POETRY.

Slumber Song.

Hush, hush, baby Gladys.
Hush darling, be still,
Sleep, sleep and look pretty;
Poor mother is ill!

Close, close them my beauty,
Close both your brown eyes;
Then father will rock you
And sing lullabies.

Come, come, little lady,
Not quite so much play
We can't "coy" you and "boo" you
All night and all day!

While nursie minds mother,
Papa must mind you;
So slumber, sweet, slumber
Whatever you do.

Rest, rest, little budlet,
For storm winds untold
Take many a petal
When flowers unfold.

Rest, rest, little bliss-beau,
Rest, ray of a star;
Life's shadows may cross you
Wherever you are.

Rest, rest, little breather,
For many a smart
May burn it to chasten
God's gold in your heart.

Rest, rest, little pilgrim,
Rest, rest and grow strong;
The way to the Home-land
Is upward and long.

Be brave, then, my darling,
Live life without fears;
God's rain-bows eternal
Are glorified tears!

—[Ernest E. Leigh.

When Grandmother Was a Little Girl Like Me.

She said there was a grea' big lovely orchard,
An' everywhere, as far as you could see,
Just grass an' trees all full of fruit a growin'—
When Grandma was a little girl like me.

She said there was a lot of little bunnies,
An' she telled us just how tame they used to be,
Eatin' lettuce leaves and clover from her fingers—
When Grandma was a little girl like me.

An' pigs she said, an' cats, an' little chickens,
An' a norful dog 'at barked termenjously,
An' a cunning little calf down in the pasture—
When Grandma was a little girl like me.

She had some grea' big bruvvers an' a sister.
An' a baby, just a teenty-tonty-wee,
A little bit o', bit o', bit o' baby,
'Cause Grandma wa'n't a only child—like me.

An' 'en she telled us all about 'e attic
Where all 'e little children used to play,
An' lots o' room to run around an' holler
When it rained outside the whole long living day.

It must 'a' been just lovely there to Grandma's
The city's just as different as can be;
I guess it was a good deal more like Heaven,
When Grandma was a little girl like me.

—[Grace Duffield Goodwin.

Rest.

My feet are wearied, and my hands are tired
My soul oppressed,
And with desire have I long desired
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil when toil is almost vain
In barren ways;
Tis hard to sow and never garner grain
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best;
And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer,
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in Spring and never reap
The Autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled to weep
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry, a weak and human cry,
So heart oppressed;
And so I sigh, a weak and human sigh,
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,
And cares infest
My path, and through the flowing of hot tears
I pine for rest.

'Twas always so. When still a child, I laid
On mother's breast
My wearied little head. E'en then I prayed,
As now, for rest.

And I am restless still. 'Twill soon be over,
For down the west
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

—[Father Ryan.

My Baby Boy no More.

"Where is my baby boy?" you ask,
That I am here alone
So sadly quiet at my task,
Well, dear, the baby's—gone;
Gone from my life from day to day,
Gone from my tender rule—
No, not to heaven, not yet, I pray,
But merely gone to school.

His little kilts are laid away,
Within my bureau drawer,
He proudly shed them yesterday,
My baby boy no more.
Last night the barber cut his hair,
He thought I was a fool,
To cry above those ringlets fair,
But—baby's gone to school.

And I—if I'd been brave and wise
I should not thus have cried.
But (still the tears spring to my eyes,)
Last night—my baby died;
And in his place is my "big boy,"
So manly, brave, and cool,
But life has lost its purest joy,
Since he has gone to school.

The time when he will be a man
Seems now so very near,
The time when I must strive and plan
To keep my boy so dear
From all the sinking sands of life,
From being bad men's tool;
I feel the shadow of that strife
Now he has gone to school.

Oh heavenly Father, Thou who gave
My precious child to me,
I pray Thee, through the years, to save
And keep him close to Thee,
That conscience, heart, and eyes, may stay
All clear as sunlit pool,
That he may be as pure alway,
As when he went to school.

—[Ethel M. Colson,

Extortionate Rates.

