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TWO PROBLEMS IN SOCIAL STATICS.

II. Emigration from an American Standpoint: the Chinese Question.

THE gigantic and seemingly interminable struggle between labour and capital promises to be as cosmopolitan as it is protracted. For many generations it has been fiercely and uncompromisingly carried on in England, its latest culmination being the now celebrated South Wales strike. It has caused the development of Communism, Socialism, and the doctrines and practices of the *Société Internationale* in Europe. It has embraced with its ramifications the United States and Canada, ushering into existence the whole troublesome paraphernalia of Trades' Unions, nine hours movements, and strikes. Labour is naturally scarce on this continent, population not treading, as yet, very closely on the heels of subsistence. The labourers are, therefore, the better enabled to carry on the struggle with a measure of success which their European *confreres* may envy, but cannot hope to attain to. The capitalists are comparatively at their mercy, and it is not at all surprising that in their strait they should eagerly strive to increase, by every means in their power, the supply of labour in the country. To do so was the object of those who, generations ago, commenced the importation of negroes from Africa, and attempted to enslave the American Indians; and to do so is the grand aim of those who are now, and have for some time past, been engaged in the importation of Chinese, or what is popularly

but incorrectly termed the Coolie trade. The influx of Orientals to this continent bids fair to become one of the most important revolutions, both in its social, economical, and ethnical aspects, which have ever taken place since the day when Columbus first landed on its shores, and as such it is worthy of all and more than all the attention it receives. Our present object is to discuss briefly some of the bearings of this problem and its effects on the future condition of America, as well as on the progress of civilization all over the world. It will become apparent before long, though it does not seem to be clearly realized now, that there is a war of races growing out of the lesser war of labour against capital, and that the time is fast approaching when the most heartless and selfish of demagogues, as well as the most crafty and calculating of capitalists, will be compelled to think seriously of the danger which threatens all.

In proceeding to consider the problem of Chinese emigration to America, we shall be compelled, for want of space, to assume as true and accepted the ordinary estimate formed of the Chinese character, though it would not be a difficult task to show that even that estimate is none too low. The national intellect has always exhibited two somewhat paradoxical features: a capacity for making early and intelligent progress in the first stages of the arts and sciences, and an utter want of capacity, and apparently of inclination, to carry out improvements and inventions to their ultimate beneficial results. The former of these characteristics is shown by the antiquity among them of the arts of printing and paper-making, the use of the mariner's compass, the manufacture of gunpowder, etc.; and the second by the rudimentary condition in which these inventions are found even at the present day, and the limited extent to which they and others are applied to practical purposes. The same two intellectual phenomena are strikingly manifested in the peculiar stage of agglutination in which their language has from time immemorial existed, as if caught and crystalized in that state whilst still in its infancy. Morally, we have little to do with them at present in so far as theoretical ethics and moral sanctions are concerned; unfortunately their behaviour in practical life, both in their native land and foreign countries, is such as to make them exceedingly undesirable citizens until some radical change has been effected. Leaving out of view altogether the crimes, beastly and barbarous,

so much in vogue in China, we find gaming among the men and prostitution among the women to be almost universal on the Pacific coast of America. A gentleman writing from Ohio lately to the *Christian Union*, in reply to an article in favour of Chinese immigration, makes the following startling statements respecting the imported Coolies:

“They are human machinery; they are made abroad and simply rented to us. And these are to become our future manufacturers! Your author, to have done justice to his friends in the East, ought to have stated that these Coolies live secluded as a separate caste. Wives and families they have none, nor do they ever intend to have any in this country; but there are some four thousand five hundred Chinese women on the Pacific coast, of which number over four thousand two hundred are prostitutes, exported as such, bought at \$300 to \$800 a head by their countrymen in San Francisco, and by their countrymen exposed for purposes of prostitution. Our government, in connection with the Chinese authorities, has now stopped this beastly traffic, and, though the ulcer remains four thousand two hundred strong on the Pacific coast, the importation has ceased. Such is their social status in America, and such the future manufacturers of our Great Republic!”

Physically, the Mongolians are greatly inferior to the Caucasians, and, as in the case of the Negro, ethnical admixture can result only in the deterioration of the more favored race. But that feature of the Chinese character most pertinent to the present discussion, is the low standard of living which satisfies them, both with respect to the necessaries and comforts of life, and to social position and culture. Physical, moral, and intellectual inferiority may prove injurious to the ethnical character of the future inhabitants of America, since these will be a progeny arising from the admixture of superior with inferior races; but that evil is distant, and will only appear in all its magnitude to the curious and prying ethnologist of the twentieth or some succeeding century. The low standard of life among the Chinese, on the contrary, is operating seriously at present for evil, and its operations are likely soon to be extended by increased immigration.

Of course, the same law of increase of population\* operates in

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\* To quote from a previous article: “The capacity of mankind for increasing in numbers is greater than their power of multiplying the means of subsistence; in other words: the ratio of increase of mouths to be filled is greater (potentially, if not actually) than the greatest possible ratio of increase of the food to fill them.”

China as elsewhere, and it is there kept in check only by the impossibility of reducing any lower the standard of living. In all European countries, however densely peopled, room and food could still be procured for a much larger number of inhabitants, if those at present in existence would consent to live on lower fare, wear less comfortable clothing, and content themselves with less elaborate and expensive social and political institutions. But such is not the case with China. There the quality of food already in use is such, that a cheaper kind cannot possibly be procured; and when this fails, as it often does in Eastern countries, as it did lately in India, and still more lately in Persia, decimation of the population by famine is the inevitable result. A Chinaman will eat what a European will not touch, and what it is not desirable that he should. The food which would be no more than a necessary of life to the latter, would rank as a luxury with the former; and much the same distinction holds good with regard to everything else which goes to make up the standard of life. We might expect, *a priori*, that China would be over-populated, as in point of fact it actually is—a perfect hive of human beings, swarming with nearly four hundred millions of souls. As a natural consequence of this condition of things, dearths and pestilences are of frequent occurrence, sweeping away vast masses of the people, and creating vacancies which are almost immediately refilled by the unrestrained operation of the law of increase, the only effect of the removal of the pressure being the addition of a temporary impulse to the working of the law, instead of an elevation of the standard of life.

Let a stream of emigration once start from such a country, and what must be the result? Not, as past experience teaches, any amelioration of the condition of those who remain, but simply an opportunity for the more unrestrained operation of the law of increase of population—an opportunity similar to that provided by the sweep of famine or pestilence giving rise to increased mortality. Neither would the condition of the people be benefited, nor longevity increased, though as many were annually removed from the country as would be born, provided the reproductive power of the population were allowed unrestricted exercise. The only result would be to peopple other lands with an immobile, inferior, and, at best, but half civilized race. So sensible are the Chinese themselves of the fact that further increase of population is incom-

patible with even the present average length of life, that infanticide is openly resorted to in order to keep numbers in check; and as female children are more frequently the victims than males, the consequent deficiency of women leads to the commission of crimes fortunately unfamiliar to Caucasian ears.

For ages no emigration worth mentioning took place from China, owing to reasons too numerous and irrelevant to specify here, though the same crowded condition has there existed from the time when it first became known to Western nations. Contented with their low standard of life, and seemingly deprived of every motive which would lead to any improvement in their condition, the only places ever visited by the Chinese were the neighbouring Pacific Islands, while commerce with foreign nations was almost unknown and utterly abominated. But when gold was discovered, first in California and afterwards in Australia, a new career was opened up for the Celestials, and very soon they began to avail themselves of the means of egress thus furnished. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* for July 1852, says:

“The disasters resulting to China from its late war with us—the increase of taxes—the injury to commerce and employment in certain Provinces of the Empire—and the general unsettling of large masses of the people, as well as the partial infusion of European ideas in the maritime districts—have greatly broken up the apathy and stay-at-home spirit of the Celestials. No sooner did news of the gold-discoveries reach Canton than the mania seized upon them also; and the remarkable spectacle was witnessed of a nation which had kept itself apart from the rest of mankind since the deluge, coming forward to compete with its fellow-races for the spoils of the earth.”

Chinese emigration to America, therefore, dates back but little more than twenty years, and yet this short space of time has been long enough, as we shall presently see, to work a social revolution on the Pacific coast; what the next twenty years, with an influx increasing in geometrical progression, will accomplish, it would be now hazardous to predict. The migratory movement was at first, and for many years but slight in extent, and the emigrants were entirely of the male sex—men who came over for gold and returned to China with their earnings. Of late years, however, whole families have been in the habit of migrating *en bloc* for the purpose of settling, and in San Francisco alone there are now over 30,000 Chinese, of whom about one sixth are females. The

peculiar superstitions which once deterred a Chinaman from leaving his bones in a foreign soil have become almost completely broken down; the religious scruples which formerly stood in the way of emigration have been to a great extent overcome; we may therefore look for an indefinite extension of the number of those who are seeking to better their condition by migrating to other lands, all the more because the increase of population in China goes on with sufficient rapidity to keep the pressure up to the same pitch, no matter how rapid the efflux, or how extensive the exodus may be. The whole movement may not inaptly be compared, in its inception, its progress and its results, to the leakage of water through a Dutch dyke or an American levee. At first it comes in quantities so small and through an orifice so circumscribed that its operations attract but little attention. Once let the stream begin fairly to flow, however, while the pressure behind the embankment remains the same, and the most terrific results will soon ensue. So with Chinese emigration. At first the results were insignificant and continued so for many years; but the efflux has long since fairly commenced, and with the vast residuary power of reproduction which is sure to be brought into operation unless the standard of life can be raised, an indefinite increase in its volume may safely be predicted. Nor is there any likelihood of the movement coming to an end until all available space is occupied; for the ease with which superabundant population can now be got rid of will prevent any effort being made to restrict increase in China. In view of these facts, where is the desirability, not to say the necessity, of placing any restraints, other than those demanded by properly understood physiological laws, on the production of population in Europe? To do so would be to throw the uninhabited tracts of the earth's surface open to unrestrained Oriental immigration, to place a premium upon barbarism, and to do more than was ever done by Tamerlane or Zenghis Khan to retard the progress of civilization. It is not difficult to discern without an examination of dates that Mill wrote his *Political Economy* before the discovery of gold in California, and before Ah Sin ever ventured across the Pacific towards El Dorado of which he is constantly in search.

So much for the Chinese aspect of the question; if we turn to a consideration of the effects it has already produced in America, we will find our worst prognostications in process of fulfilment

before our eyes. Want of space compels us to refrain from attempting either to sketch the history of the movement or depict the barbarities incident to the Coolie traffic. Suffice it to say that, although purely spontaneous at first, and carried on in spite of the opposition of almost every class of Americans, it is neither the one nor the other now. Not only has it the capitalist for its ally and abettor, but organized effort and capital are regularly and increasingly employed in removing Coolies from China to almost every part of the Eastern and Southern States as well as California. Only a short time ago a proposal was made to the directors of the Samana Bay Company by those who are engaged in the traffic to land 30,000 Chinese labourers on the Island of Hayti. In fact the Coolie trade has come to be as purely a commercial speculation as the Negro slave trade ever was, the differences being mainly these two: that, while the Negro was kidnapped and carried off against his will, the Chinaman is willing and even anxious to take passage for a land where gold is abundant and where rice and dead rats do not constitute the staple food of the inhabitants; and while the Negro became the property of his new master in perpetuity, the Chinaman only binds himself long enough, at a known rate of remuneration, to wipe out the debt incurred by the advance of his passage money. Morally, the two trades are in different categories altogether, although the horrors of the middle passage are as frightful in the one case as in the other; economically, their results must be similar and almost identical. Let us see what these results are at present and what they are likely to become as time passes and the influx of the Chinese increases.

Knowing that a low standard of living means a rapid increase of population, and an equally rapid diminution of the wages of labour whenever competition comes into play, one might naturally expect a considerable depreciation in the salaries of employees, wherever the Chinese element has been introduced; but few of those who are unacquainted with the facts will be prepared to realize how far that depreciation has already gone. When Chinamen come into any locality they can of course afford to work for sums actually less than would suffice to provide the ordinary food and clothing of the Caucasian labourer, and yet be vastly better off both for present subsistence and future prospects, than they were in China. It is to the interest of the capitalist,

therefore, to employ them, and as European and American labourers will not condescend to accept the same remuneration, white labor is driven out of the market altogether. This is only what we might expect to take place, and experience fully bears out the expectation. Says the writer in the *Christian Union*, from whom we have before quoted :

“The Beaver Falls (Pa.) Cutlery Company have imported 165 of these Coolies to manufacture cutlery. In the early part of 1872 they gave employment to 350 English and American cutlers, and at that time they were sending off three car-loads of goods per week. Now only some 15 or 20 men are left at the works, and the Company do not send off as many gross per week as they did car-loads twelve months ago; and what goods they do manufacture by Coolie labour are worthless. Prior to the introduction of Chinese labour, Beaver Falls was a prosperous town. From 1868 to 1872 the population had increased from fifty to over five thousand. Since the introduction of Coolies the population are moving from the place at the same ratio, and property can be purchased for an old song. The 165 Coolies do not need even so small a concern as a ‘one-horse’ grocery to supply their wants. They do not expend one dollar in the improvement of the town, in building churches, or supporting schools. Every shop-keeper in the place might shut up his establishment so far as their trade is concerned, and as for the country at large benefiting one iota from their genius, either inventive, literary, mechanical, or through any other channel, the idea is preposterous. They are exactly what they seem, human machines, made abroad and imported into this country free of duty. And we think we have a perfect right to demand if these machines are imported free, that English cutlery, French goods, and German industries shall come here without a tariff. So much for Coolie labor at Beaver Falls.”

The importation of Chinese into Pennsylvania is of recent date; on the Pacific coast, where it has been going on for many years, the effects are much more apparent. A few months ago an article on this subject appeared in the *Phrenological Journal* containing the following:

“Less than 100,000 Coolies have been imported into California, and yet they have enabled the capitalists to control the labour market. Previous to the introduction of Coolie labour, cigar makers commanded \$30 per week; now they receive only \$25 per month, and the scale of descent is true of other trades as well. Were 50,000 to be introduced into New England, or twice as many into New York, the labour market would be similarly affected. Generally speaking, were Coolies in number equal to 10 per cent. of the employed classes, to be introduced into the United States,

the employer would be able to make his own terms; all the forces of (Trades) Unionism to the contrary notwithstanding, and the results of years of struggle would be lost. But the introduction of Chinese labour to this extent is by no means impossible or even improbable. It has been done in California; experiments with Coolie labour are taking place in all the Southern States; already New England manufacturers are threatening its introduction into cotton and woolen manufactories; and generally, the attention of capitalists has been everywhere directed to the Mongol as equal to the solution of the problem: How shall the aims of Unionism be thwarted?

We need not dwell on the results of Chinese immigration, and its effects on the struggle between labour and capital, any longer than merely to indicate what seems to be its inevitable ultimate tendency. Evidently the available supply of Chinese labour is practically inexhaustible, owing to reasons already sufficiently dwelt upon, to which might be added the rapid increase of the Chinese element in America, due to a decreased rate of mortality as compared with China, and also to a larger number of births in proportion to the whole population. It is, moreover, certain that in a few years, if the present movement is allowed to go on unimpeded, a great proportion of the capital expended in the employment of manual labour will be expended amongst the Chinese, seeing that competition will compel even the unwilling capitalist either to adopt the same course as his less scrupulous brethren or leave off employing his capital in manufactures or even agriculture. What then will become of the millions of white labourers? They must either reduce their standard of living so as to be enabled to compete with the Chinese on fair terms, or they must retire from the contest and leave the Celestials to walk the course without opposition. But where can they retire to? It may be admitted that if Chinese labour could be excluded from British America this contingency would be a most favourable one for us; the extremity of our neighbours would then indeed prove our opportunity. But we need expect no other final result from this movement than a deluge of Chinamen here as well. Before many years white labour will, in all probability, be put on its trial in this country against the new alliance between an element of civilization on the one hand and one of barbarism on the other. That we are conjuring up no impossible or even improbable case may be perceived at once from the fact that the labourers of New

England perfectly understand the situation and appreciate the danger, while the capitalists are watching with intense interest and ill-concealed exultation the successful issue of the experiments at present on foot. The ultimate tendency must be to exclude white labour from the market altogether; but the matter cannot end here. As the Chinese become naturalized and domesticated on this continent their saving propensities will soon place in their hands the control of a large amount of capital, and this means the exclusion of the Caucasian capitalist from the sphere of his present operations as well as his employee. The superior intelligence of the European races ought to be more than a match for Oriental encroachments; but we must remember that all the selfish intelligence of one class of whites is at present employed in driving out the other, and when their own day of evil comes they will have nowhere to turn for support or assistance against a monster which they themselves have cherished and fostered till neither force nor ingenuity any longer avails for its control. Of all the Mongolian and Turanian hordes which have swept over civilized countries during the whole course of history, none ever exercised so great power or worked to so much advantage as this; and the danger to civilization is all the greater since it has for its ally all the selfish intelligence and power of the most intelligent and powerful class, and because its operations are so insidious that it makes hosts of friends even among well-meaning persons by the aid of one or other of a variety of plausible pleas.

What, then, is to be the solution of this Chinese problem? Are the Orientals to be allowed to pour into America, to drive out the white labourer by competition, to lower the standard of living and increase the population in a corresponding ratio, and to be the means of deteriorating physically, mentally and morally, the superior races with which they must in the long run be intermingled? Or are steps to be taken, in view of impending danger, to check the movement while such a course is still possible? Appealing to the enlightened patriotism, or even the enlightened self-interest of employers would be futile; for experience warns us that capital recognizes, as a rule, no motive but selfish cupidity, some would-be-reformers of the method of Political Economy to the contrary notwithstanding. It would be contrary to all our knowledge of human nature and the results of keen competition, to suppose that any employer of labour would continue to employ

that which costs him most, while his fellow-capitalists were able, by ignoring his patriotic scruples, either to undersell him or force him to content himself with smaller profits. Moreover, the persistent and seemingly perverse attempts of American labourers to control the rate of wages and the innumerable annoyances inflicted on employers by means of unions, strikes, and leagues of various kinds, hardly leave the capitalist any choice. In point of fact they compel him in self defence to look for some kind of labour which will be more easily controlled than that of the average American employee.

Presupposing that it is desirable to meet and check-mate the Chinese movement, there seem to be only two ways in which this can be accomplished.

The importation of Coolies might be prohibited by legislation. Very much can be said in favour of such a course, and, as the Celestials would be exceedingly awkward material for the smuggler to deal with, there can be little doubt that legislative prohibition could be made effectual. Paradoxical as it may appear, such interference, though belonging to a species of legislation always to be regarded with suspicion, can, for the present at least, be unanswerably defended by the very arguments on which the whole protective fiscal policy of the United States is based; that is to say, if the argument of the protectionist is a valid one, so also is the plea of the advocate for legislative interference with the Coolie trade. The whole case may be thus briefly stated: the labourer represents to a large extent the consumer of manufactured and imported goods; a duty is imposed on these for the benefit of the home manufacturer or employer of labour and to the detriment of the labourer, to whom it enhances the cost of living; at the same time, the law allows to the employer the privilege of importing cheap labour from abroad, to the further detriment of the labourer, who is thus forced by undue and unnatural competition to reduce his demand for wages or go unemployed; in both ways, therefore, the profits of capital are enhanced by curtailing the remuneration paid for labour. It is confessedly within the province of the Legislature to interfere with and abolish free trade in food and raiment, which constitute the raw material of labour; why should it, then, be considered an outrage to interfere with the supply of labour itself, in so far as it is affected by importation? That this view of the case is understood and will be acted on by the labouring classes, is becoming every day more apparent. It is

not yet many months since, at a somewhat noted indignation meeting held in Boston, to protest against the introduction of Coolies into the boot and shoe trade, resolutions were passed, affirming that the problem had to be settled in some way, and if the ballot did not suffice the bullet would. Legislative interference might fairly be invoked, we believe, on far higher grounds than even those indicated above. Everything that concerns the general well-being of the community may legitimately become subject to legislative control; and if it can be clearly shewn that the influx of Chinese is detrimental to the best interests of the community, as we believe it to be, in even more important senses than those dwelt upon in this article, then legislative interference with the Coolie traffic is not only legitimate but imperative. This is true, even if we leave out of view altogether the nefarious character of the traffic itself, which, if the reports of some of those engaged in it can be relied on, is little better than the African slave trade was. No other question appears likely to affect the future welfare of this continent, nay, even the very existence of European races over a large part of it, so closely as this Chinese problem, the real magnitude and difficulty of which appears scarcely to have dawned as yet on the minds of the vast majority of even thinking men. Some time ago, a number of American gentlemen interested in the matter requested John Stuart Mill, to give his views on the propriety of Legislative interference; and the latter, while acknowledging its legitimacy on both the higher and lower grounds we have indicated, thought the time for such interference had not yet arrived. There we must, with all due deference to the opinion of so great a political economist, dissent *in toto* from his conclusion. If legislation is ever to be resorted to as a solution of the question, now is the time; action should not be postponed until a period has arrived when the numbers of the Chinese have been increased to such an extent that the whole rate of wages all over the continent has been reduced to a half or a third of what it at present is.

But, failing legislative interference, or even independently of it, there is another check which may be resorted to. In order to counteract the forces at present operating to impregnate America with Orientalism of the most pronounced and unprogressive type, immigration from Europe should be encouraged in every legitimate way. From this it will appear more clearly than ever that it is neither necessary nor desirable to impose any artificial restraints

on the growth of population in Europe. No such restraints exist in China, and their introduction is highly improbable. Is it a desirable thing that European races, the most advanced in civilization now of any in the world, and the most capable of making future progress, should be kept from spreading by the operation of uncalled for restrictions, while the still vacant portions of the earth's surface are being rapidly filled up with Chinese? Apparently the three great races, the Gothic, the Slavonic and the Mongolian, are destined to divide the habitable world between them. Hitherto the Slavonian extension has taken place almost entirely by land, and even now it is pressing in central Asia upon the borders of China. The Mongolian race has for centuries stood still in a land filled to overflowing, and including within comparatively narrow limits nearly one half of all the population of the globe. The Gothic race alone has been in modern times the great colonizer, as the Greeks and Phœnicians were in the early centuries of history. Now all this is changing; the flood-gates, which had for ages restrained the pent-up population of the East, have fairly broken loose. The Pacific slope of this continent has received a large accession of Mongolians; they are finding their way east of the Rocky Mountains in rapidly increasing numbers; and they are likely ere long to form a large proportion of the population of Australia. Westward Ho! has been the cry of the European since the days of Columbus. Eastward Ho! will henceforth be the watchword of the Celestials. The wave and counter-wave have fairly met on the Pacific coast of America, and the cry of distress from the Caucasian labourers there shows the force of the collision. What the end of the struggle will be can scarcely be considered doubtful so long as the inferior race has a large proportion of the intelligence and all the wealth and political power of the superior one working in its favour. Without indulging in predictions, enough has perhaps been said to show that the movements of the nations and the warfare of races are not yet done, and that history as well as social statics has problems for the future to solve of greater import and magnitude than any that ever disturbed the minds of our forefathers, or even enter now into the thoughts of the mere dreamers who love to call themselves practical men, but whose highest boast is that they never deal with any question that will not rank in the category of the shallowest expediency.

WM. HOUSTON.

## A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT;

OR,

THE MYSTERIES OF THE DOG'S NOSE.

### CHAPTER V.

“**A**H!” said Delaval, as he stooped over his host, probing and dressing the wound: “time has told, and sooner than we looked for, that the work of ‘tumbling the landlords’ has begun. And now to discover the miscreants!” said he, finishing with deft fingers his self-assumed task. Then he resumed, as if a thought had just occurred to his mind:

“It would not surprise me if our friend Bralligan counts for something in this business.”

“Bralligan! always Bralligan? Why, what the mischief makes you suspect him?” broke in the Colonel, testily.

“No matter! If he is innocent there will be no harm done. It is just possible we may find a clue, nevertheless. So I will just make out a warrant for his apprehension, which you can sign; and we will have this affair sifted.”

“Nonsense, man!” replied the uncle. “We are not in France, where they can arrest people on mere suspicion.”

“No! but we are in Ireland, where habeas corpus is suspended, and which in point of fact is under military law. These are not times to stand upon ceremony; and with or without warrant, I shall take it upon myself to institute a strict search for the assassin, else were I derelict of duty both to the public safety and to one whose security I am bound to seek by every obligation, whether of love or relationship.”

“I will be no party to any vexatious proceedings against an honest fellow like Barney, you may rely upon that, Delaval,” said the Colonel; “I would as soon suspect my son there, who risked his life to catch the scoundrel.”

“Well, I will myself assume the responsibility. But it is strange,” continued the Frenchman suspiciously, “that coming so close upon them, as Monsieur my cousin must have done, he could find no trace whatever. Did the earth swallow them up? Did they vanish in smoke? They could not have run along the naked hill-side without one glimpse being seen of them, either from

behind or from beneath. They could scarce, fleeing in such haste, fail to leave behind them some token of their presence."

"Come, leave off bothering, Delaval," cried the Colonel impatiently; "Don't you see the boy is sick of it all? And no wonder: I'm sure I am."

"An instant, Monsieur. Did you not see any foot-prints; any article by chance left behind? Anything whatever?" and he eyed the boy keenly.

"You're worse than any Old Bailey cross-examiner, man," said the wounded man, more and more impatient. "Did you expect the boy on horseback to scent the trail like a hound; or to have time for such finickin nonsense, when, for aught he knew, his father might be dying down below? To hear you talk, one would think you suspected my child of being in collusion with my intended murderers."

"Well, this can wait," said the Frenchman, breathing hard; "I am off to the nearest barracks, and will have a *peloton* of dragoons along to range the country. But, in going, will you lend me some of your people till we ransack this man's hut?"

"Do as you like and have done with it," answered the Colonel, out of all patience, and wondering much at his nephew's persistency.

With a low bow of acknowledgment for his uncle's tardy permission, the Frenchman withdrew; but the sharp glance of the youth detected the expression of baffled malice that distorted his cousin's visage as his parting "*au revoir!*" was uttered.

Crossing the hall, Delaval encountered his sister. Three slight gestures, a shake of the head, a tap of the finger on his bosom, and a backward glance towards the apartment he had quitted—with a responsive look of intelligence on her part, was all that passed between the two, and they each went on their several ways,—she to mount guard in the sick room, and he to find or forge proof of Bralligan's guilt.

