rapids. We paddled through the slack water of the eddy and round the rocky point; and there lay our work before us, a mile of rapids foaming like the sea in a storm, chafing against black projecting rocks, whirling past steep parts of the cañon wall, now rushing in with fury, then smooth and glassy with strange upboilings from below. We had to speak loud to make our voices rise above the din and shoutings of the waters. We did not stop long to admire, but landed, two of us taking the rope and picking our way along the rocks till we reached a good foothold. Then, bracing ourselves, we hauled the canoe up, hand over hand, while the other two kept her in the right course with poles and breast line. Point after point was slowly gained, till at last in the turmoil of a heavier fall than usual the breast line broke and the canoe swung out into the breakers and

filled with water. The sergeant and I could no longer hold her. We were dragged over the rocks and were on the point of letting go when fortunately she dropped into an eddy and was once more under control. The oars and paddles were washed away, revolved a minute in the whirling eddy, and then went down stream. We got our breath again, bailed out, and watching till the current slackened a little, triumphantly dragged the canoe past the point, into smoother water above. And so the struggle went on till about noon, when the worst was passed ; and pulling our battered craft into a little side cañon we gave a wild hurrah for our victory.

A tramp through the woods brought us once more to the camp at the foot of the rapids, where we dined more sumptuously than usual, on a porcupine which had been so unlucky as to come within range of the Frenchman's rifle. We felt ourselves heroes and imagined ourselves already at Laporte able to laugh at the prophets of evil in Farwell. The afternoon's work of portaging our effects, which weighed about six hundred pounds, somewhat damped our ardor however. Heavily loaded we toiled up the steep hillside, following the course of a long overgrown portage path. The last trip was over just as evening came on, and my sympathy for hodmen and pack-mules was never more profound than at that moment.

Hewing out new oars and paddles we made a fresh start next day, and at first got along famously ; but alas for the confidence of man ! We presently came to a promontory so smooth that nothing without wings could make its way along the steep rocky wall ; while our rope would not reach around. Its base was swept by a fierce current against which our oars were useless. We landed and held a council of war. A mountain goat had been seen the day before and the Frenchman suggested that we should camp where we were, go hunting in the mountains, and wait for the river to fall. Having no rifle and very little time to spare I urged that we should cross the river and try the other side. There was of course the risk of drifting down into the more violent part of the rapids half a mile below, in which case none of us might have come through alive. My plan carried and we made ready for the venture. A moment's hesitation and then off ! We had little time to watch the dreadful speed with which we were slipping toward the breakers ; for every muscle was strained to make our point. A great surge broke over the edge of the canoe, half drenching us, but doing no further damage, and a moment after we swept into an eddy, safe, though the rapids roared just below.

Our canal-horse work began once more, though much hindered by the rising river. A succession of sunny days had melted layer after layer from the thousands of square miles of snow-field and glacier on the mountains through which the great river flows, and every valley brought down its tribute of ice water. But now the weather changed and a thunderstorm ushered in a rainy season in which the unreasonable Columbia swelled still more rapidly. We landed hastily to get our provisions under cover, and very soon the little tent was up and a camp-fire burning in spite of the rain. My companions lighted their pipes, and beguiled the long evening after supper by giving the story of their lives. The French-Canadian's quaint English gave a certain flavor to his tales of shooting rapids and running logs on the Ottawa and Wisconsin and he pulled his grizzled mustache with satisfaction as he recounted the jolly songs and dances of long winter evenings in backwood shanties while the snow drifted deeper and deeper outside. The sergeant had much to say of garrison life, and boasted of exploits in the British and American armies, for he had been a soldier in both. The third partner, Mac., a farmer's son, had chanced to be in Winnipeg during the boom, had grown suddenly rich by speculating in lots, and for some months played the man of wealth, until one morning he woke to find the bubble burst and his riches evaporated ; then he was glad to get work on the railway as an ax man.

My bed that night was not of the downiest, nor was my roof of the tightest. Notwithstanding a waterproof and my felt hat pulled over my ears, the driving rain would every now and then find me out under the spruce where I had taken shelter, and break my troubled sleep. The night seemed long, and the voices around, the rushing of the river, the patter of drops, the groanings of some tree, tormented by the storm, had all a note of melancholy. The coming of daylight brought no great relief. Driving mists scudded over the gray water or tangled themselves in the tree tops, and the narrow valley was roofed with leaden clouds hanging low on the mountain sides, till it seemed as if no ray of sunshine could ever reach us. The river had risen till it swept the bushes on the bank and made tracking impossible. Any attempt to move from camp brought down torrents of drops from the loaded bushes, so we huddled together in the little tent with a despondent feeling that things were against us. We all wished ourselves away from this drenched mountain side.

