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### Christmas Bells.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,  
The belfries of all Christendom  
Had rolled along  
The unbroken song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till ringing, singing, on its way,  
The world revolved from night to day,  
A voice, a chime,  
A chant sublime,  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

But in despair I bowed my head—  
"There is no peace on earth," I said;  
"For hate is strong  
And mocks the song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men."

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,  
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep!  
The right prevail,  
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

### MY CONJUNCTION WITH TAURUS.

Gibraltar was at its gayest and hottest, —gay beyond precedent, because a princess of the Spanish blood-royal had deigned to visit the fortress for the first time since that bitter day for Spain when the key to the Mediterranean was snatched from her grasp by English enterprise and valor,—hotter than usual for the sufficient reason that this true story opens in the month of August, 184—; and if my travelled readers have discovered in their wanderings any place, in or out of the tropics, hotter than Gibraltar during that month, I can only say their experience differs from mine.

The Duke and Duchess of Montpensier were honored guests of the Governor at the Convent; and the usual festivities of dinners, balls, reviews of troops in the neutral ground, and a picnic—no, royal personages do not picnic—a "dèjeuner" in the cork wood had been faithfully accomplished. His Royal Highness had been duly conducted over the forts, through all the wonderful network of passages and casemates, and in accordance with the excessively open-handed English custom of our authorities on similar occasions, permitted with all his suite to note every strong and weak point in the fortress. The only denizens of Gibraltar who scorned to pay attention to the distinguished visitors, and who resolutely refused to attend the levées, or even to be seen on the Alameda, although at other times their tailless forms were frequently discoverable amongst the trees, were the apes. Possibly they had retreated down the cave and through the legendary passage under the Straits to the old homes of their forefathers in the Barbary mountains. Anyhow, it was felt as a grievance; the apes had been granted brevet rank as lions, and why could they not show themselves when wanted?

One object of interest yet remained unseen—the cave mentioned above, the inmost recesses of which were to be explored on this the last day of the royal visit. Sappers and miners were in readiness with short ladders to assist in the various descents, torches and candles, blue-lights and port-fires innumerable, were provided; and, in the words of Captain Dashwood, the aide-de-camp in special charge of these proceedings, "The whole would conclude with a magnificent display of fireworks, illuminating with terrific glare yet tender radiance the cavernous depths and Titanic proportions of this awe-inspiring marvel of nature, and forming a scene unsurpassed in the habitable or uninhabitable globe."

Due honor having been paid to this great lion of the Rock, a farewell dinner at the Convent, followed by a ball, would terminate the festivities; and early the next morning the royal guests were to depart under a final salute, leaving his Excellency the wearied-out Governor and all the dignitaries, civil and military, whom the perpetual excitement and hot sun of the last week had well-nigh killed, to well-earned repose.

In the days we write of, tunics as yet were not; the army was still resplendent in the glory of coats surmounted by glittering epaulettes, a distinction now confined to the service afloat. Long may it be ere naval officers are deprived of their present uniform and Prussianised, notwithstanding the many efforts made in that direction. Rumors avert that the Admiralty tailor once received orders, originally emanating from royalty, to prepare a pattern tunic for the Navy; and that, on the garment being completed, Sartor appeared in the august presence as a lay figure to show off its graces. Happily the unsuitableness of the dress became then too apparent for its adoption to be risked, and the idea was reluctantly abandoned.

During the gaieties I have chronicled,

two blue uniforms were to be seen intermingled with the more brilliant scarlet: one worn by Lieutenant Constant, commanding Her Majesty's ship Orestes; the other owned by myself, a junior officer of the same ship, and by my rank entitled to one epaulette only. That unhappy single-epaulette! Well do I remember the awkward, one-sided appearance it gave to an officer, conveying to lookers-on the irresistible idea that its fellow had fallen off, and also casting an evil spell on the wearer's eyes, compelling them to glance so continually in its direction, that, in naval phraseology, a "kink in the neck" was frequently the result.

