

AROUND THE SOUTH POLE.

Antarctic Explorations Again to be Undertaken.

It seems certain that, after a half century, there is to be a practical revival of interest in Antarctic exploration. Geographers have been working toward that end for several years. The International Geographic Congress at Bern, in 1891, warmly advocated the renewal of South Polar research. The majority of authorities on Polar exploration live in Great Britain, and there the present movement centres. It has the support of the Royal and Scottish Geographical Societies and the influential advocacy of such men as Dr. John Murray of the Challenger expedition, and Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney of the British navy. The indications are that, within the next year or two, more than one well-equipped expedition will start for the vast unknown expanse of the Antarctic regions.

The time is ripe for such enterprises if we are ever to have anything more than our present misty knowledge of that part of the world. Scientific men have collated with the greatest care all the reliable facts that have been learned about South Polar lands and waters; and the chief result they have attained has been to set forth, as Dr. Karl Fricke has done in his recent paper on the "Origin and Distribution of Antarctic Drift Ice," the complete inadequacy of our present knowledge.

It is a fact that we can place little dependence upon a great deal of the information that appears upon our South Polar charts. Capt. Sharp entered in his log on Nov. 14, 1861: "On this day we could perceive land, from which, at noon, we were due west." His approximate position at that time is known, and the authorities long ago agreed that what he saw was only ice; and there is reason to believe that many of his successors, scanning the horizon

THE SNOW-FILLED AIR,

or during the confusion of a gale, have placed land on their charts where none exists. All or nearly all the inaccuracies contributed to the charts by occasional visitors to South Polar waters for nearly three centuries, are perpetuated on the maps of to-day. Merely from the standpoint of human curiosity, which has been insatiable in the pursuit of geographic facts, it is important now that the discoveries of the earlier explorers be verified and their mistakes corrected. We know of mistakes that are still perpetuated. Both Ross and Capt. Nares sailed over parts still marked as land on many charts.

One illustration will show how little we are prepared to draw satisfactory inferences as to the exact physical conditions prevailing in South Polar regions. Sailors have found drifting, far north, toward Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, immense icebergs, sometimes miles in extent, coming apparently from great land masses. The study of the Greenland ice cap and icebergs has advanced so far that some interesting deductions could be drawn with regard to the origin of

THESE SOUTHERN ICEBERGS

and the nature of the Antarctic ice cap if we knew the associated influences that help to produce them. But we know almost nothing definitely of the prevailing atmospheric pressures and temperatures of the high southern latitudes. In other words, our knowledge of the prevailing climatic conditions is woefully meagre; and upon climate chiefly depends the formation of a great ice cap. So, in respect of most other phases of Antarctic phenomena, we know too little of the environmental conditions to have scientific knowledge of them.

Many people who read in The Sun of the Antarctic meeting of the Royal Geographical Society last week, may have been surprised by the statement of Dr. John Murray, that the South Polar continent may have an area of 4,000,000 square miles. Though this is pure conjecture, no geographer will be astonished if it prove true. The statement is based upon the fact that the dredging operations of the Challenger in Antarctic waters gave evidence of proximity to continental rather than to oceanic lands; and further, the lands discovered on all sides of the Antarctic circle—Enderby, Kemp, Wilkes, Victoria, Graham, and Alexander I. Lands—have none of them been seen in their entire extent. In each case the top is covered by an almost unbroken ice sheet, extending outward from the coasts into the sea and terminating in precipitous cliffs, the Great Ice Barrier of South Polar explorers.

There are plausible reasons for believing that these lands around the Pole and extending toward it from near the sixty-sixth parallel, may all be parts of the coast of a great continental mass. If Dr. Murray's conjecture as to the size of this supposed continent approximates the truth, it is eight times the size of Greenland, which Peary has shown to be the largest island known to us, and a third larger than the United States, exclusive of Alaska.

