FROM OVER THE SEA.

The British Guarantee and the Canada Pacific—Trades Unions in England —Decay of the Irish Poplin Trade —The Negro Question in South Africa—Bismarck and His Dog.

No British Guarantee of Canadian Pacific Railway Bonds.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of Sept. 20 says:—According to a communication printed the other morning, it seems that the Government has discouraged the proposal to appeal to Parliament for a guarantee of a loan to construct the Canadian Pacific Railroad. This might have been looked for. If this system were now commenced, without any definite reason, we might next be asked to guarantee a trans-Australian railroad, with much the same prospect of profit. It seems, therefore, that the railroad is to be built on the land-grant principle, and that 100,000,000 acres of land and all the minerals are to be appropriated for this purpose. An Imperial Commissioner is asked for, to act with the Home Commissioners, and it is thought that in this way money may be obtained here for the purpose. Possibly; but the first thing is to encourage the set of emigration along the line of the proposed road. This the Canadian Government is doing, in some degree, by its aid to representative farmers who go out to explore the farms of the West. There is, however, room for much more energy in this direction, and thus alone can the enterprise be made profitable. The direct trade across the continent will never pay; that has been seen clearly in America. It is the development of local traffic that must be looked to. So far, Canadian railroads have been dead failures commercially. They have been built at much too high a cost for the country, and very badly managed as well. It is to be hoped these mistakes will not be made in the present instance; but, unless a good American engineer and a trustworthy American contractor are employed, it is to be feared that there will be no improvement. Englishmen seem not to have learned how to build cheap railways in new countries. They want everything to be grand at once, as if they were providing for the wants of an old settled country.

Trade-Union Crimes and Follies in England.

Says the London *Gazette* the shooting of a workman engaged in the glass trade in Manchester has directed attention to the tyranny of the trade union of this particular industry. In other branches of manufacture the complete failure of the unions to keep up wages against a falling market has thrown discredit upon their operations. One unsuccessful strike after another has impoverished the men without altering the conditions of the hiring of labor. Business has been retarded, and orders have been driven away; and that is the beginning and the end of these mischievous proceedings. In the glass trade, however, the union seems to have been more successful. According to the masters, at any rate, bad workmen are forced upon them, whether they wish to employ them or not; and when an American agent makes his appearance offering drinking-glasses at 1s 3d. a dozen which the English manufacturers can only produce at 2s. the men refuse to enable the master to face the difficulty. Worse still, by insisting upon the appointment of a drunken or incompetent workman to a "chair" in a glass factory the Union renders valueless the labor of three other persons. Yet if under such circumstances a "chair" is stopped, a strike is threatened. This is the statement of the masters, and it certainly deserves the serious consideration of the Unionists at a time when the feeling against "rattening" and unfair restrictive rules is far stronger than it was.

Decay of the Irish Poplin Trade.

A Dublin letter says: "It appears that the peasantry are not the only class just now in Ireland that are stared in the face by starvation. The last remaining manufacture of Ireland is, we are told, dying out. The poplin trade, once so famous and flourishing, is year by year passing away, and the poplin weavers of Dublin are all but starving. The secretary of the trade appealed to the Duchess of Marlborough, wife of the present Viceroy of Ireland, to use the prestige of her high position in helping to revive this languishing national industry. To-day her Grace replies, in a letter full of womanly sympathy and of practical advice and suggestion. She says that the depression of Irish poplin trade seems to be due mainly to the caprices of fashion, and she understands that it is on this ground an appeal is made to her for aid. She says her services are wholly at the disposal of the poplin-weavers of Dublin, and that she is ready to take the lead in any reasonable plan that may be proposed for the encouragement of the manufacture of Irish poplin. Meantime, she suggests that those concerned in the manufacture must do something in the way of departing from the old lines on which they are working. She reminds the poplin manufactures that it is not in the power of individuals to revive a drooping trade; and she suggests a livelier exhibition of energy and taste on the part of the manufacturers themselves; "for it cannot be denied," her Grace observes, "that there is a want of novelty and variety of design in the patterns, and it is an undoubted fact that ordinary poplins for a court dress we are now showing the same patterns as were furnished to her Majesty the Queen at the time of her wedding."

The Negro Question in South Africa.

[London Spectator, Sept. 29.]

Sir Garnet Wolseley's determined persistence has been rewarded. Cetewayo was captured, Aug. 28, in the southeastern corner of Zululand, by a detachment of the First Dragoon Guards, and the Zulu war may, therefore, be considered at an end. No other chief has the same ascendancy, and the new policy of acknowledging the independence of each head of a tribe, under the general supervision of a British Resident, will probably, for a time at all events, prevent the growth of a new Kingship,—that is, if the settlers of the Transvaal and Natal can be prevented from making raids upon the weakened tribes. The duty of the British Government now is to compensate the Zulus for invasion by securing them milder and juster Government, security from the Swazies on the north, and exemption from disturbance through British land-claims. It will then only remain to defeat Secocoeni, pacify the Pondos, conciliate the Boers, and devise some method of meeting the grand difficulty of all, the geographical shape of the South-African Dominion. It is a triangle, with the apex civilized and the base barbarian, and it may be necessary, say for twenty years, to prohibit immigration from the north. Otherwise all efforts at improvement will be destroyed by the steady push of unknown barbarians from Central Africa.

