

## What Becomes of the Ocean Steamships.

### Brief Notes on the Vessels of an Earlier Period.

### WRECKS AND OTHER CASUALTIES.

#### The Compact Form in Which These Monsters of the Deep Are Constructed—The Fate Which Has Befallen Many of the Ocean Liners.

Perhaps the finest illustration of the inventive and constructive genius of man to be found in the world to-day is one of the superb steamships which have of late years reduced the vast Atlantic ocean to little more than an Anglo-American lake. Take, for instance, any one of the most recent additions to the splendid fleet of ocean "greyhounds," it seems hardly possible for even the most brilliant imagination to conceive of a human structure more perfect in all those details that together constitute the acme of safety, speed and luxury. If other steamers may with sufficient accuracy be called floating hotels, this one might with equal propriety be termed a floating club house, as well as a hotel of the highest class. For the purpose of this article a brief survey of the dimensions and equipment of such a steamer will make a good starting point.

Her length is, say, 590 feet, breadth 58 feet, depth 40 feet. She is, in fact, one of the largest vessels in the world, her displacement, when fully loaded, being not less than 16,000 tons, a figure surpassed, if at all, only by one or two of the huge Italian ironclads recently launched.

It is not easy to give any just conception of what the above dimensions mean, or to help those who have never seen one of these floating palaces to realize the enormous amount of constructive talent, adaptive skill and artistic feeling, as well as money, that they represent. In the words of the *Engineer*: "It is perhaps because it seems almost impossible to do so gigantic a subject justice, that the literature, if we may use the word, of Atlantic passenger steamships is deplorably meager."

Nothing that art and science can do to render the ship beautiful without and within, luxurious, safe and swift, is left out of account. In addition to being minutely subdivided by athwartship bulkheads, there is a longitudinal bulkhead running fore and aft, and forming a mighty backbone that gives additional rigidity to the whole structure, greatly increasing the security in event of accident. Furthermore, the doors closing the different compartments can be shut instantly from the flying deck by pulling small wire ropes, while there are automatic arrangements by which these doors will close of themselves if the water rises, unduly in the bilges.

As to the fittings and furnishings that contribute to the ease and comfort of the fortunate passengers it would require columns to describe them. The chief architectural feature in such steamers is, of course, the saloon, which becomes a banquet hall of almost awesome brilliancy. The length often exceeds sixty feet, and the breath is but little less. Fancy so vast an apartment being at one's command in mid-ocean!

Standing under the lofty dome of many-colored glass and gazing about at the multitudinous mirrors, the golden figures of tritons, nymphs, and mermaids—disporting in a very sea, the richly-carved cabinet work in English oak, and the great round ports in their elaborate setting of rich brass *repousse* work, one cannot quickly grasp the idea that all this splendor is simply part of a vessel—a ferry boat plying between the old world and the new. It seems to belong more properly to the palace of some mighty monarch.

The same feeling is produced by the sumptuous staterooms with their wide four-post bedsteads of gleaming brass, the spacious library abounding in books, the gorgeous smoking room fit for a prince's use, and the other departments of this ocean monarch on board of which the population of a good-sized town might stow away comfortably, for her normal carrying capacity is 300 saloon passengers, 175 second class, and 855 steerage, making up with the 168 engineers, etc., in the engine room, the 40 sailors in the fore-castle, the 25 cooks in the galley, and the 60 stewards in the pantry, nearly 1600 souls; 3000 tons of coal and 4000 tons of cargo being carried besides.