If five days of toil had brought us only fifteen miles on our way, how many days would it take to cover the thirty miles yet between us and Laporte? A squirrel discovered us, and worked himself into a fury over our intrusion. The Frenchman suggested shooting him for a stew, but reflected that the fragments left by a rifle bullet would hardly be worth stewing. Some blue jays, less strikingly dressed than their Eastern cousins, came near and scolded us roundly. It was a relief even to be scolded. All at once a strange event occurred. A rustling and crashing among the bushes startled us and made the Frenchman snatch his rifle ; but looking out we saw a man striding toward us, an athletic fellow with wonderfully arched chest and bold, restless eyes. Flinging his pack under a corner of the tent, he straightway made himself at home, drying his soaked clothing by the fire while he told us his errand. He was a prospector on his way to the Big Bend to examine a claim for the company that employed him. He carried ten days' supplies in his sack and proposed to make his way over the mountains to French Creek and back within that time. From his stories, it was evident that the greatest prospector or the greatest boaster in British Columbia stood before us ; however, his high spirits were contagious and our prospects suddenly looked brighter.

But this was not the only surprise of the day. Toward evening a shout and the splash of paddles drew our eyes to the river, where eight or ten men were paddling desperately to bring their heavy boat round against the current. They landed just below our canoe, and seemed a jolly crew, if rather rough and ragged. They were on their way from the gold region and had started that morning from Laporte, running down with the stream. "What were the prospects?" "Oh, splendid ! Pick up gold anywhere along the creeks," and each man thrust his brown hand deep into the pocket of his jean trowsers and pulled out specimens of quartz glittering with gold. Nevertheless, they advised us to turn back. We never could reach Laporte while this high water lasted. Then the hardy, gray haired leader said, "Come boys, we must be off, or we wont reach the Dalles to-night." "Well, solong, partner !" and into their bateau they jumped. We let go the line, the paddles struck the water, and away they went down the river, a picturesque sight till lost in the

mist. That night we were as cheerful as we had been gloomy in the morning. Inspired by the sight of gold and the words of our guest, Haskins, my partners felt certain of making a big strike, and began to lay plans for spending their share of the dust.

When Haskins set out next morning, I left my slow-paced partners and went with him. It would take too long to relate our adventures at length. The forest-clad slopes of the Selkirks form a purgatory for the traveler, even in fine weather, and rain adds five fold to the misery. We ploughed through the wet underbrush head foremost, like animated battering rams; zigzagged across labyrinths of huge fallen cedars, tormented by the thorny "devil's clubs" that grew among them; we splashed through marshes and lagoons, waded small streams, and bridged torrents with logs. Soon after we set out, Haskins cut his right hand to the bone with the ax he carried, so that it was useless the rest of the journey, and all the work of camping fell upon me. I bound up the wound with his only handkerchief, and advised him to turn back; but he pushed on the faster, urged by a sort of fury. After all our hardships we were stopped just this side of Laporte by a swollen torrent, too deep to ford, too violent to swim, and too wide to be spanned by any tree on its banks. Our provisions ran low, and we turned back disheartened, Haskins loading the forest gloom with endless curses. Meantime, the canoe had been slowly advancing, so that we met the party before our flour was quite run out. The dingy little tent and the brown faces of my partners were very welcome after the privation and wretchedness of our foot journey.

Once more on with the dug-out, Haskins, who was a skillful if reckless canoeman, taking command. The river was falling, and slippery stretches of wet, mossy bowlders, or sandbars, where the print of the lifted foot was quickly filled with water, afforded tracking ground. In other places the water was shallow enough for poling; and once or twice, as a blessed change, a great eddy bore us gently half a mile on our course, while the main stream rushed on its way a few rods off. The scenery grew even bolder than before. One towering summit, with a glacier gleaming blue and white on its flank, looked down on us more than half the way to Laporte. It seemed impossible to escape its silent presence, the embodiment of changeless dignity, compared with the fuming, muddy Columbia which nagged at its foot. At last, rounding a curve, Laporte was before us,—a ruined log house or two, a shabby tent on the low, grassy beach, and that was all. I confess to having been disappointed. However, it was truly "The Port," for navigation stops a mile or two above at the Dalles de Mort, where years ago sixteen miners met their end, giving the spot its ominous name of "Death Rapids."

A tramp of twenty miles over a fairly good trail brought us to the gold region, where a quarter of a century ago thousands of miners were at work, though now bushes and saplings have begun to hide the scars left on the landscape by their labors; and the lonely valleys are silent except for the sound of rain-swollen creeks. Eight million dollars in dust and nuggets are said to have found their way, in two or three summers, from this wild region into the great gold-loving world outside.