Prince Bismarck in Vienna.

The meeting between Count Andrassy and his illustrious guest at Vienna was a cordial one, and arm in arm they walked to the Court carriage, a private brougham of the Emperor's, that was waiting to take Prince Bismarck to the hotel where he was staying. "Hardly were the two statesman seated," says the Vienna correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, "and ready to start ere down went the window on the near side, and a stentorian voice cried out, "*Mein hund! Wo ist mein hund?*" If anything had befallen that famous dog while Prince Bismarck's attention was momentarily turned into another direction it is my firm belief that it would have been all up with the Austro-German alliance, and the incensed Chancellor would have taken the next train back to Berlin. Sultan is, however, an experienced traveller and has a very good notion of how to take care of himself. In a twinkling he was at the carriage door, and, assisted by the two Court flunkeys, he sedately took his seat on the rug at the feet of the two gentlemen inside. Judge of the stupefaction of the crowd assembled outside the Imperial Hotel on seeing the four-legged occupant of the Court brougham leap out with a bark, and contrary to all etiquette, greet the nearest bystanders in a most unpleasantly demonstrative style. I never saw such a ridiculous sight in my life. People fled in all directions, for Sultan has a bad reputation. He nearly upset the Congress by an unjustifiable attack upon the Russian Plenipotentiary, and since then he has maimed one of the Berlin Foreign Office officials for life because he sat down on the chair usually occupied by Prince Bismarck. The worst of it is that he is not the genuine historical favorite of the Chancellor, but only a spurious imitation. Sultan—the original Sultan—I learn was poisoned a couple of years ago, and nothing can shake Prince Bismarck's conviction that it was two social democrats who did it. This is no banter of mine, but a well authenticated fact known to every Berliner. It is, doubtless, to preserve Sultan the second from a similar fate that six Berlin detectives arrived here last night and, together with the police of Vienna, have taken unwonted measures of precaution in the neighborhood of the Hotel Imperial. They were certainly not wanted for the safety of Prince Bismarck, who runs no risk whatever. He has, on the contrary met with an unexpectedly friendly welcome from the people, who, wherever they got a glimpse of the Prince, cheered him vociferously. Prince Bismarck's hat made quite a sensation. It is a soft felt wide-awake, with a formidable brim, unique of its kind. The Prince declined the Emperor's invitation to stay at Schoenbrunn, wishing, I suppose, to be at liberty to receive and go out as he pleased. He went to the Foreign Office at eleven this morning and was closeted with Count Andrassy for more than three hours. At four this afternoon he went with the Princess and his son to Schoenbrunn, to dine with the Emperor, with whom he exchanged calls in the course of the day. Prince Bismarck is looking rather old and worn, and his gait is by no means so sprightly as it was six months ago. He is, nevertheless, in the best health. I saw something very like a tear in the Prince's diplomatic eye last night as the crowd greeted him with a ringing cry of 'Hoch, Bismarck!' Between Prince Bismarck and Count Andrassy business is transacted without the least difficulty. They are perfectly at their ease together, and I am told that there is never any fencing or reticence on either side. I can readily believe this of Count Andrassy, and I dare say Prince Bismarck is under less restraint with him than with any other statesman of the day. The fact that the Count is taking a leading part in the negotiations—or it is perhaps more correct to say in the *pourparlers*—that are going on here just now proves that, although out of office, he will not altogether abandon power; indeed, I fancy that after the Count's retirement Trerebes, his seat in Hungary, will be an important branch establishment of the Ballhaus Platz in Vienna. That will, at all events, be the case as long as Prince Bismarck is Chancellor of the German Empire. Prince Bismarck, as I already mentioned, is accompanied by the Princess and his son, Count William Bismarck. The latter is, physically, very much like his father, and is very popular in Berlin. He is a member of the German Reichstag, and is frequently on the special committees of that assembly. 'Count Bill, as he is called in Berlin, distinguished himself during the Franco-German war as a common soldier in the ranks, and his fate was often a cause of anxiety for Prince Bismarck. He is now constantly with his father, and a friend of the family, lately describing him to me, assured me that 'Count Bill' was a chip of the old block."

EARL BEACONSFIELD'S FAMOUS SPEECH.

