

EDMUND COLLINS' WORK, AS HISTORIAN, JOURNALIST, AND STORY WRITER.

A Former Fredericton Man, Biographer of Sir John A. Macdonald—His Life in Canada and the United States—Some of His Literary Work.

Edmund Collins died in New York city on February 23. He was born in Newfoundland, and during the sixteen years past he achieved distinction as a literary man, not only in this country, but in England, where his historical works especially have made him well known.

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The new "Life of Sir John Macdonald" bearing on the cover the name of G. Mercer Adams, is mainly Collins'. No one, of course, would insinuate that the distinguished historian would wish to take credit for that he did not do, or deprive his predecessor of that which he earned, but the gentleman, having performed scarcely more than the work of an editor, has upon cover, title page, and elsewhere so successfully assumed the credit for whatever is of real value in the work, viz. historical accuracy that the reader is left in serious doubt that the name of Collins is worth mentioning at all in connection therewith.

His next work of importance was Canada Under Lord Lorne, which he wrote under Lord Lorne himself, with whom he cemented a warm, personal friendship that continued after the arrival of Lord Landsdowne at Rideau Hall.

He went to New York about six years ago, conducted the Epoch, Seligman's paper, for the first two years of its existence, and was editor of the Dry Goods Chronicle for a year.

Giving up his editorial work, he devoted himself mainly to the writing of stories, mostly of adventure. He cultivated a style of perfect simplicity, believing that nearly always whatever is worth saying could be told in such a way that a child might understand it.

His early life was spent in Newfoundland and Labrador and those wild northern coasts with their sea birds, rocks and icebergs furnished him with the material and inspiration for his best work. His themes were mostly Canadian, yet in New York he also entered successfully into competition with the best writers upon their own ground.

The deceased writer came from an old English family to which belonged Collins of dictionary fame and Wilkie Collins the novelist. His grandfather was one of the earlier governors of Newfoundland, administering the affairs of the island from the deck of his ship and he was also a cousin of Col. Freymantle of the Coldstream guards and of Sir William Blake, lately governor of Jamaica.

ALL THE WAY FROM BOLIVIA.

What a Former St. John Man Says of the Mining Industry.

PROGRESS goes to a great many out of the way places in the world, and there is nothing surprising in the receipt of a letter from the remote regions of South America. The writer, a former St. John man, started his letter on its journey on Dec. 21, as appears by his mark on the envelope, for the date mark of the first post office it reached is illegible. It reached St. John on Feb. 24. The envelope has no postage stamp, for the reason explained in the letter.

To the Editor of Progress: Some weeks ago I wrote you from Challapata, which letter I trust you have received ere this, more especially as I entrusted it to a Winnipeg post to post for me, as there were no postage stamps procurable there, the fraying system being in vogue, a perquisite of the local postmaster. I am employed here in a silver extraction works, we receive lower grades of silver ore from the Aullagas mine in Colchagua, and our output of Plata Pina tops up about \$30,000 Ameri-gold, sufficient to cover the whole working expenses of the mine and establishment. The Aullagas company are at present paying a dividend of two per cent. monthly on the shares of \$1,000

nominal value, but upon which only some \$60 have been called up. No shares to be got hold of; what few do change hands are valued at \$800, but, of course, subject to balance of call. This is a lovely valley here about 11,000 feet above the level of the sea with something approaching a European vegetation. Potatoes, Indian corn and barley are produced in abundance and I have no doubt but what all sorts of the harder vegetables could be produced in abundance, but the experiment has not been tried yet. There is any quantity of water for irrigation purposes with plenty of fall. We have an eleven stamp mill here besides a revolving stone for grinding. Can dispatch about ten tons of finely pulverized ore in 24 hours. The metals are very docile and we manage to secure about 85 per cent. of the assay of the silver. The expenditure of silver per mart (8 oz.) extracted is about 5 oz. Purpose shortly letting you have a scientific paper on the extraction of silver, also a geological report on the far famed Potosi mountain the mines of which are doing very well just now, their output being about \$10,000 monthly, working expenses \$20,000, surely they ought to declare a dividend soon, but don't buy, this state of things is not going to last, but don't say I said so. Faithfully, FORWARD. Agoma via Macha, Bolivia, Dec. 21, '91.

