

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

A Description of the Fortification.

It is a beautiful run to Gibraltar from Lisbon—just long enough to shake off the rustiness occasioned by a two week's stay in port—and as the corvette goes bowling along under a cloud of canvas and full head of steam, dipping her gun muzzles at each swell as she heels to leeward, throwing the spray over the knots of tars gathered here and there about decks, while the sun, reflecting the glistening rays from the upper batteries and bright outcrops, serves to make up one of those sights so exhilarating to a young officer. The cry of "Land, ho!" is answered by the quick rejoinder from the midshipman on the forecable of "Where away?" and as the response of "Right ahead, Sir!" comes rolling down from the lookout aloft some two hundred men jump to the side and scan the horizon across the bows.

"There, my lad," says an old dromio, pointing out to a young apprentice at his side the blue just appearing above the water, "there's the port for you; but look ye that you don't get yourself in trouble with those 'Hee-landers' in the rock before you clear the beach."

The news has had barely time to reach the wardroom ere the broad gold cap bands of the officers are seen rising in quick succession through the companion hatch. Chess, books and studies have been suddenly thrown aside, and with one accord middle and ensign scramble pell-mell up on deck.

"Toppalant and royal clewlines and buntlines!" "Flying jib and foretopmast staysal downhaul!" "Hands by the weather braces!" ring out in quick succession, and "Shorten sail!" has hardly escaped from the trumpet ere the tight sails have hugged their yards with a quickness that bespeaks the well-drilled man-of-war's crew. In comes canvas after canvas, leaving just enough fore and aft sail to handle her with, and before long the corvette is swinging to the tide, with the stars and stripes floating, before one of the most renowned fortresses in the world. The harbor of Gibraltar, always so strongly fortified, is fairly

ALIVE WITH HUGE IRONCLADS.

the force of which is just now augmented by the presence of the whole of the British Channel squadron. As the American arrival drops anchor a boat is manned from each stranger in port and one from the guard vessel of the British squadron. The boats are soon alongside, bearing greetings and respects to the American commander. This paying of respects between men of war is an old custom, but, aside from the extreme politeness exhibited, it really emanated in the first place in a surveillance on all strangers arriving in port. A French or Portuguese will send a boarding officer to an arrival with proffers of hospitality that fairly stagger an American commander. The only return to make these polite official visits is to send officers aboard in return with the respects of the commanding officer.

Though Gibraltar has not been subjected to the attacks of vessels of war of the present day, it has nevertheless withstood a siege before which no other fortress in the world could have held out. Since that famous siege of the last century everything has been done to make the place impregnable. That this has been done even a cursory glance suffices to show, and "Jack" will tell his messmates when away on some far-off foreign stations how "the bloody lime juices" at the "rock" add a gun for every new year, and that now they have in position 1,889 guns. The "Rock of Gibraltar" has been celebrated in ancient as well as in modern literature; it has been the subject of fable and legends innumerable; it has played a dramatic part in the fortunes of men and nations certainly from the earliest historic times, and probably was the bone of contention among prehistoric races. The rock itself is not more than seven miles in circumference, and its elevation above the sea, at the highest point, does not exceed 1,400 feet. The town is situated on the western slope, for on all other sides the ascent is very precipitous. The isthmus, which connects Gibraltar with the mainland is a little more than a mile wide, and it is on this isthmus that

THE FAMOUS NEUTRAL GROUND.

is marked off by the two parallel rows of English and Spanish sentry boxes. Apart from the natural strength of the rock, increased resistance is afforded by the numerous remarkable caverns with which it is perforated. These caverns are all difficult of access. The largest, St. Michael's, has a hall hung with stalactites, reaching from roof to floor. Reflected back, from the glare of a torch, they present a most weird appearance.

The entrance to St. Michael's is 1,000 feet above the sea level, and it is connected with other caverns beneath it of unknown depth. Two English officers in endeavoring to fathom these depths were lost, not a trace being found of them by those venturing to the edge of the abyss. No doubt the presence of these natural caverns suggested to the British the idea of excavating and tunnelling the rock. A system of galleries has been cut, facing the harbor and neutral ground, at an enormous expense. Much of the work was done by prisoners. At intervals of twelve yards ports have been cut for guns, and some of the ordnance mounted is of the largest calibre. A great many of the guns at Gibraltar are of an old and antiquated type, but since 1870 the utmost activity has been displayed to mount ordnance compatible with the day and fully up to the modern standard. The forts at the water port, or north end, are now mounted with eighteen ton guns (Armstrong), and protected by having steel-armored shields. These guns alone can sweep every work of the mole.