Here then we have excellently illustrated the utmost that man, so far at least, has achieved in the line of naval architecture for the passenger service. Competing lines will, no doubt, make it their business to see the latest addition to the fleet and go one better. They will, perhaps, succeed in effecting some further improvements, but it is not likely that much antecedent to Bellamy's A. D. 2000, at all events, we will have any such marine monarch as that outlined in the following words:—

"She will be over a quarter of a mile in length, and will do the passage from Sandy Hook to Liverpool in thirty-six hours, being one night out. She will be driven by electricity, and in such a fashion as to keep railway time, despite fog or storm. Passages can be secured by flash photo. Edison's patent, and the ticket will include an opera stall, or a concert ticket, or a seat in a church pew—the opera house, concert hall and church being all on board. A covered ring for horse exercise will also be provided, and a racing track for fast trotters. A base ball ground and tennis courts will also form a portion of the attractions. For business men a stock exchange will be operated, the quotations being posted from the tickers every two minutes, on the vibration system. The leading papers of all countries will be reprinted each morning by the electric reflection system. A spacious conservatory, containing the choicest flowers of all climates, will afford an agreeable lounging place, and bouquets will be provided gratis."

A remarkable feature about the development of ocean steam navigation is its astounding rapidity. Putting aside the Savannah, which was really a sailing ship with steam merely as an adjunct, and which made the trans-Atlantic trip in 1819, the first ocean steamer was the Royal William, that crossed from Quebec to London in 1821, using coal all the way, and taking nearly three weeks to make the passage. She was a paddle steamer of 860 tons burden, a clumsy craft that would nowadays be considered fit only for a coal hulk. Six years later the Great Western appeared, and on her first voyage cut down the record to fourteen days, subsequently reducing it to twelve

days and a half. She, too, was a paddle steamer, and her dimensions were quite respectable, her length being 235 feet, her breadth 34 feet, and her tonnage 1320.

But if it were possible to take the Great Western, in her time the wonder and pride of two continents, and to place her beside the *Furst Bismarck*, the *Tentonic*, the *City of Paris*, the *Alaska*, the *Euroria*, or any other of the ocean greyhounds of our day, how pitifully insignificant she would seem, and yet the vast gap between the two vessels has been closed in little more than half a century. Many were the centuries required to develop the modern brougham out of the lumbering chariot, or the swift-sailing packet ship out of the slow-moving galley, but sixty years have sufficed to give us a degree of perfection in ocean steamships that even in this age of mechanical marvels is not easy to imagine being surpassed.

As one looks at a steamship, stately, strong, staunch and swift, the question What will be her ultimate fate? is very apt to come into the mind. To all appearances, barring, of course, destruction by shipwreck, collision, or fire, she might last for a century or more, and if so, how varied and interesting would be her history. The main object of this article is to offer some sort of answer to this very question,—and in endeavouring to point out what becomes of ocean steamships I will start with some of the earliest in the field.

The Royal William (1831), already mentioned, after making her successful trip across was sold to the Spanish Government and her ocean career abruptly closed. The *Sirius* (1838) also made only one voyage, and that proving unprofitable was placed upon the channel service between Cork and Dublin, where she ran for many years. The *Great Western* (1838) completed thirty-seven round voyages, and was then sold to a West India company, for which she did good service until 1857. The *Liverpool* (1838) after making six voyages from the port that gave her birth and name to New York and back was purchased by the Peninsular and Oriental Company, in whose hands she was wrecked off Cape Finisterre.

A still worse fate befel the *Perth*. This fine steamer was launched at New York with great eclat, in December, 1839, and started on her first trip in August of the following year. She made good time across, and great hopes were entertained concerning her. But they were doomed to speedy blight. In April, 1841, she sailed from Liverpool bound to New York, and was never heard of again. Other vessels reported icebergs abounding, and strong gales prevalent, and no doubt these two perils of the sea combined for the destruction of his unfortunate steamer whose mysterious loss proved so serious a blow to the pioneer company to which she belonged that it withdrew from business and sold the remnant of its fleet to the Belgian government.

Indeed, it would seem as though some malign fate persistently followed the endeavorers of those in the new world, who sought to bridge the Atlantic with lines of steamships affecting regular communication with the continent.