The Orestes was but a small craft with an auxiliary screw, carrying four guns and eighty men; and one young midshipman and the assistant surgeon were my only messmates in the gun-room. Very pleasant days we spent at Gibraltar, varied by an occasional trip to Tangiers, or an ineffectual cruise up the Mediterranean in search of the Riff pirates who infest the coast of Morocco; and who, in fact, had within the last week audaciously plundered an unlucky English merchant vessel which during a calm had drifted too close in shore. We were moored inside the New Mole, not two ship's lengths from the shore, and on this hot afternoon, as the smoke from our cigars curled upwards in the still air, while we leaned over the side lazily watching the government convicts lazily working, it was decided that the glories of the cave, even if equalling Dashwood's glowing description, could not weigh in the scale against the fatigue of the ascent. "No," said Constant, "I shall stay on board until it is time for the ball; and then to-morrow, when the Duchess has departed, we will be off for a cruise after the Arab rascals who boarded that brig." Small Sanford, our only midshipman, at that moment crept up, touching his cap, with his hesitating, "Please, sir, may I go to the ball?" A permission which was graciously accorded.

The ball passed off well, although perhaps the presence of royalty infused a little more quietness—may I say even flatness?—than is generally observable at colonial entertainments, where society is necessarily of a mixed character, so much so that on pursuing your investigations into the social status of "that nice girl" with whom you have just danced, you will probably discover that her papa is the gentleman who sold you the eau de Cologne and box of regalia across his counter that morning. The endless "Sir Roger de Coverley" having at last come to an end, we naval men walked towards our boat in high spirits, little dreaming that one of the three had that night danced his last dance, and that for him henceforth balls should be "never more."

The echoes of the salute to departing royalty the next day had scarce died away, and the smoke from the guns was still hanging around the grim fortress rock, when our anchor was up, and the Orestes under all sail rounding Europa Point. A westerly wind, fresh and glorious, made steam unnecessary, we drew in new life with the breeze which curled the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and with hearts as buoyant as the good old ship herself we began our cruise.

Much to be desired is the life of a naval officer on this station; he enjoys the luxury of yachting without its expense, and his daily routine of duty wards off the tedium and sameness complained of by landsmen who spend many consecutive days at sea. Thus the time passed without note until the day following our departure from Gibraltar, when we sighted that portion of the northern part of Barbary which bears the name of the Riff Coast. Getting steam up, we narrowly inspected every inlet of the rocky shore, coasting along slowly in hopes of discovering traces of the Arab plunderers; but not a vestige of the pirates, men or boats, could be seen; not a lateen-sail dotted the surface of the bay. Disappointed, we proceeded onward towards the Spanish fortress and penal settlement of Melilla, and anchored there for the night.

Shortly after breakfast the next morning the captain's gig was manned, and Constant, taking me with him, left the ship in order to pay the due official visit to the Governor. We soon reached the shore, and on landing were received by an aide-de-camp and other officers with the usual politeness and high-bred courtesy of the Spaniard. One accomplishment the Spanish officer possessed in common with ourselves—a smattering of bad French conversation on both sides being greatly aided by explanatory gestures. Accepting gladly an invitation to walk round the place and inspect the fortifications, we followed our new friends up the steep ascent leading from the seagate. The Spanish flag flying at Melilla, is

hated as much by the Moors as the English ensign which floats over Gibraltar is detested by the Spaniards, and many unsuccessful attempts have been made to drive the Christian invaders into the sea. At the present time there was peace between the two nations; but nevertheless no wandering son of the desert passed within sight of the fort without feeling it his duty to conceal himself behind a sand hillock and take a "pot-shot" from his long barrel at any infidel head which might be visible above the walls, a proceeding that naturally caused a bright look-out to be kept by the Spaniards on the land side. We noticed that the sentry on the most exposed post was provided with a telescope to enable him to sweep the horizon in search of these lurking foes. As we came up, the officers questioned this soldier as to there being any Moors then in sight; he replied in the negative; we turned away, and were passing on, when a puff of white smoke on the desert shore attracted our attention, at the same moment the sentry fell heavily to the ground, dead, with a ball through his brain. His slayer was visible, running with wonderful quickness inland, and was soon out of reach of the hasty and ill-directed fire of musketry which his daring act drew from the garrison.

Saddened by this occurrence we left the spot and came next to a large open "plaza" in front of the barracks and the Governor's house. Here was collected a crowd of soldiers round a magnificent black bull, which had been brought in that morning by the Moors, and was now waiting an opportunity of conveyance to Spain, to become the monarch of the arena at the approaching bull-fights at Madrid. Joining the group, we gazed with admiration on the perfect proportions of the noble brute, as with vast strength he pulled and strained at the thick ropes that bound him to an iron ring fastened deep in the ground. The presence of so many spectators excited him to redoubled fury, and it was impossible to think without a thrill of the consequences should the cords at length give way.