My holidays were nearly over, and after a few days of geological work, I made my way back to Laporte. Haskins was before me, however, and had coolly taken our canoe and slipped down to the Dalles on his way to Farwell. Fortunately for me, the trail was nearly finished, and parties were beginning to come in with horses; so that in two or three days a dilapidated professor with a heavy bag of specimens, rode a still more dilapidated pony safely into Farwell. Then good-by to the Columbia, and whiz and rush across the continent to meet my classes in the East!

THE FOREIGN ELEMENT AND PROHIBITION.

BY THE HON. ALBERT GRIFFIN.
Chairman Anti-Saloon Republican National Committee.

The temperance reformation of this age is an American movement. It originated and had its greatest development in this country. Previous to the Rebellion its progress was so rapid that the drinking saloon would have been suppressed long ago if that terrible struggle had not practically suspended temperance work for a dozen years.

The gospel temperance movement marked another era of progress, but, unfortunately, it was largely superseded by a legal and partisan crusade before enough men had been imbued with temperance ideas to make a general success on these lines. Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont had retained prohibitory laws. Kansas, Iowa, and Rhode Island indorsed prohibition, but there progress stopped. State prohibition gained its last victory in 1886, since which date seven states, according to the returns, have voted it down.

Liquor men are of course greatly elated, and the indifferent, the timid, and mere surface observers, generally suppose these votes indicate that the trend of thought is permanently against prohibition. I do not agree with these gentlemen, but admit the results prove that great mistakes have been made by precipitating contests without sufficient preparation and knowledge of the situation.

These disasters are explained by two overshadowing facts: First. A decided majority of the voters are not total abstainers, and while comparatively few drinking men can be relied upon to help pass and enforce prohibitory laws, a considerable number of temperance men for different reasons stand aloof, or take the wrong side. Second. The enemy has received a fresh army from abroad each year. I call attention to the following table, which gives the number of immigrants arriving each year since 1820, except those from British America and Mexico, of which no account has been kept since 1885:

Year.	Immigrants.	Year.	Immigrants.	Year.	Immigrants.
1820	8,385	1843	52,496	1866	167,787
1821	9 127	1844	78,615	1867	298,967
1822	6,911	1845	114,371	1868	282,169
1823	6,354	1846	154,416	1869	352,768
1824	7,912	1847	234,968	1870	387,203
1825	10,199	1848	226,527	1871	321,350
1826	10,837	1849	297,024	1872	404,805
1827	18,875	1850	369,980	1873	459,803
1828	27,382	1851	379,466	1874	313,339
1829	22,520	1852	371,603	1875	227,508
1830	23,322	1853	368,645	1876	169,886
1831	22,633	1854	427,833	1877	141,857
1832	60,482	1855	200,877	1878	138,469
1833	58,640	1856	195,857	1879	177,826
1834	65,365	1857	246,015	1880	457,257
1835	45,374	1858	119,501	1881	669,431
1836	76,242	1859	118,616	1882	788,992
1837	79,340	1860	150,237	1883	603,322
1838	38,914	1861	89,724	1884	518,592
1839	68,069	1862	89,007	1885	395,346
1840	84,066	1863	174,524	1886	334,263
1841	80,289	1864	193,195	1887	490,109
1842	104,565	1865	247,483	1888	546,889
					14,485,642

During the forty years ending June 30, 1860, the arrivals were 5,043,880; but during the next twenty years while the saloon was recuperating they amounted to 5,094,919; and during the eight years ending last June they were 4,346,843, with those from British America and Mexico not enumerated since 1885. Of the enormous aggregate of 14,485,642, the arrivals since 1860 have been 9,441,762. Moreover, during each decade, except the one covered by the Civil War, the immigration has largely exceeded that of any previous one, and there is nothing to indicate that the maximum has yet been reached. Since 1880, the annual arrivals have averaged 523,361 and they are likely to exceed those figures for the remainder of the century. The census of 1880 showed that 6,679,934 of our people were then of foreign birth and the number now approximates 11,000,000—more than one sixth of the entire population.

Nor do these figures tell the whole story. Fifty years ago the number of immigrants being small and widely scattered, their children were easily Americanized, but since then they have come in such multitudes, and are so congregated that their children do not so readily absorb American ideas and adopt American customs.

The census of 1880 showed that 8,288,662 of the natives of this country had foreign born parents—of whom 2,593,850 had Irish and 2,590,887 German mothers. The number of natives with foreign born parents are now about 10,000,000 and these with those born abroad exceed 20,000,000, constituting about one third of our entire population, and almost one half of the population of the northern states.

Here then is the gigantic automatic brake which causes the wheels of the temperance reform to move so slowly. All over the Union, with rare exceptions outside of Scandinavian communities, the localities that have the largest percentage of citizens of foreign birth or parentage are the ones in which the temperance cause is weakest, and the liquor power strongest. Where they constitute one tenth of the population, they run nine tenths of the saloons and furnish a very large part of their patrons and of the voters who willingly vote as their owners command. This is the element that paralyzes so many office holders and seekers who would prefer to do right. It was the newly enfranchized citizens of foreign birth in Rhode Island, that caused its Republican legislature to violate its pledges.