In the year 1847 the United States entered this great and promising field of enterprise by the formation of the Ocean Steam Navigation Company, which contracted to carry the mails between New York and Bremen. Their first steamer was the *United States*, a 2000 ton side-wheeler that made the passage in thirteen days. But the demand for passenger and freight accommodation was then so slight that she did not pay, and after a few round trips was sold in Bremen. A year later the *New York and Havre Steam Navigation* company was established and subsidized by the American Government at the rate of \$150,000 per annum. This company owned four good vessels, ranging from 1700 to 2800 tons, viz.: The *Washington*, *Hermann*, *Franklin* and *Humboldt*, the latter being the largest steamship built in America up to that time. For some years matters went smoothly and prosperously. Then followed a series of misfortunes.

In 1853 the *Humboldt* was totally wrecked off the entrance to Halifax harbor, not far from where the Atlantic met her disastrous doom some twenty years later. In July of the following year the *Franklin* went ashore on the southwest of Long Island, where part of her truss and walking beam may still be seen, if they have not disappeared quite recently. In order to prevent their contract with the government being canceled the company chartered steamships to maintain the line until two new ones could be built. These were ready in 1856, and were called the *Fulton* and *Arago*. They were about the same tonnage as their unfortunate predecessors, but their passenger accommodation was far superior. Yet in 1861 the line was withdrawn. The cause was two-fold. In the first place the steamships were required for government service, the war of the rebellion having broken out, and in the second place the competition caused by the more economical screw steamers of the North German Lloyds and Hamburg Packet Company could not be profitably withstood by the slower and more costly sidewheelers.

Almost equally unfortunate, although even more deserving of permanent success, was the second venture made by American capitalists to secure a due share of ocean transportation, viz.: the famous *Collins* or *United States* mail line. This was organized by Edward K. Collins, the enterprising head of a company running a line of packets between New York and New Orleans. Impressed with the success which had attended the operations of the *Cunard* line, he promoted the establishment of a rival line. After two years of heroic exertion he had the satisfaction of securing sufficient capital and four fine steamers. The first of these to sail from New York was the *Atlantic*, which set forth on April 27, 1849.

The *Collins* line had a most liberal subsidy from the Government, amounting to no less than \$687,000 yearly, conditioned on the steamships making 26 voyages yearly. Full of hope and pluck and Yankee daring, the company threw down the gauntlet to its English rivals by undertaking to make the fastest passages between the two countries, and there at once ensued a struggle for supremacy which two nations followed with the most absorbing interest. No modern contest between ocean greyhounds ever evoked as much excitement as did the rivalry between the *Cunard* and *Collins* champions, which went on for full ten years, from 1850 to 1860. The *Collins* boats were named the *Atlantic*, *Pacific*, *Arctic*, and *Baltic*, and were all about the same dimensions, viz.: 276 feet long by 45 feet beam, the tonnage being 2860, and the mode of propulsion, paddle wheels. They surpassed in size and style, and in speed, also, any steamships afloat at the time of their launching. Of the four the *Arctic* proved herself

the fleetest, her best record being from New York to Liverpool in the then unequalled time of 9 days, 17 hours and 12 minutes. Taking the average of the whole year the advantages as to speed between the two competing lines lay with the *Collins* vessels. Yet somehow or other, despite the brilliancy of their achievements, and the enormous subsidy granted them, fortune did not favor them nor their owners. The *Arctic* was lost with most of her passengers, the *Pacific* mysteriously disappeared, and the *Atlantic* and *Baltic*, on the breaking up of the company, were broken up themselves, and sold for old iron.

As the time-honored boast of the *Cunard* company is that they have never lost a ship nor killed a man the question—what becomes of ocean steamships—can affect them only as regards the disposition they make of vessels no longer competent for their trans-atlantic traffic. An inquiry made of the general manager has brought out the information that two, if not three, of the old steamers have been lengthened and re-engined and are now sailing in the *Red Star* line. Two more after being tripled are running for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company between Vancouver and Japan, another was sold to a Spanish company, and still another turned into a twin screw and used for cable laying, while others still have been put on their Mediterranean service, or converted into cargo boats.