Scarcely had the idea time to form itself in our minds before we saw it realised. With the ineffectual and broken fastenings hanging about his neck, the bull stood confronting his enemies, in entire liberty. Uttering cries of "Guarda el toro!" the spectators recoiled, seeking safety in flight, leaving Constant and myself standing close to the infuriated animal, who now, with a loud bellow, charged full upon us. Our only arms were uniform swords, utterly useless in such a conflict, and—well, I may as well confess it at once and without shame—we both fairly turned tail and ran; other chance of escape for the moment there was none. One side of the plaza was open to the sea, and observing a rocky projection, I made for it with the view of placing the rock between me and my pursuer; but, just before reaching the goal, my foot caught in some crevice of the uneven ground, and with a heavy crash I fell prostrate.

Bruised and shattered by the fall, I lay unable to rise even had there been time, but time there was none. Before me was a precipitous descent, at the foot of which the waves were dashing, and behind—close at hand—a foe relentless and hard as the very rock itself. Happily my presence of mind was fully retained, and I resolved to sell life dearly. On came the bull with rushing steps; lessening his speed a moment, he lowered his head and charged directly at me. I contrived to turn round and front him; I felt his hot breath in my face; in another moment his horns would be buried in my side; when, as by sudden inspiration, I saw a chance of escape. Stretching out my arms as he charged, I caught his horns, one in each hand, and thus, with the superhuman strength given by imminent danger, held the animal in my grip. Snorting and bellowing, the furious brute strove to shake off the grasp; with a sudden wrench he tossed his head high in the air, lifting me with him until my feet scarce touched the ground. Twice he did this, the second time throwing me violently to earth, yet still I held on. For some minutes the fearful struggle lasted; face to face I wrestled with my enemy, half-blinded by the foam thrown off from his burning mouth and my own sweat. I was beginning to feel that my power of endurance was lessening and strength failing, when at length I heard the welcome clatter of accoutrements and the sound of many running feet. The Spanish soldiers came up, half a dozen muskets were discharged,—the bull staggered, and fell dead at my feet.

Exhausted though triumphant, I attempted to rise, but without success; and discovered for the first time that I had not escaped unwounded from the fight, one of my legs being severely fractured and covered with blood. A party of men

speedily carried me to the Governor's residence, and all requisite immediate attention having been paid by the army surgeons, Constant had me conveyed carefully on board, and we steamed away for Gibraltar.

Of the subsequent months spent in sick-quarters at the Rock—of the amputation eventually endured—it were needless to write. The tedium of a lengthened convalescence was softened and rendered easy by the unwearied kindness of many warm-hearted friends. The Admiralty granted me promotion (the second epaulette) as a solace for my loss, and a wooden leg, which had remained in store at Gibraltar since the days of Trafalgar. Other wooden legs have I used and worn out since then, but the original worm-eaten one I still keep as a memento of that hot summer's day in the Mediterranean, when I "took the bull by the horns."

### Carnac, Brittany.

Shadows of the unknown have for ages rested over the pre-historic "borderland" that veils from mortal gaze the early life of man upon this earth. But in these latter days, a new and distinct knowledge has arisen—the scientific study of the remains of pre-historic times. This new science has borne fruitful results; has collected a vast array of interesting facts, and prepared the way for still further results; has dispelled many illusions, and, it must be added, left many questions of the gravest import shrouded in as deep a mystery as ever. The first appearance of man in Europe is a problem that cannot be claimed as one yet satisfactorily solved but from the remains that have been discovered relating to the men who have at some time lived in this speechless past, we are able to determine with accuracy the geologic period in which they lived, the animals, now extinct, with which they shared possession of the earth, and to classify these remains, consisting mainly of abodes for the living, tombs for the dead, temples for worship, implements for use, and ornaments for decoration.

Pre-historic archaeologists have agreed to divide these mysterious times into four great epochs. 1. That the Drift, when man shared the possession of Europe with the mammoth, the cave bear, the woolly-haired rhinoceros, and other extinct animals. This is called the "Palæolithic" period. 2. The latter or Polished Stone Age; a period characterized by beautiful weapons and implements made of flint and other stones, bearing no knowledge of any metal excepting gold, which was sometimes used for ornaments. This is called the "Neolithic" period. 3. The Bronze Age, in which bronze was used for arms and cutting instruments of all kinds. 4. The Iron Age, in which metal had superseded bronze instruments of peace and war; bronze being still used but not for the blades.