A LITTLE HEROINE.

Effie Johnson Who Rescued Boyd Kelly From Drowning at Campbellton.

Effie Johnson, the 14-year-old daughter of mechanical foreman Johnson, of the I.C.R., at Campbellton, by her daring and courage in saving the life of a playmate from drowning has made herself the most popular girl in the north shore town.

Little Boyd Kelly was skating on the river, when the ice broke and he found himself in the water. He had gone down



twice before his little playmate saw him, and going to his assistance saved his life at the risk of her own.

In recognition of her noble action the citizens of Campbellton presented her with a fine gold watch, handsomely and suitably engraved. The presentation was made at the residence of her father, by Mayor Alexander, in the presence of a large number of Campbellton's representative people.

Not only in Campbellton was her action appreciated, for when the news spread throughout the provinces, the little heroine received many tributes from admirers in different parts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

A man rode in the elevator car of a big down town building the other day. The boy who boosted the car was ambitious in letters, and had a novel hitched up in front of him. He was not as much skilled as he was ambitious, and like other unlearned men he read painfully and half aloud, keeping at the same time an eye on the floors.

"Flossie," he muttered, "turned upon the baffled inventor her eyes, flashing with indignation, and stamped her foot on the second floor, gents, Quackenbass, Doherty & Casey—on the marble pavement, while her violet eyes flashed fire, and her shapely bosom heaved with—third floor, message parlor, 309, to your right—with wrath. 'Oh, sir,' she said, 'you little rascal with whom—fourth—' you had to deal. I am but a pore—Billings, 608—' pore country girl, little skilled in the ways of—Dr. Williams—the ways of the world, but I know you, catfish, an I defy you.' 'Ah,' cried the baffled fiend, 'you—ninth—shall not thus escape me.' He drew a murderous revolver from his—tenth—and pointed it at the fair creature. At this moment—eleventh—'star's we go. Who do you want to find, sir?'"

"I wanted to get off at the sixth," said the fat passenger. "But that does not make any difference. Does the feller like her?" "I'll see," said the elevator booster, reversing the lever for the down trip. "At this moment the door burst open, and a little active form tore into the room. The girl gave a scream of delight, and with a wild cry of 'Thank God, I am saved!' she fell into the protecting arms of honest John Southern. Here's the sixth."

"Thank you," said the fat man.—Ex.

A Napoleonic Legend. Napoleon was adored by his soldiers. There is an amusing account of an altercation between him and an old soldier, who demanded the Cross of the Legion of Honor because he had once given a melon to General Bonaparte during the frightful heats of the desert. Napoleon thanked him again for his melon but declined to decorate him on that ground. The soldier, in a paroxysm of passion, cried out, "Eh, you count for nothing seven wounds received at the bridge of Arcole, at Lodi, Casting-lione, the Pyramids, St. Jean d'Acre, Austerlitz, Friedland, eleven campaigns in Egypt, Austria, Prussia—"

"Ta, ta, ta," said the Emperor, "how you storm! You ought to have begun with this story, which is worth more than your melon. I make you Chevalier de l'Empire with a dotation of twelve hundred francs. Are you content?" "Sire, I prefer the cross," was the answer.

It was with great difficulty the old soldier was made to understand that the cross went with the title of Chevalier. At last Napoleon took the cross and placed it himself on his breast, and the veteran went away contented.—Temple Bar.

STORIES OF CITY LIFE.

A North End Woman Leaves an Order, and an American Buys Moccasins.