The defenses of the new mole have been strengthened by a casemate battery, while at the Alexandria Battery 38 ton guns are in position. There are also 38 ton guns at the Europa port and on the line wall, and from these positions the fire could be annihilating to any cruiser caught within their range. Along Willis' road casemates are constructed, and altogether some thirty heavy guns are here in position. The 38 ton gun batteries would be the first a hostile vessel would feel if she had a stand five miles off and attempted the

LUDICROUS PROCEEDING OF SHELLING

Gibraltar. If the fire of the 38-ton guns should be outlived and an advance attempted, the next radius entered would be that of the 18 ton guns placed on the water port. To pass the 38-ton gun batteries and then to outlive the 18 ton guns would be but to approach a position where the concentrated fire of the whole rock can be directed, to

say nothing of the floating batteries and vessels in the harbor.

The "Rock" has several flat spots near the top, and it is here that the infantry is drilled. The garrison numbers, roughly, 5,000 men, and it has always been the custom at the "Horse Guards" in London, to send out a great many Highlanders to Gibraltar, though this class does not compose the whole force. The garrison is one of the hardest drilled in the British service, and the battalions doing duty are usually ones of renown. It is a feeling of pride that will allow none but the flower of the British Army to hold Gibraltar. Report has it that General Grant considered this garrison the finest body of men of all he saw during his tour around the world. Gibraltar has well been termed an epitome of nations. The streets fairly swarm with Moors, Jews, Spaniards and English. Among the women the dark-eyed, pretty Gosses and the Spanish beauties, with their long-lashed eyes and languor, never fail of attraction. All foreigners visiting the town, except naval officers in uniform, are required to take out a permit de sejour, and must find bondsmen to go security for their good behavior during the ten, fifteen or twenty days for which the permit is made out. This stay may, however, be renewed on the expiration of the time limit. The authorities prevent as much as possible any and all acquisitions in the way of new residents. This applies to the town only. Inside of the limits of the ramparts no strangers are admitted after nightfall. An officer stationed there may, however, introduce a friend for the period of a month, but he is held to strict account for all his friend's actions. Justice is administered according to the laws of England, but there is throughout it all an air suggestive of the

MILITARY COURT MARTIAL.

The majority of the houses in the town are built with flat tops, thus enabling them to retain rain water; tanks are built under the buildings and are fitted with drains leading from the roofs. It is the water supply that has always proved of such vital importance to Gibraltar, but the authorities have finally mastered the water problem, and the Rock is now well provided with good water. Two large tanks, one containing 11,000 and the other 9,000 gallons, are constantly kept full with which to supply naval vessels. To many persons the mere mention of Gibraltar, Cyprus, Malta, Heligoland, and others of Great Britain's fortresses is devoid of all meaning, at least so far as a knowledge of the military importance of these places is concerned.

Gibraltar is undoubtedly the most important of all the above fortresses, and when it is termed impregnable, it must be understood that the term is applicable, in the sense that Gibraltar is sufficiently strong to hold out against any fleet, during the interim required for a relieving force to bear on the rock and crush the besiegers.

Gibraltar is to-day as much the

KEY TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

As ever in the past, and it is the centre of a formidable line of fortified stations connecting England with her East Indian possessions. Burke spoke of Gibraltar as "a post of power, a post of superiority, of connection, of commerce—one which makes us invaluable to our friends and dreadful to our enemies."

Gibraltar's predominant strength over Malta and Cyprus is because of her independence of the support of a fleet in the event of a sudden attack. Without such protection Malta and the other links in the chain reaching to India could, one by one, be taken by a well-handled modern squadron. It has been proposed to evacuate Malta and Cyprus, under the reasoning that Gibraltar is able to guard the approach to India. By such an act, it is argued, many of the ships now necessary to the defence of Malta and Cyprus could be recalled to the home squadron. Now, as a matter of fact, Gibraltar cannot herself prevent the passage of a hostile fleet through the straits. The southern shore of the strait is not fortified, nor is it likely that English guns will ever be mounted there, so long as the soil is foreign. In earlier days all vessels—being sailing craft—had to hug the northern shore in order to escape the strong current constantly flowing out on the southern side. This virtually brought all vessels under the guns of the Rock. But to-day there are few cruisers which would hesitate about passing close to the southern shore, or even through the extreme range of the thirty-eight guns. It is highly probable, too, that a run past the very fort could be made at night with slight chances of sustaining damage. The strait in its narrowest part is nine miles wide, and though some of the ordnance mounted can "feel" the southern shore, it has very little chance of hitting a swift-moving cruiser steaming fifteen or sixteen knots.