These periods are not to be taken always as chronologically successive, for in some countries they have been coeval; and there are parts of the world still under "the stone age."

These pre-historic antiquities are found everywhere, in Europe, Asia, Africa and America; and their aggregate number is enormous. The remains found in connection with them, consisting principally of implements, weapons, and ornaments, are almost countless. In these studies, there is no gradual blending of historic and pre-historic times. The division is sharp and decisive, and the gulf has not yet been bridged. Egypt was highly civilized when her history begins; its origin is lost in the night of time, beyond the ken of historic or monumental record. Assyria daily yields up her clay-cold tablets and books, and by the great advancement of cuneiform decipherment, we are enabled to unfold the history year by year of one of the ancient civilizations nearest to pre-historic borderland. But with the newer branch of study, silent facts, evidences of man in company with other animals than ours, rude drawings of bones, stone weapons of man and spindlewhorls of women, and the dim, but still undisputable history which the hands of nature has written in the caves of pre-historic man, are the only records of the past. How much has nevertheless been done; how great the store of knowledge accumulated is truly surprising! The climatic conditions under which these rude generations lived is fully understood, and of their habits and modes of life we have abundant evidence.

The celebrated monument of Carnac in Morbihan, Brittany, is the most extensive in France, or indeed in Europe. Like Abury and Stonehenge—believed by Sir John Lubbock to have been used as temples—Carnac belongs to the "stone" age. Its present extent give but a very inadequate idea of its original dimensions. There were formerly some twelve thousand of these stones standing in eleven rows, forming ten avenues. The wild

heath on which these stones were placed, has now become nearly all cultivated, great numbers of them have been altogether removed; the church of St. Gorne-lay in the village is said to have been entirely built of these stones, and numberless farmhouses, walls and buildings, bear evidence of the extent to which this ready quarry has been drawn upon by the local Bretons. It is very difficult to distinguish any order in their arrangement now, when such a large number have disappeared, and so many of those remaining have been overthrown, or enclosed by hedges, but a closer inspection would reveal that notwithstanding the huge gaps they must have once stood in regular lines. There are no trilithons, at the Stonehenge.

As in England, popular superstition connects them with the Druids and Druidical worship, though without sufficient reason. Traditions of the strange life and mysterious rites of the Druids are still preserved, and this belief has still an influence by no means effaced from the Breton mind. Pilgrimages are made and stealthy visits paid in the dead of night to certain stones and fountains, in defiance of the prohibition of the priests, and sick cattle are led round and round these sacred spots, in the secrecy of darkness, accompanied by muttered prayers and incantations. The influence of paganism lingered longer in these remote districts than anywhere else, attached as it was to visible objects. The Romish priesthood at length sought to eradicate by engraving their own faith upon the old idolatrous worship, converting the dolmen into a chapel, and surmounting the menhir, or monolith, with a crucifix, a typical example of which is the Pierre du Champ Dolent, near Dol, a very remarkable stone thirty five feet high above the ground, and said to be as many feet below, standing alone in the centre of a large cornfield.

To obtain a comprehensive view of Carnac, the visitor should ascend to the great tumulus of Mont St. Michel, nearer the village (not to be confounded with Mont St. Michel on the Norman coast), from the top of which he may also see the whole of the peninsula of Quiberon washed by the grey sea of this melancholy coast. The tumulus itself is of great extent and sixty-five feet in height to its apex. Some years ago it was opened and found to contain a square chamber, in which there were eleven beautiful jade celt, two large round celt, and twenty-six small petiolite, besides one hundred and ten stone beads and fragments of flint, but no trace of metal.

There is a small hotel at Carnac where the traveller may obtain very substantial fare including such luxuries as oysters in abundance, from beds belonging to the proprietor, at prices absurdly low, and should he sojourn long enough thereat he may probably have to assist in making up his own bill, renewing thereby his lost faith in the simple goodness of such worthy people as *Madame la Matrisse*. The "Pardon" at Carnac takes place in September, when the church of St. Cornely runs over and flows down the street on either side in a long square of bare headed, kneeling worshippers, picturesquely attired.

Perhaps after all, the most impressive thing about Carnac is its mysterious age. There stand the memorial stones, while seasons come and go, century after century. Dumb, motionless, unchangeable, their unconscious endurance seems to rebuke the vain stir and fret that wastes life's little day. Long before the Christian era, ere the Romans came, and built the villas lying in ruins around, some of which have recently been excavated; ere Clovis or Charlemagne; ere Merovingian, Carlovingian, Capet, or Bourbon king, these grey stones stood as they stand to-day, listening to the murmur of the sea as it washes that bay that looks out on the stormy Atlantic.