Shipbuilding appears to be a thriving industry just now. Owen Sound, following the example of Hamilton, has given to the waters a splendid specimen of naval architecture. The launching of the Chippewa and the City of Collingwood is a sure indication of the gradual improvement of the lake fleet. In like manner the ocean vessels are moving on towards perfection. A few days ago great interest was aroused by the completion of the Campania, which is the largest steamship afloat, and in length within sixty feet of the Great Eastern. The mammoth palace, propelled by engines of 15,000 horse power, is somewhat of an experiment, but no one doubts its success. In boatbuilding, as in everything else, progress is the watchword, and the marine interests of Canada are just now giving tangible testimony that they are progressive.

Complaints continue about the extraordinary rates charged for everything at Chicago. In the city from five to six dollars a day is asked for an ordinary room without board, and those who dine at the Fair grounds must feel they are eating gold. The Chicago papers describe the food as poor, and denounce the rates as extortionate. The Journal advises its readers to take their lunches with them, and the Mail quotes some prices likely to have the same effect. A reporter of the latter paper who took three modest meals on the grounds figured up that they cost him about six dollars. The dinner, which consisted of fish, mutton, potatoes, bread, salad, coffee and beer, came to $3.05. It is impossible to get anything to eat for less than a dollar, while for an ordinary twenty-five cent meal a dollar and a half is charged. The Chicago press calls upon the management to interfere, but as the Fair receives a large share of the profit it is thought to be hardly likely the managers will come to the rescue of the public. As a matter of fact everything points to a gigantic smash in connection with the ill-devised and more illy carried out World's Fair. Up to the day of opening the fair over thirty-three million dollars had gone into the enterprise. Of this amount about fifteen million is represented by bonds and stock subscriptions, constituting an indebtedness that must be met. It is a live topic with the directorate just now how the gate receipts are going to pan out to liquidate this indebtedness. On the opening day of the fair, according to the official count, 155,565 persons paid to enter the gates. During the remaining five days of last week the paid admissions averaged about 16,000 a day. The weather has been unpropitious, and reports of unreadiness in the various departments have operated to delay the tide of travel that sooner or later must set in Chicagoward. Yet to pay expenses the city receipts from admissions must average $82,000 with Sunday closing, or $95,000 if the Fair be opened on Sundays. This means an average daily attendance in the one case of 164,000 in the other of 195,000. Whence is this vast and constant army of sightseers to be drawn? Light attendance during the present month, moreover, means that during the summer months the paying visitors must number from 300,000 to 400,000 daily—a thing not impossible, yet entirely beyond precedent, and far exceeding even the most sanguine preliminary estimates of the Directory.

EXHUMED AFTER 120 YEARS.

A Curious Scene in the Catacombs of a Church in Birmingham.

A recent controversy among the antiquaries and literati of Birminghan, says the Birmingham Mail, regarding the final resting place of the body of the celebrated John Baskerville, and the cut of the clothes in which it was buried 120 years ago, has led to an investigation in the catacombs of Christ Church. There was a curious scene at the opening of the vault in the presence of the Mayor, the vicar, the Coroner, the medical officer, the Chief of Police, and other gentlemen of the town. Among them was Mr. T. H. Ryland, a wonderfully well-preserved octogenarian, who was safe in venturing to remark that he was the only person present who saw Baskerville in his coffin sixty-five years ago. "I well remember him as he lay there," said Mr. Ryland. "He looked a smart little gentleman in old court clothes." A halt was soon made before the sealed catacomb, which was supposed to contain the remains of the great printer. The slab was lighted by a couple of lamps. Deft workmen plying chisel and saw and hammer were soon busily engaged on the other stone, and it was curious to watch the eager lamp-lit faces of the expectant spectators. Very soon the first solid slab, which seemed to be made of some sort of concrete, was removed, and disclosed an inner wall of bricks and mortar. As this was dislodged the excitement became intense, but it was soon relieved by the announcement by one of the workmen. "There's a coffin inside." And the end of this laden casket was exposed, and all doubt was at rest, for on it, in some of the handsome type that had been at once the pleasure and the work of his life, was inscribed, "John Baskerville."