In the same way some of the *White Star* Company's ships have left Atlantic Ocean for other spheres of operation, the *Oceanic*, *Belgic* and *Gaelic* being employed in the trans-Pacific service of the Occidental and Oriental Steamship Company of San Francisco, and the *Ionic*, *Doric* and *Coptic* in the *Shaw, Savill & Albion* Company's line running between London and New Zealand.

But there remain yet other answers to the question in my title which have so far been no more than hinted at. The ultimate fate of every steamer, no matter how huge and splendid, must be either to founder in mid-ocean, to beat out her brains upon some pitiless reef, or to be ignominiously broken up in the ship-knacker's yard. This latter end indeed was that which befel the vast *Great Eastern*, the greatest and the most unfortunate of steamships. I remember well her stately entrance to Halifax harbor, and my childish wonder as to how she would ever get out again, for spacious as the harbor is, it seemed all too narrow for her to turn in, and I could not suppress a pang of regret a little while ago when the news came that, after so many vicissitudes, the mighty structure was to be broken up for old iron.

Yet if it could have been of any avail to her the *Great Eastern* might have taken comfort from the knowledge that at Woolwich, in the yard of Messrs. Castle, ship-breakers in ordinary to the admiralty, there stands a wood pile 180 feet square and 110 feet high, which is composed of the timbers of no less than 120 ships that at one time or another formed part of the wooden (or iron) walls of England. Into this stupendous pile have gone the stout oak, or oaken timbers of many a famous man-of-war; the *Collingwood*, the *Edinburgh*, the *Repulse*, the *Lord Warden*; as also of the *Admiral Hood*, that never left the Medway after she was launched until she went to be broken up, and the *Bulwark* which—for some one had egregiously blundered—was never launched at all, but broken up on the stocks.

In the office of this establishment may be seen many interesting relics of renowned marine warriors of the past. The mantel piece is supported by the two figures of *Atlas* from the gallery of the *Temeraire*—and is itself made of mahogany from the *Royal Albert*, christened by the Queen in 1856. Above the chimney-piece is the figure-head of the *Galatea*, the frigate that carried the Duke of Edinburgh around the world. But, to the never-ceasing regret of Mr. Castle there is no relic of the *Arctusa*, that famous frigate having all unknown to him been consigned to the oblivion of the wood pile under the pseudonym of *Bacchus* for some occult reasons of the admiralty.

There yet remains for treatment the more sombre parts of my subject, viz.: that which deals with the loss of ocean steamers through foundering, stranding, collision, or other catastrophe. Here we enter a region of disaster and of mystery that has always had a peculiar fascination for mankind. With what intense interest the details of some pitiful shipwrecks are read in our newspapers! How the people of a port will flock to examine a steamship that has been towed in disabled—having, perhaps, escaped extinction in the salty depths only through the chance arrival of timely succor! and with what palpitating eagerness they will wait from day to day for news concerning some steamer that is long overdue, and for ought they can tell may never report herself again!

The record of the disasters that have within the past half century befallen the multitudinous steamers plying between the United States and Europe would be a long and curious one. The ill-fated *President* would stand at the head, and then would follow the *Humboldt*, the *Franklin*, the *Arctic* and others that have been already mentioned, the list growing rapidly as the steamers multiplied until it reached our own time. Of course, however, it is possible to refer to only a few of the most notable at present.