The world long supposed, from stories told by explorers, that South Polar research was far more trying and hazardous than similar efforts in the Arctic regions. But the scientific staff of the Challenger reported that the

DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS

of navigation in Antarctic waters had been unduly exaggerated. We must remember that the appliances and methods of Polar research have been revolutionized since Antarctic work practically ceased. The earlier voyages in high southern latitudes were made in vessels of fifty to one hundred and fifty tons, and the ships used by Cook, Ross, Bellinghousen, D'Urville, and Wilkes, though larger, cannot be compared in size, speed, or safety with the modern steam whaler. Sledge travelling was almost unknown when Antarctic research stopped. Nansen and Peary have shown us how to make a highway of the inland ice. Their practical experience may be very rich in results when applied to the great land at the other end of the earth's axis; for sledging on the inland ice will, probably, be the means of revealing to us the extent of the Antarctic continent; and it will not be surprising if the south Pole will yet be more easily and sooner reached than the elusive prize in the North, which has been the object of so much vain striving.

Almost every branch of natural science will profit by the renewal of South Polar research. Biology, geology, meteorology, physics, and physical geography will be chiefly benefited. The field is wide, and

there is room for many workers. America has heretofore been in the front of both North and

SOUTH POLAR EFFORT.

It is an interesting coincidence that the scheme of Antarctic work prepared by Dr. John Murray is practically identical with that of Dr. F. A. Cook, both of which were published on the same day. While the details of Dr. Cook's project were being put into type in the Sun office, the scheme of Dr. Murray reached us by cable. Dr. Cook's fitness was well tested in his Arctic campaign with Peary, and no one who knows the details of the good, thorough service he rendered in North Greenland has any doubt that the right man is at the head of the South Polar project he has now on foot. He is to be congratulated upon the prospect, which seems certain now, that no one, sooner than he, will reach that inviting field.

South Africa and the Radicals.

Labouchere and some others of the Radicals in London have been condemning the East African Company in protesting their property from Lobenguela. In connection with the discussion which has been the result of Labouchere's criticism, the London Spectator in a recent article said:—Is it genuine love for others, or only distrust in ourselves, which has revived the discussion as to the lawfulness of conquest? Certainly, it is not knowledge of the history of progress in the world, which is inseparably allied with the history of conquering tribes. Conquest alone has secured for civilized manhood the vast territories comprised in the two Americas; and it is in conquest alone that there is any hope of terminating the savagery of Africa, where races left to self-government for ages, in regions superabundantly fertile, have positively retrograded, and are now distinctly more degraded than many of the savages of Polynesia. The most cruel conquest recorded in history, that of the Canaanites by an Arab tribe, saved for the world its only beneficial creed; and the double conquest of Britain by two sets of Norsemen enabled the Anglo-Saxon to take his vivifying place in the history of mankind. The evidence which proves that the conquest of the inferior races by the superior has been beneficial either to them or the world at large is irresistible, and in all who know history, wakes in them a doubt whether assaults upon the system can be either well informed or sincere. It is certain, however, that they are often both, and that many, whose intelligence is as undoubted as their motives, seriously question whether the new effort of the whites to conquer Africa, which is now going on from all parts of the Continent at once, is anything better than a huge dacoity, an effort to steal vast resources which properly do not belong to the conquering people. No such act, they assert, is compatible with Christianity; and though God, in His beneficial Providence, may utilize such a crime for good, still, it is a crime of which decent people who believe their creed should repent in sackcloth and ashes. This view is unusual on the Continent, even among the pious, and is unknown in America; but we are sure we do not misrepresent in the least degree either the religious Radicals or the Semi-Socialists of our own country. We cannot but think that, with the exception of a minute section, they are entirely mistaken. Without that section, which denies the right of making war under all circumstances, we have no quarrel, nor any common ground upon which it is possible to argue. They think that Christ forbade war, and taught non-resistance even in extreme cases; and, if He did, the question for us, at least, ends, and we yield to a wisdom which transcends reason, and is directed towards ends of which we have no conception. For the very few who are consistent in this faith, and who would abolish policemen equally with soldiery, trusting for defense or reparation only to supernatural power, we have the highest respect; or, in the few cases where faith and action are beyond all doubt united, a kind of reverence such as Arabs feel for the insane. We cannot, however, agree with them in the least; and holding that Christ, in rejecting all counsels of insurrection against Caesar, declared conquest lawful, and that war may be a legitimate exercise of human faculties, we are wholly unable to see that war for the conquest of barbarians is a specially bad kind of war. On the contrary, it seems to us the best, far better than the wars for points of honour or fractions of territory which Europe has been accounted to wage. The world really gains by the new wars immensely, and the white peoples, in taking up, as they have done, a responsibility for the world, are bound to see that their wars, like their other acts, push it a step farther towards their best ideal. If they can do that, and will do that, they have, we conceive, a right to conquer Africa, which without them will remain for the next three thousand years, as it has remained for the last three thousand, a wilderness in which man has been, on the whole, the most savage and useless of the wild beasts. They have a right, with provocation, or without it, to introduce order, and to use all force which they honestly believe to be necessary to that end. That the exercise of this force involves slaughter is no more to be regretted than that all discipline involves the infliction of pain.