It is, of course, admitted that some immigrants and many more of their children are total abstainers, but the percentage is really small, and the exceptions among those of foreign birth are rare enough to be noticeable. This is not because they are especially depraved, but because most immigrants form saloon associations at once, and keep out of the range of temperance influences; while their children, being brought up amidst such surroundings, are naturally inclined to adopt the views of those they are most in contact with; and, to make a bad matter worse, temperance workers have made comparatively little especial effort to reach either parents or children.

The prospect is not, however, as gloomy as a pessimist might suppose. There are some favorable indications, and if the efforts are made, which I believe will be, the last dramshop on American soil will have been closed before this century ends. But, before showing what must be done to secure this result, I desire to call especial attention to another immigration table, arranged by nationalities, the first column giving the number in this country in 1880, and the other the annual arrivals thereafter.

IMMIGRANTS BY NATIONALITIES.

DIVISION I.

COUNTRY.	Living in U. S. 1880.	1881	1882	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	Total 8 Years
Sweden.	194,337	49,760	64,607	38,277	26,552	22,248	27,751	42,806	54,698	326,699
Norway.	181,739	22,705	29,101	23,378	16,974	12,356	12,759	16,269	18,264	151,806

DIVISION II.

COUNTRY.	Living in U. S. 1880.	1881	1882	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	Total 8 Years
England.	662,676	65,177	81,394	63,140	55,918	47,332	49,767	72,855	82,574	519,157
Ireland.	1,854,571	72,342	76,432	81,486	63,344	51,795	49,619	68,370	73,513	536,901
Scotland.	170,136	15,168	18,937	11,859	9,060	9,226	12,126	18,699	24,457	119,532
Wales.	83,302	1,027	1,686	1,597	901	1,127	1,027	1,820	1,684	10,869
Gt. Britain (not specified).	1,484	4	16	71	28	9	4	7	137	
British America.	717,157	125,391	98,293	70,241	60,584	38,291				392,802
Australia.	4,906	1,187	876	554	501	445	518	527	693	5,601
Denmark.	64,196	9,117	11,618	10,319	9,202	6,100	6,225	8,524	8,962	70,067
Switzerland.	88,621	11,293	10,844	12,751	9,386	5,895	4,805	5,214	7,713	67,925

DIVISION III.

COUNTRY.	Living in U. S. 1880	1881	1882	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	Total 8 Years
German Empire.	1,979,578	210,485	250,630	194,786	179,676	124,443	84,343	106,865	109,717	1,260,945
Austria.	135,550	27,935	29,150	26,625	36,571	27,279	28,680	40,265	45,811	262,316
Russia.	84,279	10,655	22,590	11,920	17,226	20,243	21,739	36,691	49,223	192,287
France.	106,971	4,227	6,003	4,821	3,608	3,498	3,318	5,034	6,454	36,958
Italy.	44,230	15,387	31,077	31,784	16,473	13,599	21,295	47,580	51,975	230,170
Holland.	58,090	8,597	9,427	5,249	4,278	2,689	2,314	4,506	5,845	42,905
Belgium.	15,535	1,766	1,431	1,450	1,576	1,653	1,300	2,553	3,215	14,944
Spain.	18,859	747	618	597	1,688	1,010	770	1,066	1,542	7,438
Asia.	2,761	11,982	39,629	8,113	510	235	310	615	843	62,237
Pacific Islands.	1,953	14	13	193	399	234	618	755	1,091	3,920
Africa.	2,204	25	32	56	13	44	56	26	42	294
Atlantic Islands.	7,641	1,098	1,488	1,443	1,301	1,700	1,117	1,279	1,644	11,070
Central America.	90,013	29	20	9	23	24	32	23	67	227
At Sea.	4,068	86	109	74	86	67	55	63	57	597

Table one contains Sweden and Norway, which are the only nations whose people generally take the American view of the temperance question. About eighty per cent of the Swedes and Norwegians in Kansas voted for constitutional prohibition, and a large part of them everywhere oppose saloons. In 1829, there were 173,124 distilleries in Sweden alone, whose population then amounted to only 2,890,000, but by 1850 moral suasion efforts had closed 129,124 of these. A law passed in 1855, closing private distilleries and subsequently amended, reduced the number to 457, and the production from 26,000,000 gallons to 6,900,000. Both countries have license and local option laws under which the traffic has been banished from large districts; and Sweden has also what is known as the Gothenburg system, which, in certain localities, puts the retail trade entirely into the hands of companies that have no interest in the profits which are turned into the public treasuries. This system worked well for a while, but does not grow in favor. However,