The Colonel, stretched on the *fauteuil*, with his bandaged arm supported by a cushion, had fallen into an uneasy, feverish slumber. Calvert, behind the sweeping maroon curtains of the deep bay-window, with his right hand thrust into his bosom, was gazing dreamily out over the lawn. Marie's quick eye took in every detail ere the door softly closing behind her announced her entrance.

With a look of anxious sympathy, just a trifle overdone, she surveyed the recumbent form of the sufferer, then with elaborate caution made her way towards the window, where the youth, embarrassed, had risen to greet her.

Motioning him to resume his seat, she stole behind him, and, gracefully bending, imprinted a light kiss on his brow.

"Poor child!" she murmured, "thou hast had trouble. The blue eyes are dimmed, the bright countenance is pale and altered. The good father hath been well nigh taken from thy head; and thou knowest not where lurks the foe. Thou wouldst give thy young life to protect, to avenge him. Thou hast thy suspicions; thy suspicions of a friend! But friendship has its dues as well as filial love. There is a sombre, there is a mysterious conflict between the claims of the one and of the other. For the moment thou art the arbiter of destiny. A life and a death hang upon the next cast of the die thou holdest in thy grasp."

And her sliding hand suddenly closed on the youth's wrist, the wrist of the hand hid in his bosom, that all this while had been unconsciously fingering the damning evidence of his humble friend's guilt.

"The die is in thy fingers," continued she. "The moment has come for the cast: which way shall it be thrown? Death to thy father, or death to thy friend?"

"Neither, traitress! I see it all!" exclaimed the youth, as with a sudden motion he disengaged himself, flung open the sash, and leaped out on the lawn. \* \* \* \* \*

Why this sudden rudeness? what had the youth seen?

We will explain. \* \* \* \* \*

Fortified by the Colonel's reluctantly accorded assent to his proceedings, Delaval had, as we have seen, started on his self-imposed task of discovery.

Hastily mustering three of the serving men, he communicated to them his orders; and the party of four were speedily under way at a smart trot.

As they were nearing the park gates, the sudden clear note of a thrush from a coppice on the right, arrested Delaval's attention. Stealing a glance searchingly around, he pulled up, signing to his men to go ahead, whilst he pretended to be engaged lengthening his stirrup leather.

No sooner had his companions swept round the turn and out of

sight, than a head might have been seen peering cautiously forth from a clump of foliage.

A few rapid words were exchanged; a hand was flung up, and a shining object sent flying through the air, which, being cleverly caught by the Frenchman, was instantly secreted. A second more, and the latter was out of sight.

Instantaneous as had been this whole transaction, it had been seen notwithstanding.

The dreamy, abstracted gaze of the youth in the bay window, with the fair girl hanging over him and lulling him by her blandishments, had unconsciously dwelt upon the expressive bit of pantomime we have described. Still, no impression whatever was left on his mind by the manœuvre.

But the flash of the flying object, and the hasty action of the Frenchman in concealing it, coinciding at the moment with the significant word and act of the sister, as her hand closed on his own wrist: all this revealed to him as by a sunburst the whole dark intrigue.

Retract then, if it please you, fair reader, your virtuous indignation at the want of gallantry displayed by our hero, and his flagrant insensibility to female charms, when, with the by no means courteous remark we have quoted, and the equally discourteous act that accompanied it, he broke loose so summarily from the siren's witching enchantments.

You can better imagine than I describe how a thoroughly incensed and humiliated beauty can look and feel.

Only I should not like to have been the exciting cause of the greenish glitter that burned luridly in those eyes' speaking depths, nor of the upward curl of the lip that showed the white, clenched teeth like the snarl of a tigress.

Only one word hissed out from the ruby lips, now white and distorted by passion, and that word, I am sorry to say, was a hearty commination, unfit to be recorded here.

Very naughty! you will say. But then, lovely woman at times does take a naughty fit! and, only think of the provocation, a woman, very lovely, very French too, with all her dread artillery of love-glances, wreathed smiles, silver tones, and inebriating caresses brought into play; and to be repulsed, to be outraged, and with the heinous aggravation of an opprobrious, insulting epithet superadded, and this too by a youth a mere boy, hitherto

her bond slave and blind adorer! In the moment of assured victory to have her whole deep-laid train thus exploded about her own ears!

What wonder that her pent-up irritation found relief in a roughly aspirated "Sac-r-re!" that would have better beseeemed her blaspheming trooper of a papa.

Thus at least judged the Colonel, who started up in amazement from his slumber, and, casting a bewildered look around, cried:

"Why, Marie is that you? Do you know I could have sworn I heard your father's voice blaspheming like a Turk amongst the Russians, as the sainted man was used to do when his blood was up?"

We will leave the sainted man's child to explain the seeming anomaly to the puzzled Colonel, which she speedily did to his perfect satisfaction, in a way peculiar to ladies when caught in a corner, by simply assuring him, with an angelic smile and a bewildering caress, that it was only his own unsanctified imagination that was in fault.

Meanwhile, what was Calvert about, and whither had he gone after his abrupt *exit*?

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## CHAPTER VI.

WHILST we have been wasting time in accounting for our hero's apparently irrelevant, and certainly irreverent remark, that young gentleman himself has lost none. Slipping round to the stables, he ordered out—to Larry's lasting wonderment—and backed—for the second time that day—his notorious bog-trotter of a mare.

"See what it is to do well in this wurruld!" remarked the groom reflectively; "there's ould Inkerman, becaze he wouldn't do a ha-porth but bolt, an' rair, an' fling hissself an' the young squireen! Jist look at him now; left to do nothin' but race round his paddock, and kick up his heels, an' snicher wid the laughter at that fool of a mare that *bid* to run so well this marnin' they can't kape the saddle aff her! But holy Moses! he's sure to break her wind if he hould on for a mile like that! Sen' it ben't his own neck 'll be in it! But it's a thruve word, 'The runnin' harse gets the runnin' road.' What's he affther at all at all? Maybe it's run aff wid him she is, sure!"

And truly the youth's running appeared wild enough. Not

staying to follow the winding avenue, he made a straight course across the lawn and the sunk fence that separated it from the surrounding woody enclosure. Tearing through the fir plantation, he cleverly leaped the post and rail fence at the corner nearest the stone bridge he and his father had crossed in the morning.

Pausing on the crown of the arch, he scanned the roadway before him, stretching away to the left.

There! half a mile ahead, and within a few furlongs of the wooded slope of the hill, he was evidently making for—there was the object of his pursuit—evidently the same, the hidden interlocutor of the Frenchman; the donor of the shining object which had aroused Calvert's suspicions.

His motions betrayed that he was anxious to avoid recognition. From a rapid stride his pace changed to a run as he saw himself observed.

Thinking, of course, the broken ground we have already described to be impassable for a horse except at a walk, the fugitive struck across it.

Confident in his beast's ability, Calvert immediately followed suit, thus saving a considerable *détour*.

And now commenced an exciting race between the rider and the runner as to which should first gain the sheltering wood.

By a thump fixing his *caubeen* more firmly on his head, the man settled to his work, with his figure bent forward, his elbows thrown back, and the long tails of his frieze coat flying level behind him.

Calvert, encouraging his mare by voice and hand, the good beast put forth all her power and made tremendous running. Some of her leaps were positively frightful—over deep, brown pools where the peat-diggers had been at work, and straight across bogs that even the frightened fugitive avoided.

He had nearly overhauled his man, had pulled out a pistol and was shouting to him to "stop or he would fire," when suddenly he felt the beast under him rising to another long leap, and then, with a shock that all but sent him over her head, she was down—down to the withers in deep, black, oozy slime, with a treacherous mantling of green. No foothold for beast or rider; no human help in sight. With a taunting laugh, his antagonist in the race had plunged out of view in the wood. Truly, to the hapless youth the case seemed desperate! Not so to his beast though.

With a rapid, churning motion, she tramped and tramped, till, getting her hind feet well under her, she made another frantic plunge forward. Not half a yard, but still something!

Again, and yet again was the same manœuvre executed, till at last the gallant animal, after a mighty struggle, brought her rider safely through to firmer ground.

There he had leisure to cast a look around, and see what had become of his quarry. No one in sight. Coasting round the edge of the wood-belt, he peered into its recesses,—all in vain.

“Fox stole away!” muttered Calvert in chagrin.

At this instant a huge stone rolling by drew his eyes aloft.

There! far up the hill, between him and the sky, a wrathful countenance, and a fist shaken at him with impotent menace,—an instant seen, and the next gone! and that was all.

Where had he seen that face? and the threatening action, how strangely familiar!

Ah! he had it now. His friend of the morning! All was becoming clear. Oh, to catch the rascal! Is it worth while trying? “Whoosh! hirroo!! get up you brute!” and his excitement breaks out in wild cries and a storm of blows directed at his exhausted mount.

No use though. He must resign himself to the inevitable. His beast, badly blown with her recent exertions, cannot be induced to repeat the break-neck charge up-hill of the morning. Nay, jibbing and balking, the premonitory symptoms of rebellion on the part of *Bob-na-sheelah* are beginning to appear.

“Soho! gently, lass, gently. We’ll give it up then!” says Calvert, and in token of her approval of the conditions of peace, she subsided at once from the abnormal position of a biped that, for the last minute, she had by fits and starts assumed, into the more usual one of a decent, four-footed plodder. Her ears, from being viciously flattened against her neck, now erect themselves, and point in a business fashion forward.

Thus they began the ascent at last. Slowly and cautiously, but with sure steps, the mare wound her way laterally along the face of the hill.

Dismounting, to ease her a little, the youth faced round, and found himself some hundreds of feet over the level of the Bay beneath. The fresh ocean breeze lifted his hair and cooled his heated brow. The afternoon sun was lowering its course to where

the old ruined castle crested the Dog's Nose. The old castle! was *that*, then, the haunt that the scoundrel he had been in chase of was struggling to gain?

Very probable. How had he not thought of it before?

Cursing himself for his stupidity and tardiness, he faced the hill again, and his brute lightened of his weight, followed on as swiftly as he chose to lead. A hard climb, and at last he came on a sheep-walk not far from the brow of the ridge, and trending in the desired direction. Leaping on his now freshened beast, she started on with him at a smart trot. Ten minutes more riding in and out among the scattering bushes and low-lying trees, whose branches, stretching inland from the cutting Atlantic winds, at times almost swept him from the saddle, and he emerged on the green, close-cropped turf that marked where the outer court and glacis of the old castle had been.

A deep fissure, running sheer down for aught he knew, to where the yeasty waves surged and broke far beneath, formed a natural moat.

At its narrowest point, shewing where the drawbridge formerly spanned the gulf, stood the old arched gateway, with its rusty port-cullis bars and teeth still pointing downwards, and crumbling turrets flanking it on either side.

Putting his beast across the yawing chasm, and entering the gateway, the youth rode up the winding acclivity, the clashing hoofs wakening strange echoes in the long-deserted ruins.

Hopeless now of recovering the lost scent, he was riding carelessly round where the horse-track widens into the central court-yard, when he was startled at sight of a human figure.

Not that he had come in search of evidently; and yet one not unfamiliar either, as his ingenuous countenance speedily shewed.

(To be continued)

## SONNET.

A GRAVE we hollowed in the snow-white sands,  
 And buried Love beside the shimmering sea ;  
 Then o'er the spot we bent with clasped hands,  
 And said farewell, at parting, you and me.  
 I question now :—Was it to each we spake,  
 Or to the god that in the sands lay stark ?  
 To him t'were vain :—our words could never break  
 The stillness of his dwelling, locked and dark.  
 Tides ebb and flow with angry fret and swirl,  
 Hither and thither proudly sail the ships,  
 But undisturbed the slumber of our pearl,  
 Utter, eternal is the god's eclipse.  
 So unto each the word was said, and we  
 Are strangers since Love's burial by the sea. E. B. G.

## SONNET.

TO PENETRATE the mists that veil the sea  
 I strive in vain—a weary blank it seems,  
 Yet there my ship with pennons flaunting free  
 Do I behold in all my nightly dreams.  
 She comes, she goes, as ebbs and flows the tide,  
 Tricked out with flags as for a holiday ;  
 So, years ago, with much of hope and pride,  
 Before the winds, I saw her sail away.  
 Then I was young, but now my hair is gray,  
 My eyes are dim with watching, and men laugh  
 And point at me, as down the busy quay  
 I totter daily—on my oaken staff  
 I lean my head—my tears fall down like rain,  
 For that brave ship of mine will ne'er return again.

E. A.

## A TOUR THROUGH DANDERVILLE.

(Concluded.)

WE were now passing by a fine row of cottages that had beautiful gardens, and good tidy outhouses behind them. "Now," said Mr. Sharp, "I will show you something, and try if you can tell its meaning." He pointed me to a man crouching in the corner of his garden, close beside the fence which divided it from his neighbour's. He was blowing lustily at a fire of charcoal which was all in a glow. He was perspiring freely, his face was very red, and he seemed very much excited. I saw him take up both hands full of burning coals and cast them over into his neighbour's garden. I saw his neighbour quietly walk out of the house and put his foot on the glowing embers, and stamp them out. "Well" said I, "that man is certainly a fool, who burns himself for the sake of setting fire to other people's premises." "You may well say so," replied my friend, "that man lives in the fire for the purpose of having burning coals to throw at other folks. He is known in Danderville by the name of Spiteful-Bill. His neighbour Forgive'm-all, is sadly tried with him. But the one has far more pleasure in extinguishing sparks, than the other has in kindling them. Spiteful-Bill has been seeking revenge on his neighbour, because his hens scratched up his flower-bed, no doubt he will some day manage to burn Mr. Forgive'm-all's house and his own along with it. In the meantime, he has gone into the house to suffer the pain of burnt fingers, and cool off suddenly enough to give him a bad cold. Forgive'm-all will probably go round with oil and cotten to dress his wounds and send somebody to do his work for him till he gets better. There are a good many people in Danderville who have burnt themselves in trying to burn others, and they groan a great deal. They have taken colds from getting over-heated in kindling fires, and their cough is like a continual bark, and their expectoration is nasty, making a great deal of noise and dirt in Danderville."

We were then passing down the street in front of a fine new house—It was painted white with green shutters. There was a very neat garden in front of it just newly laid out, and surrounded by an ornamental white fence. The whole place exhibited good taste, and promised to be a very beautiful one. Close beside it,

was a dirty looking neglected house, appearing as if it might have at one time or another smelled, but had not tasted paint. The fence was broken down, and the garden filled with withering grass. In the dirty back-yard was a stagnant pool of filthy water, and in it was a man standing up to his knees in the water and all bespattered with mud, holding a great dripping mop in his hands. Every now and again he dipped the mop into the dirty water and with a great swing and a sharp jerk of his muscular arms sent a shower of spatters hard against the new white house. When he saw the mud sticking on the paint in great daubs, he laughed maliciously, and we could hear him saying: "I'll show you whether your house is any whiter than mine." We both knew this worthy citizen of Danderville very well, and passed him as quietly as possible, in case we might get a shower from his mop for the sole purpose of make our clothes look as dirty as his own. He lays his account to bespatter everybody who is any cleaner than he is himself. He has a talkative wife, and a large family, who can bake mud pies and throw dirt more expertly than anybody in the town. We will not write the name in case it might blot the paper.

We crossed the street and stood on the side-walk beside an elegant mansion, whose massive oaken door was approached by a flight of marble steps. "Now" said my friend, "let us stand here and see what will take place." As he spoke, a woman, wan and wasted like, very scantily clothed and carrying a pale, puny child in her arms, ascended the steps with apparent difficulty. She seized the silver knob and rung the bell. We could not hear very well what she said, but the words—hungry—bread—dying, were distinctly audible. The reply, however, was gruff enough for a Danderville dog-fight, and loud enough for a drill sergeant's word of command: "We never give anything to beggars; it only encourages laziness." These words were followed by a slam of the door that made a report like a cannon, just as if the speaker would shoot the beggar per force into the street. She descended the steps with trembling limbs, and tears coursing down her cheeks. At that moment a carpenter, smelling sweet of cedar sawdust and pine shavings came up. He took in the situation at a glance. He laid his hand on the woman's shoulder and said kindly: "you are hungry and tired my good woman, are you not?" "Yes," she replied, and the words seemed to choke her, "but my poor child is worse than I am." "Well then come with me," he said, "I have long ago learned from sweet experience that it is more blessed to give than to receive."

They had scarcely disappeared, when a young lady holding a sheet of paper in her hand skipped briskly up the steps. The door opened. We heard the reply: "can't give anything to-day, it is too poor an investment for my money." Bang went the door; and down came the lady looking rather crest-fallen from her repulse. As she stood hesitating on the sidewalk, a man with a wheel-barrow came up whistling as he came along. When fairly beside the young lady, he stopped both wheeling and whistling: "Ah well, Miss Brown, you are out collecting are you?" "Yes, John," she replied, "are you going to give us your donation?" "Oh yes," said he, "and I wish I could make it ten times as much," and he handed her a dollar bill. "I hope to be able to put many another dollar in the same bank before the year closes. I find it is the best investment I can make. The bank of heaven pays the highest interest."

"Now," said my friend, "the man who lives in that house is very rich, but his wealth is a curse to him. He lives wholly for self. Nothing is really of any value in his eyes out of which he cannot make personal gain. He is the chained slave of money, though he does not know it. His wealth, instead of being a fountain whence flows out streams of activity and blessings, is a stagnant pool which engenders disease in his own heart, and in the neighbourhood. His money is no better than a rotting compost heap piled up in his yard."

At the corner of the street we saw a very old man planting trees in a little garden. "Well," said Mr. Sharp, addressing him, "Old Generosity, what are you about there?" "Why" said the old man, looking up with a happy smiling countenance, "I am planting trees that my grandsons may eat of their fruit or rest under their shadow when I am dead and gone." That man looked green even in old age. There were not many of his kind in Danderville.

We had now come to the chief thoroughfare in the town. We paused, while my friend talked. "See that young fashionably dressed man with fine team and splendid carriage, driving at a furious rate and nodding as he passes to some one at the window of the opposite house. He wishes to be thought the smartest and fastest young man in Danderville. He is chagrined just now to think that Miss Sense did not return his salute. He will have friends while his money lasts, and after it is done the world will laugh at, or abuse him for wasting it. He is hunting a phantom

that will leave behind it the sting of disappointment or decoy him to ruin.

“There is a well dressed lady with a basket on her arm. She is carrying a load of provisions and a Bible, with which she is going away down to the farther end of the town, where she will wash, dress and feed, with her own hands, five poor, dirty children, and then read the Bible to their sick mother. She is happy in the thought that she is doing good, and shedding a little sunshine on other people’s pathway through life. The lamp by which we cast light on others will illumine our own path. But fashionable Danderville turns up its primp, well-bred nose in genteel disgust at such a road to happiness. Moths never spin silk, nor butterflies make honey.

“See that pale-faced girl dressed in mourning and carrying a bunch of flowers. She is going to the church-yard to deck her father’s grave. He died five years ago, but to his daughter it seems to be but yesterday since he left her. His memory is still green in her heart. She is happy in the thought that he looks down from his home above, and takes an interest in his orphan child. If such be an illusion, it would be cruel to dispel it; for if the earthly father does not watch his orphan child, the heavenly Father does. Our instincts often bring us far nearer spiritual truths than our senses or our reasons. Love will not let its object die. It embalms and immortalizes its dead. Pure love abhors annihilation as much as nature abhors a vacuum. Our affections tell us that the dust is only the garments which our beloved ones have left at the door through which they have passed to a better world. It is to bleeding affections that Christ says, ‘I am the resurrection and the life.’ And I think it is in perfect keeping with the hope which our Lord, through resurrection, inspires, to make death appear to be a sleep, and the grave-yard a sweet bed of repose.

“There is a student, with his books under his arm, happy with the hope of getting the prize for logic, which is to be awarded to-morrow. The lamp of hope always makes the chambers of the soul bright and cheery.

“There is a young man, with a Bible in his hand, going home after having tried to preach what he believes to be the Gospel to his fellow men. He has done his duty. As he walks along the street he listens to the sweetest of all earthly music, namely, an appro-

ving conscience. Many of the Danderville people have broken the keys of their conscience, so that it is far more pleasant for them not to touch it at all than listen to the discords which it makes within them. They keep their pianos in far better tune than their consciences."

We passed through the crowd feeling that the bustle around us was only the ripple on the surface of the stream of human life. It is the thoughts and feelings in human hearts that give to our lives all their force and meaning. The bitterness of our being is in the inner recesses of our soul. Its sweetness is there also. Were the inhabitants of Danderville only transparent, I could tell something worth knowing. As it is, I must be content with telling you what I saw, not what I ought to have seen.

Almost ere I was aware we got into a back street, where we could get a good view of the rubbish yards and kitchen gardens of some very elegant houses that fronted on the main street. We saw a rather cleanly dressed woman digging away in a pile of rubbish that was right beside the kitchen sink. I watched and saw her pick up an old bone, a worn-out garment, a broken wine glass, a torn picture, a cast off pair of shoes, and some other trash. She deposited them in a huge basket, smiling while doing so, as if she had found a treasure. After carefully turning up all the rubbish and dirtying herself considerably in doing so, she went into the next back yard. She immediately ran to the dirtiest spot in it, where she picked up, with apparent delight, a small piece of putrefying flesh. Then she stowed into her basket some broken wine glasses, cutting her fingers as she did so, a torn picture from an illustrated newspaper, an old tea pot and a lot of old rags in a filthy condition, and a general assortment of such rubbish as may be found in any well ordered back yard. "Now," said my friend, "while she is gathering up her load, let us go and have a look at the house she lives in." We turned around the corner and saw a rather dingy looking house, standing near the street, with all the doors and windows open. "We will not enter," said Mr. Sharp, "but only just take a glance in at the window. She keeps the doors and windows open so that the public may get the good of her museum of garbage." The smell which came from the window was very disagreeable, but the sight of the inside of the room was more so. The whole scene might be described in two words, dirt and disorder. The filthiest kind of rubbish was strewn around the

floor and hung upon the walls. It would disgust the reader, and perhaps dirty the paper, to attempt a description of the rubbish pile which she had collected. "These," said my friend, "are the scraps which she has gathered as a means of illustrating her neighbours character and history. She likes to exhibit these things as specimens of what her neighbours really are. Almost every person and family in Danderville is represented by a collection of dirty stuff piled up in her house, which she says sets forth their personal habits and family pedigree." Just at this moment the woman, puffing and blowing with the load she was carrying, came along. A bad odour proceeded from her, and she looked bedaubed and soiled from her morning's work. She laid down her basket, and began very exultingly to exhibit its contents.

"Ah!" she cried, "this is the way Mr. Generosity feeds his children. Look at that bone which came off his table. He gives to the poor and starves his family. No wonder the children are sickly when they get nothing but bones to eat. The hypocrite!! Just look at the clothes Mr. White's people wear. This dirty, tattered garment belongs to the family, and it just shows what they are. Look at the quantity of liquor that is consumed at Mr. Propriety's; they must drink like fish, and fight like dogs and cats, else I never would have picked up these broken dram glasses at the house. There is the picture of the house in which Mrs. Flashem was born, but she has torn it up and thrown it out since she has got into her fine new house. There are the old shoes which Mr. Shoddy wore when he was a cow-boy. They have the smell of the cow barn upon them yet. He thought he had buried them out of sight, but it takes me to dig them up. See the terrible kind of meat which the butcher sells. That piece of flesh is a specimen of the diseased meat with which he is cheating and poisoning his customers." And so she was going on when Mr. Sharp interposed: "Now, Mrs. Scandalmonger, there is no use showing us any more. You have been seeking for garbage and you have got it. The very search for such stuff has dirtied you. You would have made things look cleaner and smell sweeter had you buried these things all out of sight, instead of doing your best to drag them into the light. See what a condition your house is in by dragging into it the filth from your neighbour's back yard. Why the very odour of it is nauseous. It would be far better for you to bring flowers from their garden than rags from their

rubbish piles. Any person who seeks dirt can find it; and those who deal in it cannot be very clean. People who do not go farther than their neighbour's back yard to gather up curiosities, must have a very depraved taste. It is only dogs and swine that go rooting round people's premises in that way. You have gathered up so much that is bad and so little that is good about your neighbours, that your house is little better than a dog-kennel or a pig-stye."

We left without saying good morning. Hearing behind us a great noise we looked back, and saw Mrs. Scandalmonger with a face fairly livid with rage, brandishing a broken shoemaker's awl from the window. Mr. Sharp smiled, "Oh," said he, "she is mad and wishes to remind me that I was once only a poor cobbler."

We had not gone far down the street when we met a portly looking gentleman with a wrinkled face, a broad rimmed hat on his head, and a heavy silver-headed cane in his hand. My friend saluted him: "How do you do, Dr. Ira Warning?"

"Ah well," said he, "I do as well as I can, but I have a hard time trying to keep the people of Danderville right. They are an unmanageable race; they will not take my prescriptions; they go astray in spite of all I can do; they insult me; they injure each other; they injure themselves; they will not listen to my advice; they refuse my treatment, and rage at me for offering to doctor them."

I saw my friend looking at the doctor's breast and fancied I heard a strange buzzing sound like bees beneath bed-clothes. The Dr. felt insulted and broke out, "now Mr. Sharp, your eyes are entirely too sharp; why should you stare and take notice of things as you are doing? The men of Danderville should be taught better manners."

The buzzing became very loud, and my friend took to his heels; without asking what was the matter, I followed him as if I were a racer in the Grecian games. When we had run well, we stopped and looked back, and saw the Dr. stamping and fuming, and twisting his face into all sorts of contortions, while a lot of hornets were hovering like a cloud over his head.

"Now," said my friend, "that man imagines that he can reform the world by hornets; he believes he can sting people into good health, good manners, and good morals. But the people of

Danderville do not take any more kindly to the hornet treatment than to the cold water cure. He always carries a nest of hornets about with him so as to be ready for practice. He was just about applying his remedy to us to cure us of our apparent inquisitiveness; it was a good thing we escaped; I do not believe that hornet stinging will improve either a man's health or temper."

As we walked along, wiping the perspiration from our faces, I mused after the following strain, "angry thoughts are real hornets; they sting and annoy those who cherish them and enrage those against whom they are directed, even the truth told in anger arouses resentment. Scolding tongues or hornets nests will never bring about a reformation in the world. Hornet doctors are not wanted anywhere; their very buzz is disagreeable and their sting is painful. Danderville has had too much of such doctoring. Angry thoughts, like hornets nests, should be either smothered or burnt up."

