

stricken shepherd before the shrine of that horrible wolf's head holding in its teeth the last remains of Medor; and they are united there, speechless and mute, pleased and remorseful, forgetting their past sorrows, forgetting the old friend whose bloody head is present; and their new union, their everlasting communion; witnessed by the meadows, celebrated and repeated in lone songs by the Oread in her mysterious cavern of the rough tumbled mountain; is grafted in both, their spirits before the remains of "Medor," and the numberless sheep 'hat shall tread the spot where they swore love in each other's arms as the signature of their presence at the moment when as Daphni's and Chloe, they whispered the thrilling word "love" in the ecstasy of a first caress.

Petrarch is another poet and sings in another style. The meditation is his forte; there is a fountain near Anig-non that is called "La fontaine de Vaucluse." Its waters are clear, the fluid is fresh and rippling, a speck of dust has never been known to stain its mirror-like surface; a drop of its waters would be changed into a diamond if it touched woman's ears; mysterious voices are heard at night, in the moonlight, upon its violet studded banks and the nightingale shall throw his delicate pearls of melody in your ear when you sit dreaming on the turf borders. The maid and the fawn, the one pursuing the other, shall under Vesper's light enthrall themselves in each other's embrace and Petrarque the poet, takes up his lyre with Apollo dictating, and shall transcribe his song. Laura is his sweetheart, she is a shepherdess, is comely, he has never seen her, but he knows her nevertheless! Nature herself has whispered her name in his ear; Laura is her name. Her bosom is firm and shapely, and a drop of nectar fallen from heaven, of the cup of Ganymed's, upon her alabaster bosom has left there two buds, two jewels which the thought alone in pure and lofty verses can touch without contaminating them. Her eyes are two stars shining through the lonely darkness, her tears, if she shed them, would be glistening diamonds, and her breath, alike the zephyr charms the senses by indescribable perfumes causing to the mind unknown desires.

This is the Laura of Petrarque, and it is a pure one, too; just as pure as the fountain from where his inspiration came; but as the train has just now entered the depot of Marseilles, I must stop my description of Proverbal poetry and let the Felibres alone for some time anyway, while I shall attempt to get rid of the boot-black boys who are beseeching me to have my shoes polished. One cent, mister, one sou. That is the cry uttered by about a hundred of these brats around me as they hang to my coat-tails; however, as I do not wish to make anyone of them jealous, I will wait until I reach the Hotel du Lauvre et de la Paix that has been recommended to me.

The accent in Marseilles is perhaps very musical but I do not care for it. The people here sing always in speaking; they speak much slower than in Paris, and the persons I meet all around are generally darker than in the capital. None of them are any too honest and if they see that you are a stranger, and especially an American, they try to have you pay twice as much, just the same as it is done in New York or Chicago. The men here are regular demons, they have a habit of telling every stranger they meet that Marseilles is the only place, and they are especially

proud of their principal street called "La Cannebiere." They are emphatic in stating that if Paris had a Cannebiere it would be a small Marseilles. Really that street, wherein is located the hotel in which I am stopping, is wide and beautiful, but it cannot at all compare with the boulevards in Paris.

The three ports of Marseilles are each one of them different in style and size. One, the oldest of the three, is called Old Port, and its water is so filthy that when, by chance, a man falls in there, he dies, even if he manages to get out of it, poisoned as he is. Only sailing merchant vessels enter that port, where the small trade is done, especially between Algeria, Corsica, Italy and Sicily and France; as to the other vessels, such as the steamers of transatlantic companies of France, they anchor in the "Port de la Yollette," a very large and beautiful port with long wharves and piers belonging to the different companies of navigation, who transact immense business with India, China, America, and all the world. The storehouses around that port are numerous and superbly built, and all around them thousands of Arabs with brass-looking complexions, swarm, loaded with weights that seem to almost crush them under their weight. The companies employ these olive-colored men in preference to the whites, because they can pay them only half as much and it has often caused fights and strikes, ending most always in prison for those who have started them.