Beavers as Pets.

An animal which makes a most agreeable pet, but is rarely tamed on account of its fur value, is the North American beaver. A well-known Indian trader, some years ago, tamed several of these hard working fellows, so that they answered to their names and followed like a dog. In cold weather they were kept in the sitting room, and were constant companions of the women and children. When the Indians were absent for any great time the beavers showed great uneasiness, and on their return displayed equal signs of pleasure by fondling them, crawling into their laps, lying on their backs like a squirrel, and behaving like children in the presence of parents whom they seldom see. In their wild state beavers feed on bark and herbage chiefly, but in this case they fed for the most part on rice, plum pudding, partridge and venison, and they liked all of them extremely.

Dimling (telling his story)—"Well, sir, when I reached the river the last ferryboat was gone. I could see it approaching the other side. So I sat down to think it over." Totling (with deep interest)—"And did you succeed in getting it back by that method?"

RECURRENT DREAMS.

Some Wonderful Instances.

The Vision of the Dead—Driven Abroad by a Dream.

Recently a number of wonderful instances of the recurrence of dreams have been brought to my notice. It is no unusual thing for a person to dream the same dream with some modifications twice, but when the vision is repeated, exactly the same in every minute detail, as many as ten times in a year, it becomes an interesting problem. A friend avers he is haunted—yes, haunted—by a dream, which persists in recurring to him sometimes as often as twice in one month. He says he never goes to sleep at night without the terror of having to pass through the horrible experiences of this vision. During the day he is unable to shake off the impression made by it, so that waking or sleeping the terror is always with him. The mere fact of a dream recurring ten times is most extraordinary, but besides this one has other peculiar features which make it all the more interesting. About a year ago the gentleman to whom I refer awoke suddenly and found himself in a profuse cold perspiration, with his heart thumping away as if he had been exercising violently. He collected his thoughts and found the cause to be a horrible dream, which he remembered vividly.

THE DREAD VISION OF THE DEAD FOREST.

In his dream he thought he was walking through a forest of leafless trees. The chilly air and impressive stillness peculiar to a heavy overgrown wood were made deathlike by the absence of life on all sides. No songs of birds nor chirps of insects could be heard, and the twigs which were scattered on the brown, dry grass, crackled in an unearthly manner as the lone traveler walked along. My friend said the surroundings gave him the impression that something terrible was going to happen, but he could not turn back, seeming impelled by some unseen force to pursue his path. At last he came to a brook, whose banks were so sloping that they could almost be called hills. As he stood there his gaze was attracted by the figure of something coming down the slope in the distance, which seemed to be making its way toward him. As it drew nearer he saw that it was a man. From his first sight of the figure he was seized with an awful terror, which seemed to grow more and more intense as the man came nearer. On the figure coming closer, he could see the face of the man in the twilight of the shaded wood, but not distinctly. What a face it was! It had the pallor of death, and the eyes seemed to lack the fire of life. Still the man came on, and the watcher's heart beat faster and faster. Finally, with a light spring, the figure leaped across the brook and stood right before my friend, who then, to his horror, saw his own face—dead, not a sign of life visible; the eyes glassy and expressionless, and the color of the flesh as marble! Then the horror of the situation awakened him, and he found himself in the condition described above. He slept no more that night, and for a week after he thought about the portents of the awful vision, but finally the remembrance of that terrible night died out. About a month after he had the same dream without a single detail altered, and, peculiarly, it all seemed new to him, he having no recollection while dreaming of ever having seen the vision before. So during the year he has undergone the same experience ten times. No wonder he feels a dread of meeting his dead second self in the lifeless forest.