We had now come to the outskirts of the town. Away up on the left of us we saw a great slaughter house where the butchers killed the animals whose flesh supplied the inhabitants of the town with meat. Not far from it there was also a large tannery from which was exported great quantities of leather. A little farther on we came to a neat cottage situated in a hollow on the right. The cottage was literally enshrouded in green shrubbery and flowers. We walked up through the garden and I observed that the blinds were down and there was crape on the door handle. We knocked gently and were admitted by a melancholy looking man with stooping shoulders, languid movements, and blood-shot eyes, who led us into a darkened room.

"So, Mr. Skimmer," said my friend, "you have had more trouble."

"Oh yes sir," said the man sadly, "another daughter is gone. My wife and five children are all gone, and I feel as if I would not be long behind them. Danderville seems to me to be a very unhealthy place."

"Well, I do not wonder that you think so," replied Mr. Short, "but do you not suspect some special cause for these deaths following each other in such rapid succession?"

"They say," replied Mr. Skimmer, "that the disease which caused death was typhoid fever. I do not know what originated

the fever. I once thought it was the house which caused it. There was a smell about it which I did not like when I came here to live. Some people advised me to let in the air and sunshine. I opened the doors and windows for the free circulation of air and the admission of light. Then some of my friends told me to paint it. I did so, and that kept down the smell for some time. Then some one suggested a garden whose flowers would keep the place fragrant. I planted and kept in order the garden you see, and in winter I had flowers kept in a conservatory with which I made the whole place smell of roses and geraniums, mint and thyme. Some other people told me to fumigate the building thoroughly. I have regularly used chlorine and carbolic acid gas ever since. I have spared no pains to make the house sweet and clean."

"Ah yes," said my friend, "but I believe your remedies did not go deep enough. They were all outside or surface work. The things you have done are all very important in their place, but the origin of the evil is, I believe, far deeper than anything you have reached. The truth is the drainage from the slaughter house or tannery beside you runs into your cellar. That is the real cause of the unhealthiness of the house. To make the house healthy you must get new drainage. You must either turn these pestilential waters past your dwelling or bury them deeper in the earth. No fresh air or sunshine through the windows will neutralize malaria in the cellar. Painting the outside will never cleanse the inside of your house. The odours of flowers is only sweetening, it is not destroying the poison you are drinking in. Fumigation may purify the air, it will not stop nor cleanse the fountain which generates the mischief."

He seemed to be incredulous and declared that nothing would cure the evil except a readjustment of the whole locality of Danderville; and he urged us to sign a petition to the Legislature to get the town removed and built in a healthier situation. We did not sign it, but if we need a political kite before the next election, we will not only sign it but make it a grand item in our canvassing ticket.

As we came out from the cottage I preached the following short sermon:

"This house is a good picture of what we often find individuals and society. There is a poisonous stream of evil flowing through the lower chambers of our being. We feel its injurious effects in

the disease and death which it is causing, but we do not suspect the real cause of the mischief. We see morals corrupting, and spiritual life expiring, without being able to apply a remedy. We try the fresh air of sound doctrine, and the sunshine of moral theories and philanthropic reformations. We plant and cultivate the flowers of fine sentiment and good taste. We even fumigate with the disinfectants of self-denial and legislation. But we feel that the cure has not been effected. Moral and spiritual disease still works death in the soul and in the community. The cause of all the evil is in the currents of impure thoughts that percolate the deeper recesses of the heart and the lower regions of society. These streams from social slaughter-houses of virtue, where men cater for depraved appetites, cause moral disease and death. Why should we not convey the streams away past us, or remove the slaughter-houses from our vicinity! Danderville needs draining as well as white-washing."

We were sauntering down the street homeward, chatting pleasantly together, when I imagined I heard footsteps behind me and felt the breath of some one blowing on my neck. Turning quickly round, I trode on somebody's toes who looked terror stricken, and distorted his countenance as if in the greatest agony. He slunk away limping and muttering to himself. His feet were bare and bleeding. His coat was ill-shaped, torn, and stained. He shook his head and fist very ominously as he walked along. The sun was shining very brightly, and I noticed that the shadow of a passer by came out fully on the wall of a garden just in front of this strange looking character. He hit the shadow a terrible blow on what he conceived to be the mouth, and broke his knuckles. He rushed away groaning and holding on to his bleeding hand, and passed through the wicket gate of the garden. He bent his steps to a little green plot of ground on which stood several bee-hives. He stood a moment to listen to the humming noise, then dropping on all fours, crept stealthily up to the hive. He got his ear close to the opening where the bees were going out and in—he lay still for a moment, when I saw him suddenly start up, give a fearful yell, shake a black knot of bees from his ear, and run screaming and stamping out at the gate, dancing beautifully to the humming music of a swarm of bees that buzzed about his head.

My friend and I both laughed, and I could not help saying, "why that man is crazy."

“Well, I think so too, but neither he nor the people of Danderville believe it. He passes for quite a sane man, and he has a great many brothers and sisters in town. His name is Dreadtalk. He supposes people are talking evil of him, and he is always trying to verify his suspicions. He thought we were slandering him, and by coming to listen got his toes tramped on. He went away with the idea that you did it intentionally, and henceforth you will be his enemy. He thought that man’s shadow was jabbering at him and he struck it, he imagines now that it bit his hand. He suspected that there was mischief brewing against him in the bee-hive, and in trying to find out what it was he got stung.”

We followed Dreadtalk down the street a little piece. We saw him pick up all the scraps of old letters and newspapers which he could find. To shun a dog that was coming up to meet him he rushed from the side-walk to the middle of the street, where he was nearly run over by a waggon, the mud from whose wheels plentifully bespattered his coat. He seemed almost distracted as he rushed back to the side-walk.

“Now,” said my friend, “I once spent an evening at Mr. Dreadtalk’s house. He made both himself and me as miserable as mice in a bee-hive. He would make one believe that the whole atmosphere was full of poisoned arrows directed against himself; and the whole business of his life is either to dodge or catch them. I can tell you what he will do to-night. When he gets into his room he will empty his pockets of all these scraps of paper, and carefully examine them to find if they contain any charge or insinuation against him. This will dirty his hands and weary his eyes. He will then try to rub the wet mud from his coat, which he should let alone till it dries. He will then try on his shoes, which he left at home in order to keep him from making a noise. They will hurt his feet. He will then take out his note-book and write his account: ten studied insults; six severe injuries; fifty disguised sneers; two hundred insinuations; three hundred contemptuous looks; one thousand whispers; five thousand tongues wagging against me, and dogs without number that either barked or wanted to do so. He puts a book thus filled up for a pillow to sleep upon. He fills the whole room with ghosts of the imagination grinning and pointing and gibbering at him, and he doses off into a night-mare. He is a poor fool who thus fights with

either real or imaginary talk. It would be better to be eaten to death of mosquitoes."

But I believe this article is already too long, so I must stop. I will make it spicy by shaking some good cayenne pepper on it before I send it to the printer. We saw several other fools besides the above :

A father who was poisoning the well from which he and his family had to drink.

A farmer who had enclosed a fine field of barley with a substantial fence, but had left a panel down.

A woman kicking a sleeping dog and getting bitten for her trouble.

A beggar striking his benefactor.

A man winding his watch the wrong way and blaming the watchmaker because it stopped.

If I did not see all this, I should have done so, as such things are quite common in Danderville.

#### DOMINION BALLADS—No. I.

#### THE THREE NORSEMEN.

**L**EANED on his ashen spear Leif the Norseman.  
 Far to the north stretched the rocks covered with lichens,  
 And in the hollows marsh-pools bordered with berries.  
 Inland, reed-grass grew on the hummocks and dunes;  
 While near, on the landward, sloping west from the cliffs,  
 Were spread, like carpets, refreshing patches of green.  
 Thus mused Leif: "This Northland is barren and bare,  
 And I will seek another away to the Southward."

Then spoke Leif the Yarl:—

"Come hither, Scald, thou art gray and bald  
 As the scart on the point of Hellulu,  
 And thy beard like moss on the Iceland Pine,—  
 Prophecy now for me and my crew.  
 Shoot three war-arrows!" "That will I do!

One for the Lord,  
 One for the Sword,  
 And one for the Devil."

All stood round to see the sign.

The Devil's arrow glanced aslant, —

“Ha!” cried Leif, “just what I want.”

The Sword's struck quivering in the heath —

“Ho!” said Leif, “sword rest in sheath.”

The Lord's flew fair and cleft the butt —

“Ho! Ho,” cried Leif, “a splendid cut!

I knew the Lord's would go level.”

“All hands to sea!” laughed Leif, “the Lord

Will give us a land without the sword,

And the Devil can't raise an ugly gale,—

But see to the white Christ on the sail,

For I am a Christian, too, by Thor!

Of the Gospel school of the Conqueror,

Of Olaf the son of Trygger.”

Full of sturdy life and vigor,

Steadily southward on the blue,

Leif the Yar! sailed with crew.

Four and twenty tugged the oars,

Twelve kept watch upon the deck,

Four stout men the vessel steered,

And one was in the iron cage

To keep ablaze the beacon.

Winds might storm and waters rage,

Not a point from south they veered,

Keeping well out from the shores

Little did Leif the Rover reck,—

Till after many days he stood

On a low shore rich in water and wood,—

“By the Lord's right hand!

This is mine own land,”

Quoth Leif,—that Christian deacon.

Said Thorwald, brother of Leif the Norseman:

“Let us outdo Yar! Leif, my brother,

He found a land, let us find another.”—

He and men South they sailed  
 Past the landward mountains hoary,  
 Past the cliffs with sea-fog hooded,  
 Past Leif's Vineland low and wooded,  
 Past fair Isles, and through the narrows,  
 Never once their wings they brailed  
 Till they came to a promontory  
 Where the Skellingers abide,  
 Who upon them flights of arrows  
 Hurled, till wounded, Thorwald cried:—  
 "This is my land, my own,  
 Bury me here withouten moan;—  
 Well spake that Scald, so gray and bald,  
 Who stood to see the war-shafts thrown,  
 I see *my* shaft was the shaft of Sword's,  
 Leif's was the Lord's."

Followed Thorstein, brother of Leif and Thorwald.  
 With him and two score warriors mailed,  
 Brave his ship walked out to sea,  
 And kept its course due southerly,  
 'Till thus spoke Thorstein to his band:  
 "Long time we have left the Nor'land,  
 And sailed and rowed and sailed and sailed  
 Many a league and rolling mile,  
 And few but ailing men on rafts  
 Have reached this lonely desert Isle,  
 And troubles thicken for I am stricken,  
 But this is mine own land,—  
 Mine own though death sit on the strand.  
 Well spake that Scald so grey and bald  
 Who bade to shoot the three war shafts,  
 Leif's was the Lord's,  
 Thorwald's the Sword's,  
 And mine the Devil's,—which ill accords."

Learned clerks have vexed the brain  
 To tell what land these brothers saw,—  
 To reason and romance 'tis plain—  
 'T was Canada.

HUNTER DUVAR.

## PHILIP BLAIR;

OR,

### School Days in the Dominion.

BY E. LAWSON FENERTY, ESQ., HALIFAX, N. S.

#### CHAPTER II.

PHIL had so far profited by the warning he had received, after his exploit with his uncle, as to have attended school with commendable regularity for the past three weeks, but his restless spirit would not allow him to keep from mischief for any length of time.

But his mischievous propensities received a check one day that dampened his ardor somewhat.

One morning about half an hour before school time, a number of the boys had gathered about the school house, in groups of four or five, eagerly discussing the probable length of the holidays, which were to commence in the following week.

There were several that were hard at work at their lessons, some leaning against the fence, or walking to and fro, their tongues keeping time with their feet: one of the latter was a tall slender boy with a not unpleasing face, decidedly clever if one was to judge by appearances, but most cordially disliked by most of his school-fellows for his disagreeable manners and sneering language, which he never failed to indulge in when the opportunity occurred. This was more particularly the case when he hoped to obtain any advantage by so doing.

"I say, Bent," exclaims Phil, accosting him with a threatening frown on his face, "have'nt you been telling my folks about things that happened in school?"

Bent stared at Phil a moment, and raised his eyebrows superciliously in a way that was most aggravating; then, without deigning a word in reply, turned on his heel.

"You're a confounded sneak," roared Phil savagely, "do you hear that? I guess if the Doctor knew that you carried tales about, you'd get pulled down a little, I know."

"I don't want any thing to do with you," replied Bent, as Phil followed him, "if," he continued, "if you had as much sense as you have tongue, you would mind your own business, and not trouble me at all."

"O you cur!" said Phil hotly, "twisting his nose out of shape in a vain endeavour to look scornful, as if I'd bother you; *you* a tell-tale!" Here Phil made an indescribable noise, expressive of unutterable disgust. "I'd punch your head for two pins," he continued, his anger rising under the remembrance of his fancied wrong, and the provoking coolness of his opponent.

"See here, Cloudy, hold my jacket," he shouted, whipping off that garment in the excitement of the moment, and dropping it in the mud, under the impression he had handed it to his school-fellow.

"Now," he exclaimed, walking up to Bent, both arms working belligerently, "if you must tattle, you have got to lick me first; d'ye hear?"

By this time Will McLeod or Cloudy, Phil's particular friend, came across from where he had been standing, and was speedily joined by the other boys, who gathered around, and cries of "form a ring! form a ring!" rose from all sides. This was soon done, with the two boys in the centre. They formed a fine contrast—the one, tall and slender, pale, and provokingly cool, holding the book he had been studying carelessly in one hand, the other plunged into his pocket, and with a sneer on his face that would have angered a less irritable boy than Phil, who standing poised easily on his feet, his head thrown back, face flushed, both hands clenched, now and then swaying as though anxious to punish his enemy, and as one of the boys said, "as mad as a hatter."

"What's the row with you fellows?" said McLeod, after picking up the jacket that lay on the ground.

"Why he's been splitting on me," replied Phil, "and I mean to make him stop it; but he is such a thundering coward;" this was said in a hopeless sort of way, as though the idea of Bent's fighting was almost too much to expect.

"Better put on your jacket Blair, you might get cold you know when you're so warm," rejoined Bent; "besides I don't choose to quarrel with every little blackguard I—"

Before he had time to finish the sentence, Phil rushed at him with a shout of "look out," and struck him a blow on the shoulder that fairly staggered him. "Come on now!" he added, but the other had no idea of such a thing; stepping back with his face paler than before, if possible, with fear and passion, he exclaimed, "don't put your finger on me again Blair or we'll see what the

Doctor will say about it." "Coward! coward," was hissed from the group.

"Let him go," said McLeod, taking Phil by the arm and leading him away. "He is not worth minding, a fellow that has any spunk would'n't blab everything; I'll fix you yet, see if I don't," said Phil shaking his head at Bent as he turned to go. "Wait a while Cloudy, and if you don't see some fun in school. I'll give him a dose he won't forget in a hurry."

"Look out for the Doctor," replied McLeod, "he watches you all the time lately."

"Oh that's all right, I know what I am about."

"I say Blair, there is the Doctor coming," said one of the boys in an undertone as he passed.

"Well, what of it?"

"Nothing, only your jacket's off."

"By George you're right," replied Phil, hastily seizing it from McLeod and slipping it on, "any dirt on it?" turning around.

"A little on the shoulder, there, it's all right now," replies McLeod, after brushing it with his hands.

The bell ringing, the boys hurried into their places. Phil had to content himself with scowling savagely whenever he caught Bent's eye, which favour the latter returned by a provoking smile.

The following day Phil provided himself with a number of tacks with good broad heads, and stowed them safely in his pocket until he should want them; that morning he applied himself with so much earnestness to his lessons, that when the bell rang for recess, none were surprised to see him remain in, in common with others who were behind with their lessons, to take advantage of the quarter hour of an intermission for study. After waiting a few minutes until everything was quiet, he looked cautiously around, and as all were too busy with their work to notice him he slipped quietly underneath his desk, and creeping on hands and knees, reached Bent's seat without being discovered. Taking from his pocket four of the tacks, he arranged them on the chair so that Bent would be sure to get the benefit of two at least; he then returned to his own seat without his absence having been noticed by any.

The bell rang soon after, and the boys came trooping in flushed and breathless from their run in the air; all were in and seated

but the victim, who, being late, came hurrying down the aisle, reached his desk and sat down with considerable emphasis.

The scholars were startled out of all sense of propriety, by the spectacle of Bent, leaping from his chair as though it was red hot, and giving vent to a cry of the most intense pain. The suppressed laughter could no longer be restrained, as, standing there with woe-begone face, he clutched frantically at his trousers, and performed a variety of interesting feats.

McLeod understood the whole scene, and exchanged a significant glance with Phil, who was looking on with an expression of well feigned astonishment on his face, that boded ill for one so young.

"Silence!" exclaimed the master, as soon as he recovered from his astonishment at the uproar.

"Now Bent," he continued, his voice quivering with suppressed anger, "what is the matter?"

"Some one has put tacks on my chair, when I was out at recess," forlornly.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes sir," with a grimace, remembering his experience, "here they are," holding them out in his hand.

"Bring them to me."

He did so, and handed them to the master, who placed them on his desk.

"Stay where you are," as Bent turned to go to his place.

He did so, looking very miserable and uneasy, his hand wandering involuntarily to the afflicted parts, causing a titter among the boys and making the master still more angry.

"Boys," began the master in his most impressive tones, as soon as he had collected himself sufficiently to speak, "boys, I would not have believed it yesterday had I been told that there was a boy among all my scholars who could be guilty of such a cowardly trick. I can hardly believe it yet, he continued in a voice expressive of the most intense contempt, it is so low, so unlike a boy that speaks the English language." Phil winced. "I never wish to see any fighting among you, but I would ten, ay, twenty-times sooner see that, than that such a thing should occur again." (Phil felt better.) "Apart from the meanness that could prompt such a revenge, for I am convinced that that must have been the cause, it is positively dangerous, and it might injure a school-fellow for life."

Phil's face had undergone a variety of changes during the master's address. The scathing contempt he had expressed upset him completely, he moved uneasily in his seat, first looked frightened, then ashamed, finally determined: "It was I that did it," he exclaimed, jumping up, "and I'm sorry, I mean I'm ashamed of it."

The eyes of the whole school were fixed on him.

The Doctor's face relaxed into a smile of genuine pleasure that was cheering for Phil, but it almost instantly resumed its expression of sternness as he spoke, "I am pained and astonished beyond measure," he said unsteadily: "come here."

Philip obeyed with a sinking heart.

"What could have induced you to do such a thing?" continued the master quietly.

Phil reassured by the tones, replied by giving a full account of the whole trouble.

The master listened until he was done, with an immovable face.

"So," he said, after Phil had finished, "you were anxious to fight, as well. You are progressing. What shall I do with you, eh?"

This was a poser. "Well, you see sir," replied Phil, "if he hadn't told tales, I wouldn't have bothered him, or if he had only promised not to do it again, but he wouldn't do that, only laughed at me, so I was going to make him, only he was afraid, so I had to do this."

The Doctor was compelled to smile at Phil's quaint reasoning, he could not for the life of him help it. Turning to Bent he said, "you can go to your seat, and try to be more of a man in the future, and always remember that your own business is the best business for you at least."

"As for you Blair, I shall punish you, but more in sorrow than anger, you can take your seat and remain after school this evening."

When Phil was travelling home from school that afternoon, fully half an hour later than usual, looking flushed and anything but happy, he met Bent full in the face. The latter greeted him with such an aggravating smile as to almost tempt Phil to drop his books, as he said afterwards, and pitch into him; but his last troubles were too fresh in his memory, so twisting his face into a very fair expression of disdain, he passed him without further notice.

The midsummer holidays had fairly commenced, and numbers

of the school boys were congregated in a large open spot, called the field; of course there were other fields; but whenever the field was spoken of without a distinguishing adjective, this particular one was understood as the one indicated among the boys at least. It was an unoccupied building lot, or rather several, that had never been disturbed by the pick-axe and shovel of the builder, although the site was in every way desirable; but a flaw in the transfer of the property at some remote period, had thrown the estate in Chancery, where it had remained, thus giving the rising generation an excellent play ground; for which favour I am afraid they were not sufficiently thankful to the law, often playing outrageous pranks on its blue-coated guardians, of which the town boasted several.

This property has been so long used for the purposes I have specified, that the boys had come to look upon it as theirs, including privileges, any curtailment of which was to be resisted strenuously; of course if there was to be a foot-ball match, the field was the place. Cricket, base ball, a fight, or in fact anything of importance was immediatly referred to this favoured spot, which had thus become the general rendezvous for the juveniles of that part of the town, and was always tenanted during the holidays by votaries of the different games that find favour among the youngsters.

Running past one end, it was open on three sides, was the street that led to the bridge. Like the field, "the bridge" simply was sufficient, from the fact that, unlike the field, it was the only article of the kind the town possessed. It was a long wooden structure, spanning the river and connecting the town with the country and villages on the other side.

It was a toll-bridge, and naturally enough possessed a toll-keeper, in the person of a queer old Irishman, who would be "the death of thim divils, the byes," as he said. I will do the "byes" the justice to say, that they most cordially returned the feelings he entertained towards them, and never missed an opportunity to annoy him.

Old Pimple—his nose was sufficient to account for the nickname, even to a stranger—was an Irish emigrant with all the quaint fancies and odd superstitions of a genuine Paddy still clinging to him. He had imbibed, while at home, curious notions of Ameriky and its Injuns, "barber's chaps"—barbarous he meant, and a cor-

respondingly exaggerated notion of what his own importance would be among those he deigned to visit. Barnabas Regan, Philomath, better known as Barney the scholar, among his friends in the Ould Country, was an original in his way. He stood fully five feet three inches in his boots, his breadth and length being equivalent, or as the boys said, "as tall one way as the other," with arms and legs like exaggerated sausages, a round shiny head, almost entirely innocent of hair, little twinkling bead-like eyes, and a mouth that defies description, it was of such enormous dimensions, and capable of so many expressions.

But the nose—that was the feature which marked the man. If Napoleon the First could by any possibility have got possession of Barney, he would have made him a Field-Marshal of the Empire, or something else. The possessor of such a proboscis was a public man in spite of himself, for who that had seen it once could ever forget the owner. Its size was marvellous, but before its colour and character, its size sank into insignificance. It was ridged and seamed as though small rivers had coursed over it, in lumps and hills, apparently the result of amateur earthquakes; and then the magnificent blending of the most flowing colours, from a rich purple to a fiery crimson. It is related that one time, when he first took the situation of toll-keeper, one of the merchants sent a boy to him to get cents in change for silver. The boy did as he was directed, and coming to the toll-house busy with his own thoughts, his head down, he began without looking up, "Mister Pimple,"—Barney scowled viciously—"Mr. Winter sent me to see if you could give him cents for— O Moses what a nose!" he exclaimed, just then looking up and eyeing Barney's distinguishing feature in helpless amazement. He didn't get the cents.

The old fellow lived up town, and when passing to and fro usually took a short cut through the field diagonally, thus saving a long corner.

"I say boys, here comes old Pimple," exclaimed Phil to the group who with him were deep in the mysteries of ring-taw.

"Well let him come, he won't hurt us."

"Isn't he pretty," continued Phil with a laugh, "O that nose—that wonderful nose!"

"You had better not let him hear you Phil, or you'll get a lick from that stick of his some day."

"All right. Now just be quiet and I'll get him to tell us what he was in Ireland," replied Phil.

"How do you do Mr. Regan," Phil began as the old fellow approached.

Barney looked flattered, for was not he always called "Barney, and Pimple, by thim divilskins."

"Well byes, but none av yer antics," he added, flourishing his stick, and eyeing the group suspiciously, as they crowded around him.

"Oh Barney! Oh Mr. Regan! you know better than that."

"Aisy now, aisye, kape over there all av yez or I'll"—here he made a threatening move with his stick. He had no notion of giving them a chance even for a lark.

"I guess you can trust us," said Phil, moving up close to his elbow, and looking confidently into his face, "you see we were talking about you. I said you were in the House of Commons when you were home, the other fellows said you was'nt, which is right?"

"Ahem," replied Barney, on his high horse at once, stretching himself with dignity to his full height of five feet three, pulling up his shirt-collar, and setting his cane firmly on the ground—

"Ahem, there's nayther av yez right, ye see, by rayson I did 'nt stay there long enough, but I was just about thinking ov it whin I left, at the earnest persuashions av me friends. I was a promenint pollytishun and a leader among the people, but was'nt appreshiated by the Govment: ye have to be a Govment-man to get into the House there.

Phil pulled up one foot, and winked vigorously in the direction of the boys.

"I've heard you were an orator," said McLeod, solemnly.

"Bedad yer right this time thin," replied Barney, his mouth extended to its utmost limit, which from courtesy we will call a smile.

"There, didn't I tell you so," said McLeod triumphantly, giving Phil a tremendous poke in the ribs.

Phil was taken with a fit of coughing.

All the rest had colds.

Barney looked from one to the other doubtfully.

But the sober faces that met his view, as they emerged from their respective handkerchiefs, reassured him.

"Well, I guess all the orators go to the House of Commons," rejoined Phil, looking at Barney appealingly.

Barney wagged his head sapiently and said, "av coorse, an wasn't it that I was tellin yez, an its wonderful the edjecashun it nades to be that same. O musha, the coorse av study I've gone through. Beggora I belave I know iverything, from illigant iextracts from the British Constetushun like this;" the old fellow gave another pull to the long pointed shirt collar that stood half way up his cheek, placed one hand behind him, under the long coat tail, half closed his eyes, and waving the stick gently to and fro, began:

"Av law ye'll sure get a pound,  
An what I am sayin's no bounce,  
But whin his Lordship the Justice comes round,  
Sure av justice ye'll not get an ounce."

"There," he exclaimed, "what do yez think av that? but I ought to av been a lawyer," he added musingly; then looked around to see how this idea was received, "there's no doubt of it."

"By George, but Barney's right," said Phil sympathetically, turning to the boys, "he has just the cut of a lawyer, and knows everything," added McLeod.

"How did he get to know so much?" said little Winter, innocently, taking all that was said at its face.

A burst of laughter greeted this question, which Barney overheard.