Then arose the question whether the coffin should be opened. There was no proof positive of indentification unless the unregistered vault was found to contain a body as well as a coffin. The medical officer of health and the Coroner both agreed that there would be no danger to health in opening the coffin, and so the vicar gave the word for its removal to the outer air and bright sun of the adjacent yard. There upon the stone flags the coffin was placed upon a bier, and the plumber was called forth to ply his sharp blade upon the leaden lid. When the leaden lid had been rolled up it would seem that there was another obstacle to be encountered in an oaken cover, but this was soon removed, and then the spectacle for which everybody was waiting with inward perturbation presented itself. Poor Baskerville—no longer "the smart little man with his court dress," but a hideous, musty skeleton, or rather part of one, wrapped up in what seemed at first sight to be a bundle of shavings and an old window blind. On close examination it appeared that the dead man had been wrapped in cocoanut matting and an ornamental shroud. The part of the shroud crumpled up at the feet was well preserved, and it is quite clear that it was of an ornamental kind. The skeleton itself had in parts perished. To those who witnessed the opening of the coffin it was a puzzle to find something more than dust. The grinning head had lost half its teeth—they were said to have been stolen during the stay of the body in Monmouth street—and the front of the ribs had disappeared, leaving only a few withered bones sticking out from the vertebral column. Some idea from the strength of the vertebræ could be gained of the physical character of the man, the little stiff-set fellow who used to strut about in the finest clothes. The color of the bones was grayish black, especially the head, almost as though they had been partly burned. It was a curious spectacle to witness this disentombing of a man who had been dead so long, under the shadow of the shops of one of the busiest streets of the town. The remains were sealed up again, and reinterred without delay.

Ancient battering rams were manned by 100 or 150 men, generally captives.

The double-handed swords of mediæval times often weighed thirty pounds.

In naval warfare the ancients used grappling hooks and boarding bridges.

THE WILD-CAT FRIGHTENER

"You remember that trip I made out through Michigan over a year ago, doubtless," said Jackson Peters. "I never told you of the odd genius I met at Pontiac, who was going to do away with carpets on floors by sticking little pieces of carpeting on the feet with muscilage."

Jones looked at the younger man with severity. "Jackson, I was just on the point of telling a story about a little idea of my own when I lived in Iowa several years ago. Enrich us with the tale of your bright young friend some other time."

"Yes," returned Peters, "it does very well for you to say that, but my story was going to be a true one."

"Young man," answered Jones, "you seem to forget that I am your former teacher. The memories of the District School at Hemlock Hollow appear to be deserting you."

"Give us your story, Jones, give us your story," said Smith, encouragingly.

"I was going to," replied Jones. "It was a number of years ago. I was living out in Iowa, near Des Moines. My place was on the Des Moines Biver bottom, and the bluffs were literally alive with wild-cats. The wild-cats from all over the country seemed to be in the neighborhood that year holding a wild-cat World's Fair—a fact, gentlemen. I had a fancy stock farm, and between the resident and the visiting wild-cats they played the very deuce with my blooded chickens. I don't need to tell you, gentlemen, that I am mortally afraid of a gun."

"Seems to me that's a pretty serious admission for a man to make who only last night was telling how, down in Arkansas, he used to spring up bears with a a four-inch hickory plank and shoot them on the wing, like clay pigeons," said Jackson Peters.

"An idle tale, Jackson, an idle tale. A man must relax a little sometimes. As I was—"

"But you offered to bet fifty dollars that—"

"I couldn't shoot those wild cats, you see, so what could I do? Night after night they walked off with my choicest fowls. One day a bright idea occurred to me. It was thing more nor less than every time I heard any disturbance among the chickens to put my head out of the window and call out 'Scat!' in a loud voice."

The narrator paused, and looked at Jackson Peters defiantly. But Peters only blew a cloud of smoke ceilingward and arched his eyebrows slightly.

"That was a clever notion," observed Robinson. "Very clever notion. Worthy to rank with your plan for extracting the latent energy from tramps."

"No, Robinson, no," answered Jones smiling, and evidently much gratified. "No, you are too kind. My tramp idea showed genius; such things come to a man but once in a lifetime; this was simply an indication of a special talent for dealing with wild-cats. Still, if you would believe it, my plan proved utterly valueless so far as frightening the cats away was concerned I 'scatted' myself hoarse every night for a week, still those wild-cats went right on carrying away my poultry. But I felt that the principle was a sound one, and I looked about for the weak point in the application of it. I soon found it. I was employing the same volume of scat for wild-cats which is used in the case of tame cats, and wild-cats are three times bigger that tame cats.