DRIVEN ABROAD BY A DREAM

A well-known gentleman told me the other day that the recurrence of a dream caused him to give up his business for a year and travel abroad. The dream was not so horrible as the one just described, but it sufficed to make a complete nervous wreck of the man to whom it came. He was in the habit of dreaming that a ruffian with a drawn knife was chasing him about, trying to assassinate him. It recurred about once a week with some variation, and try what he would, he was unable to part with his vision of the assassin. Finally he arranged his business and left for Europe, where he spent a year. It was toward the end of his visit that he met an old German woman to whom he related his story. She told him the next time the dream occurred to seize the would-be assassin and he would never appear again. The dreamer tried this. He saw and caught the fellow's hand and it seemed to dissolve while he held it. From that day to this the vision has never haunted him.

A HAUNTED PIANO.

Another remarkable instance of the persistent repetition of dreams is found in the experience of a young lady. About once a month she dreams that after spending some time in making her toilet, during which she always dresses in her finest gown, she enters a carriage which is in waiting at the front door of her home. After a short drive up a steep hill the carriage stops and the door is opened. She sees no person about, but intuitively enters the cottage which stands before her. There she sees a certain room in which there is a large concert piano. She sits down and begins to play, but upon striking a certain chord her fingers become, as it were, glued to the keys and she is unable to raise them. Then slowly as she is held there a trap in the piano raises and the severed head of a man comes out, when terror-stricken the dreamer awakes. This dream differs from the others in that while dreaming the young lady has the knowledge of the actions that are about to take place, remembering them from the former visions, but considering them as realities. She says that she knows the chord which is open sesame to the horrible trap, and when she seats herself at the piano in her dream she endeavors to avoid it. But try as she will the harmony always resolves itself into the fated chord and she must see the terrible vision.

ATTENDING ONE'S OWN FUNERAL.

A gentleman told me he has attended his own funeral a number of times in his dreams. He laughingly remarked, if experience had anything to do with it that he was better qualified to superintend the arrangements for his own funeral than any undertaker that might be called. On five different occasions this gentleman has dreamed that he was taking part in his own funeral services, singing hymns and answering "amens" to the prayers. The services are always the same, the hymns sung and the prayers repeated never differ-

ing. A certain peculiarity of the casket in which his remains are supposed to lie has been noted in each dream as being identical. The dream is so vivid that the man has noticed the streets passed over in going to the cemetery, and they have always been the same. He says he invariably awakens just as the handful of earth is thrown upon the coffin, the hollow noise seeming to cause him to come to his senses in a second.

NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERMEN.

A Struggle For Life by the Hardest of Men and Women.

Three kinds of fishery engage the attention of the Newfoundlanders—the shore fishery, the floating fishery on the banks or far northward, and the fishery "down on the Labrador." Each has characteristic features, but all aim at the same prey—codfish. All other fish, except it be salmon, the Newfoundland fisherman despises. Cod is money; all other fish is simply fish.

The shore fishery is carried on from the outports or from tilts on lonely islands. A feature of every Newfoundland outport is the long line of flakes, great tables upon which the split and salted fish are laid out to dry. Owing to the steep shores these flakes are much higher than those we see on the New England and New Brunswick shores, and often rise in tiers. In places like Logie Bay, a picturesque fishing village not far from St. John's, the rocks are so high and sheer that it is necessary to pass the fish from tier to tier on long pitchforks.

Even in those outports which are fairly well settled the conditions of living are deplorable enough, but the people have at least each other's company. On the islands, however, the misery of isolation is added to the pangs of hunger. There will be, perhaps, one hut on an island, and the long winters pass without schools, churches or human communication of any kind.