There was the *City of Boston*, for instance, that in the early part of 1868 steamed out of Halifax harbor with a number of the most prominent merchants in the maritime provinces on board, and concerning which no faintest clue has ever been discovered since. It was months before the families of those on board, waiting in the long drawn out torture of uncertainty, gave up all hope of their loved ones. More than once a cruel rumor threw them into ecstasies of gladness only by its speedy refutation to cast them back into still sharper sorrow. I was a boy at school then, and one day there came to the waiting city the report that the missing steamer had made the Azores with all well on board. No sooner did it reach the ears of our worthy old teacher than, despite his dislike of holidays, he at once dismissed the school and hastened off to join the general rejoicing. But alas! only when the sea gives up her dead will the secret of the *City of Boston's* loss be revealed.

Another wreck that stirred the city of Halifax to its depths, although none of her people directly suffered by it, was that of the *steamer Atlantic*, which took place on the 1st of April, 1873, and was, as regards loss of life, the most disastrous that has ever occurred in the North American coast. The scene was Meagher's Island, near the mouth of the harbor of Halifax, for which port the steamer was making, and the time 3 o'clock in the morning of a tempestuous day. The vessel struck full on a rock about fifty yards distant from the island, then swung round and heeled over with her deck nearly perpendicular and facing to seaward. There were 957

persons on board. Hundreds of these never reached the upper deck, and of those that did, the pitiless breakers with unappeasable fury snatched away score after score as they swept over the fast sinking steamer. Owing to the position of the vessel the boats could not be lowered and the only chance of escape was to leap into the boiling surf and battle for a landing on the rocky beach. The brave, hardy fishermen of the neighborhood, headed by their minister, a splendid type of muscular Christianity, the Rev. Mr. Ancient, performed prodigies of heroism in rescuing the unfortunate castaways, but after all their efforts, when the muster roll was called, it was found that no less than 545 souls had perished.

In the course of the same year a fine vessel was also lost on the Nova Scotian coast, namely the *City of Washington*, which, after having been enveloped in a dense fog for several days, went ashore on the reefs off Little Point Ebert, Shelburne, on the 5th of July. As the stranding happened in the day time and in fine weather, the passengers and crew numbering 576 in all were got to land in safety.

Some of the disasters which have befallen ocean steamships have been of a very curious character. The *Arizona* a few years ago crashed into an iceberg off the Newfoundland coast receiving a great gaping wound in her bow that would have been fatal but for the blessed water tight compartment system, thanks to which she was enabled to reach a haven of safety without the loss of a life. The superb *City of Paris* while at full speed in mid-ocean the year before last was suddenly shaken from stem to stern by a tremendous explosion. One of the engines had in some mysterious way "gone to smash," sending a great hole through her bottom, and again only the compartment system and the timely arrival of another steamer prevented the adding of one more to the lengthening list of horrors of the sea, in which the awful catastrophe of the *Utopia* in Gibraltar Bay is the latest and one of the most appalling.

Then there was the extraordinary foundering of H. M. S. *Eurydice* in 1878, which so strangely paralleled the sinking of the *Royal George* a century or more before. The *Eurydice* was coming into port with every stitch of canvas set, for the day was fine and bright. Suddenly a wicked squall caught her on the quarter—she heeled over until her copper showed high above the brine, the open ports readily received the sparkling waves, and before a tenth of those on board realized their peril, she had disappeared from sight, carrying down with her hundreds of sailors hopelessly imprisoned between decks.

I have purposely left to the last a reference to that scene of shipwrecks by the score whose name comes at once to mind when one thinks of ocean disasters. As a fruitful cause of catastrophe to life and property *Sable Island* enjoys an unquestionable pre-eminence. Upon its bars and among its entangling shallows many a fine vessel has gone to hopeless ruin. The island has been no respecter of the different degrees of dignity in marine circles. The jaunty little fishing smack and the big, broad imposing ship of the line have received precisely the same treatment at its hands. Among the most notable wrecks, as shown in the very clever chart prepared by Mr. S. D. Macdonald, F. G. S., have been those of the transport *Princess Amelia* in 1802, of H. M. S. *Barbadoes* in 1812, of the French frigate *L'Africaine* in 1822, the steamships *Georgia* in 1863, *Ephesus* in 1866, *State of Virginia* in 1879, and *Amsterdam* in 1884, a sombre and startling record for a sand bank little more than twenty miles long by one and a half wide!