A few days ago a lady of the North End, who is highly esteemed for her beauty, as well as for her amiability, called at a store and left an order for a supply of robes—de-nuit for her husband. In due time they were completed and delivered, but were so small that the unfortunate husband was unable to get his head into them, much less to get them on.

The next afternoon, being over in town, she called at the establishment, and seeing one of the firm, told him of the mistake that had occurred. This gentleman expressed deep regret, and asking her to let them have an old garment as a pattern, promised that a new set would be made and delivered, which would be entirely to her satisfaction.

Accordingly, when she returned home, she went to her husband's wardrobe, and taking out at random one of the garments therein, handed it, without special inspection, to the messenger from the store who had called for it.

Now, it happened that the garment sent as a sample, had, by some means or other, received a bad tear on one sleeve, and the lady in question, being like John Gilpin's wife, of a frugal mind, and not wishing to put new wine into old bottles, or to waste new cloth on an old garment, had cut off that part of the garment commonly known as the tail, using the material so obtained for the purpose of patching the sleeve.

You may doubt the truth of my statement, but it is a fact nevertheless that each of the new garments was a perfect fit in every respect, and made strictly according to sample, even to the cutting off of the tail. The garments were at once returned to be retailed.

The second story makes a well known and genial Prince William street banker and a Union street merchant, who is supposed to sell everything from baskets and clothes to sulphur mineral water.

A few days ago the banker had a visit from a friend, a native of the U. S., and who, during his call, remarked he would like to take home, as a memento of his visit to St. John, a pair of Indian moccasins. So the banker, in the goodness of his heart, said: "I will give you a card to my friend Mr. — on Union street, who has just the article you want; you tell him that I sent you, and show him that card, and he will be sure to give you a special bargain."

The friend set out, and after about an hour's time, again turned up at the banker's. "Well," was the banker's inquiry, "How did you make out?"

"Oh," groaned the visitor, "I haven't got the taste of the stuff out of my mouth yet." "Taste out of your mouth?" was the puzzled inquiry, "Why what taste, I thought you went up to buy a pair of moccasins." "Oh yes; that part of it was all right, your friend was very kind and very hospitable, in fact too much so. He took me into a small back shop that he had there and telling me that he was sorry that he had not any wine to offer me, but that he had something that tasted just as nice, and was far more beneficial, poured me out a big tumbler full of a white and very innocent looking mixture."

"Not knowing the customs of your country, I supposed that the place corresponded somewhat to our drug-store, and that the mixture he handed me was some new cock-tail of native invention. In my simplicity I took the wretched stuff and drank off nearly the whole tumbler full before I realized what the taste of the beastly mess really was."

"Well," was the banker's inquiry, "and what was it?" "Cod liver oil and mineral water!"

ODE OF THE BOLIVAR.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S LATEST.

Seven men from all the world back to port again; Rolling down the Ratcliffe road, drunk and raising Cain; "Give the girls another drink 'fore we sign away, We that took the Bolivar out across the bay."

We put out from Sunderland loaded down with rails. We put back to Sunderland 'cos our cargo shifted; We put out from Sunderland—met the winter gales, Seven days and seven nights off the Start we drifted.

Racketing her rivets loose, smoke stack white as snow; All the deck adrift on deck, half the rails below; Leaking like a lobster pot, steering like a dray; We took the Bolivar, out across the bay."

One by one the lights came up, winked and let us by, Mile by mile we waddled on coal and fo'ose short; Met a blow that laid us down, heard a bulkhead fly, Left the Wolf behind us with a two-foot list to port.

Trailing like a wounded duck, working out her soul, Clanging like a smutty shop after every roll; Just a fanned and a mast lurching through the spray; So we thrashed the Bolivar out across the bay."

Felt her hog and felt her sag; betted when she'd "chuck"; Wondered every time she raced it she'd stand the "chuck"; Heard "seas like drunken men pounding at her strake"; Hoped the Lord "ud keep his thumb on the plumb-line block."