"The struggle for life," to quote the words of Rev. Mr. Flynn, of Little Bay, who is thoroughly familiar with the subject from personal observation, "is so great that it demoralizes those engaged in it." The normal condition of these people is to be everlastingly in debt. A shore fisherman's average season's catch is from ten to twenty quintals, worth perhaps \$40, and he must carry through the winter on a barrel or two of herring and what flour and molasses he can obtain in exchange for his fish. A few of the more fortunate can secure a small supply of potatoes. Some of the more enterprising go into the woods to build themselves a winter hut, and saw boards, which they take to the supply man in part payment for the summer supplies.

Much of this distress, I think, due to the fisherman's lack of resources. He can fish, but he can do little else. If he could turn his hand to agriculture he might at least partially solve the problem of food, which is constantly presented to him. Agriculture is not an easy matter in Newfoundland, as any one who has coasted along its rugged shores can realize. But among the rocks are patches of soil, and in the interior broad acres which could be turned to account. The fisherman could at least raise vegetables for his own table. Yet one rarely sees the green of the garden. There are so many picturesque features about the Newfoundland and Labrador fishery that the casual tourist can not realize the misery that lies beneath this superficial attractiveness. The bold and deeply indented shores, the numerous rocky islands, the glittering spray dashing high into the air as the billows roll up against the iron-bound shores, the stanch fishing craft, the great hulking fishermen and the women busy at the flakes—all these combine to impress the traveler with the picturesque quality of the scene and to endow the fishery with those romantic attributes which seem to belong to life on the ocean.

All this is, however, superficial. Even the men and women have not the stamina which might be expected from their muscular development. Big as they are, physically speaking, their faces usually show traces of suffering. A fisherman's life "down on the Labrador" is one of continuous toil, with precious little reward. There are but few permanent residents in this desolate land—not more than 4000, it is said—of whom about 2000 are Esquimaux. But some 20,000 Newfoundland fishermen cross the Straits of Bell Isle every summer and take up a temporary abode in Labrador.

Superficially looked at, the scenes about a Labrador fishing stage are pleasant enough. One sees dapper little "gashers" with their reddish sails scurrying along and sending the spray flying from their bows; the heavier "jacks" or "bullies" plowing more laboriously through the waves; a schooner at anchor, her nets hung from her spars to dry, belling and crinkling in the wind with ever-changing lights and shadows on their weather-stained meshes; heavy barges rowing slowly along shore, while the fisherman in the bow thrusts his submarine glass into the water and peers through it hoping for a "good sight of fish on the bottom," and, above all, on the rocky point jutting further out to sea, the flag of the merchant who owns the "room" fluttering in the breeze.

But the undercurrent of toil and suffering is always there—women sawing and chopping wood, men, large of frame, but with dark circles under their eyes and lines that tell of privation in their faces, mending nets, returning from fishing or about setting out to fish; the usual sod-covered huts and scores of lean, starved and treacherous looking dogs—half Esquimaux—prowling about the place snapping at each other, snarling and yelping.

During the long winter, when, as often happens, only one rounteik (dog sled) mail can get through overland from Quebec, and when news of Battle Harbor will perhaps not reach Newfoundland much before June, the parson and his wife do their best to improve the condition of the people. There is a public sewing-machine, and when oil gets scarce the women meet and sew at the parsonage, so that one lamp may do service for many.

There is even a semblance of Christmas keeping in this dreary rock-bound harbor, the men, when they are unable to cut a fire tree because of the deep snow and ice, cutting boughs and making an imitation tree of them.

Actress—"You are a divorce lawyer, I understand." Lawyer—"Yes, madam; I secure divorces without publicity." Actress—"In that case, I'm in the wrong office. Good day, sir."

THE QUEEN'S NAVY.

Britain's Naval Supremacy.

A Frenchman Says It is an Evil to be Met Wherever Found.