It would be easy to expand this article indefinitely. The question as to what becomes of ocean steamships is a large one, and I cannot pretend to offer here more than a partial answer. The time must come when the "ocean greyhounds" and "floating palaces" of to-day will be no longer equal to the severe requirements of the trans-Atlantic service. What will become of them then? Perhaps even those who own them could not answer that question now, but let us hope that in their case it will be long before they fall into the hands of the men who do not hesitate to convert such monarchs of the deep into firewood and old iron.

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

### Just Like a Woman.

Just as I was going out to day the lady in the rooms across the hallway of the apartment hotel begged to see me, says a lady in a city paper. She looked dreadful and she was half crying.

"Won't you please lend me a dress or a cloak? I have got to catch a train," she gasped.

She seemed to need a dress, but I knew her only slightly and I made up my mind she had gone mad.

"My trunks have all gone," she wailed. "John is to meet me at the wharf. We sail for Europe in an hour. I simply can't miss the train. I have no one to turn to, I cannot get a dress made—you can see that yourself. If you have a human heart you will help me out. Give me a cloak—and a pair of shoes and a—thick veil. Oh, please be quick."

I told her that she needed rest and perfect quiet and that I would rub her head. I asked where she got the dress she had on.

"It's an old thing I was going to leave," she sobbed, "and I don't want my head rubbed. I want some clothes. You see, packing is such warm work. I decided to put on these old things and just slippers—you must give me shoes, too—and—oh! I shall miss that boat."

"My dear madam—"

"Oh! don't you understand," she shrieked. "I have packed everything—everything. The clean clothes that I laid out and my traveling dress and everything—they are all packed—and gone—gone. I forgot I had these things on—and I packed everything—everything, and John is at the wharf now with the children from grandmother's and you will not help me."

She went completely into hysterics right in my hallway. Poor little woman. She was a good deal smaller than I, but I fixed her up. I wonder what John said when he saw her.

### How to Get Money Back.

Gilholly—I say, Gus, I wish you would lend me a dollar.

Gus De Smith—What do you want to do with it?

"You see Hostetter McGinnis over there? Well, I want to lend the dollar to him."

"What will he do with it, do you suppose?"

"He will give it back to me. He owes me a dollar."

## FROM THE DARK AGES

### What the Earl of Shrewsbury Found in Nuremberg as Implements of Torture.

#### Once Fast in the Cruel Embrace of the "Iron Maiden" No Man Could Possibly Escape.

The earl of Shrewsbury recently purchased the torture implements of the Castle of Nuremberg, and they are now on exhibition in London. The most valuable, as it is the rarest of the whole collection, is the iron maiden (*Eisernne Jungfrau*). This terror-inspiring torture instrument is made of strong wood, bound together with iron bands. It opens with two doors to allow the prisoner to be placed inside. The entire door is fitted with long, sharp iron spikes, so that when the doors are pressed to these sharp prongs force their way into various portions of the victim's body. Two entered his eyes, others pierced his back, his chest, and, in fact, impaled him alive in such a manner that he lingered in the most agonizing torture. When death relieved the poor wretch from his agonies—perhaps after days—a trap-door in the base was pulled open and the body was allowed to fall into the moat or river below. Persons were condemned to death by the embraces of the Iron Maiden for plots against the governing powers, paricide, and religious unbelief. The date of this rare specimen is the fifteenth century. A great number of torture machines were apparently constructed with such devilish ingenuity that they would twist and rack the delicate human body to the point of madness, and yet not actually endanger life.

The torture bench, about ten feet long, was used for stretching prisoners, the feet being fastened to one end, the hands to the other, across a roller studded with wooden spikes, called a spiked hare.

