ABOUT CANADA'S RULERS.

PICTURES BY A NEW YORKER IN OTTAWA

A Capital Perched on a Precipice—The Queer Thing they Call the Mace—Business Conducted in Both French and English—The Personal Appearance and Peculiarities of Sir John A. Macdonald, Edward Blake, and Many Other Famous Canadians.

OTTAWA, Feb. 12.—Everybody in Canada is interested in Parliament to-day. The great debate on the proposed loan to the Canadian Pacific Railway is set down for this afternoon. The very words "Canadian Pacific" are sufficient to arouse Parliament to a white heat, and even a prearranged discussion is sure to be lively. The trains to Ottawa are crowded, the hotels are full, every nook in the Dominion is represented in the streets. It will be well to go ahead of the crowd to see the big Parliament Buildings with comfort, and afterward get a seat in the House of Commons gallery.

The Parliament Buildings are, in all probability the most pretentious public buildings on the continent. As they stand with the main edifice in the background, and the eastern block and western block at the sides, at right angles with and in front of the main building, they could just about be got into Washington square. Just at present they rise out of the sheet of sparkling white snow that is spread over all the Dominion, but it is said that in summer they wall in a luxuriant garden of greensward and flowers. But to liken their site to Washington square is not to do justice to it. One must first imagine that park lifted high above the rest of the land and ending in a sheer precipice of rock precisely like the Palisades of the Hudson, reaching straight down 60 or 80 feet to the broad and lumber-burdened surface of the Ottawa River. You get no idea of this in a tour of the buildings. You are aware that you are high in the air, and you look over the wall behind the main building across a district of unsightly lumber heaps into a peaceful country side dotted with farm houses and hamlets, and ending at the blue line of the Laurentian Hills, but you never would dream that if you stepped off the other side of the wall you would fall like a plummet eighty feet down. Facing about, you note that the land slopes gently to the shabby squat city, through the streets of which are running unsightly box sleighs upon which the words "Chaudière Falls" are painted. "The falls rank next to Niagara," say the Canadians. Step into one of these sleighs, and in ten minutes you are on the Suspension Bridge endeavoring to discover in the swollen angry cascade whose fierce brown waters are wrestling against entire conversion into ice, which has already formed half way across the torrent, some faint excuse for the mention of the mighty name Niagara. Turn from the restless view an instant, and you will find that you have had your back toward a scene far more beautiful. It is the view of the palatial Parliament Buildings resting lightly upon the top of a mighty granite wall. The airy spires and graceful towers seem so many points of a crown set by man upon a majestic creation of nature. Being pure Gothic in design, the eye gets no sense of their solidity, and though the biggest building is more than 500 feet long, and the roof is 40 feet high, the upward reaching and finely pointed termination of every line in their make-up forbids the mind to rest upon their bulk. They compare with the new Capitol at Albany as Trinity Church compares with the new Court House.

The material of which these enormous buildings are constructed is Ontario sandstone, a soft creamy pink stone cut in small blocks, and relieved by simple carved ornamentation in Potsdam and Nova Scotia stone. The cost $4,000,000. There are two old cannons from the Crimea at the top of the big flight of stairs up the hillside, and the entrance to the building is surmounted by the British coat of arms in bas relief. There is a square court in the middle of the building, and it divides the Senate from the House. Both sides are alike, except that the carpet in the House is green, while the Senate carpets are red. The woodwork of both interiors is varnished and carved oak. In the lobbies, on one side, are oil paintings of the ex-Speakers, and on the other, paintings of famous Governors-General. The Senate is great men generally. The first thing you see in the building right opposite the main doorway is a life size picture of Lord Dufferin. Dufferin's picture stares at you everywhere you go in Canada. In the library there is a marble bust of Lorne, and there is a marble life sized statue of Victoria, representing her as a weak-minded girl with a simpering expression.

Dufferin said this library was unequaled in the world. There is no public room in the United States to compare with it. It is a big circular hall, unbroken from the marble floor to the high pointed roof. Huge square book-cases, two stories high, reach out toward the centre from the curving wall, and a light, narrow gallery follows their exteriors around the chamber. Every inch of the woodwork—and it is all varnished wood—is carved; and there is room for criticism upon the ground that this is because there is no variety in the carving. It repeats one simple design ten thousand times.