When one cruiser can run the gauntlet, another of equal efficiency should stand as good a chance. But it is not so much the guns of Gibraltar that are to be feared as it is

THOSE SOMBER LOOKING HULLS

rising stolidly out of the harbor. Over them flies the ensign of St. George, while a pennant announces the presence of the Mediterranean squadron of the British Navy, anchored in Gibraltar Bay. Here is the real fighting exponent of the British power up the straits, and the ship or squadron that eludes these fellows must be doubly alert. It is this force that patrols the straits, using Gibraltar as a coaling station and depot of supplies—a depot where repairs may be effected, and thus permit of a stay in the station otherwise impossible were Portsmouth or Plymouth the nearest port. As it is, the passage of Gibraltar to-day means, under ordinary circumstances, the destruction of England's most powerful iron-clad squadrons. To take Gibraltar would involve a calculation as to how long the supplies within the place could hold out. It is said that stores sufficient for seven years are constantly on hand. The British Admiralty has always made it its policy to keep a strong naval force in the vicinity of Gibraltar. Along the whole of the route to India patrol duty is performed. The duty is usually carried out by gunboats. Gibraltar is, of course, the headquarters. All the other links in the chain may fall—Malta, Cyprus, Port Said, Aden and Colombo, but the main link, Gibraltar, will yet remain.

THE STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE

of Gibraltar was observed by the Saracens as far back as 711 A. D., for, under a leader named Sorik Jen Seyard, they landed and fortified the place in that year. During a period of 700 years Gibraltar was held by the Moors or Saracens, and was a constant cause of war between the two races. In

1472 a Spanish force under the Duke of Medina Sidonia wrested the fortress from the Moors and so strengthened it that it was considered impregnable. But in 1704 the combined English and Dutch fleets, under Sir George Rook and the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, took the rock from the Spaniards and held it until 1713, when it was given to Great Britain by the Treaty of Utrecht. The Spaniards would not let Gibraltar go without another struggle, and attacked the place in 1727; but a cessation of hostilities seen came about on the signing of preliminary articles of peace between Spain and England.

The noted siege, which lasted from 1779 to 1783, marks one of the greatest annals in British military history, and never did troops win greater renown than did the famous garrison that held Gibraltar against the combined forces of France and Spain. All the implements of warfare were used by the besiegers, but the rock proved impregnable. Capt. Drinkwater, of the British Army, is authority for stating that 1,000 guns were brought to bear by the allies, and that in the outer harbor were anchored forty-seven ships of the line carrying the ensigns of France and Spain. The stubbornness of the defenders was wonderful, fighting as they were against such odds, but in the end it brought victory to the British standards and immortalized Elliot and his men.

British troops may never again be called upon to hold the rock as they did in 1780, but, judging from the appearance of the men now stationed at the place, Gibraltar will never fall in ordinary fighting.—[New York Times.

Fatherland.

What is this English Fatherland?
Where do its lasting landmarks stand?
Not only in these isles of rain
That float in the Atlantic main,
Where clouds are constant, suns are rare,
And winds are strong, not only there!

Not only where the tempests roar
Around the rocks of Labrador,
Or where the lengthening billows roll
In icy pastures to the Pole,
Where Arctic winters, bleak and bare,
Perpetual reign, not only there!

Not only where the sun beguiles
The children of the Western isles,
Where siren breezes woo the sail
To rend in Carribean gale,
And Orinoco's steeds uprear
Their fleecy manes, not only there!

Not only where the seas enthrall
The wild Kaffraria, or Natal,
Or where Antarctic whirlwinds post
Along the vast Australian coast,
Or linger round Tasmania fair
With sounds of home, not only there!

Not only where the fountains play
In Cashmere and the Himalayas,
Where Ganges, Indus, downward pour
Their golden streams to either shore,
And soft Ceylon perfumes the air
With spicy gales, not only there!