The torture chair, the seat being completely covered with sharp wooden spikes; body, arms, and legs being strapped to the chair, and in some cases two heavy stone weights attached to the feet.

The metal boots, which, being placed on a prisoner's feet, molten lead or boiling oil was poured into them.

A ghastly relic in a black box of coffin-like appearance is the dried head of a child-murderer, still transfixed on a rusty spear-head.

There are tongue-tearers, thumb-screws, mouth-gags, Spanish gaiters for squeezing the legs to pulp, branding-irons, foot-screws, iron-chain gloves to be used when red-hot; iron nippers, iron-wire whips, heavy stones to be worn round the neck, thief-catchers, and a large number of two-handed executioner's swords. Of the humorous articles—if, indeed, humor can enter into such grim companionship—we may instance the shame-masks, or brands, worn as signs of degradation for slight offences by men or women, those for the nobility having visors to them like helmets, so that the features were concealed till the penance was over; wooden collars, with bells and tassels, ducking-stools and churn-shaped boxes known as drunkards' cloaks—an uncomfortable garment fitting too tightly round the neck to allow the head to be withdrawn, and, while too heavy to walk about in for any great length of time, yet not quite short enough to permit the wearer to kneel down in them.

Among the pictures is one of Damien, of whom it may be remembered, that, after four horses had failed to pull him asunder, he was afterward tortured with boiling oil, and that not killing him, was finally bound to a stake and burned to death. Appropriately enough, the instruments are placed in a series of dungeon corridors and cells that the Messrs. Tussaud have erected in the basement of their establishment. One or two cells selected for illustration are copied from the Museum of Antiquities, formerly the Prison of the Inquisition, on Antwerp, and have all the semblance of reality. The first dungeon cell is a small room about 8 feet by 5, so constructed that the inmate died a slow, suffocating death. Perhaps the refinement of cruelty was reached in the plausible escape cell. It was a false beacon to an escaping prisoner, a bait to a poor wretch who, no doubt thought he was about to regain his freedom, may be a convivance bought; he would hurry down the dark stone corridor to where the dusty gate unlocked or carelessly left ajar would welcome him, to where the bit of shining sky seen through the barred window would gladden his heart, and pushing open the gate with eager hands would at once step into a deep well of water with perpendicular sides.

### Punch's Tribute to Sir John.

One of the best tributes to the memory of Sir John Macdonald is that which appeared in *Punch* of the 20th ult. It is in these words:

#### In Memoriam.

##### "OLD TO-MORROW."

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN ALEXANDER MACDONALD, LATE PREMIER OF CANADA.

*Punch* sympathizes with Canadian sorrow For him known lovingly as "Old To-morrow." Hail to "the chiefest," he lies mute to-day, But fame still speaks for him and shall for aye.

"To-morrow and to-morrow," Shakespeare sighs, So runs the round of time; man lives and dies: But death comes not with mere success of breath, To such as him: "The road to duty, death."

Not "all his yesterdays" have lighted nay, Canada's "Old To-morrow" lives to-day In unforgetting hearts and nothing fears The long to-morrow of coming years.

### Hamilton Takes Something.

Mrs. Brown, living in the country, had five trunks carried up from the station, some ten miles away, by an old man-servant. The day was very rainy and the old man was soaked through when he drove up to her house.

Mrs. Brown (with sympathy): "Why, Hamilton, you must be wet!"

Hamilton (shivering): "Ye-es, ma'am."

Mrs. Brown: "Aren't you afraid you'll take cold, Hamilton?"

Hamilton: "Ye-es, ma'am; rheumatism pretty bad, ma'am."

Mrs. Brown: "Don't you ever take something when you get soaked through, Hamilton?"

Hamilton (eagerly): "Ye-es—yes ma'am" (rubs the back of his hand across his mouth).

Mrs. Brown: "Well, here are four two-grain quinine pills, Hamilton; take them as soon as you get home."

Collapse of Hamilton.