"I imbided it from me progenithurs," he replied, turning a face, every line of which was a line of severe wisdom, on the small questioner; "ye see all me ancesthurs from the Kings of Connaught down to me nephew I lift at home were av a litherary kind, an how could I be anything else but cute sure wid all that before me;" and Barney winked sagely after the manner of an old owl; "an me connicted wid the best in the land," he added pompously, "there's me uncle, related to his grace the Archbishop."

"How's that? How's that Barney, tell us?"

"Well av I must tell yez," he replied modestly, "I must I suppose. His Grace was a Harrigan, ye see, a lower branch of the family, as Harrigan is a corrupshun av O'Regan, but as I was sayin, he was an O'Regan, barrin he spilt his name different, but that makes no manner of odds, bekase ye see the orthographical

connictshun av the contixt wid the antecedents that are subsequent dimonstrates beyond a doubt the relationship."

"And thin," he continued waxing warmer as he proceeded, "was'nt he the proud owner av a dog, that was own brother to the one the Lord Liftenant had; to be sure he only had him a wake, for some low blagyerd of a thief stole him; but begorra me uncle stole him first, so it was even;" and he started to go.

"Hold on Barney, tell us some more about your swell relations," said Phil.

"Can't do it now, byes," he replied gravely, pulling out a huge old fashioned bulls-eye watch, that he had obtained since he came to the place; but with characteristic mendacity, he said as he held it up to view, "there, that's been in the family for cinturies, an it cost a mint av money, bekase ye see it was one ov the first that was iver made," and the old fellow turned on his heel and stalked off with dignity becoming an O'Regan and a relative of his Grace, the Archbishop, not to mention being the possessor of the watch.

"Oh Phil! my face is sore," said McLeod, as well as he could for laughter. The rest of the group seemed to be in the same predicament, from the shouts and ha, ha's, that came from all sides after the old keeper left them.

"It was fun to hear him tell about the watch though, bein in the family for centuries," mimicked another, "and he bought the old concern from one of the firemen on the boat; I've seen it dozens of times."

"Look here boys," said Phil, "an old chap like him that tells such awful lies ought to be punished."

The boys grinned at this, the idea of Phil talking about punishing any one for telling crams, was rather too good.

"You need 'nt laugh," he continued looking around with a twinkle in his eye, "what makes it so bad in him he's so old you know. Now I'll tell you how we'll punish him; he will pass here on his way back to the bridge, won't he?"

"Yes."

"Well then let us go to work and dig a hole about so deep," putting his hand on his knee, "and fill it with mud, d'ye see? and then cover it over with gravel like the rest of the path. Who will go in for it?" and Phil looked inquiringly at the boys.

"I will, so will I, all hands," said one after another.

"Let us commence then, here is a good place, you see we can get behind that fence and watch when he comes along."

They were soon at work as busy as beavers with sticks, shingles, and whatever they could lay their hands on in the way of something to dig with, and in a short time had made the hole sufficiently deep.

"I say Winks, go and get some water, will you? that's a good fellow," said Phil, looking up from his work; "we will soon be ready for it."

"I don't think I will then; it isn't just the thing to fool an old man like Regan, you might hurt him."

"How good you are! I say boys, hark at old sober sides; it won't hurt him, only muddy his boots a little, and as for the *old man* part of it, I guess he would be just as lively as you" (and that isn't saying much, interposed another) "if he wasn't so fat."

"I don't mean that; you ought to have more respect for him."

"Ha! that is good. Why he gets tight, and I would like to know who respects a man, and an old man at that, that drinks, not me. One of you fellows go for some water will you?" said Phil impatiently, "you Hammond."

"All right," said the one addressed as Hammond, "what will I get it in?"

"Where is that tin concern we ducked the darkey with the other day? There it is over by the fence."

The water was obtained and put in the hole, together with earth enough to make a soft mud; it was then covered with gravel and carefully levelled to resemble the rest of the path.

"There!" exclaimed Phil standing off and eyeing their handiwork admiringly; "he'll slump in there just as nice and easy!"

"We had better go ahead with our game, boys," said McLeod, "or he will think that there is something the matter."

"No! no! behind the fence, that is the place," replied Phil, "we can see everything from there. I'll go up to the corner, and when I see him coming, I'll sing out, and cut for the fence. He will soon be along."

"There he is now," said little Winter, in a loud whisper, tugging at Phil's sleeve, as the toll-keeper came into view around the corner of the house.

"Hush!" said McLeod, "and get out your marbles." Barney came sailing along, his nose in the air, humming a tune and beat-

ing time with the stick. He strutted on with as much importance as though the position he held was one of the chiefest. He was watching the boys at their amusement as he passed with a look of lofty condescension and graceful patronage.

"That's right, byes, enjoy yerselves while ye are young and free from the cares and responsibilities of the world." Here Barney began "to put on his dignity," as one of the youngsters said; but unfortunately as he was pulling himself up he placed his foot on the treacherous spot, and down he went with a jerk that threw him forward on his face, and brought the old beaver down over his eyes.

"O! murder an ouns!" he gasped, as soon as he had recovered sufficiently to speak and free his eyes from the hat. A comical look of horror overspread his face as he rose from his position. "O masha! but its an earthquake!" he exclaimed in accents pitiful, "an me in the midst of it. Fwhat did I come to the place at all for, wid earthquakes an whirligigs and things going about loose widout any restraint at all?"

Just then a peal of laughter, loud and long, rose from the boys. Barney's soliloquy proved quite too much for their gravity.

The old fellow by a vigorous effort extricated himself from his disagreeable position, and arranging his hat, turned towards them with a look of sorrowful dignity on his face that was ludicrous to behold.

"Fwhat will become av the honor av me office?" he said with the utmost gravity, "if ye do bese playin thricks on me in that manner. O byes, byes, it's a sorrowful day for me any way to see yez wid no more respect for the aged," he continued, in tones of almost fatherly sorrow, but with a malicious leer in his eyes that Phil was not slow to see.

"Stay where you are," whispered Phil in an undertone. "I say, Barney," he went on, "you wont hurt a fellow if he helps you to get fixed?"

"Av coorse not," he replied in a voice of unmistakable satisfaction.

"Well then put down your stick."

"Oh no," he rejoined, shaking his head decisively, "I cud 'nt do that, why I'm thrembling all over wid the effects of the collosion."

"You won't hurt me then?" said Phil, coming closer, "and I'll make you all right."

"No, ye can dipind on that," at the same time grasping the stick firmly, "barrin a bit of a whack to remimber me by," making a vicious blow at Phil with it.

But the boy was too quick, for as the blow was descending he sprang back out of distance, exclaiming, "O you treacherous old beggar; put down your stick and I'll fight you," and Phil threw himself into position and shook his fists in a most aggravating manner.

This conduct on the boy's part irritated the old keeper beyond endurance. With a shout of "I'll teach ye," he rushed furiously at him, Phil turned and started with a spring, ran with all his speed, and he had need of it, for the old man despite his fifty years displayed running powers that would not have disgraced one much younger.

Unfortunately, as it seemed, when Philip started he turned in the direction of a long strip of water that extended nearly across the lower part of the field. It was not more than two feet in the deepest part, and twenty feet wide, but most unmistakably muddy. Phil made straight for this in spite of the warning shouts of the boys. Barney was close at his heels, puffing like a small engine, his hat off, and the long coat tails standing out behind as though they had been starched.

"What a fool," panted McLeod, racing along after, to give Phil a helping hand. "Come on, boys, he will half kill him if we don't help him; he can't get clear now unless he runs through, and if he tries that, he'll get stuck sure, for the mud's more than a foot deep."

Phil's position, to say the least, did look doubtful; he was nearly to the edge of the pond, and if he turned in either direction, he would be sure to be caught, for it was pretty evident that the old un' was a trifle the fastest.

"He's caught him!" exclaimed McLeod, as the toll-keeper put out his hand to seize Phil, just as he reached the edge of the pond. But Phil was quite equal to the emergency. Dropping on his hands and knees with the speed of lightning, as the keeper was about to seize him, he took him wholly by surprise, and as he plunged forward with the impetus acquired by his run, his legs struck Phil's body, and he took a magnificent header into the combined elements, earth and water. Phil jumped up, rubbing his sides, for the blow was severe, and looked with some dismay

on the result of his manœuvre. It did seem almost too bad, for as Barney rose from the waters like a second Neptune, he was a pitiful sight to behold, with the dirty water streaming down over his bald head and red face, and dripping from his clothes, both fists working away at his eyes to clear them. He excited the sympathy of the boys at once. McLeod gave him his hand, and led him unresistingly up where it was quite dry. Barney's fiery ardor was entirely quenched by the bath he had received, and he submitted in a helpless sort of a way to the good offices of the boys, who swarmed about him like ants, with their handkerchiefs, doing their best to make him presentable. Fortunately, the water was deeper than usual, and covered the grass for quite a distance, so that he escaped what might have been a serious mishap had he gone fairly into the mud.

"Oh Barney, I am awful sorry!" said Phil, in a voice of real sorrow, "I am sure we didn't think that anything like this would have happened, but you are so uncommonly quick. I was sure I could beat you easy or I would never have come so close." O Philip! Philip! to be so artful for one so young.

But Barney refused to be flattered, and looked reproachfully at Phil, who blurted out, "you needn't look that way at a fellow; it was all your fault—chasing me; here is your hat." Phil had the hat in one hand and the stick in the other. "Cloudy, you can give him the stick, I'm blessed if I do," passing the stick to McLeod and backing off to a respectful distance.

Barney took the hat and stick, and started off, intensely disgusted with the country, the people, particularly the younger portion, and himself. The respect he had fancied he possessed in the minds of the boys, on account of his birth and position in Ireland (as told by himself) was all gone, and the world was a blank; but he recovered, to discharge the duties of his position, as more than one youngster discovered who tried to run the toll or cross the bridge without paying, the remembrance of his injuries lending vigor to his arms on such occasions. The tales he told grew daily more marvellous; the estates he might have possessed but for some foolishness on his part, extended at the rate of a thousand acres a week; in fact, Barney was not cured permanently.

## THE CASTAWAYS OF GULL ISLAND.

BY REV. M. HARVEY, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

TO a stranger the sea-coast of Newfoundland presents, for the most part, a dreary and repulsive appearance. Dark, frowning cliffs, lofty headlands, miles on miles of rocky walls, from two to three hundred feet in height, with little verdure, even in summer, crowning their summits; bold promontories sculptured into grim, fantastic shapes by the blows of Atlantic billows,—these are what greet the eyes of the voyager as he sails along the eastern coast. The iron-bound shores present no pebbly beaches on which the summer waves break, in softened music; but rugged, precipitous cliffs frown defiance on the stormy Atlantic, and not unfrequently shape themselves into forms of stern, majestic beauty. At intervals the coast-scenery is varied by the occurrence of those majestic estuaries for which the Island is so celebrated, some of them fifty or sixty miles in width at their entrance, and stretching away inland from forty to nearly one hundred miles. These noble bays, reaching out their countless arms on all sides far into the interior, and shaping their indented sides into some of the finest harbours of the world, serve to entice the finny tribes, with which the surrounding seas are swarming, into the deep recesses and shallower waters where their food abounds, and thus bring them within the grasp of man. Around the shores of these great bays the fishermen cluster, every little harbour, creek and cove having its fishing hamlet. In almost every spot where a fishing boat can find shelter, the rough stage and “fish-flake,” for the landing and drying of cod, may be seen; and, in the summer season, the fishing banks, all around the shores, are dotted with the little boats dancing over the waves. It is wonderful to think how prolific are these fishing grounds, and how inexhaustible their resources. It is calculated that an acre of good land carefully tilled, will produce, once a year, a ton of corn, or two or three hundred weight of meat or cheese; while the same area, at the bottom of the sea, will yield an equal weight of food to the fisherman, each week of the year, provided he can carry on his operations,—and this without any ploughing, manuring, or sowing.

Between Cape Race, the most southern point of the Island, and

Cape Freels, three of these great estuaries open,—Conception Bay, Trinity Bay and Bonavista Bay. After passing Cape Freels and running through Hamilton Sound, the great bay of Notre Dame is entered, being more than fifty miles wide at its entrance, and perfectly studded with islands. From this great bay, numerous smaller bays run many miles inland, the most considerable being Green Bay and Hall's Bay, each about twenty miles in length. Both these bays are famous hunting-grounds, from whence the trappers not unfrequently cross the Island to the Bay of Islands, on the western coast.

The most northern point of Notre Dame Bay is named Cape John. Seven miles south of it lies Tilt Cove, now famous as the location of a rich copper and nickel mine. In the year 1857, Mr. Smith McKay, an intelligent and enterprising explorer, arrived at this little Cove, then containing about a dozen poor huts of fishermen. His visit was not quite a casual one. The magic wand of science had pointed to this region as a spot where, among the serpentine rocks, a search for copper ore would, in all probability, be attended with success. To Dr. Dawson, of McGill College, Montreal, belongs the honour of this scientific vaticination. A hint from him induced Mr. McKay to visit this part of the coast. When at Tilt Cove, his eye lighted on a piece of bright yellow stone which stood on the mantel shelf in a fisherman's hut. The poor fisherman had no idea that the piece of yellow rock, which he had picked up at the bottom of a neighbouring cliff, was anything more than a curiosity. "Knowledge is power." The experienced eye of the explorer saw in it the treasure of which he was in search. For a small reward, the fisherman conducted him to the cliff where the fragment had been found. There, amid the clefts of the rock, he saw the outcropping of the precious lode. The mine was discovered; the fortune of the explorer was made. In a few years the little fishing hamlet had undergone a complete transformation. Its population had increased to more than a thousand, among whom might be seen scores of stout Cornish miners, with their wives and children. Neat, comfortable cottages had displaced the old dilapidated huts; and several handsome frame houses, for the superintendents of the works, had been erected. Shops, with all the necessaries and luxuries of life, were opened. A handsome Church and a Roman Catholic Chapel added much to the appearance of the village. Signs of comfort and

prosperity were abundant on all hands. Great heaps of ore might be seen near the openings of the "levels" that were driven into the lofty cliffs; and far within the bowels of the hill the blows of the miners resounded, and, at times, the rumbling noise of their explosions, like peals of distant thunder, were heard, as they blasted the mineralized rock. An excellent jetty and wharf adorned the little harbour, alongside of which large vessels lay in safety, moored by great chains which were fastened to bolts driven into the rocks. The cove was often crowded with shipping, the larger vessels being engaged in loading the ore for Swansea. A coastal steamer, carrying mails, visited the locality fortnightly during summer, and connected it with the Capital. Altogether, Tilt Cove was a pleasant sight; and its prosperity has gone on increasing to the present hour.

On the 5th December, 1867, a vessel named the *Queen*, of Swansea, John Owens master, left St. John's with supplies of various kinds for the miners at Tilt Cove, and with the view of taking on board there a cargo of ore for England. There were fifteen souls on board, including the Captain and crew, two of them being females. The vessel was an excellent one; and as she had only to make a run of some two hundred miles along the coast, and had on board a pilot, the thought of danger entered the mind of no one. One of the passengers was Mr. Dowsley, of St. John's, who was about to open a drug store at Tilt Cove. On the evening of the 5th a fearful gale arose; the vessel being light in ballast, was driven out to sea about 160 miles. The storm lasted nearly three days, those on board expecting, every instant, that their vessel would be capsized or swamped, as she was tossed about like a cork on the surface of the water. A far worse doom, however, was in store for the ill-fated voyagers. When the gale abated, they ran in for the land, and on the evening of the 11th December made Gull Island, a small rocky islet off Cape John, and about three miles from the shore. As the night was closing in, they did not venture to run for Tilt Cove, and accordingly stood out to sea till daylight should appear. On what trifles, as we call them, the most important events appear to turn! About twelve o'clock that night, the pilot felt so sure in regard to his course, that he took the fatal resolution of running for the harbour, without waiting for daylight. The ship was put about, and held on her course safely till six o'clock on the morning of the 12th December, when,

in the midst of a blinding snow-storm, the sea running mountains high, she struck with fearful violence on Gull Island. The shock was awful; and soon the gurgling inrush of the water told them that the ship was fatally injured. As the frightened passengers, startled from their slumbers, rushed on deck, they could dimly discern, through the snow-drift, a low cliff only a few yards distant. No time was to be lost. A sailor managed to scramble ashore, and a rope was passed from the ship to the rock. By means of this rope, those on board were dragged up the cliff. Eleven out of the fifteen on board were thus drawn, as speedily as possible, to the summit of the cliff, when the cable parted, the vessel slid off the shelving rock and drifted out of sight, a sinking wreck, with the pilot and three others on board. No doubt the latter found a watery grave; but a death of lingering agony, such as it makes the heart ache to think of, awaited the poor unfortunates on the Island.

Only ten or fifteen minutes elapsed from the time the vessel struck till the cable gave way, and she then glided off into the darkness, drifted across the bay, and was broken to pieces on the opposite shore. Those who escaped were unable to save anything; and in the rush and scramble to get ashore, thought of nothing but how to preserve their lives. When the morning came, they found themselves in a most forlorn position—partially clad, drenched to the skin with spray and the falling snow, shivering under the December blasts, and among the eleven castaways there was not a single particle of food of any description. The only thing obtained from the ship was a portion of an old sail which by some means had drifted ashore. The spot on which they had been cast is a low, rocky islet, about a quarter of a mile in length and the same in breadth, utterly barren, uninhabited, and with no vegetation except a few patches of low scrub-bushes. Worst of all—it does not contain a single spring or brook; and not a drop of water could be had. No materials for kindling a fire were available. Without tools or resources of any kind, the poor sufferers could only crouch together under the scrap of canvas, in a small “gulch” or hollow, hoping that some boat or vessel might pass within hail and rescue them.

At first, no doubt, their hopes of deliverance must have been strong. They were but three miles from the nearest main land, on which were some scattered dwellers; and but five or six miles

from a village called Shoe Cove. The first day after they landed was bright and clear. They could see the smoke from the cottages ascending into the morning air, and cheerful signs of life ashore. Boats too were moving about in the bay, for a number of fishermen were out shooting sea-fowl. With what eager eyes these poor shipwrecked men and women must have watched throughout that day the movements of the boats, hoping that they might come near enough to see their signals of distress; and how their hearts must have sunk as they saw them return to the harbour, and the short winter day closing in gathering gloom, as the sun went down beneath the waves! How appalling the prospect of their first long night on the cold rock, hunger already gnawing fiercely at their vitals, and a burning thirst beginning to fever their blood. As they sent up their heart-wrung prayers to heaven for deliverance, they watched, one after another, the lights ashore disappearing, till only the pitying stars looked down upon them, and then, clinging close to one another, they sank into an uneasy, fevered slumber, to dream of home, with its love and warmth, where were the dear ones, all unconscious as yet of their sad fate. The weary hours of that long first night on the rock—a night that seemed to them as if it would never close—slowly passed away, and at length the dull, gray light of the winter morning began to creep over the moaning sea, awaking them to a full sense of their misery, and of the awful present that now seemed more and more threatening. Still, the thought that they must die there slowly, of cold and hunger and thirst, was too terrible, especially when help was so near,—when only that little breadth of the hungry sea severed them from those who would welcome them with open arms, and even risk their lives to save them. Strength returned and hope revived as the sun arose; and they comforted one another with the thought that they were so near human succour, that surely this day would witness their deliverance. They would be missed and sought for, and no doubt Gull Island would be searched. It was not possible, the sanguine spirits among them thought, that they should be left to die unaided within two or three miles of human habitations. There were still many chances in their favour, and many ways in which help might come. The coasting craft, running for Tilt Cove, or some of the fishing boats, would be sure to pass near the Island. Alas! had they but known it, on that bright, clear day alone had they any chance of rescue; and unhap-

pily they were either stupefied by the suddenness of the calamity, or so benumbed with cold and suffering that they failed to light a signal-fire, the smoke of which could have been seen along the shore, and would have brought them help. As events proved, some of them had matches in their pockets, and some combustible materials might have been gathered, which a portion of the sail might have been spared to ignite; but if the attempt was made, it would seem to have been soon abandoned as hopeless. They seem to have been trusting solely to the chance of a passing vessel, which, at that period of the year, was most uncertain, on that lonely, storm-beaten coast. It does not even appear that they managed to hoist a signal, owing probably to the want of anything to serve as a flag-staff. Their utter inability to do anything to help themselves, and their being compelled to wait impotently, under the gnawings of hunger and the more terrible pangs of thirst for the approach of death, looking out on the pitiless sea breaking on its cold gray stones, must have been the most bitter portion of their sufferings. So long as brave men feel they can do something, they do not lose heart; it is when they find themselves powerless they sink into despair.

When the morning of their second day on the desolate islet dawned, dark heavy masses of cloud to windward indicated that another snow-storm was approaching. We can fancy the poor, pale, shivering castaways dragging their stiffened limbs from beneath the frozen canvas, and eagerly scanning the bay for the sight of some friendly sail, seeing only the angry scowl of ocean, hearing the mutterings of the approaching storm, and then searching one another's countenances for some gleam of hope, and meeting only looks of blank despair. And then, as the fierce nor'-easter rushed across the bay, hurling the snow-drifts on its wings of gloom, freezing the blood in their veins, we can see them, in imagination, cowering beneath their wretched shelter, huddling together for warmth, and perhaps trying to cheer one another with the expression of a hope which they but feebly realized. All day the snow continued to fall, shutting out the sight of sea and sky, and all hope of present deliverance. A terrible thirst now consumed them, far harder to bear than the dull gnawings of hunger. Another dreary night dragged through its slow hours, which were broken by death-like slumbers, from which maddening dreams aroused them at intervals. The storm

had abated, and their rocky prison was now covered with snow. Hunger and thirst were doing their deadly work; and some were so weak they could scarcely stand upright. Hope began to die out, and dull, leaden despair crept closer to each heart. Rapidly failing strength told them that the end could not be distant. Some who thought themselves sinking, and who expected they would be the first to die, left messages of love and farewell for the dear ones they should see no more, with those who were likely to survive, and had a farther chance of rescue. We can fancy the two poor women, reading their fate in each other's eyes, quietly clasping hands, leaning their cheeks close together, offering a prayer for mercy, and silently awaiting the approach of death.

One secret, unuttered dread, lay heavy on each heart in that sad group—more awful than even the fear of death—"should I be the first to die, ravenous hunger will at length drive the others to the last extremity—my body will never lie in a quiet grave, it will be devoured by my famishing companions." Alas! the poor sufferers were not to be released by death so soon as they expected. They had yet to lie many days and nights on that snow-covered rock, in the last extremity of human woe, looking into the stony eyes of death, as, like a hungry lion, he slowly crept nearer.

How the hapless group spent the dreary hours, what words were spoken, what prayers were uttered, which of them bore their sufferings most calmly; what arrangements they made for keeping an outlook, or what efforts for lessening their sufferings—of all these nothing can ever be known. Let us hope that some, if not all, felt the sustaining, comforting power of religion in those trying hours, and even from such a terrible death-bed, could look heavenward with humble hope. On the fifth day, one of the sufferers, Mr. F. Dowsley, feeling that there was no longer any hope, wrote a farewell letter to his wife, with a pencil, in his pocket-book. I have been permitted to copy this letter, and to make use of any portions of it which are suited for publication. It is pathetic and mournful in the last degree. After describing the circumstances under which they had been cast on the island, he wrote:

"This is our fifth day, and we have not had a bit or sup, not even a drink of water, there being no such thing on the island. It is void of everything which would give us any comfort. It is so barren and bleak that we cannot get wood to make a fire to

warm us; our bed is on the cold rocks, with a piece of canvas, full of gutter, to cover us. You may fancy what my sufferings have been and are. You know I was never very strong or robust. My feet are all swollen, and I am getting very weak. I expect that if Providence don't send a boat or vessel along this way to-day, or to-morrow at the farthest, that some of us will be no more; and I very much fear I will be the first victim. If so, you will not even have the gratification of getting my body, as they will make use of it for food. I am famishing with the thirst. I would give all I ever possessed for one drink of water. If I had plenty of water, I know I should live much longer. I feel a dreadful feverish thirst and no means of relieving it. Is it not a hard case that I cannot even get a drink of water? Oh! did I ever think my life would end in this way—to be cast away on a barren rock, in the middle of the ocean, and there to perish with cold and hunger and thirst, and our bodies to be bleached by the winter's frost and the summer's sun, and to be food for the wild fowl! Oh! is it not sad to think of this, and such a little thing would save us! We are only six miles from Shoe Cove, where we would be received with open arms. Now, my darling, as I plainly see that in a few hours I must appear before our God, I wish to say a few words about your future prospects." (Here follow directions about family affairs.) "Whilst I am writing this, under our little bit of canvas, I am shivering with weakness and cold, from head to foot. I don't know how I have written what I have, but this I can say—the facts are worse than I have named. Give my love to my darling children, and tell them to think often of my sad fate. Tell them I leave it as my dying request to be kind and obedient to you, and to be advised by you in everything. Oh, my darling Margaret, you will feel, you will pity me, when you know of my unbounded sufferings and sad fate. Oh do, and pray for me, with the children, incessantly. I must now conclude, my darling, as I am unable to write more. Embrace my darling children, and tell them to be obliging and kind to each other, for, without this, they cannot expect to prosper. Tell them their unfortunate father leaves them his blessing. Should our fate be known before the Spring, if George would think it worth his while to come round, he would be able to get my body or bones, which I would like to have laid in Belvidere cemetery. If I were with you and my dear children, and had the priest, I don't think I should fear death quarter so much.

"I must now, my darling, take my last farewell of you in this world. May we meet and enjoy one another where there is no sorrow, no trouble, no affliction. I leave you, my love, my blessing. Your loving but unfortunate husband,

F. DOWSLEY."

We can fancy with what bursting hearts and streaming eyes the poor wife and children read these touching utterances of a love that beat strongly for them in death, when many months afterwards the poor remains were brought home, and how they will treasure these last solemn words of tender farewell! This letter is dated "December 16th, 1867," but it was not destined to be the last. Days and nights of fearful sufferings still awaited them before death came to their release. The following letter is dated December 18th:

"*My darling Margaret*—

"I have been out to see if there might be any chance of a rescue, but no such thing. I am almost mad with the thirst. I would give all I ever saw for one drink of water, but I shall never get it. We are all as wet as a sink. My clothes are all wet and frozen. I am going under the canvas to lie down and die. May God pity me and have mercy on my soul.