Banged against the iron deck, bilges choked with foam; Flayed and frozen hand and foot, sick of heart and soul; Last we prayed she'd buck herself into Judgment Day; Hi! we cursed the Bolivar knocking round the bay. Oh! her nose flung up to sea, groaning to be still, Up and down and back we went, never time for breath; Then the money paid at Lloyd's caught her in the eye; And the stars ran round and round, dancing at our death.

Aching for an hour's sleep, dozing off between; Heard the rotten rivets draw when she took it green; Watched the compass chase its tail like a cat at play; That was on the Bolivar south across the bay."

Once we saw between the squalls, lying head to tail; I Mad with work and weariness, wishing they was sea; Some damned liner's lights got by like a great hotel, Cleared her from the Bolivar swamping in the sea."

Then a grayback laid us out, then the skipper laughed; "Boys! the wheel has gone to hell, rig the winches ah!" Yoke the kicking tiller head, get her under way." So we steered her puntily-hunt out across the bay."

Seven men from all the world back to town again, Rolling down the Ratcliffe road drunk and raising Cain. Seven men from out of hell—"Ain't the owners gay 'Cause we took the Bolivar safe across the bay." —St. James Budget.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Probably Arnold Winkelreid will be remembered with gratitude long after the name of the sweet singer of Michigan shall have rotted in oblivion. He recognized and stuck to his proper spear. I can think of some men now, even in this age of the world, who could win glory by doing as A. W. did. They could offer themselves up. But the heroes of the present day are different. They are just as courageous, but they take a wheelbarrow and push it from New York to San Francisco, or they eat starve forty days and nights and then eat watermelon and lecture, or they eat 800 snipe in 800 years, or they get an inspiration and kill somebody with it. The heroes of our day do not wear peaked hats and sass tyrants and knock the worm out of an apple at fifty-nine yards rise with a cross-bow, as Tell did, but they know how to be loved by the people and get half the gate money. They are brave, but not mortally. The heroes of our day all die of old age or political malaria.—Bill Nye.

Be virtuous and you will be—eccentric. —Mark Twain.

And yet I am told the Central Americans are a kindly people in the main. I never met but one of them—a Costa-Rican, on board the Arizo. He took his best and gently in mine. I shall never forget his look of gratitude. And the next day he borrowed five dollars of me, shedding tears as he put it into his pocket. —Artemus Ward.

My visions of spring have taken the wing, and are off with the flight of the stork, and the climate today, in a mild sort of way, reminds me of Central New York. For the beautiful snow, as you probably know, has taken this country by storm; and with wonderful thrift it piles dritt upon dritt, in the very worst kind of bad form. The trains are delayed, and my lecture is played, for it's thirteen long miles to Carlisle; and the way it is snowing and drifting and blowing, thirty rods make a pretty long mile. So despairing I wait till the storm shall abate, and some kind of train comes along, when, shorter and fleetier than any shot, meter, I'll cut off the rest of my song. But with portent most dire, still higher and higher, still pile up the drits at the winder; with the roar of a gong the storm sweeps along, and no one seems able to hinder. It's provoking, oh, very; I thought February a season devoted to thaw; but the ground-hog, I guess 'at he just like necessity, knows neither season nor law. For the flakes whirling down I can't see the town; I can't tell the South from the Bend; for all I can see, all the world except me, has suddenly come to an end. It's just my blest luck, in a dritt to get stuck, and I think if I sought the equator, that a snow storm would foller and fill every hollow, with the drits of a 'seventy-eighter.—Robt. J. Burdette.