My first thought was of a speaking trumpet, but I soon decided against it. I determined to make a clean sweep of the whole matter. I sent to Chicago and got an improved Edison phonograph with intensifying attachment. I set the intensifier at the ratio of three to one. I then shouted a battery of scats into the receiver in my natural tame-cat driving voice. I wound up the clock-work, and set the phonograph near my hen house, so that a cat on entering the door would set the phonograph off, causing it to speak once. I went to bed, gentlemen, and slept soundly till morning. After breakfast my foreman told me that at about midnight, when the first wild-cat started to enter my chicken-coop to feloniously abstract my poultry, that phonograph sort of cleared its throat and remarked, 'Scat!' in a voice which rattled the windows. Gentlemen, my foreman was a man in whom I had the utmost confidence and he told me that after the phonograph spoke he observed a long gray streak of wild-cat reaching from my hen-house door to the underbrush about two hundred yards distant. The same phenomenon was noted by my foreman in the case of subsequent cats. I lost no more chickens through the depredations of this obnoxious form of vermin."

Jones paused and lit his cigar, which had gone out. He blew an aggressive cloud at the lamp, elevated his chin, and looked at Jackson Peters.

Peters rested his cheek in his hand and seemed thoughtful. After some seconds he drew a long breath, and said, "Jones, may I trouble you to tell us when this interesting and valuable incident took place?"

"Certainly, Jackson, certainly. In the summer of 1871."

Peters smiled. Then he said: "The phonograph, Jones, is given a later date by more advanced historians and archæologists You are, Jones, guilty of an anachronism.'

"No doubt, Jackson, no doubt," answered Jones. "Most men who tell the truth are. I shall not lie to avoid an anachronism—no, not if I am guilty of an anachronism with every word I utter, if my whole life becomes one vast anachronism. Truth, Jackson, truth first always. We will now listen to the important and educational account of your uncle in Michigan, that brainy and scholarly gentleman who proposes to do away with floors by having every body wear wooden shoes. Proceed Jackson."

Peters looked at Jones with a weary air, tossed the stub of his cigar into the fire, and answered: "It's of no importance. Some future day will do as well—a year from now—two years—any time."—[Harper's Weekly

Crop Prospects in Australia.

The prospects for a good crop of fall wheat are not so promising as the public were led to believe in the fore part of this season, and through the correspondence from different parts of the Province by the Bureau of Industries in Toronto. From recent reports which have been received from several sections in the north and west of this peninsula, on heavy undrained soils the crop is being plowed up and spring grain sown. Taking one year with another there is a large aggregate loss to the country on this crop on account of winter killing. In a great many cases, also, this crop has been put in at the expense of a previous one, and so, if a full crop has to be plowed up in the spring, two crops have been lost, as far as the wheat is concerned, although a substitute spring sowing may be had. In order to insure a good crop of wheat on our older lands summer-fallowing and manuring has to be resorted to, and by the time the extra labor of working up a fallow and the cost of manure is considered, the fall wheat crop, if then it should be a good one, is not very profitable, especially when wheat sells for only 66 cents a bushel. And if it turns out only average or a poor crop the farmer has lost money. Farmers in Ontario cannot produce wheat to pay any profit under $1, whatever they may do in the fertile virgin soil of the North-west, where summer-fallowing and manuring are unknown. This summer-fallowing is a weak point in our farming, and shows that there is something wrong in the rotative system, and cleaning the land of weeds, and also the condition of the soil with regard to plant food. So much wheat growing in these old districts not only loses money to farmers, but impoverishes the soil. The exportation of grain from a country which receives nothing in exchange that can be turned into manure must exhaust the soil in the long run. To this cause may be ascribed the present sterility of the abandoned farms in many of the New England States and the various parts of North-western Africa and Asia Minor, as well as of Sicily, which for a long succession of years was the granary of Italy. Farmers have been drawing upon their plant-food account in the soil and returning little until their checks are partially dishonored and soil bankruptcy is imminent.

To obviate this farmers will have to go more extensively into dairying, and stop so much grain growing and selling it off the farm, and returning nothing but straw and hay back to the soil. London market has been stocked this winter with hay, and at a poor price. How can soil be kept up in fertility when this is the case? It would pay farmers far better to direct their attention to the production of animals, as they will make more money and will not exhaust the fertility of the soil. Then, besides paying more attention to dairying, and raising first class stock, more attention should be paid to the use of commercial fertilizers and a rotation of crops. One of the best farmers in the United States has a farm of ninety acres in New Jersey, and it is conducted on a five years' rotation, with corn, potatoes, wheat and grass for crops. All the stable manure made on the place is spread on the grass sod. This is plowed in spring and planted to corn. The following spring potatoes are planted on the corn ground, and from 1,200 to 1,500 pounds of high grade potato fertilizer used per acre. After the potatoes are dug, wheat is planted with timothy seed. In the spring clover is sown on the wheat. The grass is cut two years, when it is again plowed for corn. The theory of this rotation is that the heavy dressing of fertilizers on the potatoes answer for all the crops in the rotation, that the grass sod and manure supplies all the needed humus.