The third port is quite remote, and is really a bay, which receives only the steamers of foreign lands; it is called "The Port of the English," and is the largest of the three. All these ports are defended by strong fortifications, and the principal port there is called "Le Fort Saint Yean." It has stone walls and also earthworks protecting it, so that an attack by sea would be extremely difficult in the respect that before attacking this fort all the others would have to be silenced; and by their position and their modern weapons used with smokeless powder, the position of each respective battery would be hard to locate.

Opposite the "View Fort," at the top of a high mountain, is the statue of Notre Dame de la Garde, or the "Guarding Virgin Mary," and it is there that the sailors, miraculously rescued from the wharves, bring their "ex-voto," in the shape of small sheets of white marble, upon which is written the story of their vow, thus: X. Y.—saved from the waves, expresses his gratitude to God.

The funny part of it is that the size of the piece of marble varies according to the size of the danger they have avoided.

Another queer custom of the stylish people at Marseilles is to go along the "Vieux port" in the different restaurants, which are numerous there, and eat oysters, raw generally; but I cannot imagine why they select this unwholesome spot! The water of the Old Port is oily with dirt and ill-smelling during the summer, so that it would seem impossible for people of the aristocracy to repair to these cholera-giving banks; nevertheless they do not seem to know it, and come there every evening to take their evening walk and indulge in an occasional snuff brought by the night breeze from the rotten and poisoned water.

Marseilles is composed of two ports; the old Marseilles and the new Marseilles. The new Marseilles is the only clear port of the city, the old port being exceedingly filthy and inhabited only by the scum of the population.

Last week I had intended not to stop in Marseilles, because I wanted to be present for a capital execution of an Arab at Algiers, but as the execution has been postponed for two weeks, I

shall remain during that time in Marseilles and enjoy the sights, as we Americans say. JULES CAMBON.

THE CRUEL PAST.

Perhaps it would be well if the convict's life on board the transports were passed by in silence. Everyone must loathe the recital of its worst features. They are presented in sufficient strength in Marcus Clarke's "For the Term of His Natural Life," and I shall only touch lightly on this phase of the convict drama.

The work of carrying convicts to their destination was entrusted to contractors who received 6d. (12c.) per day for their food, besides a tonnage rate. This had no doubt something to do with the length of the voyages (some of them lasting fifteen months) and perhaps with the number of those who died on the way out. Regarding this latter part I offer the following. Dr. White, a colonial surgeon who came out in the early days, says in 1790: "Of the 939 males sent out by the last ships, 26 died on board and 50 have died since landing, and the number of sick this day is 450, and many who are not reckoned as sick have barely strength to help themselves; when the last ships arrived we had not 60 people sick in the colony." One hundred and sixty-four convicts died on one ship alone. It is stated that during the first eight years of settlement upwards of one-tenth of the convicts died on the voyage. It could not well be otherwise when crowds of convicts were thrown into holds with little or no ventilation or supervision. The cat o'nine tails and the irons were the means taken to enforce order. The greed of the contractors and the carelessness of the government allowed far too many convicts to each ship. They were herded together with no comforts. Brutality was shown them on every hand. They were often flogged into mutiny and out of it at the caprice of a drunken skipper. Small wonder if many of them preferred the maw of a hungry shark to the terrors of a convict ship. It is stated that one captain fired volleys into the hold of his ship "in expostulation with the convicts there confined." "But in the end," says a writer, "a fair proportion of this hazardous colonizing material reached Australia."

It is calculated that 50,000 convicts left British ports for Botany Bay during the fifty years that transportation lasted. Many of that number who descended into the convict's holds in British ports never saw sea or sky until the ships entered Port Jackson. I shall pass over a description of the floggings they received on board, sometimes it is stated only to afford diversion to the soldiers who seemed to like their inhuman work. Some of the convicts, it is said, made the whole trip in irons. One cannot wonder Dr. White found things so bad when he visited the ships as soon as they got to Sydney. Here is what he found: "A great number of them were lying, some half and others quite naked, without either bed or bedding, unable to turn or help themselves. The smell was so offensive that I could hardly bear it. Some of these unhappy people died after the ship came into the harbor, before they could be taken on shore. Part of these had been thrown into the harbor, and their dead bodies cast upon the shore." A sad sight surely to greet new arrivals. The aborigines would care for the dead. But these men, it would seem, had no respect for the dead, and the convicts were soon to have none for the living.