Nor tyrant sea nor slavish strand
Restrict our English Fatherland,
Nor rivers bound nor lakes divide,
Nor mountains sever in their pride;
'Tis vain to ask or answer, where?
It is not here, it is not there!

'Tis where the fire of Freedom starts
From steady eyes and steadfast hearts,
That, when the waves of license roll,
Uphave the rock of self-control,
To stem, to shelter, and to bear,
Our English Fatherland is there!

Where'er we stand, where'er we range,
Our soil but not our soul we change;
Where hearts are true and eyes are pure,
And hands are firm and faith is sure,
Where life is sacred, love is grand,
There is our English Fatherland!

PHILIP ACTON.

BRITISH NEWS.

The potato is declared to be deteriorating. As it is propagated from generation to generation instead of from seed to seed, it seems to be on the decline.

Ventnor, on the Isle of Wight, is greatly worked up over the performance, for the first time, of a military drill on Sunday afternoon on the pier. The town is to be polled on the question.

Practical Christianity is illustrated by the Bishop of Durham. He has just finished a church at a cost of £8,000, as "a thank offering for the blessings vouchsafed during an episcopate of ten years."

The largest ship in the British navy, the Trafalgar, launched two years ago, has at last tried her engines, with success. She is 345 feet long, 73 feet beam, and 12,818 horse power drove her 17.28 knots.

Lady Colin Campbell is writing a novel, which is to appear shortly, entitled "Darell Blake." It is thought that several persons prominent in social and literary circles will be more or less faithfully reproduced.

A Bombay newspaper announces two marriages, in one case the bride being 2 years and in the other 15 months, while the bridegroom was 30. This is the system which Pandita Ramabai is struggling against.

Father Hayseed's custom of blowing out the gas was reversed by a girl brought up in London when she first went out to service. After she had gone to bed her mistress noticed that her candle had been left burning, and when asked why she didn't put it out she replied: "Please, ma'am, I do not know how to turn it off."

It reports be true, Emma Abbott has had made the costliest dress known to the modern dressmaker. It cost \$4,000. This is more than three times as much as Sarah Bernhardt's best gown, which cost \$1,200, and nearly seven times as much as Mme. Doche paid, \$600, for all the costumes she used in creating the "Dame aux Camelias."

From a collection of 30,000 data on the subject of The Influence of Ages of Parents on the Vitality of Children, in a paper recently read before a meeting of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, it appears that the children of parents under twenty-four are more weakly than those of riper age. The healthiest children are those whose fathers are from twenty-five to forty years old, and whose mothers are from twenty to thirty years old. The best marriages are those in which the husband is senior to the wife, but a woman from thirty to thirty-five years old will have healthier children if her husband be somewhat younger than herself.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

The Joys and Sorrows of a Far Western Editor.

Many Thanks.—Tuesday last we were seized with an attack of Apache colic, and within ten minutes from the time the grip first took hold we were tied in seven kinds of hard knots and wanted a mul am to hold us. It should be explained that this colic is next door to Asiatic cholera, and when it takes hold it means business at wholesale rates. We were seriously ill for two days and nights, during which time we had scores of callers, and our friends were anxious to extend every aid. During the ten hours in which it was thought we must turn up our toes business was mostly suspended in town, and our condition was bulleted every fifteen minutes. Our warmest thanks are due to our friends and acquaintances and the public generally. We are now about again and shall be more careful in future. This town can't afford to lose us just now, and we realize more than ever that our death would be a serious set back to the entire state.

Correction.—Some three weeks since the "Kicker" made the statement that Charley Johnson, proprietor of the Iron Reef whiskey-hole on Apache avenue, was driven out of Tucson for his general bad character, and we threw out a suggestion that our vigilance committee might hit the nail on the head by attending to his case. Mr. Johnson has called at the "Kicker" office and shown us letters which satisfy us that we made a mistake. Instead of being a bad man he is a very humble and contrite individual, perfectly willing to be kicked and cuffed about, and he left Tucson because the people objected to his breath, which is not exactly identical with new-mown hay. His breath is all right here and he proposes to take right hold and become one of us and aid in the work of making this town a second Chicago.