SEAL FISHERIES UNSUCCESSFUL.

Bad Season Gives Newfoundland Industries a Setback.

A St. John's, N.F., despatch says:—The Newfoundland seal fishery for 1893 has just ended, and has resulted most unfavorably, not for years having been so unsuccessful. The industry is prosecuted yearly by a number of steamers specially built and equipped for that purpose, and occupies about six weeks. This year there were twenty-two steamers with about 5,000 men employed.

When the ships sail from here they proceed north along the coast for about 200 miles, searching for the ice where the seals are breeding, and slaughter thousands of the young ones. This year the most unfortunate condition of things prevailed. For some two weeks before March 11, when they sailed, northwest winds had been continuous, and the seals had all been driven off the land.

Therefore, what never happened before occurred. All the steamers but one, the Eagle, missed the great body of them and had to secure cargoes as best they could from among the scattered bodies of ice floating about in all directions over the ocean. The average duration of the voyage has consequently been much greater than in ordinary years, and the results almost nil.

Following are the ships, with the number of seals brought in: Eagle, 15,000; Newfoundland, 10,000; Labrador, 9,000; Leopard, 2,100; Hope, 2,600; Nimrod, 12,500; Mastiff, 3,000; Walrus, 5,000; Iceland, 2,300; Greenland, 6,000; Diana, 7,200; Aurora, 10,000; Algerine, 6,000; Ranger, 15,000; Esquimaux, 3,500; Neptune, 6,200; Terra Nova, 11,000; Wolf, 15,000; Vanguard, 10,000; Panther, 6,000; Neptune, 8,000. The total catch for this year is about 136,000, against 348,000 last year.

The price of seal oil is also very low, and even this number will not prove as remunerative as it would in other years, and a large proportion of the seals are old ones, which are also less valuable than young. The result will be a serious blow to the whole island of Newfoundland, and especially to the city of St. John's, which is the headquarters of the industry. The ships are owned and fitted out here, and the merchants engaged in it are the chief business men of the colony. Most of them had their premises destroyed in the great fire last July, and were looking to a successful fishery to recoup them somewhat for their losses and enable them to rebuild their establishments.

The whole population is also interested in an important degree in the results of the industry, and its failure will not alone affect the capitalists, but also the artisans and laborers and the people generally. The "truck" or supply system exists at its worst in this country, and a bad seal fishery means considerable curtailment of supplies, and a consequent deprivation of the means of prosecuting the cod fishery by a great many fishermen.

On the rebuilding of St. John's it will exercise a prejudical effect and will cramp industrial development for many years. It is all the more to be regretted, as the present aspect points to great improvements and beneficial changes in the construction of the new city, which would have brought it properly in line with modern ideas. The outlook for the future is a grave one and causes much anxiety among business men, with gloomy forebodings for the future.

MIRACLE OF THE NILE.

A Desert Transformed Into a Fruitful Paradise.

By no one, perhaps, have the impressions produced by the various phases of the river been so poetically described as by Osburn, who thus describes the Nile:—

"The Nile has shrunk within its banks until its stream is contracted to half its ordinary dimensions and its turbid, slimy, stagnant waters scarcely seem to flow in any direction. Broad flats or steep banks of black, sun-baked Nile mud form both the shores of the river. All beyond them is sand and sterility, for the hamseen or sand-wind for fifty days duration has scarcely yet ceased to blow. The trunks and branches of trees may be seen here and there through the dusty, hazy, burning atmosphere, but so entirely are their leaves coated with dust, that at a distance they are not distinguishable from the desert sand that surrounds them. It is only by the most painful and laborious operation of watering that any tint approximating to greenness can be preserved at this season even in the pleasure gardens of the Pasha. The first symptom of the termination of this most terrible season is the rising of the north wind (the Etesian wind of the Greeks), blowing briskly, often fiercely during the whole of the day. The foliage of the groves that cover Lower Egypt is soon disencumbered of the dust, and resumes its verdure. The fierce fervors of the sun, then at its highest ascension, are also most seasonably mitigated by the same powerful agency, which prevails for this and the three following months throughout the entire land of Egypt."