The following is a fuller report of the speech delivered September 19th, a cable summary of which has already appeared in our columns:

I know it may be said that, after all, we don't fear the competition of Europe but we do fear the competition of America. (A Voice—Hear, hear.) We are told that our present agricultural system has failed in consequence of sustaining three classes. That is unnatural. That is a complete fallacy. Whatever may be your tenure three profits must be obtained from the land; and the question arises whether it is not better that the profit should be represented by three classes than by one. I hear every day that it is impossible to compete with America. (Hear, hear.) There may be other causes which have prostrated our energies at the present moment. I will not give any decided opinion upon the matter. It is a singular circumstance that at this moment the greatest apprehension is felt in the United States that they cannot compete with Canada. The taxation in America is so high—(hear, hear)—the rate of wages so high—(hear, hear)—that it is impossible, according to some of the best American authorities, for them any longer to continue a successful competition with Canada. What is the position of Canada? If we are to be fed from beyond our shores it is at least a satisfaction that we should be fed by her Majesty's subjects. The situation of Canada is most peculiar. Since the surrender of the Hudson's Bay Company and the settlement of their affairs, the Dominion of Canada became possessed of what I might almost describe as an illimitable wilderness and a wilderness of fertile land. Now, a very peculiar circumstance to be noted is that the Dominion of Canada is not in favor of peasant proprietors. (Hear, hear.) What the Dominion of Canada wishes to institute is a great yeoman class. It has legislated for that purpose—its legislation has now an influence for that purpose; and let us see what is their legislation. Every honest man, of fair character, who goes to Canada has a right to apply to the Government agent, to claim, and to obtain, a quarter section of land, which consists of 160 acres, which he receives on the condition that at the end of three years he shall have reduced it to perfect cultivation; that in the interval he will raise a substantial building on the land. At the end of these three years a Government inspector visits his allotment, and if he has fulfilled the conditions he is permitted to receive another quarter section of 160 acres, and on payment of a dollar an acre, and on no greater payment even if the value of the land in the interval had greatly increased. Thus the yeoman was launched, you will observe, but from the first moment this is not a small business. The holder of the allotment must deal with hired labor. Hired labor is less in Canada than in the United States. In the United States the rudest laborer you can conceive would get 12s a week, and a skilled laborer 16s or 18s. The first thing that a yeoman does is to calculate the value of his freehold, which will depend on the amount he has paid during those six years of hired labor, the amount expended on building, and the hard money paid down for the last quarter section, and at 4 per cent. he writes off the interest. What is that but rent. (Hear, hear.) I will mention a very curious circumstance which I have heard from the very highest authority. Some years ago the cultivation—the extreme cultivation—of the Western States alarmed this country by affecting prices. The production, which was extreme, has been reduced one-third, generally speaking, and in the same States one-half of the chief pioneers, who advanced so greatly the cultivation of the extreme Western States of America, have sold their farms, and have sold them at thirty-eight or forty dollars an acre, and therefore you will see there is a basis of rent included in such an arrangement. They are now repairing to the illimitable wilderness of Canada. You ask me what is my reference? It is a practical one, and I think you will, upon reflection, deem it to be a wise one—that when you are suffering from foreign competition it is wise not to take precipitate steps, and to take care that you do not conclude that that is permanent which is only transitory, especially when we see circumstances so transitory that the very place of competition is doubtful. When you hear through me—I will not say from me—that Canada expects to be completely successful in beating the United States from the European markets, it is wise for us not to take any precipitate steps. I have had an opportunity lately of conversing with a gentleman who may be considered the highest authority in this matter, which is as political, I might almost say, as statesmanship. He told me he was quite perplexed, after the deepest enquiry, as to what would be the result to Canada if two hundred million acres of the wilderness were gradually brought into cultivation. He said there were some who thought that America would be destroyed in that case. As regarded Canada itself, he said that if the influx of population were to go on, and those fertile acres placed at their disposal he could not tell what would be the consequence. The population would demand not only sustenance, but extravagant and extreme sustenance, as always happens—for example, in California, and wherever money was made quickly; and for his part, he said, he should not be astonished, because of the impulsive character of humanity in the United States, if that wilderness which now so alarms us would soon be occupied by consuming millions. What we should take into consideration is the influence of five ruthless seasons on our land. We always heard that the interest of the farmers and the owners of the land were identical, and that between them there were feelings of regard and affection. I have always and do most solemnly and sincerely believe in this assertion; but if ever there was a time when that sympathy should be shown it is the present. It would be not merely a great danger for ourselves, it would be a great danger for England if the farmer class should be ruined either in influence or in numbers. (Cheers.)

TERRIBLE SUICIDE IN RUSSIA

How a Despairing Lover Slowly Burned Himself to Death—Cursing His Love With His Last Breath.