"Your loving and unfortunate husband,

F. DOWSLEY."

The foregoing letter was written on the seventh day of their sufferings; and we would naturally conclude, considering their circumstances, that, without food, drink or shelter, life could not be prolonged for many more hours. It is, however, startling to find that, six days later, all of them were still living. A third letter, written by poor Dowsley, is dated "December 24th, 1867":

"*My darling Margaret*—

"We are all still alive, only that we have had no relief ever since, nor any sign of it. We have not tasted a bit of food, up to this time, of any kind, with the exception of the dirty snow-water that melts around and under our feet, which we are glad to devour. The place we are sheltered in, if I can call it a shelter, is up to our ankles in water. Oh, what a sad Christmas Eve and Christmas Day it is for me! I think I can see you making the sweet-bread and preparing everything comfortable for to-morrow. My feet were very painful last night. I was in complete agony with them. My clothes are completely saturated. Oh, I never knew how to appreciate the comforts of a home, or a bed, until now. We shall never see one another again in this world. I had no idea we should have lasted so long. Our case is now hopeless. There is no hope of deliverance. My sufferings have been beyond description since I landed on this barren rock. Don't forget to give my love to George and Eliza. Oh, how I dread"—(words illegible—probably "another night.") "I would write more but feel unable. Oh, my darling, if I could but once

see you and the children, I think I would be satisfied to die. Embrace them all for me. Give my love to Mary — and Mrs. G——, and all her family! Tell them all to pray for me.

“Your loving husband,

F. DOWSLEY.”

This is the last sad record which was discovered; and probably the hand that wrote it was, soon after, cold in death. A more touching memorial of affection amid awful sufferings, it would be difficult to imagine. From it we learn, on the most unquestionable evidence, what would otherwise have been incredible, that eleven human beings lived, under the circumstances I have described, for thirteen days without food or drink. In all probability, their lives were prolonged for such a length of time by their swallowing the half-melted snow around them, as described in the last letter I have quoted; though this seems to have still left them consumed by a raging thirst. Moisture too must have been absorbed by the skin, from their saturated clothing, and would help slightly to meet the cravings of nature. I believe instances are on record of persons having subsisted without food for more than a fortnight, when access to water was obtained. In the case of the sufferers on Gull Island, we know, for certain, that they were all alive on the thirteenth day; after that we know nothing, except by inference, of what took place, and can only conjecture how many more days elapsed before kind death released the last sufferer. It is too painful to dwell on the possible horrors of the closing scene, or to imagine one after another dying, till the last man, looking around with glazing eyes, saw the ghastly faces of ten frozen corpses, and was glad to crouch among them, under the same wretched canvas covering, praying for death to release him from the terrors of their stony gaze. This much is certain, that the fierce cravings of hunger at length drove some of the unhappy sufferers to that extremity from which nature revolts most strongly. Two skeleton forms, lying apart from the other dead bodies when discovered, and almost denuded of flesh, told a sad tale. May heaven preserve us all from such an awful death!

At length, on that lonely spot, the last groan of the sufferers was hushed in the sleep which was never to be broken. All was still. Through the cloud-rack the pale moon looked down upon the two ghastly skeleton forms—upon the dead women, their hands clasped, the head of the one reclining on the shoulder of the

other,—upon the wan, worn faces of the dead men, some so calm and peaceful, others with traces of anguish and woe, which once seen would haunt the dreams of the beholder till the close of life. But the snow-drifts, shaken from the wings of the storm, fell softly on the sorrowful scene, wrapping the sleepers in a spotless winding-sheet, hiding all traces of suffering, effacing all records of the dreadful past, even as the divine mercy and love wrap our poor world around, hiding in their beneficent folds the scars of our sinning and suffering humanity, and quieting its convulsive sobs. The storms of January came and raved around the sleepers, but they heeded them not. The foam-crested billows dashed themselves far up the cliffs, with angry roar, but did not disturb “the sleep that knows no waking.” The vast ice-fields floated down from the frozen north, encircling the lonely sleepers on the rock, and converting the face of ocean into a white, solid table-land far as the eye could reach. The glittering icebergs glided past in silent grandeur, as if they feared to disturb their slumbers. But, at length, the April sun came with its warmth, dissolving the frozen masses, bringing the soft breezes off the land which drove away the chilling ice-fields, and thus gently uncovering the faces of the dead, that sorrowing friends might see them once more, lay them, with loud weeping, in the soft bosom of earth.

On the 21st of April, a small schooner was cruising near Gull Island, in search of seals. A boat was despatched from it to shoot some birds that were hovering near the shore. One of these was fired at and fell wounded on the Island. A fisherman landed to recover it, and had gone but a few yards when he was struck with horror and consternation at the sight of the two skeletons lying almost close together. He called to his companions, who were speedily beside him. On further search, they found, underneath the frozen canvas, the dead bodies of seven men and two women. Horror-stricken, they hurried back to their vessel with the doleful intelligence. The truth at once flashed upon them—that these were a portion of the crew and passengers of the ill-fated *Queen*, all of whom were believed to have gone down on the wreck, but had really perished of hunger and cold close to their very doors! It was a harrowing thought to the poor fellows, that had they known of their mishap on the fatal 12th December, they could have rescued all in a couple of hours; had they even within a fortnight after, observed any signal of distress on the uninhabited

island, it would not have been too late to save them. Dark and mysterious providence! All things seemed to have conspired to cut off help and hope. Had the *Queen* been wrecked where she struck, an immediate search for survivors would have resulted in the rescue of all. With sad hearts they headed their vessel for Tilt Cove, in order to make known the sorrowful news, and get aid for the removal of the bodies. The little village was convulsed with grief. Coffins were hastily got ready, and a schooner was despatched to convey the bodies from Gull Island to Tilt Cove, for interment. The horror of the scene was completed when it was found that the bodies were frozen so firmly together that it was necessary to separate them with crowbars and force. In the cemetery at Tilt Cove all found a quiet resting-place, except the body of Mr. Dowsley, which was transmitted to his family in St. John's, and, in accordance with his dying wish, was interred in Belvidere cemetery.

As everything connected with the sad fate of these castaways is of interest, I subjoin copies of two other documents found on the persons of the sufferers. The first is one which was found written in the memorandum book of the Captain, and ran as follows :

“No. I.

“We left St. John's, N. F., on the 5th December 1867, with 80 tons stone ballast, about 10 or 12 tons general cargo and lumber, and a mail bag full of letters for the Union Mine, Tilt Cove. When running for Gull Island, Cape John, in a snow-squall, struck on it, when not able to see anything even when on top of it, at 6 o'clock A. M. on December 12th, 1867. Did not save anything only this book and the ship's papers, which are in a tin case now here,---and Lord have mercy on our souls. We will all perish here, without food or clothes or fire.

“JOHN OWENS,

“Master of the *Queen*, of Swansea.”

“No. II.

“The *Queen*, of Swansea, got on the rocks on Gull Island on December 12th. The captain, mate, and seven men landed on Gull Island on December 12th by means of a rope, just as we stood, neither bread, nor eatables, nor clothes. Boatswain, pilot, and one of the ship's crew went away with the ship, and a married man, a passenger, and all these four perished with the ship. This is written on the Island, after landing, by me.

“JOHN OWENS,

“Master of the *Queen*.”

The following letter was found on the person of William Hoskins:

"Whatever person or persons pick this up I hope they will send this small box, with its contents, and a revolver which is in my coat pocket, to Captain Hoskins, Tilt Cove Union Mine.

"Dear Father, Mother, Sisters and Brothers,—I expect this is the last you will hear or see of us. We have been here 108 hours. We could not get any thing on shore to eat. There were fifteen on board. We lost four men that were driven off in the vessel. We got on shore by means of a rope on the morning of 12th December. Dear friends, do not grieve for us, we are giving our time to prayer. There is no one dead yet, but all are getting very weak. We shall have to wish you a long farewell. If we do not meet on earth, may we meet in heaven. The revolver belongs to Willy Parsons—give it to him for me. We must bid you good bye. We remain your affectionate children,

"WILLIAM and GRINELDA HOSKINS."

The tale of the poor castaways of Gull Island will continue to be told, for many a year to come, around the winter hearths of the Newfoundland fishermen, while the storm is raging without; awakening gentle pity in many a heart, and helpful compassion towards the suffering and sorrowful, of whom the world is so full.

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### CAPRIAN WINE.

BRING me a cup of the vintage of Capri,  
 Odors of violets flooding its brim;  
 Here, in the cold north, I would be happy,  
 Calling up memories misty and dim.  
 Memories carried, like Orient treasure,  
 Over the seas to the homes of the West,  
 Gathered by hearts palpitating with pleasure,  
 Hidden and guarded far down in the breast.

Voices that sound like night wind in the cedars,  
 Come with the odors of Capri to me,  
 With hands that were faithful and tireless weeders,  
 In gardens of life reaching down to the sea.

The thirst of my spirit this vintage can slaken,  
 Time, sorrow and distance, like clouds, disappear,  
 Long silent singers their strains re-awaken,  
 The brave and the noble who perished are here.

Up from the beaker, as up from the ocean,  
 Sparkles arise like the eyes of the dead;  
 Coming in dreams, with a living emotion,  
 And pale fingers parting the curtains of dread,  
 Rosy cheeks nestling far down in white pillows,  
 Fanned by the wings that are not for our gaze,  
 Hoary heads sinking fast under the billows,  
 Driven by tempests for many long days.

Lost in the past, like the victims who perished,  
 Hurl'd from the cliff by the tyrant of old;  
 Who has their names or their memories cherished,  
 Who has the tale of their mystery told?  
 Violets bloom where the loving are lying,  
 They breathe in the odors and smile in the vine;  
 Kiss, rosy lips, separation defying,—  
 I bless thee for giving this Caprian Wine.

CARROLL RYAN.

Ottawa, 1873.

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## THE MASQUE OF LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT.

LORENZO DE MEDICI, who, from the profuseness and splendor of his reign, gained the appellation of the Magnificent, was a man of such restless and brilliant intellect, that in a short time after the administration of affairs came into his hands, he became the restorer of the arts, the Mæcenus of the literati, and the glory of Florence, his country. With great generosity he gathered from all parts of Europe the most celebrated scholars of the time, among them Pico Mirandolano, Angelo Poliziano, Ermolao Barbaro, Massilio Ficino, Cancandile and many other men of genius, who were entertained with regal magnificence and lodged in his house, making it (says an Italian biographer) “a

delicious hotel of the muses, and an areopagus of the sciences and liberal arts." So well was he acquainted with the popular poetry of Italy, and so much did he admire it, that not only did he restore it with the help of his scholarly collaborators to the splendor that it had almost lost since the death of Petrarch, but he was himself the originator of a new adaptation of it to the purposes of public festivals and rejoicings, and to which was given the name, *par excellence*, of "Canti Carnascialeschi," or Carnival Songs. These festivals were celebrated in Florence with extraordinary display. During the administration of the Magnifico, no pains were spared to ensure their success. Contemporary writers relate how these celebrations were held during the night, by torch-light, by bands of masqueraders on foot, on horseback, and in cars, dressed appropriately to represent classical and mythological "triumphs" and allegories suggestive of the arts, the passions, the virtues and vices, beings embodied and disembodied. In such guise the company paraded the city, singing, to the accompaniment of music, all sorts of canzonettes, ballads, madrigals and barzelletti, appropriate to the subjects represented. Lorenzo and the scholarly knights of his table did not think it beneath them to design and superintend these pageants, and to substitute their more polished compositions for the rude effusions of the vulgar muse. Says the editor of the first published edition of these convivial pieces: "When these triumphs and these songs were well designed and executed, accompanied by every imaginable pomp, when the invention was happy, the meaning clear, the words popular and pleasant, the music simple and gay, the voices sonorous and well matched, the dresses rich, brilliant and appropriate to the characters, the machinery well constructed and artistically embellished, the horses many, fine and handsomely equipped, the night illuminated by immense numbers of torches and flambeaus, nothing could be seen or imagined more agreeable or more calculated to please every taste." Of the vocal accompaniments of the pageant, some were gay and gallant, some conveyed a moral or *jeu d'esprit*, but almost all were satirical. A collection of the most popular was published at Florence, in 1559, by Anton-Francesco Grazzini, commonly called "the Lasca," under the title of "*Tutti i Trionfi, Carri, Mascherate, o Canti carnascialeschi andati per Firenze dal tempo del Magnifico Lorenzo de Medici fino all', anno 1559.*" The edition most

commonly met with, and at the same time the most accurate, is that published "in Cosmopoli," 1780.

The bright Italian day had gone down. Dusk deepened into dark, for, although the stars shone out with a chastened lustre, fortunately for the coming celebration, there was no moon. All the population of Florence was in the streets, and were setting in steady currents towards the palace, in which was usually held the administration of justice. In front of that edifice a temporary facade had been erected, and there the Magnifico was present with his personal friends and the chief citizens of the Republic. Gorgeous they were, especially the ladies, in the bravery of silks, and velvets, and gems from the Orient, for, now that the commerce of her merchant princes had poured into her lap the luxuries of the East, great was the contrast between the Florence of the Medician era and that of the simpler preceding period.

At a given signal, the carnival was begun. The first spectacle on the programme was one of those adaptations of Greek fable that the newly awakened taste for classic lore had rendered familiar, or at least amusing, even to the common people. The words of the libretto were written by Lorenzo himself. Amid the flaring of torches and the shouting of the populace, the spectacle commenced with a procession of masques.

The arena on which was represented this masque of Bacchus and the Nymphs, was a long, wide platform, which moved on concealed wheels, and was carpeted with green and tessellated with flowers. The motive power was a troop of gaily caparisoned steeds, ridden by winged boys and led by satyrs. As the procession moved on, these winged postilions shot golden-tipped arrows and let fly doves among the crowd. A trellis ran along the car, wreathed with vines, and overarching the *dramatis personæ*, hung clusters of the grape. On the platform was the triumphal car of the God of Wine, drawn by a lion and a tiger in the shafts, and, as leaders, a team of goats with gilded horns, thus typifying the double character of the God of rural delights and Iacchus the conqueror. Satyrs held the jewelled reins of the beasts of prey, and fauns led the goats. In the ruby-cushioned car sat the son of Semele, a wreath of ivy and vine around his youthful brow, a leopard skin on his shoulders, and in his hand the thyrsus. By his side fair Ariadne. This beauteous daughter of the Cretan king held in her hand a silken clue, and was crowned with stars.

Bacchantes, with lascivious gestures, circled and twined. Dryads peeped from among the leaves, and hamadryads coquetted among the sprays. Naids were grouped in graceful attitudes around a fountain that threw up wine in jets of spray. Behind the car of Bacchus, Priapus, his son, perpetrated antics that would not be tolerated in any public exhibition at the present day. Then came old Silenus, bound on his ass's back with chains of flowers, and before him ambled his jolly old father Pan, playing on the seven-reed pipe. Alongside and around were posed the people of Arcadia, bearing samples of the products of the earth, and fauns carrying wheat sheaves. And from a copse of whispering reeds looked out the face and long ears of Midas the Phrygian. Behind and before nodded the minstrels to the music of flageolet, cymbal, bagpipe and tabor.

Halting before the company in the balcony, a satyr of most bacchanalian aspect came to the front and explained that the pageant was—

THE TRIUMPH OF BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.

*Quant' è bella giovinezza, by Lorenzo di Medici.*

Youth! youth! how beautiful and gay  
Although for ever slipping away!  
Who will,—now let him happy be,  
For of to-morrow's no certainty.

Ladies and gentlemen, this is Bacchus and this Ariadne. Handsome both, and lovers. Never heed they that time is fleeting and deceptive. These are nymphs and other people, every one of them as happy as the day is long:

Who will,—now let him happy be  
For of to-morrow's no certainty.

These are a crew of jolly Satyrs enamored of the Nymphs:

Many traps for them they've set  
In the caverns and the glades,  
But the Nymphs are free as yet,  
Loving Bacchus,—jolly maids!  
*Chorus.*—Who will, &c.

Though these nymphs do take good care,  
Not by them to be made naughty,  
Still they (being sheltered there,)  
To the "red men" are not haughty.  
But with them in dances blending,  
Keep a festa never ending.

*Chorus.*—Who will, &c.

This old load who comes behind

On the ass is old Silenus,

Full of flesh and badly wined,

Drunk, in fact,—say *Bacchi Plenus*,—

Cannot stand from too much quaffing,

And the rogue can't speak for laughing.

*Chorus*.—Who will, &c.

Here comes Midas, hateful elf!

All he touches turns to gold;

Who for pelf would age himself?

Who for lucre would grow old?

Who would thirst for sordid treasure?

Who would choose 'twixt coin and pleasure?

*Chorus*.—Who will, &c.

Each one open now his ears!

To-day is ours but not to-morrow,

Young! as well as those in years!

Masks and ladies! banish sorrow,

Hide all tristeful thoughts away,

Let us make our feast for aye!

*Chorus*.—Who will, &c.

Ladies, and gallant loving youths,

Long live Bacchus and long live Love!

Music, dance, and song are truths,

Hearts with gladness burn and move,

Away fatigue! away with sorrow!

What *will* happen, that must be,

Joy to-day, what e'er to-morrow—

Of to-morrow's no certainty.

Ho! for beautiful youth so gay,

That so swiftly is passing away.

Boom! boom! boom! rataplan,—rataplan—ra-ta-plan! shriek upon shriek and long-drawn wails of profoundest woe,—an unearthly symphony for, unearthly visitors were at hand. It was known that Ser Niccolo Machiavelli, after-time friend and political tutor to the most illustrious Prince Cæsar Borgia, had condescended to invoke the muse for a contribution to the pleasures of the occasion. That is he seated near the Magnifico. Notice his high but rather narrow brow set off by a three-cornered hat, from under which his hair escapes in two long ringlets like a woman's. His eyes are large, dark and bold; nose of an exaggerated Roman type; upper lip long and flexible; mouth wide and sensuous, with a curious droop at the corners, in which and around his eyes lurk a labyrinth of wily wrinkles.

His throat, encircled by a crimped linen collar, is otherwise bare, and his face, cleanly shaven, shows a square jaw and firm-set chin. As the sound of the demoniac music, presaging his "Dance of Devils," approaches, a faint smile puckers his thin lips, for he, too, knows how to govern, and appreciates how much of this pageant of the Magnifico's is meant to please the people, and how much to keep the mob out of mischief.

And now, from out the storm of discord came crawling a monstrous elf! In the hollow of the reptile's back were grouped the *élite* of hell. These personages were more of the classical than the scriptural type. Of course, Pluto was there on his sulphur throne, with his two-pronged trident, and bearing the keys as custodian of lost souls. Around him were grouped the peers and functionaries of Tartarus. The Furies were there holding in their hands the torches and the whips of scorpions. There also the Fates—the dire Erinnos, Clotho holding the distaff, Lachesis ever spinning, spinning, and Atropus standing by with her shears. Near to these daughters of Night sat, in moody state, Minos and Rhadamanthus, judges of the souls of men. Charon, the ferryman, shouldered his oar and held in a leash the three-headed watch-dog. Beelzebub, with his three faces of envy, anger and despair, and surrounded with a cloud of flies. Plutus, ever crying "papa Satan! papa Satan!" Hecate poring over a lamp and encompassed with the implements of sorcery. Ate spread her sable wings as if brooding over the gloomy river of Acheron. Hecuba barked like a dog. Briærius waved his hundred arms. Evil ones were there from the city of Dis, and in the background were shapeless forms enveloped in sable stoles, representing the evil genii that stand by man's cradle, and mislead him to his tomb. All these made a startling spectacle, grouped on the platform amid the blaze of parti-colored lights and the smoke of incense. And the head of Gorgon the golden-winged, glared from the panels of the car.

High over all sat throned—the thunder-scars on his visage, from which had not yet departed all the sublimity of the archangel—Satan, the morning star.

A crowd of sable horsemen on black horses represented centaurs and the inferior fiends Alichino, Calcabrina, Cagnazzo, Libicocco, Draghinazzo, fanged Ciriatto, Graffiacane fierce, Tarfarello and mad Rubicant. Their torches, as the horses pranced and curveted

around the car, rained flakes of fire on the ruby-coloured tinsel that studded their bridles and housings. Besides the horsemen, were an immense number on foot, in various guises, intended to represent the Manes, or souls of the dead. The *coup d' œuil* was weird and wild, and in its fantastic jumble represented, not inaptly, the place of punishment as imagined in the theology, or rather, we should say, the mythology of the time.

Belphegor, the married devil, stood forward as the spokesman of his peers. He was dressed in the extremity of the fashion. His manner was courtly and debonair. Two little horns set off to advantage the contour of his head, while a tail, gracefully curled, depended from beneath his doublet of Genoese silk. Boots he had none, but in lieu thereof hoofs neat enough to have been chiselled by Phydias as the *chassure* of a marble faun, and bearing such an exquisite polish that they shone like garnets of price. With a voice of considerable sweetness, although husky a little from the fumes of Phlegethon, he spoke these words,—written for him by Machiavelli :

SONG OF THE DEVILS,

By Niccolo Machiavelli.

*Gia fummo, or non siam spirti beati.*

Driven from the mansions of eternal bliss,

Angels no more, the fate

Of pride was ours.

Yet claim we here,—in this

Your rude and ravaged state,

More torn with factions and fierce powers

Of vengeance, than our realms of hate,—

The rule we lost in Heaven, o'er men below.

Famine, war, blood, fierce cold and fiercer fire,

Lo! on your mortal heads

The vials pour our hands that never tire :

And we, while this glad season spreads

The feast and dance, are with you now,

And must with you remain

To foster grief and pain

And plague you with fresh woes, and erimes that bring forth woe.

And now to the soft music of flutes, mingled with the trained voices of hidden children, came a pageant of paradise. A gleam of silvery light rose on the horizon, which gradually increased until it resolved itself into individual lights. As they advanced they took the appearance and arrangement of stars. It was,

indeed, a daring attempt to represent the host of heaven. Large globes of Venetian glass, cut in facets to give forth rays, were borne on black wands by a mixed company of foot and horse, clad in mantles of white and grey. The orbs were arranged to represent the stars of the constellations. There were the stars of the lion, of the bear, of the farmer's wain; three horsemen abreast were the belt of Orion, and seven the beneficent Pleiades. Galaxy upon galaxy moved past in silence, the horses being shod with felt, till the whole vista, far as the eye could reach, was an undulation of moving orbs. At the centre of the show was a car in shape of the crescent moon, drawn by twenty-four horses with stars on their heads, to represent the hours, and led by angelic forms such as we are familiar with in Guido's aurora. Seated on a throne shaped like a scallop shell, was the Divine Mary, the *stella cæli*, and above her the symbol of the mystic rose. Around her a company of beatified spirits:

"Then saw I a bright band, in loveliness  
Surpassing, who themselves did make the crown  
And us the centre: yet more sweet in voice  
Than in their visage beaming."

—Paradiso.

From the whole programme of the entertainment, it will be seen that the taste of the age affected a strange mixture of the political and religious, the graceful and the grotesque, the Christian and the Pagan. Among the beatified spirits appeared on equal terms the usual complement of saints and martyrs, men who had died in arms for the church and commonwealth, Beatrice, the personification of reason, and many supposed inhabitants of the Pagan heaven. These various personages kept moving round in a measured dance, framed on the idea of the double-rainbow wheel described in the twelfth canto of Dante's *Paradiso*,—a circle moving contrariwise within a circle. The effect of the lights glittering on the gemmed rosaries and crucifixes of the saints, the burnished armor of the beatified warriors, and the golden aurioles on the floating tresses of the redeemed, conveyed to the popular mind,—so ready to be excited through the senses,—an idea of supernal splendor. Halting in front of the grand stand, and speaking in a tone of singular power and sweetness, one of the blessed addressed the Magnifico and the people in a canto commencing "*spirti beati siamo*," written by Machiavelli. The

burden of the piece was to deprecate the petty wars that ravaged Italy. We have but room for the peroration :

“Have ye not sense to see your necine feuds  
To all your enemies ope wide the way ?

The Sultan of the Turks

Sharpens his arms and burns with pagan zeal  
To hurl his hordes on your devoted land.

Lift up the hand against the cruel foe,  
And tender succor to your afflicted friends ;  
Ye Christian men ! cast off your ancient hates  
And 'gainst him turn your yet unconquered steel,  
Else 'gainst yourselves will Heaven's array be turned ;  
Away with fear and rancorous enmities,  
Pride, cruelty, and pinching avarice,—  
Again in you the pristine love renew  
Of justice and of honour,—and turn the world  
To what it was at first !

Thus shall the gate

Of heaven open to the blessed ones,  
Nor be fair virtue's flame extinguished quite.

As the speaker concluded, the lights were simultaneously extinguished, and the whole pageant passed away in silence like the baseless fabric of a dream.

After a lapse of time sufficient to give effect to this *coup de theatre*, there came on the ear a tempest of discord that presaged the advent of the Winds. How the sounds were produced, whether from *unmusical* instruments or by the human voice, was a mystery, but the theory of the noise seemed to be the gambolling of the winds around the Cape of Storms. Now there came a bellowing such as the wind might make in caves, toning down to a prolonged groan till you could almost fancy you heard the very swish of the surf,—then rising as if in wail among the rattling of cordage and the flapping of sails. Then it would break into gusty shrieks as if whistling through keyholes. Anon it would die away into a rustling as if among leaves, and expire at length soft as lover's sigh, or as the voice of Zephyr whispering to the thousand Oceanites,—only to swell again into the stentorian tones of a stiff nor'-wester. And beneath all murmured a continuous undertone of *Æolian* harps. Nearer approached the discord,—if discord it could be called, until an agitated and angry sea of rolling waves, crested with foam, came flowing up the

street, and on it a gigantic galley with all sail set on a turreted mast, surmounted by a vane. On deck were the winged company of the winds. Æolus seated on the golden poop. Borea, the north wind, represented by a buxom female draped in robes that sparkled with snow and glittered with icicles. Hand in hand with her, the Tramontana garlanded with needles from the pines that grow beyond the breezy Alps. Near them the wind of mid-day coming from the sea, and with *him* (for, excepting the north winds the others were masculine) the southwest Scilocco that had fanned the palms on the Barbary shore,—the Garbino and the Libiccio, whose breath speeds the feluccas with wine from the coast of Sicily. Attired in shawl and caftan, the very personification of a stout Saracen, Euro, the wind of the east, and the rugged Levante that wrecked St. Paul on the island of Melita. Besides all these was the Western wind blowing straight from the mighty ocean that lay unexplored beyond the Gates of Hercules. Nor must we omit the gentle, bright-eyed zephyr represented by a pretty boy costumed in robes of the hue of blush-rose and garlanded with flowers. The supernumeraries were the truculent hurricane, the sand-laden simoom, the red sirocco, the black and white squalls and tempest generally.