We Defy Them.—At the last session of the common council Ald. Jim Jackson got his bow legs under him and stood up to remark that he was in favor of taking the city printing away from the "Kicker" because of our abuse of that official body. The city printing! Ye gods! All our bill amounts to for the last quarter is 70 cents! Yes we have talked pretty plain to the aldermen. There isn't an honest one in the whole gang. There isn't a man of them who isn't soaked in whisky two-thirds of the time and who wouldn't lie, cheat, steal, rob, or embezzle on the slightest provocation. As a gang they ought to be sent to state prison on general principles, and the sooner the better. If the council imagines that the "Kicker" will keep still on them for 15 cents a week it is making a great mistake.

Not Yet.—We are not yet authorized to write "P. M." after our name, but we are working hard and will have the postmaster-ship of this office or lose a leg. The present incumbent is a kleck of the first water and has got to let go. We have written Mr. Wanamaker several confidential letters and have forwarded him several communications reflecting public opinion, and although he seems inclined to hang off on us it is only a question of time when he must give in. We know that we are the only man in town fitted to be postmaster, and it will either come to us or Mr. Wanamaker will not last six months.

Always at Home.—Coroner Tom Blackman when summoned to hold an inquest on the dead body of "Red-Headed Perkins," the gambler who committed suicide two weeks ago, was so befuddled with poor whisky that he acted like a fool. We had to step in and do the business for him, and because the Kicker gave him some good advice in its next issue he is now blowing around that he has camped on our trail and means to have our life. Rats! If Tom Blackman wants our scalp let him come for it. We are always at home the whole twenty-four hours through, and we believe that we can take good care of ourself. He can come with shotgun or tomahawk—day or night—alone or in company. We shall do our best to drop him before he does us, and in case we are asked to hold the inquest on him it shan't cost the county a cent. We'll do even better—we'll give him as fine an obituary notice as would cost him \$100 in Chicago.

Twenty-Four Dollars for New York's Site.

The London "St. James Gazette" states that while examining the public archives at The Hague recently Gen. Grant Wilson "met with" a letter addressed to the States-General of the United Netherlands by P. Schagen, dated Amsterdam, November 7, 1626, announcing the purchase of the Island of Manhattan by the Dutch West India Company for the sum of \$24, or say \$5. Two days later he was so fortunate as to find the original deed, which had lain perdu for 263 years among the papers of an ancient Dutch family. Amsterdam furnished eight of the 19 delegates from five chambers of managers of the company, located in the five principal cities of Holland. In the family of perhaps the most important of the Amsterdam delegates, it is presumed, the deed has remained since the year 1626. General Grant Wilson expects to be able to purchase the deed and take it with him when he returns to New York in October, in order to place it in the custody of the city or State of New York. * * * The discovery of this deed was made in the course of researches concerning Mrs. Wilson's Bayard ancestors, who went to the New World in 1647, with the last of the Dutch Governors of New Netherland, the celebrated Peter Stuyvesant.

Are the number of people who are weary of life actually increasing or do the papers make more of the suicides now-a-days? It may not be easy to say. One thing is evident. The suicide roll is a very large one, and isn't it curious that so many of those unfortunate are either farmers or farmers' wives? That does not say much for the supposedly healthy independent life which is to be had on the farm. What is the cause? Is the farmer's life as it generally is, too toilsome and too lonely? Lonely, it may be, but that it is more toilsome than any other occupation, we cannot see, while about its independence there can be little, if any doubt, that is if a man has fairly good land and knows his business passably well. For a good part of the year a farmer has more leisure than any class which could be mentioned. He has always his food at any rate, and it is almost always his own blame if he has not a great deal more. It is possible, however, that the reason why there are more suicides among farmers is much the same as why white sheep eat more grass than black ones, viz., that there are more of them.

The Elixir of Life.