A most extraordinary suicide has just taken place in the Russian town of Jhitomir under exceptionally fearful circumstances. The story is told by the St. Petersburg *Zeitung*:—"A few days ago a well-dressed traveller arrived at the Hotel de France, stating that he was Mr. Joseph O——, a colonial agent, and that he wished to stay a short time in Jhitomir upon business. A room on the second floor of the hotel was assigned to him and he spent two or three days in walking about the streets, although the weather was unusually wet and stormy. On the fourth evening he retired to his room early and locked himself in. Next morning he was called at his usual hour, but returned no answer to the summons. After a good deal of futile knocking and shouting the hotel proprietor became alarmed at his tenant's protracted silence, and caused the door of the room to be broken open. A terrible spectacle presented itself to the assembled household. Mr. O——'s body was lying on the bare bedstead, from which the mattress and bedclothes had been removed; one of the sheets partly covered the legs of the corpse, which was otherwise in a state of nudity, its left hand pressed tightly upon the region of the heart, and its right hand convulsively clutching the hair. The eyes were wide open, fixed in a glassy death stare, and the features distorted with agony. An oppressive odor, as of scorched fat, pervaded the room. No wound was perceptible on the body, but the chest was transversely tarred in several places by dull red stripes. As soon as the police, accompanied by the local medical officer, had made its appearance on the scene of this horrible tragedy, the corpse was turned upon its face, when the cause of death became for the first time apparent to the terror-stricken spectators. A deep and broad burn was exhibited in the middle of the back, and the spine was found to be completely carbonized. Upon the floor, underneath the bedstead, were discovered the wicks, embedded in a little blotch of cold stearine, of three candles, which had been taken out of the candle sticks and fixed up on a planking upon a layer of melted grease, and the flame of these candles Mr——had laid upon the skeleton framework of his beadstead, and suffered his spine to be slowly consumed until he died. A manuscript, placed upon a table close to the bed, contained not only a *resume* of the reasons which prompted this unfortunate man to undergo self-inflicted martyrdom, but minute details of the torturing process by which he had chosen to destroy his life. It was written in four languages—German, Russian, Polish and Czechish—and commenced in a firm bold handwriting, the last few pages, however, being scarcely legible, having evidently been penned in dire agony.

The first paragraph, in German, ran as follows:—"I thought it would cease, but it ceases not. So be it, then. Hereby I propose to solve an important question—namely, are suicides in their right senses, or are they the victims of mental aberration? Thus the question is commonly put, but I fancy that it does not touch the real point at issue. A man makes up his mind to put an end to his life when he finds that he takes no interest in it; when he cannot discover in the whole wide world the least thing which awakens sympathy in his breast. The question, therefore, is not whether the suicide be mad or sane, but whether or not he has anything to hope for from life. I hope for nothing in life, but my intellect is perfectly clear. (In Russian). There is still another question to solve. (In German). Are suicides cowards? That lover who allowed himself to be dragged to death by a horse before the eyes of his betrothed affords no proof to the contrary. Perhaps he would have cast himself loose from the cords that bound him had it been in his power to do so. That other fellow, who burned himself to death in Odessa, was probably no coward, for he might have thrown away the petroleum lamp and thus saved his life. Yet his clothes were already on fire, and the straw he was lying upon was smouldering; still he may have wished to escape death, had it been feasible. Now, a burning candle, to the flame of which the backbone and spinal marrow are exposed, must certainly make an end of life; that sort of death must be attended with atrocious sufferings, and the person inflicting such agony upon himself having no power to contend with but his own proper will and pleasure, can at any moment interrupt the process by the slightest movement of his body. I will submit myself to this torture. (In Russian.) Should I not succeed in enduring the pain, the question will be settled, at least for the present, in the sense that suicides are cowards. But if my corpse exhibiting proof that I have obtained death by two agencies—by burning candles, as ministering factors, and by my dominant will, which has not blenched before excruciating torments—that will be proof positive that men may die of their own free choice. Let me begin!" Here the writing became irregular and progressively more and more illegible. "I arise from my fiery couch amid hideous sufferings, but still not so terrible as I had anticipated and feared. I arise, but not to save myself. No! life is as obnoxious to me as ever. But I must send you (in Czechism), my mother, my father, a last farewell; my last remembrance, my last sentiments are dedicated to you! I think also of those who are the unwitting cause of this my dreadful death. Unwitting—for they knew not that their love was indispensable to my life. I die without their affection, like a fish without water, like a creature of God without air. My breath fails me. Farewell! You will follow me soon. Consideration of your feelings—you, who alone love me—has prevented me for a long while from thus putting an end to myself. I cannot do otherwise. It is so easy to follow the dead. But it would be better were you to forget me. Think not of me! I am dying; the experiment will succeed—the worst pains are past. I do not suffer so much now. Pain has at length become my friend. I repeat it—I am in the full possession of my faculties—my heart beats as steadily as usual, but my pulse seems to me a little deranged. Poor Werther! the star-gemmed still interested him! I also have gazed at it—it is a desert there above, like here beneath, like everywhere; aye, as in my heart and everywhere else! (In Polish.) I return to my strange, silently burning bed. I must put something under the candles to raise them up a little. Only one thing annoys me, that one cannot die nobly and pleasantly—the evil smell of my own consuming body offends my nostrils. (In Czechish.) Mother! father! forgive me! (In German.) Perhaps I should also set down that I forgive the being who has caused my death. But that would be a lie. I curse her; and if spirits have the power to return in ghostly terrors, oh! I will do so, and leave her no single moment's peace. It would have been so easy for her to make me happy, or at least contented. If I could remain alive my life should be vowed exclusively to vengeance on her. But I am going to my rest. Be she accursed with my last breath!" Such were the last words scrawled on this extraordinary document by an obviously dying hand!