Arrived opposite the public stand, the airy crew burst forth into this rude but gallant

## SONG OF THE WINDS,

By Giovambatista Cini.

*Tutti siam Venti, o Donne.*

O Ladies fair, The Winds compose this crew,  
Who pay their devoirs now to Love and you!

'Tis we who make the upper air serene,  
Until the heaven for very gladness smiles,  
And we who veil in mists the dank terrene,  
And vex with storms the many caverened isles,  
Upon our wings we bring the nipping frost,  
Our breath lures forth the green grass and the frond,  
And makes the clouds, or calm or tempest-tossed,  
As shines the warm sun out, or hides in wrack beyond.

'Tis ours to tame and guide the prideful main,  
Until it, clear and tranquil, lies full low,  
And ours to shake up its fierce crests again,  
All madly bounding when the breezes blow,  
And whisk it to a seething yeast of waves,  
Until the driving ship of home-bound tars  
Is split and sucked into the mouth of caves,  
Or strikes its shattered sails and lowers its lofty spars.

Gentle ladies, oft we think we see  
 The sun, and lo! 't is but your sparkling eyes,  
 That give the same serene effects as we  
 Produce by blustering 'round to clear the skies,—  
 Even so your lovers, when they turn to you,  
 In the sweet glamour that their eyes beguile,  
 See golden sunlight flashing through the blue,  
 And the whole world serene itself into a smile.

But when disturbing thoughts your breasts assail,  
 And your cold looks those froward thoughts repeat,  
 Worse is it than the ice, snow, rain, and hail,  
 Inclement that on miserables beat;  
 Hence with beauty such as yours, and power  
 To make mankind rejoice, or else to mope —  
 (So much depends on you)—we beg each hour  
 You 'll have the heart to do right and give hope.

We the winds rebelled against our king,  
 But, conquered now, we come as vassals low,  
 And to your sparkling eyes our homage bring,  
 And crave a kind place in your breasts of snow,—  
 And if among your lovers any be,  
 For pleasant times who would our aid secure,  
 And balmy summer skies and tranquil sea,  
 Let them but turn to *you* their humble prayers and pure.

The Cicada or Cicala, “the nightingale of the nymphs,” “the sweet prophet of summer,” “the love of the muses,” was a favourite reference in these strange mythological compositions as being the type of perfect happiness, in like manner as the butterfly typifies Pschye, the soul.

“ — raucis

Sole sub ardenti resonant arbustis cicadis.”

—*Virgil.*

This joyous insect-minstrel (for the males alone possess the singing organ) whose brief life of a few hours' duration is all for love, holds pleasant converse, in more than one of these masques, with the maidens. More discreet than another member of his family, he never tells what “Katy did.” Lovelorn hearts of the gentler sex take him into their confidence, and exchange with him note for note in the languid sunny hours. Yet, sometimes, with the beautiful inconsistency which even in our day characterises the angels of the household, they abuse the poor Cicada and tax him—surely unjustly—with envy, uncharitableness, and all manner of evil-speaking. In this same masque of Lorenzo was a

chorus, written by the Magnifico himself, for a car-load of little girls, who railed and flouted at a number of their companions disguised as cicadas with gauzy wings, and making music on zitterns in imitation of the guitarist of the woods. It is satisfactory to say that the cicala-girls gave the others as good as they brought, and harped away with an *abandon* that must have been exasperating. Their triumphal car, however, passed on till the zitterns mellowed in the distance, and came back but as the hum of the real cicadas from the canopy of boughs that overarched the beautiful bevy.

But we have not yet done with the cicada. For now came on the lambent night the sound of clashing cymbals, fitful and spasmodic, intermingled with female voices which—were such a thing possible (but which the present chronicler of this masque doubts on æsthetic grounds)—if heard in the domestic circle might be called *scolding*, so high-pitched and acidulous they were. Perhaps some other Actæon had unwarrantably intruded on the bath of Diana. Perhaps—but why speculate further? For there hove in sight a platform-car on which circled and gyrated with flashing arms and cymbals held aloft, a galaxy of beautiful maidens robed all in white, with scintillating gold and gems on their wrists and limbs, and with their streaming hair softening around their eyes and faces like shifting shadows lit by fire-flies on an undulating pool of water-lilies. Not more interestingly irate can we suppose the Graces on Mount Ida to have been when Paris, that *dilletante* son of Troy, awarded the golden apple. What could the matter be? Alas! the cicala had incurred the displeasure of the maidens. There is nothing new under the sun said Solomon the wise. The words they sang (although anonymous) have come down to us, and we find in them the original of that composition, which was recently so popular as a national air of the neighbouring Republic,—“Shoo Fly!”

FUOR CICALA IN MALORA, FUOR CICALA.

(Author unknown.)

Go forth, cicala! forth then cicala!

We want to hear your busy buzz no more,  
We have no patience with you,—you are what we call a  
Most intrusive insect, insufferable bore.

Thousands there are of you (we might excuse a few,  
But you 're pervading wherever turns the sun,  
Every one is tired of you, every one complains of you,  
Every one 's afraid of you,—do then ha' done.

And so, without more ado, get out Cical'!

We want none of your company, we want none of your cry,  
Shut up your music, get out, song and all,

Out then cicala! out Shoo Fly!

Time would fail to give even a list of the after groups, allegorical and representative. Such were the Triumphs of Love and Jealousy, the Elements, Glory, Fame, the Men with their Heads turned wrong side before, and who saw all things from a wrong point of view (a race not yet extinct), the Nymphs in love, the Unfrocked Priests, our old friends the Merry Andrews, the Young Men impoverished by lewd ways, the Lewd Women, the worshipful company of Roosters, and the Souls of the Damned.

Some fifteen in number of these carnival pieces from the pen of Lorenzo have come down to us. The names are suggestive: the triumphs of Bacchus and Ariadne (already quoted) and of the seven Planets, the songs of the old husbands and young wives, of the beggars, the shoemakers, the peddlers, the hermits, the muleteers, the spinners of gold thread, the gingerbread bakers, the nightmen, the wafer-sellers, the market gardeners of Narcetri; besides the altercation between the maidens and the cicada. Did space permit we would fain translate the gracefully turned conceits of the spinning-girls, and the sage advice given by the hermits to young men against wasting their substance in the expensive delusions of love,—but we shall content ourselves with one more canto, not selected because it is the best, but as showing how skilfully Lorenzo identified himself with the common people, entering into their feelings, and using even the idiom of their respective crafts:

#### SONG OF THE MULETEERS.

By Lorenzo de Medici.

*Donne, noi siam Mulattieri.*

Fair ladies! we are muleteers,

Gay and festive and free from care;

Give us a job!—the fair 't is clear,

Will ne'er begrudge our mules their fare.

Our beasts are brisk to bear along

Bonnet-box, bag, valise and poke,

For each man carries a cudgel strong,

To tickle the ribs of his trusty moke.

Our frisky beasts are trebly tough,

Their sturdy backs are braced like rhombs,

Besides, their frames are solid enough,

And broad enough to carry bombs!

And every one as soon as not  
Will take the road although it rains,  
And when you whack 'em they will trot,  
Whether on mountain-paths or plains.

About the payment:—you will find,  
Fair maids, with us no cause to cavil,  
So much, before,—so much, behind,  
According as the brutes may travel.  
In every country we're at home,  
And have squired ladies—bless their faces!  
To Venice, Bruggia and to Rome,  
And have been at their country places.

If any of you are country dames,  
And want good teamsters on your farms,  
Here are we to give in our names,  
And serve you as becomes your charms.  
Olives we'll team, and figs and pears,  
And grapes, and pulse, and corn in ear,—  
So, as we're moderate in our fares,  
Give a chance to the muleteer!

Not long afterwards Lorenzo, on his death-bed, refused to be shrieved by the half charlatan, half reformer, and wholly fanatic monk Savonarola, inasmuch as to the absolution was attached, as a condition, a guarantee of liberty to Florence. Evil days were drawing nigh. Ere long Savonarola's prophetic words found a meaning: "Woe unto thee, O Mother of the Arts,—woe unto thee, beautiful Italy!"

HUNTER DUVAR.

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## OUR NORTH-WEST.

BY REV. G. M. GRANT, HALIFAX.

FORT GARRY, in the centre of the continent, is a convenient starting point. Our still unknown North-west may be said to begin there, because the Department of Public Works now offers to send emigrants from Toronto to Fort Garry at the rate of \$15 each, and a place that it costs so little to reach, cannot be considered *terra incognita*. Nothing shows more clearly than this one little fact, how rapidly the different members of the Dominion are being brought together. Five or six years ago, in ordinary society, you might have described Fort Garry as near

Timbuctoo, without much risk of being contradicted. The standpoint that a British American occupies to-day, and his ordinary outlook, are as different from what they were then, as with a German inhabitant of Weimar or Pampernickel before Sadowa and now. Then, practical Know-nothingism reigned supreme among us. Nova Scotia was for the Nova Scotians, and "the" Island was for Prince Edward Islanders. Parish politics, with all their littleness and all their bitterness, were the only politics known. Now, we look beyond our own little principality. We breathe freely. We look from Province to Province, from Ocean to Ocean. "No pent up Utica confines our powers," as Joseph Howe loved to quote when we were pent up and confined. The pulses of a larger life are beating in our veins. "The elements of Empire here are plastic yet and warm," and to us is given the task of moulding them. Then, annexation was a subject for discussion. Now, even to hint it, is a crime, and worse—a blunder.

We paid the Hudson Bay Company £300,000 sterling, plus "perquisites," with a good deal more for the North-west. The country was well worth the money, whether the Company was entitled to it or not. For the North-west is our back-land, and every prudent farmer knows the value of that in a farm. It is empty now, but when filled up is sure to be the back-bone of our Dominion. Here our surplus population can stream,—those restless spirits that feel "crowded" in the thronged and ancient settlements that their grandfathers cleared. Thither shall flow the mighty currents of human life that have done so much in the last quarter of a century to enrich the Great Republic.

Our neighbours have now a clearer idea of the value of the North-west than we. The promoters of the Northern Pacific railroad know its value in contrast with the barren wastes that must be traversed by their road. The most glowing descriptions of the Red River and Saskatchewan country are in Carleton's "Seat of Empire." Indeed, the only fault about his book is, that speaking merely from hearsay and reading, he exaggerates. That is, he tells the truth, but not the whole truth. He dilates on the resources of the great virgin country, without speaking of its disadvantages. Archbishop Tache's sketch of the North-west gives the other side of the shield. But Carleton is an enthusiast, and, even had he known, would probably have scorned to mention

“the dirty facts” of scarcity of wood, and severity of winter, that the Archbishop dwells on almost as if he loved them.

Fortunately for us, our neighbours have only recently become acquainted with the value of the North-west. Had they known sooner who can doubt that it would have been theirs before to-day? They had just as much right to it as to Oregon, and to Washington Territory. But by the merest accident they got correct information from Methodist missionaries concerning the fertility and resources of the Pacific slope, in time to prove to the British Government that it had always been, was, and of course must be, theirs. How much easier to have had the boundary line moved up from Pembina to the southern extremity of Lake Winnipeg! And then the door to the whole of our North-west would have been in their hands, and they could have bided their time. No wonder that Carleton is regretfully “set to thinking of the Saskatchewan valley, a region to which the United States once held claim, and which *might now have been* a part of our domain if it had not been for the pusillanimity of President Polk.”

“Of all sad words of tongue or pen,

The saddest are these, it might have been.”

There are still very vague notions in our minds about the extent of the good land in the North-west. The London *Times* published last autumn several capital letters from “An Occasional Correspondent” in Minnesota, whose estimate is very low, but as he frankly tells only what was told him in Minnesota, no one need be deceived. He informs the people of England that 1873 “will certainly see the railway track at Fort Garry, and that thus will be opened up the rich Canadian territory of Manitoba, and the fertile Valley of the Saskatchewan, once part of the territory of the late Hudson’s Bay Company. Many persons,” he goes on to say, “will probably be as surprised as myself to learn that among the possessions of that Company were 20,000 square miles of the finest wheat-producing land in America.” Considering that the little Province of Manitoba contains 15,000 square miles, most of it excellent land, and that there is room for a dozen Manitobas in our North-west, the estimate is certainly a sober one. But we know too little about the real dimensions of “the fertile belt,” or the local causes that render sections of it unfit for the production of cereals, to be able to pronounce, except in very

large and loose language, upon the number of acres or square miles it contains. Roughly speaking, the "belt" is the strip or curve of fertile land between the frozen regions to the North and the great American desert to the South. The Red River valley is the eastern segment of this bright "Rainbow." Thence it proceeds along the Assineboine, sweeping north as it goes west, the chief part of the whole belt consisting of the valley of the North Saskatchewan. And the western segment of the curve is a beautiful strip along the bases of the Rocky Mountains as far south as the boundary line corresponding on the west to the Red River valley on the east. No one can have any idea of the beauty of this great extent of country, nine hundred miles long from east to west, without actually seeing it. But what we saw of it was only the line we rode along, and a line is 'length without breadth.' The breadth varies at different points. About Lake Winnipeg the breadth cannot be very great, because the intense cold of winter solidifies, to a depth of several feet, immense sheets of water, and the thawing of so much ice delays the Spring. Farther west, we come on the outlying portion of the American desert, which thrusts itself up as far as, and even beyond the South Saskatchewan, but how much of this deserves the name of desert I do not know. Professor Hind says that its humidity is greater than that of the plains south of the Missouri in consequence of its high northern latitude. It is reported to be a vast treeless plain, the favourite home of countless herds of buffaloes, and what feeds the buffalo it is scarcely fair to call desert. Still farther west, the belt runs to the north, and along the flanks of the Rocky Mountains, it extends in a rich strip of varying depth, from the boundary line for six or seven hundred miles to the north.

It is impossible to summarize about this great North-west without making mistakes or occasioning misapprehensions. A country that people do not know from personal observation or careful study, they are sure to have only a single, and therefore an erroneous conception of; they bring the whole of it before themselves in one mental act, just as people in the Old World speak of "America," as if it were a district that they know all about, because their brother or cousin has written them about his farm in Iowa or Illinois. The fertile belt is not a quadrilateral, nor a parallelogram, nor an arc. It varies in shape as much as a coast

line indented by the sea. It is not uniform in its soil, though it would be a fair enough general description to say that the soil ranges from the richest black peat, to a light sandy loam. Its flora is not the same throughout, though in this, too, there is a wonderful uniformity, the same species being found scattered across a breadth of a thousand miles. It is not a monotonous prairie or continuous series of Dutch flats, but embraces every variety of scenery, well wooded and well watered districts, and others without a tree, and without water on the surface, except saline lakes; great level expanses, broken by rolling or round hills; soft, undulating slopes, and bold, broken hills and romantic dales; the whole seamed unequally with great rivers and their tributary creeks, and dotted with a profusion of beautiful lakes and lakelets, every one of them, whether fresh water or salt, the home of a flock or flocks of wild-fowl.

As to the quality of the soil, all seemed good, but the best appeared to be that of the Red River valley. Our fellow-travellers who went from Fort Edmonton northwards to Peace River, and southwards through the country of the Blackfeet, say that the land in those quarters is as good as that of Red River, and the climate much superior. Better land than the average of the whole Province of Manitoba, either for cereals, root crops, or grazing, there is not in the world. It is much superior to Minnesota, the great wheat State immediately to the south. It combines the advantages of the best loamy and calcareous soils, whereas when you go up the river into Minnesota, the limestone disappears, and away from the trough of the river there is but a shallow coating of loam. The Minnesotians are finding this out, and though most of them are new settlers, hardy emigrants from Wales and Scandinavia, under bonds to Railway Companies for their farms, they are turning longing eyes to the north.

I have now before me a copy of "The Manitoban" of date September 30, 1871, in which an account is given of a visit paid by Governor Archibald to the west of the Province, one or two sentences of which may be quoted, as I can testify to the general truthfulness of the descriptions. The district visited by His Honor is known as Pine Creek and White Mud River, names that are almost as great favourites over the North-west as the names of members of the Royal Family for new settlements. "Along the margin of the White Mud River," writes the correspondent, "the

wood is very fine. Forests of oak, and maple, and poplar, stretch away from the banks on either side to a considerable distance from the river. The open prairie beyond is studded with groves and clumps of every variety of shape and form. \* \* \* \*

The house of Mr. Doggett, a Nova Scotian, is built on the north bank of the river, a beautiful stream flows in front, the house itself nestles at the foot of a maple wood which towers majestically behind it, and sweeping with the curvature of the river, partly encloses it, forming a beautiful background to the silver stream that meanders in the front. \* \* \* \*

“At Poplar Point, a settler was threshing his wheat. A ponderous machine driven by horses was at work; at one end men were pitching the unthreshed grain into the machine; as the straw emerged at the other end, parties were removing it a few feet and burning it as fast as delivered from the machine. In the evening all that remained of the stacks was the grain in one heap and ashes in another. In the east this would be considered a wanton waste; here it is looked upon as labour saved. The limitless prairie yields all the food the cattle require, while the richness and fertility of the soil are such, that the people consider the making or saving of manure as labour lost. \* \* \*

“At High Bluff, a farmer had dug a lime-kiln, and the section showed a solid bed of over two feet of the richest mould. \* \* \* With ground like this, attempts to make or save manure are looked upon with derision. The main difficulty seems to be, how to get rid of the manure. \* \* \* \* Meanwhile, the Legislature have passed a law to prevent it being thrown into the river. \* \* \* \* The manure heaps of this settlement, if in Ontario, would sell for more than the cost here of the ‘fee simple’ of the farms on which they lie and rot.”

The only sentences in the foregoing description that might give a false impression of the whole country to the ordinary reader are those that speak of the wood. Over great part of the fertile belt there is a decided scarcity of wood. Aspens are almost the only trees to be seen, after leaving the Lower Assiniboine, for the next six or seven hundred miles, going west. This, of course, is one of the drawbacks of the country, but by no means so irremediable an evil as Archbishop Tache thinks. There is timber to the east, north, and west of the timberless district, and surely ways and means for transporting it can be found. Besides, trees

formerly grew on the prairie, and will grow again if prairie fires are checked.

It may well be asked, How was this great fertile country kept locked and sealed till recently? Why was it not opened up long ago, and formed into one or more Colonies? One reason, certainly, was its inaccessibility, but the chief reason was that the interests of the Hudson Bay Company demanded its being kept as a preserve. The Company did what all Corporations do,—looked to its own interests solely. What had it to do with the welfare of the masses, or Imperial interests! Hence it came to pass that little was known about the real resources and capabilities of the North-west. Whose business was it to write about them, or urge the subject on the Imperial Government? Agents of the Company could not be expected to undertake such a work, for it would have amounted to a crusade against their masters and themselves. Missionaries to the Indian tribes received protection and assistance from the Company on the understanding that they were to “mind their own business.” A few tourists or travellers told what they had seen of the beauty and fertility of the land, but their accounts were set down as “travellers’ tales,” and disposed of by counter-statements about locusts, hailstones, eight months winter, early frosts, Indians, want of wood and water, rocks, bogs, and such like amenities. He who thinks that I am exaggerating may refer to an article in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1859, in which the proposal to form the Red River and Saskatchewan country into a Crown Colony is conclusively proved to be a wild and monstrous notion, or to the evidence that Sir George Simpson gave before a Committee of the House of Commons,—evidence that should be read in connection with his own previously published descriptions. Any one who visits the North-west is sure to hear corroborative evidence in abundance from individual missionaries, traders, and others. But it is not needed; *littera scripta manet.*

Only a very decided patriot, however, has the right to find fault with the Company for its action—or inaction. And if “patriotism is the best refuge of a scoundrel,” a man should be very sure that he comes into court with clean hands when he draws up an indictment against the great Company. It did what all mercantile bodies, all joint-stock companies, all monopolies, and most men and women do. It looked to itself, to its own objects and

gains, primarily. Its day has gone by as a monopoly, but in considering its past, the wisdom of its management, the high *esprit de corps* among its servants, its old-fashioned hospitality, and its honourable dealings with the Indians, we gladly pay it a tribute of respect rather than cast dirt on its memory.

I need not describe here how our party travelled last August from Fort Garry to Edmonton, as my diary will be published in book form probably before these pages are in the hands of the readers of the MARITIME MONTHLY. The memory of those successive days so bright and breezy, and nights that were always cool, with soft showers, or dew so heavy that it amounted to the same thing, will abide long with us. This feature of an exceedingly moist summer is the most striking fact about the meteorology of the North-west, and in our experience it fortunately happened that most of the moisture fell in the nights, while the days were sunny:

Nocte pluit tota, redeunt spectacula mane.

Up in the morning early, the cry of "lève, lève," rousing every one from sleep; a glance from the tent door at the deep wet grass, and the embers of last night's fire, across level or rolling prairie to a misty horizon, and up at a grey or cloudy sky that threatens a comfortless morning ride; a hurried packing of blankets and striking of tents, while the men bring in the horses and yoke them to the carts; a cup of tea, hot, fragrant, delicious, which the cook has prepared in the meanwhile; each man then picks out his horse from the drove, saddles and bridles him, mounts, and is away westward before the night is over. The air is cool, actually chilly at first, but the rapid motion stirs the warm blood, and soon the rosy finger of morning is succeeded by the pale light spread over the sky, and if you turn round now you can see the sun rising from his grassy bed, full-orbed as he rises from the sea. On you ride deeper into the unknown land. The air is now sweet and flower-scented. It is warm enough to permit you to throw off your jacket, and a few hours after you may dispense with waistcoat too; but almost every day is breezy, and the heat is seldom oppressive. After three or four hours' ride, the first halt is called, and as the carts come up, "the kitchen" is unpacked, and a breakfast of fried pork or hot pemmican is prepared. Two or three hours are spent in resting, bathing, if a lake or stream

is at hand, sketching or taking notes, breakfasting, or perhaps in a few extra winks under a cart or in the shade of a clump of trees, and then you mount into the saddle again. The delight, the purely animal happiness of those days, it is impossible to exaggerate. No sense of monotony was experienced, though there is a general sameness in the character of the country. One hour we rode through avenues of whispering trees; the next through park-like scenery; soon after across open expanses, or by a succession of sparkling lakelets. One part of the day we would jog slowly behind the carts, or lag far in the rear; then gallop up and scamper like boys among the herd of horses that were driven along to relieve the others when they had enough of the shafts or the saddle for the time; off the herd would go like a drove of wild horses, their long manes and tails floating like Turkish banners in the wind. The contagion would seize on the half-breeds driving the carts, and then commenced a race of horses, horsemen, carts, and buckboards. Along the trail and across the open prairie, up and down long slopes, over deep ruts and badger-holes, through sloughs and marshes, we dashed pell-mell, and then no one thought of drawing rein till a good halting place was reached.

The only rivers of importance that we had to cross between Fort Garry and Fort Edmonton were the Assiniboine, the South and the North Saskatchewan. The first is fordable, and on each of the other two the Hudson Bay Company have a large scow for carts, and the horses swim across.

In another paper I shall speak of the only inhabitants that this "great lone land" has had hitherto. In the meantime, a closing word may be permitted as to the duty that lies nearest us with regard to it.

Our duty is to do something to open it up to a race of hardy immigrants. Usually this determination that "something must be done" is to be suspected, as it indicates lack of knowledge and lack of sense; but in this case any policy is better than that of the sluggard. Too long have we permitted ourselves to be eclipsed by the superior energy and business-like thoroughness of our neighbours in attracting population to their virgin lands. Their Railway Companies are their great immigration agents. These Companies organize colonization schemes, advertize their lands, construct homes for newly arrived emigrants, exhibit the

produce of their lands at agricultural exhibitions, because they know that the richest soil is worth nothing to themselves or the country until it is cultivated by man, and that the settler's tillage will not amount to much while there are no steamboats or railways to transport his grain to market. Their one aim, therefore, has been to attract the emigrant to land owned by them. To secure this every effort is steadily put forth. Every railway station is hung round with their boards and placards; every train is strewed with little maps and pamphlets thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, all going to prove that "Codlin is the friend, Thomas Codlin mind, and not Short." And what have we been doing? We have spent a little money on salaries to emigration agents who, in their day, tried to be useful to "the party."

Let an emigrant arrive from Europe in Montreal, and I select it as the chief town in the Dominion, and let us ascertain what information he is likely to find ready to his hand concerning that which he has come for,—cheap land or a free grant under some Homestead law that he has heard about. Arrived at the railway station, he reads the notices on the walls. One tells him of two millions of acres in Iowa and Nebraska for sale on ten years credit; no part of the principal due for two years; free passes on the railway and low prices; products will soon pay for land and improvements; for full particulars apply to &c. &c. Another placard advertizes in large letters "Homes in the West," and tells him that the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway Company now offer for sale the richest and most inviting lands in the world; nothing but rich bottoms, lots of wood, water, stone, minerals; prices from \$2 to \$10 per acre, one-tenth down, the rest when it suits you; for further information, apply to &c. The Kansas Pacific Railway next solicits his attention. Hard by, the Atlantic and Pacific Railway Company describe to him their earthly Paradise; immense deposits of all kinds of minerals all along the line; no long winters; healthiest climate in the world; great inducements offered to men who will organize colonies; beautiful village plats; long credits; apply to Amos Tuck, &c., and consult any of our agents. And near these alluring notices are time-tables giving the latest information, and each proving that its special line is the most direct, the cheapest, quickest, and most comfortable.

Our emigrant is bewildered at the successive Alnaschar's visions that rise before him as he reads. But perhaps he is a British

subject; or having been long enslaved in Europe, perhaps he has a weakness for our mace and monarchical institutions generally. So he asks, "Is there no cheap or free land in Ontario, in Manitoba, or hereabouts?" "Does the Dominion offer no homes to poor emigrants?" Seeing no placard on the subject, he addresses himself to an official, or to some kindly-looking bystander, and of course getting no satisfaction except an answer, more or less gruff, he concludes that he had better go where he is wanted. He takes train to Chicago. In the Railway Station of that recently burned city he finds a convenient saloon for emigrants, and officials who give him every information. He and his are soon settled in the far West, and their wealth, their strength and their sympathies, are lost to us forever.