We referred the other week in a humorous and more than half sceptical vein to some alleged wonderful discovery made by the distinguished French Surgeon, Dr. Brown-Squard as the reward of some twenty years of diligent research. It was a true elixir of life, so the reports said. Drinking of it, a man did not necessarily live forever, but he lived with more pleasure to himself and comfort to other people while the vital spark held on to burn. He renewed his youth to some extent, even though it could not be literally said that he mounted up as on wings of eagles, running without weariness and walking without faintness as in the halcyon days of youth, which the race has always been wont to mourn as one of the precious things which only come to each human being once in a life time, and which when gone, is gone forevermore. Brown-Squard was heralded as the man who had discovered the antidote to the terrible poison instilled into the race at the time of Eve's temptation and Adam's fall. The seekers before him had laboured unsuccessfully, but he had entered into their labours, and now, at last the secret which he had eyed, hoary headed alchemists of all the ages had in vain tried to grasp, had been wrested from Nature's unwilling hand by this French Savant of the Nineteenth Century. And he had found it in the entrails of young swins. In that unlikely place it was that the fountain of youth was discovered. How these old travel worn voyagers would have stared had anyone told them that what they had journeyed many long and weary leagues to find, and without success, was actually running about the nearest farmyard in all the squeaking inquisitive freedom of young piggweed. The first thought, with most people, and doubtless the second thought as well, on reading of this wonderful discovery, was that somebody was "getting off" a joke on the world, and floating it over the name of this brilliant Frenchman. What makes this view not so likely as it would otherwise have been is the fact that the well-known and highly esteemed American specialist, Dr. William A. Hammond, is reported to have been experimenting with Dr. Brown-Squard's "Elixir," and to have secured astonishing results with it. Now this changes a laughing sceptical face into a much graver one. Assuredly none would venture to append such a name as Dr. Hammond's to any such "wild-goose" tale as this about an "Elixir of Life," unless there was something in it, and if there is something in it, how can anyone tell how much until the matter has been fully investigated by competent witnesses. Dr. Hammond, so the report states, was at first inclined to treat the whole thing as a bare-faced canard, but subsequently received such detailed accounts of Brown-Squard's methods and results, that his scepticism yielded so far as to allow him to make some investigations for himself. The results have been such as to astonish him. He began experimenting on an old man who was decrepit to the last degree. Within a week, the being who had more than one foot in the grave, and was feebly tottering to his long rest, was showing signs of returning vitality which were all but incredible. He has refused to say much until his course of experiment has been concluded, which will not be for some weeks yet. But from what he has seen himself he is said to have no tendency to treat the question of a possible "renewer of youth" with the flippant incredulity which is the instinctive attitude taken by the mind in these days towards views so "visionary" and "unpractical." There is certainly something very strange about it all. If a discovery of some unusual kind has actually been made, and the reports about its action are not grossly exaggerated, the results obtainable are almost miraculous in the rapidity with which they come, and their marvelous character. Those who were at death's door have come back to an amount of health and strength which almost suggested a resurrection. As was to be expected, the subject has already attracted world-wide attention, and thousands upon thousands of scientific gentlemen are discussing Brown-Squard and his Elixir of Life, and wondering whether the thing is all a farce, or the world has received another forcible lesson on the great truth that there are many more things in heaven and on earth than we dream of in our philosophies.

Suffering Seals.

Seal fishing is one of the greatest industries of the Newfoundland coast, their skins bringing fabulous prices as articles of wearing apparel, while the oil is useful for many purposes.

The dwellers of the frozen north make clothing, boats, tents and even cooking utensils from the skin of seals, and use their flesh for food.

These animals are among the most interesting of the animals that have their homes in the waters. They have great soft brown eyes that gaze at you with the innocent wondering look one sees in the eyes of a calf, and long before commerce found use for the seal their intelligence and docility gave them a place in the folk lore of the north.

Scotland and the Scandinavian peoples gave birth to many charming legends based on the belief that seals sometimes transformed themselves into human shapes.

They are gentle, easily domesticated and becoming very much attached to their human friends; they are also very easily trained, learning all the tricks that dogs perform.

It is said that when distressed the seal not only gives voice to its sorrow in plaintive cries, but that great tears will roll from its eyes.

The Newfoundland seal fisheries furnish over 700,000 skins to commerce annually, and Alaska about a third that number; and what is man's return for this revenue of money? Seals are cruelly killed. Of the Newfoundland coast they are skinned before life is extinct, despite their cries and writhings.

During the past spring over 500,000 of these poor creatures were captured and brought to Halifax and St. John, and all had been killed in a barbarously cruel manner. Such treatment merits the indignation of the whole civilized world, and it is a pity that the age does not still believe the old legends that would cloth the seals with power to return in other forms and to wreak vengeance on their persecutors; and yet it seems that a man who could take the skin and fat from a living animal while its moans bespeaks its anguish and its great eyes plead for pity would not listen to any spirit or living creature, or to the small voice within.—[The New Orleans Picayune.