THE NEGRO EXODUS.

A marked race-prejudice is shown against the negro immigrants by the farmers, who are mainly Republicans in politics. Among the small white farmers of the Louisiana hill-parishes and the German settlers in Texas there is exhibited the same antipathy to negro neighbors. It may be set down as a fact that any community of white men who themselves work in the fields object to being brought into competition with a race considered to be inferior. One of the objections raised by Kansas farmers to negro settlers is that the blacks are immoral, and they fear the results of an association of the children of the two races in the public schools. Ex-Governor Anthony of Kansas, a life-long abolitionist and "pronounced" Republican, said to the writer that he was opposed to a pauper immigration of any nationality or of any race, and therefore had no sympathy with the enthusiasts who would open Kansas to the pauper negroes of the South. The most potent reason against negro immigration in the minds of the leading men of Kansas is a well-grounded fear that the news of a numerous settlement of blacks in that State would serve to turn the tide of white immigration into Nebraska and Minnesota. A declared inclination on the part of the present administration in Kansas to invite a large immigration of negroes would immensely strengthen the feeble Democratic opposition, even if it should not result in a division of the local Republican party.

The employment of Chinese in the cotton fields of the South has often been mooted; but, to our knowledge, the only practical test, on a large scale, of the alleged superiority of Mongolian over African labor has been made in Texas, where about three hundred Chinamen, imported originally to build a railroad, have been employed as laborers on cotton plantations. These Chinamen have proved to be diligent and satisfactory. They are physically inferior to the negroes, but make up their deficiency in strength by unremitting industry. As tenants they are very shrewd, requiring that the land they rent be measured by disinterested persons, and confirming the surveyors' report by an independent measurement of their own. They will not submit to extortionate prices, and make their purchases where weights and measures, as well as prices, are satisfactory to them. The Chinaman contrives in some way nearly always to have a little ready money, and is accordingly able to buy his goods where he pleases, and to avoid getting into the power of the grasping merchants. The Chinaman is willing to work six days a week, while the average negro tenant is likely to make a holiday of Saturday as well as of Sunday. One of the evils of share-farming has been the readiness of the negro to take a holiday when the mood came upon him. Yet the plodding, patient Chinaman, although honorable in meeting the letter of his contract, is not looked upon with favor by the majority of the planters. They prefer the negro race, to all the peculiarities of which they have become used, and regard with disfavor the Chinaman, who is of alien religion, and destitute of every trace of American feeling.—*F. E. Guernsey, in International Review for October.*

AN INDIAN STORY.

"I once had what I believe was a marvellous escape from being bitten by a cobra. Lord Tom Norris, an old friend of mine, and I were riding along the road one moonlight night. It occurred to us that a horse race would be an agreeable variation to the routine of our somewhat monotonous horseback excursions. We were soon tearing along at a break-neck speed, but the race was quickly ended. Before we had galloped a hundred yards my horse struck his foot against something, rolled over, and I 'came a cropper.' I was a good deal shocked, and when I recovered myself my horse was out of sight. Neither I nor Tom Norris had the least idea in what direction he had gone, and while my friend galloped along one road I started on foot on another. I had walked about a mile, and was just passing the little post office, when I saw something nearly four feet high directly in front of me. It was like an upraised stick, and when in my haste I had nearly walked over it, it shot straight toward me. Mechanically, I raised the short stick I carried in my hand and struck at it. I took no aim whatever, and I am not all sure that I did not shut my eyes, like a young cricketer, as I delivered the blow. But it hit its mark, and, as I afterwards found, saved my life. For a cooly who came up a few seconds later with a torch held his light to the ground, where a full grown cobra lay writhing helplessly with its back broken. I was startled on that occasion; but I was far more disturbed at another time when, as it afterwards turned out, there was no snake there. It was the worst season of the year for venomous creatures, when Tom Norris and myself were occupying a small bungalow in Jubbulpore. We slept in the same room, each of us having a lounge, and it was about 2 o'clock in the morning and pitch dark when I was awakened by something striking me on the back and falling, as the sound seemed to indicate, in a coil upon the floor. "What's that?" exclaimed my friend, who awoke at the same instant, and I made no reply, for I had the strongest possible dislike to say what I believed it to be. "What's that?" he asked again, and then I answered, "I think it's a snake, and he has bitten me; will you get up and go for a light?" Tom Norris lay still for a while; then he said: "Now, look here, old fellow, if a cobra has bitten you, he won't do you the least additional harm if he bites you again, but what is the use of my being bitten too? Hadn't you better get up and go for the light? Could any logic have been more reasonable? I at once got up, and after some trouble procured a light, and we began our search for the snake. But first Tom Norris examined the place where I had been bitten, and his face grew very grave, for there were the two punctures, and it seemed clear that the snake had injured me. We hunted about the house for ten minutes, and although I felt myself growing drowsy I began to hope that I was not a cobra but some less venomous reptile that had bitten me. At last the mystery was solved. As we entered the bath room a wild cat, that for some incomprehensible reason had taken refuge in the bungalow went flying, half mad with fright, out of the window, carrying half a dozen panes of glass with her in her exit. In her confusion she had evidently jumped upon the bed, and her claws had penetrated my back, making two little holes precisely like the bites of a cobra. To say that I was relieved would give you a very poor idea of my sentiments as the cat sprang through the window. All my drowsiness vanished, and I slept no more that night.—*Exchange.*

—A little girl who is a "lady" by reason of being a daughter of a noble English house, has betrayed a remarkable procivility. All the canary birds were dying, and the governess discovered that the darling had been making pincushins of them while they were alive.

