

MORTALITY OF BRITISH WORKMEN.

We are a great people, and sometimes, in the vein of the patriotic citizen of Eden, we require to be "cracked up." But our might and our magnificence are not without their dark side. It is an ungracious and a silly office to play the part of the Solomon Eagles, who run about crying, "Woe! woe!" at every evidence that we are not a perfect people. We had better look at our fairer aspects. If we do so we shall have all reason to feel proud of ourselves, of our wealth, vaster than was ever known in the realm of Pharaoh or of Caesar; of our civilization, which has spread light in the heathen places of the globe; of our power, which is worthy of our empire—

That, wide as earth, and like the solar ray,
Girdles it round with an eternal day.

Taking it at its worst—and at its worst, we freely take it—British brag is at least as excusable as French *blague* or Yankee spread-eagleism. The most lamentable weakness about Britannia is her imitation of Mrs. Jellaby. She is too much given to fretting about the wretched natives of Borioboolagah, and slightly overlooking the miserable condition of many of her own people. But in this respect Great Britain is certainly not more indifferent than the most advanced among Christian States. Moreover, the philanthropists who are perpetually bemoaning the awful contrasts of riches and poverty, of propriety and vice, which present themselves among us, never put forward a practical plan for the assimilation of our worse to our better social phases. They have no feasible scheme to propose. All the dreamers from Plato, with the model Republic, to Ruskin with his model parish; all the Utopists, from Moore and his city of Amaurote, to Richardson and his city of Hygeia, can never eliminate certain undesirable elements from their communities. Dives and Lazarus were and will be. Bill Sykes is as inevitable a factor as the Archbishop of Canterbury. All the State can do will not stifle the passions, and it will take the State generations yet to alter the habits of the multitude. Unhappily there are in our midst things which are well calculated to give us pause. All that we have attained and that we are has been reached by the indomitable energy, the resource, the ingenuity, and the industry of our people. We have paid dearly to arrive where we are, we pay a costly price to maintain ourselves there. Some of our most valuable workers are, it is plain, giving their lives to uphold the magnificent structure of the national greatness. And this sacrifice is not being exacted in England only. Dr. Purdon, the certifying surgeon of the Belfast Factory district, in his recent report, proves by facts and figures that the death-rate among factory operatives is terribly disproportionate to the mortality among not only the aristocratic, professional, and mercantile classes, but among the artisans and laborers. According to his return only fifteen per cent. of deaths took place in the upper classes, against twenty per cent. among the artisans and laborers, the death-rate rising to the extraordinary height of thirty-five per cent. in the factory class. The mortality was highest in the preparing, reeling, and weaving departments, which are chiefly filled by females. Numbers of these, Dr. Purdon reports, are obliged to leave their homes and families to work for that support their husbands ought to provide. Numbers again being deprived of their bread-winners endeavor by mill and factory work to support their young families. In consequence they are obliged in numberless instances to send their infants during their hours of work to old women who make it their occupation to "take care" of the little ones. The result is an enormous increase in the death-rate among the women hands of this class engaged in factories, and also among the unfortunate infants whom the sore necessity of their poor mothers leaves at the mercy of the careless or crippled old creatures to whose charge they are committed. But as the picture is, it is brighter than that drawn of the Lancashire factory districts, where, in the first place, the employers, with the complicity of their workers, try the most dishonest means to evade the provisions of the Factory Act, and where not only does the mortality among female hands and their young exist as in Belfast, but also depraved morals and evil example and associations ruin the male population while they are yet mere boys. It is said that only the Factory Act can meet this wretched state of things, but the Inspectors have very small hope that legislation as applied will be efficient.—'Irish Times.'

A SAD TALE OF THE SEA.

THE San Francisco papers print a statement made by Captain Nelson, of the British barque *Abbey Cowper*, who says that, on the 3rd of July, when in lat. 37 deg. 10 min. N., long. 167 deg. 35 min. E., sighted a vessel bearing S.S.E., apparently demasted, and with signals flying. Bore down upon her, and sent the chief officer with the second lifeboat, who returned with two men and their effects. Found it to be the Japanese junk *Caki Cuman*, of *Tatsurna*, *Sawgura*, late master, bound from *Hakodadi* to *Yokohama*. The junk left the former port on the 9th of November, 1875, and had been demasted, after which it drifted helplessly about. The master and nine of the crew had died from four to six months ago of scurvy, and the two survivors had salted the sea down in the hold, the stench of which was horrible. They had thrown the cargo of salt fish overboard. The two survivors, *Kaisurva* (mate), and *Tom Fitch* (sailor), were in a desperate condition from scurvy, the former being perfectly black, and entirely helpless; the latter not being so bad, but both very much emaciated, having had nothing but dry rice, what fish they caught, and no water but when it rained, and latterly no fire, having used everything available for burning. The junk was a wreck, her bottom being covered with seaweed and barnacles. The survivors' statement is as follows:— "On the 9th November we sailed from *Hakodadi* to go to *Comichi*, and left the latter on the 12th for *Yokohama*, with a strong south wind. Hove the junk to for four days. On the 16th the wind