Then at last comes the inundation:—

"Perhaps there is not in nature a more exhilarating sight, or one more strongly exciting to confidence in God, than the rise of the Nile. Day by day and night by night its turbid tide sweeps onward majestically over the parched sands of the waste, howling wilderness. Almost hourly as we slowly ascended it before the Etesian wind, we heard the thundering fall of some mud bank, and saw by the rush of all animated nature to the spot that the Nile had overleaped another obstruction, and that its bounding waters were diffusing life and joy through another desert. There are few impressions I ever received upon the remembrance of which I dwell with more pleasure than that of seeing the first burst of the Nile into one of the great channels of its annual overflow. All nature shouts for joy. The men, the children, the buffaloes, gambol in its refreshing waters; the broad waves sparkle with shoals of fish, and fowl of every wing flutter over them in clouds. Nor is this jubilee of nature confined to the higher orders of creation. The moment the sand becomes moistened by the approach of the fertilizing waters it is literally alive with insects innumerable. It is impossible to stand by the side of one of these noble streams, to see it every moment sweeping away some obstruction to its majestic course and widening as it flows, without feeling the heart to expand with love and joy and confidence in the great Author of this annual miracle of mercy."

The effects of the inundation, as Osburn shows in another place, "exhibit themselves in a scene of fertility and beauty such as will scarcely be found in another country at any season of the year—the vivid green of the springing corn, the groves of pomegranate trees ablaze with the rich scarlet of their blossoms, the fresh breeze laden with the perfumes of gardens of roses and orange thickets, every tree and every shrub covered with sweet-scented flowers. These are a few of the natural beauties that welcome the stranger to the land of Ham. There is considerable sameness in them, it is true, for he would observe little variety in the trees and plants, whether he first entered Egypt by the gardens of Alexandria or the plain of Assouan. Yet it is the same every where, only because it would be impossible to make any addition to the sweetness of the odors or the brilliancy of the colors, or the exquisite beauty of the many forms of vegetable life in the midst of which he wanders. It is monotonous, but it is the monotony of paradise."—[Nature.

STOWAWAYS SENT TO GAOL.

Crossed the Atlantic on the Steamship "Amarynthia."

The first batch of stowaways for the season arrived at Montreal the other day and were registered in the Police Court next morning. There were eleven members. This is the largest party of secret voyagers that has been received for three years when, it is said, that the same vessel, the Donaldsen line steamer "Amarynthia," brought out twelve stowaways. The steamer left Glasgow on the 22nd of April and on the evening of the same day a noise was heard in the lower hold, and when the officers of the ship opened up the hatches they found a colony of stowaways imprisoned there. There were eleven of them, and they thought they were safe in announcing their presence as the vessel was so far from land. As there were so many, the first officer, Mr. Scott, would not allow them to work, so kept them under guard in a small room, where they were fed on bread and water. When the vessel reached Montreal the prisoners were marched over to the Harbor Police Station where they spent the night. They lined up before Judge Desnoyers in the Police Court next morning and pleaded guilty to the charge of secreting themselves in a sea-going vessel. The maximum penalty for this offence is a fine of twenty pounds and one month's imprisonment with hard labor. The men had practically no money whatever, so it was useless to fine them. His Honor sentenced them to two weeks' imprisonment each, in which time, he hoped, they would get a wash, which would improve their appearance considerably. The judge said that they would have to go back as soon as they were liberated, for loafers such as the ships hands said they were, were not wanted ine Canada. Mr. Scott said that it was impossible to keep stowaways from getting on board. When the vessel was searched before leaving, four were found and turned ashore. The men who stayed were crouched in between a cargo of iron plates. The prisoners described themselves as follows: James Wilson, laborer, aged 23; James Smith helper, 30; William Weir, carter, 34; James Brown, boilermaker, 26; William McCrand, hackman, 24; John Boyle, boilermaker, 16; John McNeil, helper, 30; Andrew Hunter, boilermaker, 32; James Hamilton, laborer, 32; John Croll, baker, 38, and John Gibbin, boilermaker, 38.