Such is a fair illustration of the "how not to do it" policy. But if the Government would deserve well of the country, it must "do something." Whether the Government or a Company should build the Canadian Pacific Railway is a fit subject for debate, but of this there can be no doubt, that the best emigration and colonization policy is also the best Railway policy for the Dominion. And therefore, the proposal to build the Railway in ten years seems to me unwise, if not chimerical. It should not be built at all, if population does not flow in to our North-west. Population is certain to flow there, if the right means are taken to attract the current, but at what rate, who shall venture to predict? And the Railway should keep ahead of the current, only sufficiently far to attract and direct its enriching flow.

In considering this question of the development of the North-west, on which our future so much depends, and to which therefore, should be given the undivided strength of all political parties, one is struck with the fact that no provision is made in our Constitution as a Confederated Dominion for those inchoate territories that may consider themselves entitled to be ranked as full-fledged provinces, after the example of Manitoba, whenever they count a population of a few thousands of half-breeds or emigrants. To remedy this defect, some provision should be made for them, while in their formless condition, or the boundaries of the "Prairie Province" should be at once very widely extended. To have half a dozen Manitobas in the North-west in the course of the next ten years, each with its Governor, Chief Justice, local Legislature, and of course its yearly demand for "better terms," would be a satire on Confederation.

## THROUGH THE STORM.

THE day is gone and from each moment, dear  
 To faithful memory, we brush the tear  
 Which, like a rain drop on an autumn leaf,  
 Glazes each veinlet of our fading grief;  
 Our silent grief for joys of yore,  
 Our heavy grief for joys no more.

' Mid blackest night, for daylight yearning,  
 To morning's sunshine fond returning,  
 We grieve for lost and happy hours  
 Of peace, of innocence and flowers;  
 And weep amongst the tarnished treasures,  
 The shades of hope, the graves of pleasures.

The sun rose bright, the sky was clear,  
 Life's budding spring-time far and near  
 Entranced our soul, the scented air  
 Soft kissed our cheek, while hateful care,  
 Black hateful care was thrust aside,  
 As down we floated with the early tide.

With piercing rays, when noon was nigh,  
 The sun glared from a murky sky.  
 On wave-worn beach, in depths below,  
 We saw the proofs of mortal woe;  
 Wrecked, broken vessels on the strand;  
 Pale, sunken corpses in the sand.

The red sun set, one glance he gave  
 Of burning wrath across the wave,  
 And gleaming topaz crowned each crest  
 Of billows, hurrying to the west,—  
 Of warrior billows, rushing by  
 To meet the spectres of the sky.

Dread night is round us now, the gale  
 Has torn to shreds our hapless sail;  
 No light is shed from moon or star,  
 While gathering swiftly from afar,  
 Mists follow mists and, angry, form  
 In hostile masses mid the storm.

From cloudless sky the moon looks down,  
A full bright moon, upon a silver town,  
'Mid shining rocks and gem-leafed tree,  
With broad streets opening on the sea ;  
A happy town, where nought is heard  
But liquid song of midnight bird.

A shattered hulk, by tempest driven  
Rides in the bay, at signal given  
The anchor drops ; in safety now  
The crew stand silent on the prow.  
No winds pursue, the storm is past ;  
Peace, joy and rest are gained at last.

St. John, N. B., March, 1873.

J. A. J.

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## SCHOOL AND HEALTH.

THE bearing of drainage, ventilation, food, drink and exercise on health, has assumed, of late years, vast importance in the eye of medical science, which is also beginning to turn its attention to the influence of school-life on the constitution of the tender ones who are under tutors and governors. Not too soon is this subject being taken up and discussed in all its aspects. The injustice done, the misery inflicted, the health destroyed, the cruelty manifested towards so many generations of tender growth by their parents and preceptors, deserve to rank with the persecutions for religion—with the Inquisition and the strait-jacket. Only think how dyspeptic children have been beaten because they could not remember a lesson consisting of words carrying to them no meaning. Listen to the wild cries which went up for mercy from young lips and found none ; think of the terrors which beset the young steps as they plodded wearily to school, where awaited the hands they bore along, as certainly as fate, the one, two, three, four,—ten or twenty, ruthless blows, given with a will by the heartless pedagogue. Is there a man in the community whose memory runs back some forty years, who does not even yet resent the wrongs he—a helpless, tender boy—suffered for a weakness of memory which he could no more help than he could cast a mountain into the sea ? And does not many a woman of similar

age remember that her sex and helplessness could not sometimes shield her from the cruel rod for similar incapacity?

It was usually assumed in those "dark ages," out of whose twilight we are but emerging, that any child in the class might master any lesson equally; that if one did it another might do it; and that what was plain to the teacher should be equally so to the pupil; and especially that what a pupil in good health could do to-day, he could, in a sickly state, easily accomplish to-morrow. No allowance was made, no apology was satisfactory. Any answer given to the question, "Why have you not *prepared* this lesson?" only raising the choler of the teacher to the point at which he could, with full gusto, enjoy the beating he was about to inflict.

But there is another aspect of the case, not so cruel, it may be thought, yet more fatal. How many children have studied when they should have played? How many have sat, week after week, in the crowded, ill-ventilated school room, who should have been sporting on the hills. We suppose boys who "miche" or "jig," as it is termed, enjoy generally better health than those who give themselves to study, and we have no apologies to make for them, but we think that, apart from the bad moral habit, many a child whose cheek is wasted and wan would only exercise a sound discretion in turning away from the fœtid odours of the school room for the fresh air of the field. Many a student has laid up stores of geography, and history, and language, with the seeds of consumption, and who, while the mind grew, perhaps prodigiously, so as to call forth praise and wonder, was ever becoming weaker and less capable to bear the changes of climate, and the wear and tear, and worry of future life.

Then, too, how much of what we call learning is nearly useless—mere lumber encumbering the apartments of the mind. Not many days ago we saw a little girl trying to commit lessons consisting of a set of names of places without any reference to map or other assistance. It brought vividly to our recollection our own experience, when, by dint of perseverance, we committed to memory the greater portion of a large geography, almost before the invention of atlases, at any rate, before their introduction into school systems. It is surely time such absurd practices were brought to an end. The child might nearly as well be engaged in studying the Chinese alphabets, or what serves the Celestials for them, as

storing the mind with the dry shells of words without any intelligible ideas embodied, and it is time all teachers knew this.

The poisoning of children in schools and factories is a sad reality. We know that the normal quantity of carbonic acid in the air is only about four parts in ten thousand. In most schools three, four, five, six, seven and even eight times this quantity have been found, by actual experiment, to exist, together with other impurities, organic or inorganic. Dr. Endemann obtained seventeen samples of air in which the quantity of carbonic acid in ten thousand parts amounted to from ten to thirty-five parts, or from twice to nine times the normal quantity. The closing of a window in one case changed in ten minutes the quantity from seventeen to thirty-two parts of carbonic acid; and, it is added, had the experiment been continued, it might have been raised in an hour to a hundred and ten, but the air had become so oppressive to all that it could be borne no longer. When we think that the standard of permissible impurity has been fixed at six parts to ten thousand we can easily conceive when this sum is doubled, trebled, or quadrupled, what a poisonous mixture is inhaled!

As carbonic acid is much heavier than the other elements of atmospheric air, it always tends to sink. Provision should therefore be made for ventilation from the floor of the room. But that is not enough. A draft should be created by which the lower stratum of air can be drawn off. This can easily be done in winter by means of a flue from the floor communicating with that into which the stove-pipe is inserted above. The hot smoke current will create a draft from below, drawing off all the air in the lowest region. But it is not so easy in summer to effect the necessary purification. This must be done by keeping open the door and windows, and promoting circulation from the outside. The subject is of vast importance to the trustees and managers of schools. Doctors and men of science in general should do all they can to circulate just ideas on this subject. It might indeed lessen their practice, as thereby much disease would be prevented which calls for the exercise of the curative art. Progress would be made in the right direction if it were a general rule to pay the doctor for keeping people well; and, might we not also go the length of saying, of fining them when preventible disease invaded the community through their neglect to give the proper warning and urge the proper anticipative remedies.

## PROGRESS OF NATURAL SCIENCE.

### MATTER AND FORCE.

DURING the last quarter of a century, electricity and magnetism, heat and light, muscular energy and chemical attraction, motion and mechanical work,—all the forces of the universe, have been ascertained to be different forms of the same power which have dwelt from the first in matter, in invariable quantity, absolutely neither more nor less; not the least trifle of it can be increased nor diminished; not the least particle of it can be annihilated or created. The forms of power alone are changeable. Light can be converted into its chemical equivalent, that into heat, heat into motion, and the same quantity of force from one form into another. The quantity of matter also has remained unchanged from the beginning, no particle has been annihilated or created. The particles of matter are held loosely connected, and chemical changes are only the movement of these particles among each other, in whirling and undulating motion, and according to the width of the undulating motion can be distinguished now as sound, now as heat, then as light and colour. The chemical union of bodies and gravitation are but different forms of the same force. This doctrine formerly held as a theory is now enunciated as a scientific fact by means of exact measure and weight.

### METEOROLOGY OF THE SUN.

Since the great eclipse of 1868, observers have described, day after day, storms, whirlwinds, flame-sheaves, outbursts of burning hydrogen to the height of twenty thousand miles. Thus has been developed a new science—the Meteorology of the Sun. Also, on other obscure regions of the heavens, on the physical and chemical conditions, even on the laws of the movements of the fixed and double stars, on nebulae and milky ways, on planets and comets, on zodiacal and northern lights, has spectrum analysis thrown its enlightening rays. The riddle of the comets has been solved so far as to identify their nature with that of the shooting stars which have been observed in all ages.

### CATASTROPHISM AND QUIETISM.

When Humbolt published his *Cosmos*, it was supposed that after long periods, terrible catastrophes destroyed the Fauna and

Flora on the earth, making room on the lifeless expanse for new Fauna and Flora. Successively was this done, until, after many repetitions of the same process, man made his appearance with the present existing plants and animals on the scene. With him commenced the Historical period, dating back only some six thousand years. The violent reaction of the molten interior of the earth against its crust was the cause supposed to produce the catastrophes.

This theory has been opposed by Lyell and others, who think that all changes have been produced by causes at work at the present time, and that the gradual, ever active powers of water, air, and chemical changes, are sufficient to account for all the transformations supposed to be due to the intense heat of subterranean fires. Geologists think it impossible that all life in the geological formations should have been destroyed simultaneously. Man himself, it is thought, can be traced back into the primitive world as a contemporary of many extinct plants and animals. He was witness to the inundation which buried the plains of the new and old world under the waves of the sea of ice. Even in the immediately preceding period, when the subtropical elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus disported themselves in the dense woods of Middle Europe, have traces of mankind been found. Only in the most recent times has a foundation been laid for the pre-historic records of mankind, by means of which we may be able to obtain a knowledge of the state of civilization, weapons, implements and dwellings of that primitive race.

#### DEVELOPMENT.

This is a subject upon which no decided opinion can yet be formed, though its advocates claim for it the character of a science. Darwin is as yet opposed by great names in the scientific world, among others by the celebrated Agassiz. A few years more and we shall see some absolute proof of the development of species, or a discrediting of the theory. Meantime we must wait.

#### APPLIED SANITARY SCIENCE.

Dr. R. J. Black says :

A knowledge of the leading facts upon which sanitary science is founded is, at least, as old as history itself. It antedates the time of Moses ; many of the rules of hygiene having been taught by the Egyptian priests. But more especially within the past two centuries has the knowledge of the ways in which disease is produced,

and may be avoided, been corrected and extended. It is within this period that the first attempt was made in Europe to establish quarantines. The sum of the precautions taken in London during the middle ages to guard against the ravages of the plague, was the isolation of infected houses, and putting a red cross on house-doors, on which were inscribed the words, "Lord, have mercy on us."

The physician of to-day, who has devoted half as much thought to the prevention of disease as to its cure, firmly believes in human ability to avoid nearly all the ills to which flesh is now subject. Given a good constitution, and the conditions of health or sickness are almost wholly in our own power. He believes this, and on precisely the same grounds that the geologist believes that fossils are not what was once universally believed, the primary result of the action of a plastic or creative force in Nature. A like belief exists in the popular mind in reference to health and longevity, though in a less positive form. Families known to be of good constitution, and of ancestry noted for their length of days, are not expected to be sickly and short-lived. When any member of such a family does become a permanent invalid, and likely soon to die, it is a familiar expression, and notoriously true, that he or she has abused the endowment inherited.

Passing over the evidence which has convinced those the most competent to judge in reference to the prevalence of disease—the physicians—to their conclusion, that if all possessed good constitutions, and lived as they ought to live, in accordance with hygienic law, there would be no disease, or next to none, and death would not come upon the human family through a morbid process, but by the only truly natural mode of dying—old age; the question arises, How do men come by good constitutions? Through a course of life by progenitors for several generations, precisely the opposite of that course which makes a bad constitution out of a good one. Any one who has attained to life's meridian will be able to recall examples of good constitutions converted into bad ones. Children, parents and grandparents, in some families, often stand thus in regard to constitutions:

Grandparents scarcely know what sickness is, and die of old age;

Parents: constitutions much impaired, often sick, and die in middle life;

Children: constitutions very defective, and are rarely well a week at a time.

This is the downward career of life-force, which almost every one has witnessed; the upward career being the result of a precisely opposite course. In place of abusing the constitution there is the most careful husbanding of its resources, and avoidance of all the causes which will impair its vigor. The purity and strength which such a course of conduct begets is transmitted; the child starts in

the world on a higher plane of life-force than their parents did; and if the offspring continue to carry out the reformation thus inaugurated, the result will be to bring back the pristine vigor, health, and longevity, which an opposite course had destroyed.

Such are some of the elementary truths forced upon the attention by every-day experience on the great problem of obliterating sickness and death by disease. As has been stated, these elements of sanitary science have long been known. But in spite of this, and of the facts that this science has of late been purged of many errors, and its bearings and capabilities greatly extended, disease, deformity, decrepitude, and untimely death, prevail almost as much as ever. Where, then, is the weak point in sanitary science? Is it in the imperfection of the science itself, or is it in its applications? Reverting to the history of electrical discovery and its applications will give us aid in solving the question. We have seen that the discovery of the great truths about the electrical force employed one class of scientific experts, and applying these truths employed another class of scientific experts. Now, we have had in abundance the discoverers of the truths of sanitary law, but we have not, nor can we have, as in electricity, experts who can carry out for the advantage of all, the benefits which hygienic law is capable of conferring. There cannot be, in sanitary matters, ingenious contrivances, by which a certain class of men can manipulate health and long life into their fellow-beings. Its truths, if applied at all, must be mainly applied by those who desire its benefits; or every one must apply the science for himself or herself, else nearly all the knowledge there may be on the subject will be as if it were not. Here we have plainly before the mind the great and peculiarly weak point, so far as the practical benefits are concerned, which this science may be capable of conferring. To make it profitable and useful, or, in other words, to make it an applied science in a community, that community must be made, one and all, experts in its knowledge and in its applications.

This last consideration should lead educators to bestow a preëminent importance to a thorough course of instruction in hygiene. It is all well enough for the young to learn more or less about the philosophy of electricity and magnetism, but, as the great majority of them in after-life will make very little, if any, use of this knowledge, its importance practically dwindles to very small proportions. Wholly different is it in the case of sanitary science. Every one can make of it in after-life most important, and ultimately momentous uses, not occasionally, but during every day and hour of life. And, if thus applied, its benefits would transcend those of any other branch of knowledge; it would tend to make a man master of himself, of his pains, deformities, and mortal afflictions.

## UNITY OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Notwithstanding, says Dr. Le Conte, the number of orbs of which the solar system is composed, and the consequent almost infinite variety of their possible dispositions, the following coincidences—wholly independent of the law of gravitation—are found to obtain: 1. The sun rotates on his axis from west to east. 2. All the planets (now 104 in number) revolve about the sun from west to east. 3. All the planets (as far as known) rotate on their axes from west to east. 4. All the satellites (excepting those of Uranus and Neptune) revolve about their primaries from west to east. 5. All the satellites (as far as known) rotate on their axes in the same direction in which their primaries turn on their axes. 6. All the planets (with the exception of a few minute asteroids) revolve about the sun, nearly in the plane of the solar equator. 7. All the satellites (as far as known) revolve about their primaries nearly in the planes of the equator of their respective planets. 8. All the planets (with the exception of a few asteroids) have orbits of small eccentricity. 9. All the satellites have, in like manner, orbits of small eccentricity.

These nine independent coincidences in the arrangements of more than one hundred and twenty-seven separate bodies, cannot be supposed to be fortuitous—they naturally suggest the existence of some grand and comprehensive law, pervading the whole solar system. That they are not consequences of the law of gravitation, is evident from the fact that the comets transgress every one of these laws which could be applicable to them. According to the laws of probability, the chances against the concurrence of so many unconnected phenomena are almost infinite. Laplace estimated that the chances were four millions of millions to one, that these were not arbitrary accidental phenomena. Since his time, facts of a similar bearing have largely accumulated, and the chances against their fortuitous concurrence are now almost beyond the power of numbers to express. “The coördination of these divers and unconnected phenomena—the grouping them into one coherent and harmonious scheme—the referring them to one common cause and origin, and thereby imparting to this fair work of the Eternal the semblance of a Unity worthy of a Divine Idea”—these were the sublime and lofty aims of the famous “Nebular Hypothesis” of Laplace. He imagined “that this consummate fabric—this gorgeous planetary scheme—like the blossom, had a bud—and deeper yet, that it had a mysterious germ, within which rested the necessities of its present glorious unfolding! \* \* \* \* \* He sought, by penetrating the deep recesses of the past, to reveal the mystery of its development, and conceived the bold thought of portraying the *modus operandi* of the genesis of our Solar System.”

## THE IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

How incalculably has this withering sense of insignificance been augmented by modern telescopic excursions into the remote recesses of the stellar universe! When, by measurements, in which the evidence of the method advances *pari passu* with the precision of the results, the volume of the earth is reduced to less than one-millionth part of the volume of the sun; when the sun himself, transported to the region of the stars, takes up a very modest place among the thousands of millions of those bodies revealed to us by the telescope; when the ninety-five millions of miles which separate the earth from the sun, by reason of their comparative smallness, have become a base totally insufficient for ascertaining the dimensions of the visible universe; when even the swiftness of light barely suffices for the common valuations of science; when, in short, by a chain of irresistible proofs, certain stars and nebulae have retired to distances that light could not traverse in less than millions of years—we feel as if annihilated by the immensity of the scale of the universe! In assigning to man, and to the planet he inhabits, so small—so insignificant—a position in the material world, science seems only to have made progress to humiliate and to humble us!

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 ROMAN LONDON.

ALTHOUGH Londinium was in the power of Rome for more than 400 years, or nearly one-fourth of its existence in history, the aspect of Roman London is but matter of conjecture; and tessellated pavements, incised stones, and sepulchral urns, found upon its site, are but fragmentary evidences that *wherever the Roman conquers he inhabits*. London was, however, previously a settlement of some importance, and of British origin, as we read in Llyn-dun, the hill-fortress on the lake; or Llong-dinas, the city of ships, from its maritime character; whence the Roman designation Londinium. It is not mentioned by Cæsar, though he entered the Thames; nor was it occupied as a Roman station so early as Colchester and Verulam. The Romans are supposed to have possessed themselves of London in the reign of Claudius, about 105 years after Cæsar's invasion. Londinium is first mentioned by Tacitus as not then dignified with the name of a *colonia*, but still as a place much frequented by merchants, and as a great depôt of merchandize. It was subsequently made a *colonia* under the name of Augusta.

Londinium, as we know, was a place of commercial activity before the Roman Conquest. It was the principal mart of exchange between Britain and the Continent, and received for the corn, the

cattle, the minerals, the slaves, and the dogs of native production, every article of southern luxury for which a market was to be found among our rude ancestors. The site of London was no doubt, peculiarly advantageous for commerce. It was the only great maritime port on a tidal river known to the Romans; and while it was supplied by a very fertile tract of country behind it, its position on a gentle declivity, with dense forests in the rear, and a broad expanse of swamp before it, rendered it from the first a place of considerable strength. London probably remained British, or rather Cosmopolitan; while such places as Colchester, Chester, and Caerleon, the stations of legions and seats of government, became merely bastard Italian.

Ptolemy, the geographer, who lived in the reigns of Trajan, Hadrian, and Antoninus Pius, places Londinium in the region of the Cantii, and some recent discoveries have proved that the Roman city or its suburbs did actually extend over what is now known as Southwark. The Itinerary of Antoninus shows that a large proportion of the British routes are regulated and arranged with reference to Londinium, either as a starting-point or a terminus. This city is made the central or chief station to which the main military roads converge: a map of Roman Britain based on this Itinerary strikingly resembles one of modern England; so close is the analogy by which we may assign a metropolitan importance to Roman London. When in the reign of Diocletian and Maximian it was sacked by the Franks, it is termed by Eumenius the orator, *oppidum Londiniense*; and under the dominion of Carausius and Allectus it became a place of mintage. "P. LON." (*Pecunia Londiniensis*) appears on coins of Constantine, Helena, Fausta, Crispus, Constantine the Younger, and Constantius the Younger; and in the *Notitia* Londinium takes a place among the capitals of the provinces under the title of Augusta, as the seat of the Treasury of Britain, controlled by a special officer.

The site of Roman London has been densely built on and inhabited, without interruption, from the first century of our era to the present time. It has been buried beneath the foundations of the modern city, or rather beneath the ruins of a city several times destroyed and as often rebuilt; and it is only at rare intervals that the excavators of drains and other subterranean works strike down upon the venerable remains of the earliest occupation. The Romans found the place a narrow strip of firm ground lying between the great fen (Moorfields) almost parallel to the river. At right angles to both ran the Walbrook, and on the east the Langbourne; habitations ranged closely from Finsbury to Dowgate, whence to the Tower site, villas studded the bank of the Thames. The finding of sepulchral remains outside these natural boundaries proves the Romans to have there had their burial grounds, as it was their custom always to inter their dead without their cities.

That Southwark, on the opposite bank of the Thames, was also a Roman settlement, is proved by relics of the reign of Nero; outside which are likewise evidences of Roman interment.

"Roman London thus enlarged itself from the Thames towards Moorfields, and the line of wall east and south. The sepulchral deposits confirm its growth; others, at more remote distances, indicate subsequent enlargements; while interments discovered at Holborn, Finsbury, Whitechapel, and the extensive burial-places in Spital-fields and Goodman's-fields, denote that those localities were fixed on when Londinium, in process of time, had spread over the extensive space inclosed by the wall."—*C. Roach Smith, F. S. A.*

After the Great Fire, the excavations brought to light much of the antiquarian wealth of "the Roman stratum" of tessellated pavements, foundations of buildings, and sculptural remains; coins, urns, pottery, and utensils, tools, and ornaments. Whenever excavations are made within the limits of the City of London, the workmen come to the floors of Roman houses at a depth of from 12 to 18 or 20 feet under the present level. These floors are often covered with fragments of the broken fresco-paintings of the walls, of which Mr. Roach Smith has a large variety of patterns, such as foliage, animals, arabesque, &c.; and pieces of *window-glass* have often been found among these remains.—*T. Wright, F.S.A., Archaeological Album.*

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## BOOK NOTICES.

*Chapters from the Bible of the Ages.* G. B. Stebbins, Detroit, Michigan.

SUCH is the title of a book compiled and edited by G. B. Stebbins. It consists of extracts of many of the best passages from all the writers on morals and religion, from the origin of letters to the present day. The extracts commence with hymns from the Vedas and end with passages from Emerson and Andrew Jackson Davis. Buddhism, Confucius, Zoroaster, the divine Pymander, Inscriptions on Egyptian tombs, the Old Testament Scriptures, the Moralists of Greece and Rome, the Koran, the Scandinavian Eddas, the Christian Fathers, and modern Theologians, all furnish their contributions. The idea of the writer is that all good writers are inspired, some more, some less so, and that the Hebrew Scriptures contain only a portion of the God-given inspirations which are to guide the lives of men. We believe that this compilation, intended without doubt, to shew the absurdity of confining inspiration to one set of sacred writings will rather tend to prove how immensely superior the Christian Scriptures are to all other books, even when everything which is objectionable is filtered out and only the pure essence remains. Take this com-

pilation and we say advisedly, all this golden dust of morality sifted from the sands of the ages, will not weigh the hundredth part of the solid value—we mean as moral instructions—of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures. There are, it is true, many beautiful gems in these pages,—not the least beautiful being those which owe their origin to the spirit of Hebrew-prophets, and to the spirit of Jesus and his Apostles and Evangelists transfused through modern preachers, such as Beecher, Parker, Stowe, etc. Turning to the writings which may claim an antiquity equal to the Hebrew Scriptures, we find a few brilliant passages of high moral and religious import, yet hardly worth the great eulogiums which have been passed upon them by Sanscrit scholars. The best of the religious poems of high antiquity are contained in the Rig Veda, some of them claiming an antiquity which brings them to the period which produced Moses and Job. We quote one on God the Creator :

1. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice ?
2. He who gives life. He who gives strength ; whose command all the bright gods revere ; whose shadow is immortality, whose shadow is death. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice ?
3. He who, through His power, is the one King of the breathing and awakening world. He who governs all, man and beasts. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice ?
4. He whose greatness those snowy mountains, the sea, and the distant river proclaim. He, whose these regions are, as it were, His two arms. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice ?
5. He through whom the sky is bright and the earth firm, He through whom the highest heaven was established — He who measures out the light in the air. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice ?
6. He to whom heaven and earth, standing firm by His will, look up, trembling inwardly — He over whom the rising sun shines forth.
7. Wherever the mighty water-clouds went, where they placed the seed and lit the fire, thence arose He who is the sole light of the bright gods. Who is the God to whom we may offer our sacrifice ?
8. He who by His might looked even over the water-clouds, the clouds which gave strength and lit the sacrifices ; He alone who is God above all gods.  
 . May He not destroy us. He the creator of the earth ; or He the righteous, who created the heavens ; He who created the bright and mighty waters.