changed to the northward, blowing very hard. Wore ship to attempt to get back to *Hakodadi*. As night came on the wind increased, and in a very heavy squall carried away the mast, cut the end of the yard, and fished the mast, but upon making sail the mast again broke and the yard was washed overboard. A sea striking the rudder carried it away also, the wind still blowing in a succession of gales. We were entirely helpless. On the 21st November, the junk making much water, and likely to founder, we came to the determination to throw the cargo (salt fish) overboard, which was accordingly done; and from that date to the 20th of December we drifted about, not knowing whither, when our fresh water and firewood were entirely gone, and then our misery commenced in reality. At the beginning of January, to increase our horrors sickness made its appearance among us in the shape of scurvy. On the 11th January the first death took place—namely, that of *Chogers*, a sailor. On the 14th the captain, *Sawgura*, worn out and dispirited, and whose body had swollen to double its size, expired. On the 23rd another sailor, *Otto Kitchi*, died raving mad, and his body was perfectly black. On the 28th, *Bung Kitchi*, the cook, *Kidorza*, *Skidgre*, and *Taski*, three sailors, died raving mad, and their bodies swollen from drinking salt water. On March 29th, *Thero Kitchi* and *A. Itchi*, two sailors, died raving mad. On the 20th May, *Matoz Tara* died, completing the list of deaths, and leaving us two survivors anticipating a similar death; but, fortunately, on the 24th heavy rain came on, which enabled us to save a small quantity of water as a standby, any previous showers having been so light as never to supply immediate wants. This recruited our strength, and enabled us to move about, and on the 4th of June we had the good fortune to catch fifteen fish, which supplied us with food. On the 2nd of July we replenished our stock of water, and on the 3rd we had the joyful sight of seeing a vessel (the first since sailing), which bore down upon us and took us off our floating tomb, and which proved to be the English barque *Abbey Cowper*, and we were most kindly treated by Captain *Nelson* and the crew, by whose care and attention we were both restored to health.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

"IN her humane efforts to subdue the ferocity, to correct the morals, and to humanise the manners of the European nations, during the earlier portion of the middle ages, the Church had been necessarily drawn into the vortex of European politics; and once drawn in, she was compelled to share in all its dangers, storms and vicissitudes. The papacy had "stooped to conquer;" it had descended from its lofty position of mere spirituality into the arena of worldly affairs, in order to reclaim men from barbarism, and the result was, that to maintain itself in its new relations to society, it had to intermingle in scenes of worldly strife, and to surround itself with worldly consequence. The princes of Europe, who had freely acknowledged and encouraged this political power of the Popes, and who derived from it so many signal advantages, at length became weary of the restraints it imposed on them, and shook off the yoke; and the papacy was then compelled to return to its original position. But, ere it did return, it bore on its body the marks of cruel wounds, received in conflict with the princes of the world. The Great Schism of the West was a severe, but perhaps a necessary lesson. It taught the papacy what it had to expect from that treacherous world which crucified its founder; it threw it back on its primitive resources; it taught it wherein lay its real strength, and the true secret of its vitality and indestructibility.

"The general view of the subject sheds great light on the origin of the Schism. As we have already intimated, to explain the causes which led to it, we must go back for more than seventy years, to the period of the unfortunate controversy between Pope *Boniface VIII.* and *Philip the Fair*, King of France. The circumstances of that unhappy difference are familiar to every reader of Church history; the results which grew out of it are too marked to be easily forgotten. Both of the illustrious disputants no doubt went too far; but we think the impartial will admit, that *Philip* was much more in the wrong than his opponent. Young, ardent, ambitious, and unscrupulous, the French monarch seemed to aim at nothing less than universal empire. He was the Napoleon of his day; and, like Napoleon, he dragged the Pope into captivity. He had embroiled himself in a struggle with England and Aragon; and the consequence was an almost general war throughout Europe.

"*Boniface*, treading in the footsteps of his predecessors, sought to pour oil on the boiling waters; and he offered to mediate between the belligerent sovereigns. He succeeded in bringing about a peace between France and Aragon; and his proffer of mediation between France and England, though at first declined, was at length accepted by the fiery French monarch. His award though very wise and impartial, was, however, contemptuously refused by the ambitious *Philip*; and the war raged on with renewed violence.

"To raise the amount necessary to prosecute the war with vigor, *Philip* imposed most exorbitant taxes on both the clergy and laity of his kingdom; he reduced the church of France to a cruel servitude, and he even went so far as to debase the coin of the kingdom! *Boniface* protested against his iniquitous conduct, in the face of all Europe; he issued bull after bull against him; he waxed stronger and stronger in his denunciations; and finally, he excommunicated *Philip*, and placed France under an interdict. *Philip* treated his menaces and excommunication with contempt, and, though the bold Pontiff more than once evinced a disposition for an accommodation, he spurned all his offers. The states general of France were convened; and *William de Nogaret*, the keeper of the royal seals, was despatched to Rome with a strong protest against the proceedings of the Pope. This unscrupulous envoy seized on the person of *Boniface* at *Anagni*; and one of his attendants, *Sciarra Colonna*, a personal enemy of the Pontiff, is said to