—No American is ever guilty of meeting another without asking: "Well, how's trade?" And it doesn't matter if one of them is a hangman.

BRITISH COLUMBIA ITEMS.

The following items are from late British Columbia exchanges:

Mr. F. N. Gisborne, General Superintendent of Telegraph Lines throughout the Dominion, visits the Province to examine the telegraph system and suggest to the Government such improvements as may appear to him requisite.

Gold has been discovered in a creek situated about five miles above the mouth of Harrison River, and from its running due north it has been named North Creek.

Colonels Lovell and Strange have inspected the guns of the Seymour Artillery and the Battery. The probable result of the inspection will be that the Artillery corps will be properly equipped and probably numerically strengthened.

There are large arrivals of gold at Victoria from mines in the upper country.

The crops are reported good.

An American sloop has been seized for smuggling.

An early session of the Legislature is proposed to give the Dominion another *ultimatum* if the C. P. Railway is not begun immediately in the Province.

King & Co.'s Salmon Cannery at New Westminster has been destroyed by fire.

The Indian who murdered Mr. Jenkinson was tried at Glenora Landing on the 29th ult., and sentenced to be hanged.

A cabin occupied by a leprous Chinaman in Victoria was burned to the ground by the proper authorities, the inmate having been previously removed by his friends to other and more out of the way quarters.

The mining news from Cassiar is very meagre, a few claims only were panning out gold to any extent, and a good many men were leaving the mines disappointed. The season on the whole has been very poor, and no new discoveries have been made.

Dr. N. F. Foster, of Parson's Bridge, brought down about $40,000 in dust, and other parties brought down amounts—swelling the whole to $50,000. Dr. Foster has with him the finest and purest nugget of gold yet seen from Cassiar or even in British Columbia. It weighs 45¼ ozs. pure gold, no quartz being mixed with it, and it is valued at between $700 and $8.0.

A boom of logs consisting of 500,000 feet of fir and 80,000 feet of white pine recently arrived at Nanaime from Comox.

Mr. J. B. Chantrell was ordained a minister of the Reformed Episcopal church on Sunday, the 20th ult.

A sale of 185,000 cases of Columbia river canned salmon was effected about the middle of last month.

Mr. John Brown, of Burgoyne Bay, Salt Spring Island, imported by the Princess Royal a steam treefeller of four horse-power. The saw is adjusted to the tree, and is worked by steam supplied by the engine through pipes, the engine being situated at a safe distance from the tree marked for felling. Two trees may be felled at one time, and the same machine will cut the trunks into blocks of wood of stove lengths.

A wrecking schooner with divers is now examining the scene of the wreck of the steamship Brother Jonathan. The hull lies in 130 feet of water. There was about $1,000,000 in gold and greenbacks on board the steamer when she went down.

Specimens of silver ore and grains of gold have been found in the Leech River district. The specimens are interesting, and would appear to support the theory of old miners that "some day or another Leech River would astonish the world."

Mr. J. P. Davies, a prominent citizen of Victoria, died suddenly of heart disease on the 23rd ult. Mr. Davies was a native of London, and was in the 58th year of his age. He came to California in 1849 and to Victoria in 1863. Mr. Davies was one of the founders of the Order of Oddfellows in the Province; he was also a prominent Mason, was noted for his charitable disposition, and always took a leading part in public affairs. At the last Dominion election he stood as a candidate for the Commons in Victoria and was defeated by only a few votes.

A TAINT IN THE BLOOD.

Singular Facts Relating to the Transmission of Pauperism Through Several Generations.