### Rather Have a Big Diagram.

Essay on "Breath," by a schoolboy who attended a course of lectures in Physiology: "Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our livers and our kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we should die when we sleep. Our breath keeps the life a-going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait till they get outdoors. Boys in a room make carbonic acid. Carbonic acid is more poisonous than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India and carbonic acid got in that black hole and killed nearly every one afore morning. Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeeze the diaphragm. Girls can't run and holler like boys because their diaphragm is squeezed too much. If I was a girl, I'd rather be a boy so I can run and holler and have a good big diagram."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

### Burial Rites of the Arabs.

When a Bedouin dies, the corpse is taken at once out of the tent to a convenient place, washed and shrouded. A bag containing a little corn (called a *sadhadeh*) is placed beside it, and it is immediately buried. As soon as it is placed in the grave, the friends of the deceased beat upon the ground with a stick, recite the Fatehah, and cry out: "Oh, Thou most compassionate! have mercy upon us, oh, gracious God!" They then tap with a small pick-axe at the head of the grave and address the deceased in these words:

"When the twain Green Angels shall question and examine thee, say the feaster makes merry, the wolf prowls, the man's lot is still the same, but I have done with all these things. The side tree is thy aunt, and the palm tree thy mother." Each one then throws a little earth into the grave, exclaiming as he does so, "God have mercy upon thee," and the party adjourns to a feast in the tents of the deceased. Another entertainment is given in honor of his memory after the lapse of four months. When a death occurs in an encampment, the women of the family at once go outside the tents, and taking off their head-dresses, commence a loud and impassioned wailing, which they continue throughout the day.

### An Editor's New Suit.

A Western editor recently appeared in a bran new suit of store clothes, and here is what came of the circumstances. He says: "We have lately got a new suit of clothes, and no man could be more perfectly disguised—we look like a gentleman. Upon first putting them on, we felt like a cat in a strange garret, and for a long time we thought we were swapped off. We went to the house and scared the baby into fits; our wife asked us if we wanted to see Mr. Clark, and told us we would find him at the office; went there, and very soon one of our business men came in with a slip of paper in his hand. He asked if the editor was in; told him we thought not; asked him if he wished to see him particularly; said he wanted to pay that bill; told him we didn't believe he would be in; business man left. Started to the house again; met a couple of ladies; one of them said to the other, 'What handsome stranger is that?' In this dilemma we met a friend and told him who we were, and got him to introduce us to our wife, who is now as proud of us as can be. The next time we get a new suit, we shall let her know beforehand."

### Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

A traveller on a miserable lean steed was hailed by a Yankee, who was hoeing his pumpkins by the roadside—"Hallo! friend," said the farmer, "where are you bound?" "I'm going out to settle in the Western country," replied the other. "Well, get off and straddle this here pumpkin-vine. It will grow and carry you faster than that ere beast."

A worthy young lover once sought for his bride. A dame of the blue-stocking school; "Excuse me, dear sir, but I've vowed," she replied, "That I never would marry a fool!"

"Then think not of wedlock," he answered, "my fair, Your vow was Diana's suggestion, Since none but a fool; it is easy to swear, Would venture to ask you the question!"

### The Heroine of the Schools.

Lift your hat reverently when you pass the teacher of the primary school. She is the great angel of the republic. She takes the bantering fresh from the home nest, full of points and passions—an ungovernable little wretch, whose mother honestly admits that she sends him to school to get rid of him. This lady, who knows her business, takes a whole carload of these little anarchists, one of whom, single-handed and alone, is more than a match for his parents, and at once puts them in a way of being useful and upright citizens. At what expense of toil and patience and soul weariness! Lift your hat to her!—New York Recorder.

### How Diphtheria is Communicated.

Mr. Metcalf, M. P. P., a prominent citizen of Kingston, Ont., has had a very sad experience as the result of the purchase of a horse. Shortly after the horse was brought to his stables the animal took ill and broke out in festering boils about the head and neck. Then his dog took ill, and afterwards a cat. This was followed by the illness of one of his children, when the doctor pronounced the disease to be diphtheria. Two of Mr. Metcalf's children died. This goes to show how the terrible disease is communicated by animal and will explain why the disease some times breaks out in families surrounded by pure atmosphere.