A London cablegram announces that the Administration has decided to expend £4,500,000 per annum on the navy. Twenty-two million dollars is a good round sum, and well laid out, it should in a few years increase British power on the sea very materially. For some time there has been a vigorous agitation on foot looking to additions to the strength of the navy. The movement at first was largely conducted by naval officers, and although important, it attracted less attention than it deserved. Recent events have transferred the discussion from the official class to the public press and the people. One of these was the visit of

THE RUSSIAN FLEET

to Toulon, and the plain intimation that that Russia and France had entered into an alliance under which in future troubles, the two countries would operate harmoniously. A second was a description of Toulon in the London Times. France has been augmenting her naval strength of late, but not until a month ago did she allow foreigners to know what she was doing. The English journalist who went through the Toulon dockyard was astonished at what he saw. He discovered their numerous vessels on the stocks, and all the machinery for rapid construction in case of emergency. The place, moreover, was strongly fortified. A third event which awakened Great Britain was the placing of a powerful Russian squadron in the Mediterranean. France has a stronger fleet in that sea than England has, but with Russia thrown in the combined powers are practically invincible. It is generally conceded that unless Britain is sufficiently powerful at sea to defend her commerce her Empire is gone. Many people, indeed, hold that she should be in a position to cope with any two European powers that may combine against her. On the latter point expert testimony is furnished, but the former makes itself plain to all thinking persons. The

TRADE OF GREAT BRITAIN

is the trade of the world. She must buy raw material abroad and send it out manufactured and ready for use, else her millions and millions elsewhere cannot live. She must also purchase her food supplies from over the sea. In the case of hostilities her business must not be for a moment suspended. A slight check to it would bring on precisely such horrors as presented themselves during the cotton famine. There is therefore a double danger when war comes. First, there is the risk that possessions may be lost, and secondly the possibility that traffic which is the life of home industry, may be stayed. Nobody can contemplate the results of an interference with British trade with equanimity. Such a calamity would strike us severely, and it would be equally hurtful, and perhaps more so, to our neighbors of the United States. Both countries on this North American continent are engaged in producing food that is

CARRIED IN BRITISH SHIPS

to British mouths. A grave responsibility, not only to Great Britain, but to the world at large, therefore rests upon the Imperial authorities. To them the world looks for the continuance of business uninterrupted by European complications. The attitude of the French towards Great Britain is unhappily not reassuring. M. Deloncle, one of the French Deputies, recently delivered a speech at Marseilles in which he declared that British naval supremacy was an evil to be met first on the Mediterranean, and afterwards wherever found. An obvious effort has been made to destroy it on the sea mentioned. France, as already observed, now boasts an aggregation of warships there that is fully twice as potent as that which England has. Yet there the British must at all hazards maintain their power lest the short route to the East should be blocked. We are possibly not much interested in European quarrels; but we are concerned in the freedom of traffic. That freedom cannot be looked for long if jealous competitors find themselves, as they possibly hope to do, strong enough to overpower the British naval forces. Therefore the augmentation of the strength of Britain on the sea is a matter of some moment, and all of us must be inclined to say "more power to the Queen's navy."

Lord Dunsen is being feasted in England for his plucky efforts to win the trophy which United States yachtsmen have in the past so successfully defended. Meanwhile the Yankier is saugly stowed away for another effort to win the American cup next year. Its opponent, too, the Vigilant, is held in reserve in anticipation of a second challenge from Lord Dunsen. In the last race the English yacht was at a disadvantage because its spread of canvas was too small. In the next contest the mistake will be remedied. Lord Dunsen, who is an Irishman, has sufficient English in him not to know when he is beaten.

THE QUEEN'S HEALTH.

It is Said to be Falling Noticeably and Causing Anxiety at Court.

A London special says:—The Queen's health has grown feeble recently. She has no specific complaint, yet is reported to be failing so noticeably as to cause considerable anxiety at Court. Her lameness has become more pronounced, and her general appearance suggests radical debility. On Monday she will go to Osbourne, where she will remain until February. Subsequently she will pass a month at Windsor. She will start for Florence late in March. In May she will visit the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg-Gotha (Duke of Edinburgh), and while in Cobourg will meet a whole group of her descendants, as well as the German Emperor

"John, dear," said a Toronto woman, "I wish you would get me a horse and bring him." "Great Scott, Jane! Didn't I tell you we had to economize?" "Yes, that's why I want the brougham. Think of the car fare I'd save."

"Ebby man's ideal woman," says Brother Gardner, "is one who would believe he caught whales in the river of he told her so. No matter how welcome a guest is, the hostess always looks a little dismayed if she brings a trunk instead of a valise."