A reverend gentleman recently went to the town agent's office to make explanations in regard to a family that was making considerable trouble for the authorities. He said that the husband was utterly unfit to have the care of a family and would not support his wife, and therefore was very much in favor of a legal separatisn as the best thing, not only for the man and woman, but for the town. The case was one that excited considerable interest among the authorities, as it was found that the husband was the son of a father and mother, both of whom had, during the latter years of their life been recipents of town charity. When this fact was ascertained, the question naturally arose, "Is pauperism hereditary?" A search of the records in the town agent's office, so far as they go, has been made at leisure times by Clerk Zunder, and the result is a confirmation of the theory so often advanced by thinkers, that pauperism, and other crimes—for pauperism is in many cases little less than a crime—is hereditary and the number of cases where pauper parents transmit their pauperism to the children is something astonishing to one not familiar with the intricacies of social science. Many very interesting essays and pamphlets have been written by men who have made the history of crime a study, and a similar research into the causes of pauperism would undoubtedly result in much good, showing to the managers of charities and town authorities the whys and whereferes of the increase of pauperism, and, perhaps, also give them hints as to the best way in which to prevent and cure it. Here in this city the theory that pauperism is hereditary has been acted upon to a certain extent by the managers of our local charities, and their efforts have been directed towards effecting a cure, if possible. Their method is to induce all who spring from pauper parents to work and learn habits of industry. If they are assisted by either the town or the local charities, it is almost certain that they will always depend upon them for support and will not work for a living unless they are forced to do so. The investigations in the town agent's office show that a large number of the people in the alms house, and out of it, who are weekly recipients of the town's charity, and who also receive aid from the central office or charitably disposed persons, are sons and daughters of parents who were either town paupers or supported by charity. In other cases only one parent was supported by outside aid, and then it was the case that the children who most nearly resemble the pauper parent were paupers, while those resembling the industrious parent were industrious children. The results of pauperism, connubial infelicities and family troubles, which bring about such disagreements as result in crimes of a greater or less degree, are almost invariably transmitted to future generations, and the researches show this to be the fact in nine cases out of ten. This is even found to be the fact in several cases that have come to light when the children are not aware of the fact that their progenitors were dependent on charity. The taint of pauperism runs in the blood, and must be educated out of the system or else it can never be conquered. Another fact has been discovered by the researches, and one that is universal and indisputable. A child of pauper parents never makes a good father or mother, and a marriage between two of that class is absolutely certain to result in abject misery, an unhappy union, squalid poverty, and, usually, a large family, that has to be supported by charity. The homes of such families are no homes at all; and in the light of these facts it seems almost a criminal matter to unite in the bonds of wedlock parties who spring from such a diseased root.—*New Haven Register.*

—The Chicago type of a girl has a nonpareil head on a brevier body and long primer feet—typographically speaking.

THE USES OF AN ENEMY.

Always keep an enemy in hand—a brisk, hearty, active enemy. Remark the use of an enemy:—

1. The having of one is proof that you are somebody. Wishy washy, empty worthless people never have enemies. Men who never move never run against anything; and when a man is thoroughly dead and utterly buried, nothing ever runs against him. To be run against is proof of existence and position; to run against something is proof of motion.

2. An enemy is say the least, not partial to you. He will not flatter. He will not exaggerate your virtues. It is very probable that he will magnify your faults. The benefit of that is two-fold; it permits you to know that you have your faults, and are therefore not a monster, and it makes them of such a size as to be visible and managable. Of course, if you have a fault you desire to know it; when you become aware that you have a fault you desire to correct it. Your enemy does for you valuable work which your friend cannot perform.

3. In addition, your enemy keeps you wide-awake. He does not let you sleep at your post. There are two that always keep watch—namely, the lover and the hater. Your lover watches that you may sleep. He keeps off noises, excludes lights, adjusts surroundings, that nothing may disturb you. Your hater watches that you may not sleep. He stirs you when you are napping. He keeps your faculties on the alert. Even when he does nothing he will have you in such a state of mind that you cannot tell what he will do next, and the mental *qui vive* must be worth something.

4. He is a detective among your friends. You need to know who your friends are, and who are not, and who are your enemies. The last of these three will discriminate the other two. When your enemy goes to one who is neither friend nor enemy, and assails you, the indifferent one will have nothing to say or chime in, not because he is your enemy, but because it is much easier to assent than oppose, and especially than to refute. But your friend will take up cudgels for you on the instant. He will deny everything and insist on proof, and proving is very hard work. There is scarcely a truthful man in the world that could afford to undertake to prove one-tenth of all his truthful assertions. Your friend will carry your enemy to the proof, and if the indifferent person, through carelessness, repeats the assertions of your enemy, he is soon made to feel the inconvenience thereof by the zeal your friend manifests. Follow your enemy around and you will find your friends, for he will have developed them so that they cannot be mistaken.

The next best thing to have to a hundred real friends is to have one open enemy. But let us pray to be delivered from secret foes.—*Sunday Magazine.*

WHOM VICTORIA HAS OUTLIVED

(From the London Herald.)

And now, as she looks back on the two and forty years of her reign, what changes has her Majesty seen in the personnel of her privy council, her Parliament and her cabinet ministers, to say nothing of her judicial and episcopal bench? She has outlived by several years every Bishop and every Judge whom she found seated on those benches in England, Scotland and Ireland. She has witnessed the funeral of every Premier who has served under her except Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone. Not a cabinet minister of her uncle and predecessor's days now survives; and of those who held inferior offices under her first and favorite Premier, Lord Melbourne, I can find among the living only Lord Halifax (then Mr. Charles Wood) and Lord Howick (now Lord Grey).