We have also a hymn to Indra, the giver of horses, corn, lord of wealth, achiever of works, most brilliant God, who keeps off the enemy from our cows and from our stud, etc. One to Agni—the same as fire—which is supplicated to accept of the log brought, etc. But we feel that it does not do justice to these poems to give any abstract from them. Then, too, our views are so different as to worship from those entertained by our Arian ancestors, that we require to lay aside prejudice in contemplating them. But, after we have done this, at least as much as we can, we feel still that the best of these rare and beautiful specimens of sacred poetry are far beneath those of the Hebrew sacred bards. No one can set the best of these side by side with almost any one of the Psalms and not feel that the Hebrew bards sit upon mountain heights near heaven, to which the Vedic poets can never

aspire. The same may be said of the Sami Veda, Atharva Veda. Indeed, the farther we come down the stream of the Sanscrit literature, it gets muddier rather than purer. We feel glad that the comparison has been made, and that competition has been challenged, as we are certain that no one will unbiassedly compare the Hebrew and heathen literature without having the conclusion forced upon him that "the heavenly muse," if not absolutely confined to Judea, made its peculiar home on "the secret top of Oreb, or of Sinai," inspiring "the Shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed."

A similar conclusion is forced upon us in regard to moral teachings from a comparison of the teachings of Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Mahomet, with those of Christ, or of Paul. It may seem to some of our readers, sacrilege to talk of comparison here, but we are come upon times when all respected and valued things must submit to judgment. The comparison is forced on us in many quarters, and we must look it fairly in the face. Without doubt there was a discovery made of the most excellent things in morality to all nations. Their conscience bore them witness, the heavens declared to them the glory of God, and the firmament his handy-work. Cornelius, the just man, knew much of the life of God before Peter was sent for. The heathen poet was thought worthy to be called a prophet, and his sentiment that "we are his offspring," to be quoted by Paul. Nor can we shut our eyes to the fact, that all the most necessary principles of morality are to be found laid down by the great national teachers of the ancient times. So we need not be surprised when we find the chief elements of moral life in the five commands of Buddhism.

1. Not to destroy life.
2. Not to obtain another's property by unjust means.
3. Not to indulge the passions so as to invade the legal or natural rights of other men.
4. Not to tell lies.
5. Not to partake of anything intoxicating.

Vegetarians and teetotallers may think these five precepts perfect. Buddha's saying about overcoming evil with good too is about as excellent as anything we can think of. "A man who foolishly does me a wrong (or regards me as being or doing wrong) I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love; the more evil goes from him the more good shall go from me. The fragrance of these good actions always redounding to me, the harm of the slanderer's words returning to him." This, though not so well expressed, yet contains the pith and meaning of "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and do good to them that despitefully use you and persecute you." Buddha seems to us far behind in the literary art—in fact, labours with words, but is not "the Inspired." This remark will be found to hold good of almost every passage brought into comparison with the writings.

of the inspired men of the Bible. You can get no clear-cut, sparkling gems, like the sentences of Jesus in his sermons and parables, in the whole wide range of ancient and modern literature. Still, we are glad to recognize the fact that God did not leave the nations of antiquity without a witness; and that to each of them there was raised up burning and shining lights which enabled them to steer their way through life toward the port of virtue and religion. Still, however, must we turn to Sinai and Galilee for all the most glorious manifestations of religion and morality. No man need go to the East, or to Greece or Rome for illustrations in the knowledge of God, who has become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the prophets, with the words of Jesus, and with the teachings of his apostles. We may, however, still be thankful for "The Chapters from the Bible of the Ages," as tending to illustrate and enforce what we have learned from the old Bible, with which we have been acquainted from our infancy.

*Dr. J. J. L. Von Dollinger's Fables respecting the Popes in the Middle Ages, translated by Alfred Plummer, with Dr. Dollinger's Essay on The Prophetic Spirit, and the Prophecies of the Christian Era, by Henry B. Smith, D.D. Dodd and Mead, New York.*

THIS is a remarkable book of a very remarkable and representative man. Dr. Dollinger is supposed to be the chief author of "The Pope and the Council," which created such a sensation prior to the holding of the late Ecumenical Council. It is well known what opposition he gave to the declaration of Infallibility, and to the adoption of the "Syllabus,"—especially of those articles which set the Pope in opposition to the civilization and science of the 19th century. The book under review was published over ten years ago, but was not translated till within the last two years. It deals with the various fables regarding the earlier Popes—some of which were to the discredit of the Papacy, while some others constituted the foundation of the assumptions of the Pope to power and authority. The first fable with which the learned Dr. deals is with that of the female Pope, which somehow gained universal currency. He clearly shows that there never was a female Pope; that all that is related of her is pure fable, foisted on the public by the Dominicans and Minorites; that it was not known to the Greeks till the latter part of the fifteenth century, though she is said to have lived in the eighth century. Certain it is that she is not mentioned in any work which has been found, after most diligent search, till four centuries later. The fact that a pierced seat is used at the institution of a newly elected Pope; that a stone, with an inscription on it which nobody could read, was supposed to refer to it; that a statue found on the same spot in long robes was supposed to be that of a woman; and that a circuit is made

in procession of the newly elected Pope round a certain street, seeming to indicate some reason for avoidance of the place. Ingenuity elaborated these circumstances into the supposed fact of a female Pope having ever brought a scandal upon the holy office. There is no doubt but that the story originated in some such way.

There is another fable about the insertion of a Pope called Cyriacus on the list of the Holy Fathers. The story runs thus: That when Ursula and her maidens came to Rome, Cyriacus, who was nineteenth Pope, received a command from heaven to renounce his office, and go forth with the maidens to the martyrdom which awaited him and them. He resigned his office, and caused Antherus to be raised to the Papacy in his place. The Roman clergy were so angry with Cyriacus that they caused his name to be struck from the list of the Popes. This story being received, the chroniclers determined that Cyriacus should have his name inserted between Pontianus and Anteus, (238). The case of Cyriacus was quoted afterward to shew that a Pope might resign—a doctrine strongly opposed by most friends of the Papacy.

The fable about Marcellinus was to this effect: The Pontifex of the Capitol represented to Marcellinus, then Pope, that he might without scruple offer incense to the gods, for the three wise men from the East had done so before Christ. This Marcellinus did by order of Diocletian in the temple of Vesta, offering sacrifices to Hercules, Jupiter and Saturn, in the presence of many Christians. Because of this three hundred bishops left their sees; held a council, and deposed certain priests who had left when they saw the Pope enter the temple, but as he was head of the Church, he could only be judged by himself. At first he palliates his act, but seventy-two witnesses made accusation against him. Thereupon he acknowledges his guilt, and pronounces deposition on himself in the year 303. Afterwards, by order of Diocletian, most of the three hundred bishops were executed.

This story is shown to be a myth and was no doubt fabricated to establish the dogma that the Pope can be deposed by no man. It was often quoted afterwards when Popes were deposed to show that the act was illegal.

Then comes the story of the healing of Constantine of the leprosy, and of his baptism by Pope Sylvester in Rome. Ecclesiastical history tells us that he was baptized by the Arian Bishop Eusebius, shortly before his death, but as this was manifestly to the dishonour of Constantine, the story was invented to the glory of the Emperor who had been such a friend of the Church.

The donation to the Pope of various houses and lands by Constantine in gratitude for his cure and baptism is next treated of. This story, which is constantly appealed to as the foundation of the Pope's patrimony, and with a view of showing that it would be gross robbery to take away any part of it, is also clearly shown by the learned Dr. to be a forgery.

The case as between Liberius and Felix is discussed next. We can merely say that these were rival Popes, the first tainted with Arianism, the second an out-and-out Arian, but somehow the name of the latter got inserted in the list of the Popes as the orthodox one, and he was canonized. We cannot give a fuller account of the matter here.

The status of Anastasius is then discussed, also that of Honorius. The question then whether Pope Gregory II. deprived Leo of the kingdom of Italy is fully dealt with, and finally the calumnies against Sylvester the II. are examined and shown to be baseless. This concludes the fables about the Popes. We have not time at present to deal with the latter half of the book on the Prophetic Spirit. The work is remarkable for its erudition and fairness. It is to be remembered that Protestantism has nothing to do with it, and that it seems perfectly fair towards the Popish Church. Truth alone seems to have been the object of the author.

*Physics and Politics, or Thoughts on the Application of the Principles of "Natural Selection" and "Inheritance" to Political Society, by Walter Bagehot, Esq. New York, D. Appleton & Company.*

It has long been held that if we could thoroughly understand all that is in the germ, we would be able to predict what would come out of it in any given set of circumstances. The want of physical knowledge has, however, been a grand difficulty in the way of this species of prophecy. The great influx of scientific information of late days has made this kind of prediction in a general way possible. Physicists now investigate the quality of germs and tissues; the mode of action of nervous systems in relation to their objects; the influx and efflux of sensation—for it appears that not only do the nerves carry intelligence to the brain, but the brain also acts reflexly upon the nerves, lodging in them a power or capacity for becoming better media of intelligence, known as habit; and not only is this the case in the individual, but in the individual's descendents. In this way is explained the power of the young of animals to understand and adapt itself to circumstances which is not the result of experience, but, as we call it, instinct. A young chicken will, immediately on coming out of the shell, peck at objects with perfect accuracy of aim, will run with steady gait, etc. Other animals, will as soon as they see the light, do many things which they could only have learned through their progenitors. The learning of the parent becomes, in consequence of this power of reflection of sensation, the heritage of the offspring. This is what makes progress possible—what makes education invaluable. We are, while learning, educating posterity. The education is very various. It is carried on in every way—by business, by battle, as well as

by books. It would seem, therefore, that we may intelligently do something in the way of forming the future character of society, not only by directing the education of the young by precepts, but by placing them in circumstances which will be favourable to the production of such sensations as we would like to see reflected back into the nerves, thus forming habits which, it has been seen, may be transmitted to posterity. To make society, to form nations which in the future shall be strong, healthy, truthful, upright, is thus not altogether a Utopian idea. Such, succinctly, seems to be the thought of men like Herbert Spencer, Bagehot, and men of like thought. Hence the term "Physics and Politics"—the two things being found linked together. The laws of the physical must be studied, therefore, that we may arrive at an accurate and intelligent political system. The contents of this book are "The Preliminary Age; The Use of Conflict; Nation Making; The Age of Discussion; and Verifiable Progress Politically Considered." The work of Mr. Bagehot is one which needs to be studied to be understood, but it will well repay the labour.

*Love is Enough, or The Freeing of Pharamond, by William Morris. Boston, Roberts Brothers.*

THIS Book is quite worthy of the author of "The Earthly Paradise," and of "The Life and Death of Jason." The poem, which is in the form of a morality presented for the edification and delight of an Emperor and Empress, newly "wedded, sheweth of a King whom nothing but love might satisfy, who left all to seek love, and, having found it, found this also, that love is enough, though he lacked all else." Giles, and Joan his wife, with the Emperor, Empress, and Mayor, are the spectators, but, like other spectators, they make their comments on the performance, in which several play a part. We can give no idea of the wealth of beauty of this poem, which will soon find its way into the library of every admirer of the muses. We find it difficult to select a piece where all is so sweet. We present at random, for our readers appreciation, one of the pieces sung by the chorus:

Love is enough: ho ye who seek saving,

Go no further; come hither; there have been who have found it,

And these know the House of Fulfilment of Craving;

These know the Cup with the roses around it;

These know the World's Wound and the balm that hath bound it:

Cry out, the World heedeth not, 'Love, lead us home!'

He leadeth, He hearkeneth, He cometh to you-ward;

Set your faces as steel to the fears that assemble

Round his goad for the faint, and his scourge for the froward:

Lo his lips, how with tales of last kisses they tremble!

Lo his eyes of all sorrow that may not dissemble!

Cry out, for he heedeth, 'O Love, lead us home!'

O hearken the words of his voice of compassion :  
 'Come cling round about me, ye faithful who sicken  
 Of the weary unrest and the world's passing fashion !  
 As the rain in mid-morning your troubles shall thicken,  
 But surely within you some Godhead doth quicken,  
 As ye cry to me heeding, and leading you home.

'Come — pain ye shall have, and be blind to the ending !  
 Come — fear ye shall have, 'mid the sky's overcasting !  
 Come — change ye shall have, for far are ye wending !  
 Come — no crown ye shall have for your thirst and your fasting,  
 But the kissed lips of Love and fair life everlasting !  
 Cry out, for one heedeth, who leadeth you home !'

Is he gone? was he with us?—ho ye who seek saving,  
 Go no further; come hither; for have we not found it?  
 Here is the House of Fulfilment of Craving;  
 Here is the Cup with the roses around it;  
 The World's Wound well healed, and the balm that hath bound it:  
 Cry out! for he heedeth, fair Love that led home.

*Our Work in Palestine,—By the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund.*

THIS is an excellent, succinct account of the work done and results arrived at in the various explorations of Palestine. The maps are of great value in leading to an understanding of the descriptions. Those who wish, in a short compass, to find out the progress made in discoveries of the sacred objects connected with the history of our redemption, should possess themselves of it.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for January, published by L. Scott & Co., New York, contains several excellent and elaborate articles. "The recovery of Jerusalem" surveys what has been done to bring to light the remaining monuments of the Holy City. "The letters and journals of Lord Elgin," successively Governor of Jamaica, Governor-General of Canada, Envoy to China, and Viceroy of India, are very interesting, and are well treated. The portion of the article devoted to Canada is to us of peculiar interest. To the antiquarian the fortunes and fate of "Antient Manuscripts" will be welcome. The readers of Thackeray will find agreeable information on the life, character, and works of that great Novelist. "Froude's English in America" is a discriminating review of that book. "The English Salmon Fisheries" recommends itself to those who love the "gentle art." "State Papers published in the state paper department of Her Majesty's Public Record Office" from 1639 to 1641, give us a view of the influences which shaped the destiny of Charles the first. "The Church and Dissent" is devoted to a consideration of the different positions taken in the church and by dissent, and of the mode in which they might be made to work together. "The Administration of Berar," "a Criticism on Middlemarch," and "The Geneva Arbitration" are the remaining articles. The "Edinburgh" still maintains its high position as a Review.

## NOTES ON CURRENT EVENTS.

THE past month has been characterized by the most appalling marine disaster of recent times. Now that the official investigation into the circumstances attending the loss of the *Atlantic* has been concluded, and the Commissioner's masterly analysis of the evidence published, there are reliable data available for the formation of a definite opinion as to the parties on whom the responsibility must chiefly rest. The mere fact that a noble vessel was almost instantaneously destroyed by coming in contact with an iron-bound coast, while sailing at full speed on a clear night and with a comparatively tranquil sea, was of itself sufficient to indicate that some one had fearfully blundered. The admissions made by the surviving officers, the engineer, and the New York agent of the White Star Line, in his recently published apology for the Company he represents, all go to prove that the vessel had on board an insufficient supply of coal for an Atlantic winter voyage, unless during exceptionally fine weather. The previous reputation of the Company, its vessels and its officers, which was certainly high, and, we may fairly presume, deservedly so, will be seriously damaged by the truth of this charge being established. And yet, it does not appear that the Company has been one whit more negligent or more grasping in this respect than any of its rivals. Coals are dear in England and comparatively cheap in certain parts of this continent. There is, therefore, a double reason for wishing to increase the net tonnage of vessels as much as possible by diminishing that part of the gross tonnage represented by the coals and engines. In spite of some assertions to the contrary, there seems also to have been a laxity of discipline on board the vessel, though, perhaps, the same thing may be true of many other ships besides the *Atlantic*. Presuming the captain's reckoning prior to the change made in the vessel's course to be correct, as well as his subsequent calculations respecting the distance and direction of Sambro light, it follows that a fatal mistake was made in estimating the speed at which she was sailing. The captain has also been charged with leaving his post without sufficient reason, and handing the control of the vessel over to a subordinate, while nearing a proverbially dangerous coast, with which he was unacquainted. And, most damaging of all, it appears that the lead was never once used in order to find out whether there was any danger impending. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, there can be little doubt that a severer penalty than that recommended by the Commissioner would receive the sanction of public opinion. If men will assume such responsible functions, they should be made distinctly aware that destruction of life and property distinctly traceable to either negligence or inefficiency, or both, must be visited with

punishment as well as condemnation. It would be a flagrant misnomer to speak of the loss of the *Atlantic* as one of that class of accidents due to unforeseen causes, inasmuch as the causes which led to it were easily discoverable, and could have been guarded against.

Should the wreck of the *Atlantic* lead to a systematic attempt to compel the owners of steamship lines to adhere strictly to the letter and spirit of the regulations, some benefit might spring from even so terrible a disaster. The negligence and parsimony of companies are more noticeable in the kind and amount of steerage accommodation afforded to emigrants crossing to America than in any other particular. A spirited discussion took place on this subject last year in which the Canadian press participated. Premonitory symptoms are not wanting, even so early in the season as this, that the discussion is to be renewed and the agitation kept up until a better state of affairs is established. Too much attention cannot be paid to a subject so intimately affecting the welfare of a country like our own, whose prosperity depends so largely on the quality and number of the immigrants arriving upon its shores. Sydney Smith's trite remark about corporations, would seem to be applicable to Steamships, as well as other companies; but though they have neither bodies nor souls, it is not impossible to bring them to book quite as effectually as if they were possessed of both. Certain regulations are laid down by Act of Parliament, and if these are not sufficient to ensure the necessary amount of comfort to passengers, they ought to be amended. When regulations have been once adopted, any attempt to evade them ought to meet with prompt punishment. The lives and morals of even steerage passengers are too precious to be bartered away for gold.

Very few persons, except those immediately interested in keeping up the present practice of sending out ships in an unseaworthy condition, will fail to honour deeply in their hearts the name of Mr. Plimsoll, who bids fair to stand alongside of Howard, Clarkson and Wilberforce as a practical philanthropist. The telling exposures he has made have won for him the affection and admiration of the British nation, while they have aroused the animosity of the shipowners in a corresponding ratio. There can be no longer any doubt about the substantial correctness of the facts adduced, and the truth of charges made about owners knowingly risking hundreds of lives by overloading ships and sending them out in a bad state of repair. The passionate eagerness to make money, which is so prominent a feature of the age, is as conspicuous here as in the case of the ocean steamers, and perhaps even more so. It is matter for rejoicing, however, that a reformation seems about to be effected. The Bill now before the Imperial

Parliament will probably pass in some shape, and thousands of seamen, with their families, will have occasion to bless the memory of him who has proved so indefatigable a friend.

The current session of the Canadian Parliament has been characterized by the discussion of an unprecedentedly large number of questions affecting the privileges of the House. Most of these have arisen out of controverted election cases; but one, the latest, raises a point which has never yet been decided in a Canadian Assembly. While there can be but one opinion respecting the bad taste displayed by any newspaper writer who makes use of intemperate language in assailing his political opponents, and while the offence is manifestly greater when the writer is himself a member of Parliament, there can be no doubt that freedom of discussion in the press is more or less involved in the matter. It is not easy to see how the member for Gloucester can be brought to the Bar of the House without bringing some others there along with him; for it is a notorious fact that he stands by no means alone in the style of writing complained of. There are other journalists in the House whose papers often indulge in opprobrious epithets, and it would be as impolitic as it would be unjust to censure one without censuring all alike. If this incident should help to spread the conviction that the functions of an independent journalist and a member of Parliament are so incompatible, that the same person cannot successfully discharge both at the same time, perhaps nothing would be lost. It is well known that the most successful journalist, and one of the most successful political leaders of Canada, has frequently and publicly declared that he found it necessary to make a choice between the two positions; and there are numerous considerations lying upon the very surface of the question which tend to drive the attentive observer towards the same conclusion. It is not desirable to have members penning newspaper strictures on their fellow-members, and it is just as little desirable to place any restrictions at present on the liberty of the press. Canadian journals, though low enough in tone, are improving in character; and anything like arbitrary interference just now would in all probability do more harm than good. As was well remarked by the member for West Middlesex, himself connected with the Fourth Estate, the dignity of the House of Commons is of less importance than the freedom of the newspaper press. The House could survive an assault upon its dignity, and the country would never wince; but it is questionable whether it would be wise to establish such a precedent as some seem disposed to establish in the present case, when we have managed to get on for so long a time without.

Both of the Pacific Railway charges brought by newspapers against the Government have come up in Parliament, and in each

case, Ministers have been sustained by large majorities. The resolutions respecting the policy of the Cabinet on this question, were moved in the Senate; the one charging the Ministry with accepting a bribe was introduced into the House of Commons. It is altogether likely that the Cabinet policy in granting the Charter will yet be discussed in the Lower House as well, though it is doubtful whether time will be allowed for it during the present session. The bribery charge, which, when first enunciated had certainly a *prima facie* aspect of absurdity, was regarded as being serious enough to be referred to a Committee endowed with extraordinary powers. The report of this Committee will probably not be ready before next session; meanwhile, as might have been expected, the fact of the charge being made, together with some other circumstances, appears to have had the effect of defeating the attempt of the President to negotiate a loan in London. It is rumoured that the financial agents of the Grand Trunk have conspired to throw obstacles in the way in order to enable them to dispose of their own securities to better advantage. This may be true; but it is exceedingly doubtful whether the attempt to interest British capitalists in the Pacific Railway scheme at present could have been successful even without such opposition to contend against. It is very much to be regretted that any responsible member of the House of Commons should have felt himself constrained to bring so grave a charge against both the Ministry and the Company as the lending of money by the latter to the former for the purpose of purchasing political support at a general election; it would be still more to be regretted should the charge prove to be well founded. Even those who are opposed to the Pacific Railway Scheme in its present form, would rather see it checked in some way less damaging to the country's credit abroad, both politically and financially.

The budget speech of the Finance Minister seems to have been a very creditable effort from an oratorical point of view; it remains to be seen how it will stand the test of the sharp criticism to which it will be subjected. Admitting the financial statement to be not at all too rose-coloured as regards the prospects of the immediate future, he must be sanguine indeed who can see any way of preventing an enormous increase of the public burdens at no distant day, if the public works already projected are to be carried out. Thirty millions of dollars for the Pacific Railway, twenty millions for canals, and an additional ten millions for the Intercolonial Railroad will almost double our national debt; the country may consider itself fortunate if it is not trebled or even quadrupled by the time the Pacific road is constructed on the gigantic scale proposed. It does seem a little quixotic for four millions of people to make a deliberate attempt to shoulder such a burden; but, perhaps, with the breathing spell which seems to

have arrived, the country may think better of it, and begin to cut its coat more in accordance with its cloth.

The present Parliament has, even at this early period in its history, shown itself greatly superior to its predecessor in its liberal tendencies. Electoral and constitutional reform in one shape or another has been before it since the very beginning of the session, and the House of Commons has committed itself to the principle of more than one very important measure. It may be found impracticable to push these through all their stages during the present session; but an election law providing simultaneous polling and voting by ballot, together with a reasonably low property qualification, must at no distant day find a place on the statute book. It is a little singular to see a resolution against the use of the ballot carried in the Nova Scotia Legislature, when the principle of secret voting is making such rapid strides on almost every side. It seems not improbable, however, that this somewhat sudden action will yet be reversed, and the system get the benefit of a fairer trial than it has had during the short time it has been in operation. It may be taken for granted that a controverted Elections Act will also be passed, handing the trial of contested elections over to the Judges of the Superior Courts. Theoretically, Parliament ought to be the best and only judge of the right of any member to retain his seat; but it has been found highly expedient and almost requisite to delegate the exercise of this privilege to some less cumbrous and partizan, and at the same time more expeditious tribunal than even a committee of members. The House of Commons has, by a large majority, agreed to do away with dual representation. Whether desirable or not *per se* such a step was rendered inevitable by the action of several of the Provinces which have declared against it. But there can be little doubt that some confusion will be avoided, and some security against the introduction of Federal influence in the local Legislatures gained by making the principal general over the whole Dominion. The House of Commons, after exculpating the returning officer of Muskoka, who made a special return, declaring neither candidate elected, wisely passed a resolution instructing returning officers to consider their office in future as a ministerial and not a judicial one. According to the vast preponderance of Canadian precedents it has always been so regarded, and it would be perfectly intolerable and highly dangerous to make it anything else. Henceforth, let us hope, the Judges will decide all matters of controversy, and neither the returning officer nor the House of Commons will be in a position to wield to the advantage of either candidate a power which is so liable to be employed for partizan purposes.

Two exceedingly tragic events have happened almost simultaneously in the United States, the murder of Gen. Canby and his associates by the Modoc Indians, and the slaughter of a number of negroes in Louisiana. Both are the direct results of the war of races going on in that somewhat unhappy country. The negro butchery seems to have been utterly inexcusable, and as the details come to light it exhibits marks of the most fiendish atrocity. Evidently it will be a long time yet before the intermixture of races has become so complete in the South that social war will cease to be imminent. The Indian question is a still more serious one. The policy pursued by the United States Government and its agents towards the Indian tribes was for generations a scandal to civilization and humanity. A new leaf has lately been turned over, however, by adopting what is called the "peace policy," though this term cannot be understood to mean that force would not be used in the last resort. The treachery of the Modocs seems to have aroused a clamour in some quarters for a reversal of this policy and a war of extermination against all the Indian tribes. This is surely a humiliating position for a great nation to be placed in, and it would certainly be as much as the historical reputation of the United States is worth, if a few dozen Indians could by any means bring about a radical change in the mode adopted by the government in its dealings with a race comprising several hundred thousand souls. Canada is deeply interested in this Indian problem as well as the United States. There never has been much trouble with aborigines of British America because they have been in the main fairly dealt with. But it transpired during a recent debate in the House of Commons that there is danger ahead. Worthless adventurers from the south of the line are doing their utmost to rouse suspicion and stir up hostility. The Indians are no longer the unsophisticated sons of the forest they once were. They have learned the white man's vices and acquired enough of his intelligence to look with contempt upon the pow-wow which would once have filled them with delight and satisfaction. It is to be hoped that the blood-stained history of the Indian question will belong solely to those regions where it is found now, and that the prairies and forests of the North-west will remain forever free from such scenes of treachery and bloodshed. Nevertheless it must be admitted by the Indian's most ardent admirer, that he cannot be allowed to obstruct the western progress of civilization. If they can be reclaimed from barbarism and absorbed ultimately by the white population, the identity of the Indian tribes will be as completely destroyed as by a war of extermination, but there is a vast difference in the character of the two modes of dealing with the question.