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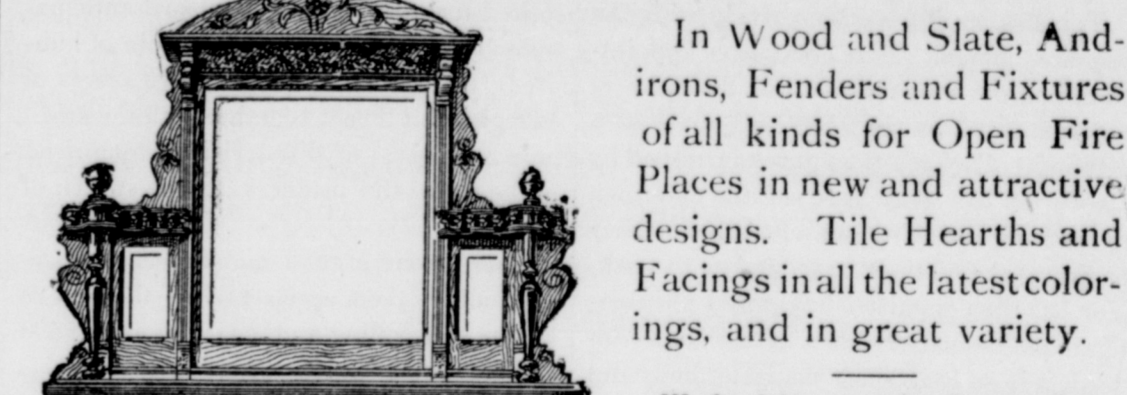
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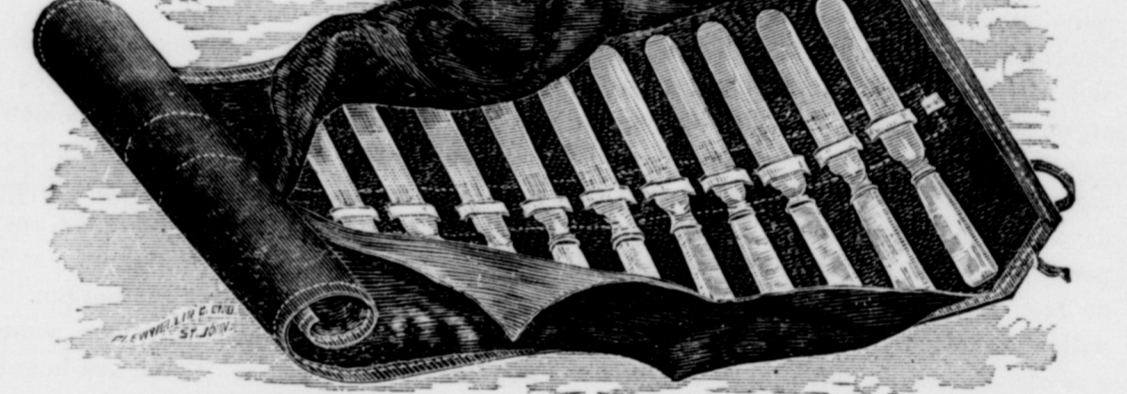
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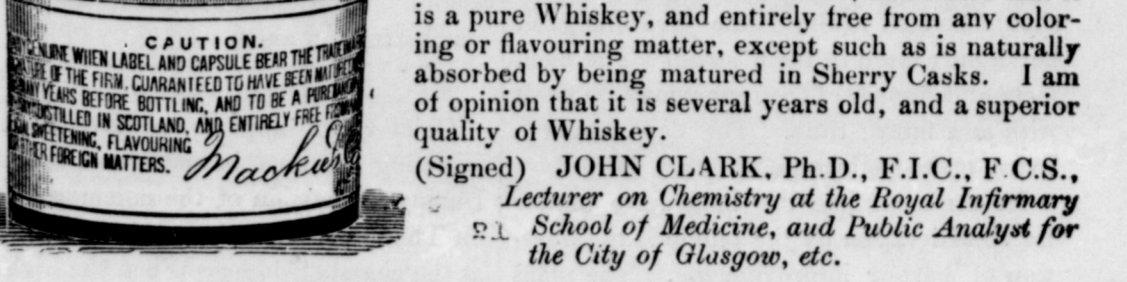
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