Of the members of the privy council which sat at Kensington Palace on that bright summer morning in June, 1837, to administer the oaths to the girlish Queen, I can find in the land of the living only four individuals—Mr. George S. Byng (now Lord Stafford), Sir Stratford Canning (now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe), Lord Robert Grosvenor (now Lord Ebury), and the veteran Earl of Wilton.

Indeed, it may be said that her Majesty has lived to receive at court in very many, perhaps in most instances, the successive wearers of the same coronet, and she has seen four Lords Beauchamp, four Lords Aberdeen, four Dukes of Newcastle, four Dukes of Northumberland and five Lords Rodney. She has received the homage of four Archbishops of Canterbury, of four Archbishops of York and of five Bishops of Chichester, Litchfield and Durham successively. She has filled three of the Chief Justiceships twice at least; she has received the addresses of four successive Speakers of the House of Commons; she has intrusted the Great Seal of the Kingdom to no less than nine different Lord Chancellors, and she has commissioned eight successive Premiers to form no less than eighteen different administrations.

THE BUTCHER WHO LOST.

A humped-shouldered old man, followed by a dog which seemed to have fasted for a year past, entered a Woodward avenue butcher-shop the other day, and the man made some inquiries about the price of smoked hams. The butcher saw the dog, of course, and who ever saw a butcher who didn't want to know all about a dog?

"Is that a good coon dog?" asked the butcher as he patted the shy canine on the head.

"Oh, no—he's a trick dog," answered the owner.

"Is eh? What tricks can he do?"

Oh, a dozen or two. He has one very peculiar trick, though. Would you like to see him do it?"

"I would, that. What is it?"

The man directed the butcher to put a pound of nice beefsteak on a sheet of brown paper and place the whole on the doorstep. He then said to his dog, which had watched matters very keenly:

"Now, Cato, I am about to call upon you to perform a trick. You have never gone back on me yet, and I have perfect confidence in you now. Cato, do you see that meat?"

Cato saw it. He walked over to it, seized it in his mouth, and as he went up the street it was hard to tell dog from dust.

"Hum! yes!" muttered the butcher; "do you call that a trick?"

"I do," confidently replied the man.

"Well, it's a blasted mean one!"

"Just so—just so," said the man. "You couldn't expect such a good looking dog as that to be around playing tricks on a guitar or a jewsharp, could you? I'll see you later about the hams."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE LONGEST BEARD IN THE WORLD.

In Norwich, Conn., there is a man who probably wears the longest beard of any man in the world. His name is Henry C. Cook, a tailor by trade. He never makes a display of his beard, but wears it concealed in a little bag in his shirt bosom. The beard is six feet six inches in length, and when allowed to fall its length it will reach to his toes and stretch out on the floor ten inches, and looks like a large skein of brown silk. It was six inches longer than at present, but a short time ago he trimmed it off to its present length. Mr. Cook says it has been growing about twenty-one years. A year ago Mr. P. T. Barnum called on him and tried to induce him to travel with his show, but Mr. Cook's modesty and the desire of his wife that he should not accept Barnum's liberal offer, induced him to reject it. In speaking of Cook in connection with the man with a long beard in Michigan, Barnum said that Cook's was by far the longest and finest of the two. Mr. Cook often shows his beard to visitors, but is not in the habit of making a great parade over it. The truth of these statements can be substantiated by calling on him at his place of business.

—Of the seven million Hebrews in the world statisticians say there are five millions in Europe and a million and a half in the United States.

COMIC BUDGET.

—Woman's writes—Postscripts.

—When a man owes a great deal "it is greatly to his credit."

—Growing plants in the windows sweeten the air of the whole house.

—The merchant who smiles now a-days is the merchant who advertises.

—"What is marriage?" "One woman the more and one man the less."

—Now is a good time to bluff the public for a bet on next winter's ice crop.

—"Do unto others as you would be done by," but take precious care that you are not "done" by others.

—The man who invented the gas-meter achieved the nearest approach to perpetual motion that we will ever see.

—A prize is offered for the best conundrum to the following answer: One is a boiled onion, the other is an oiled bunion.

—Woman continues enigmatical. When she gets hot she runs at her husband's nose, but when she gets cold she runs at her own.

—Agassiz used to say that he had no time to spare to make money. Most of us now-a-days have no time to spare for anything else.

—A young man, hearing that "Silence gives consent," said that he wished Old Silence was his girl's father. But we don't know what he meant.

—Though Col. Robert Ingersoll
Is guilty of some follies,
He makes his queer ideas pay,
And that's his Ingersolace.

—If children would spend more time on their mother's knee and mothers would use the proper correctives while they are there the world would become better than it is now.

—The are lots of people in this world who are only waiting to become angels in the next. During the wait they put in time turning widow women out of house and home and poisoning their neighbors' dogs.

—A ton of gold makes a fraction over half a million of dollars, and when a man says his wife is worth her weight in gold, and she weighs 120 pounds, she is worth $30,000.

—An Eastern editor says: "Susan B. Anthony wears lilac stockings." This is not trustworthy, however. The person in purs