The Senate is not in session. The debate is to be in the House of Commons. The members are lounging about in the lobbies or drinking in one of the cellars. The Senate is said to be the management of the House barroom is not creditable to a nation of heavy drinkers. The only whiskey they have to-day is distillery highwine. The beer, which is what is called ale in the United States, is stale, flat and undrinkable. The Senate caterer seems to be the only man in the trade. His barroom is two New York avenue blocks distant along the lobbies, but better liquors than are served there are not to be had on Broadway. It is boasted that the famous drink, John Collins (called Tom Collins in the United States), was invented here. It is made with gin, plain soda, lemon, and sugar. The Commons bar were not so badly managed the Senate caterer would run the risk of starving, for the Senate does not sit often, has only about 70 members, and has but little public attention bestowed upon it.

The Senators are appointed for life, and about two-thirds of them are said to owe their places directly or indirectly to Sir John Macdonald. While he is at the head of the Government all they have to do is to pass whatever coaches them from his big majority in the House. When Sir John was not Premier five years ago, they had a chance to check the legislation of the House a little, but at any time they need sit only a short time now and then to catch up with and dispose of the work of the Commons. Step into their chamber. It is a model of beauty. It is nearly square, and the spaces between the heavy marble pillars that support the pine-ribbed ground-glass ceiling are open twelve feet above the floor at the roomy galleries with their big stained-glass cathedral windows. Below the galleries panels of frescoed stone fill in the gaps between the columns and enclose the neat and trim array of chairs and desks. There is at the head of the room a dais beneath a royal canopy, and upon this stands a grand carved and sofa-bottomed throne for the Marquis of Lansdowne to sit upon when he opens Parliament or visits it. One throne was enough until Lorne was made Governor, but then, as his wife was a Princess of the blood royal, she had to have one also, and very pretty she used to look, they say, sitting in state in her low-necked and gorgeous dress, by the side of her pale-faced boyish-looking husband. It was only on such occasions that he took precedence of her and ranked her. At the opening of the Senate the fashion and beauty of the land, all in full dress, sit on benches on the floor of the chamber, and the members of the House of Commons, being sent for to hear the address from the throne, rush into the bare and benches further end of the chamber like so many schoolboys, and stand there behind a brass rail, which is bowed a little in the middle to give the Speaker of the Commons a chance to stand one foot ahead of the rest. The leader of the Senate sits on a chair at the foot of the throne.

PARLIAMENT'S IN SESSION.

Bright little boys in black jackets, black knee-breeches, black silk stockings, and long white clerical neckties are running like deer all over the building, dodging in and out of rooms, and notifying the members. The Sergeant-at-Arms in plain black, with a gorgeous sword knocking against his knees, comes from the House chamber, carrying the big gilt mace on his shoulder exactly as if it were a log of wood. He is going to find the Speaker. He could not find the Speaker without that ugly big bulbous thing; in fact, nothing can be done without it. Parliament would not be Parliament, and laws would not be laws, if that was not in sight. The Mace is the visible Presence of royalty. It is the Queen's shadow. It is the Canadian reproduction and reminder of the sceptre of the monarch of Great Britain. It looks like a transcendently big roller, with a knob on one end, a knob in the middle, and at the other end a gilt tomato can with a gilt crown instead of a lid. On the gilt tomato can is a little raised crown above the letters "V. R." The mace weighs ten pounds, and must have cost at least $20. A homelier object could hardly have been bought at any price.

With this at shoulder arms the Sergeant easily finds the Speaker, who has put on a black silk gown, with a big black silk rosette between his shoulders, and a long, broad, black streamer sewed to each elbow, so that when he raises his arms he looks as though he had been obliged to come through a bramble thicket and had torn his clothes. The mace goes ahead, the dapper little Sergeant stands behind it, the Speaker buttons after him, and the Clerk and the French Clerk, each out in exactly the same sort of a black robe as the Speaker's, wave and stream and flutter behind. The Speaker only goes three feet in the room, for at that distance from the door is his throne, under a canopy and heavy curtains, and decked with the Lion and Unicorn represented in their hopeless performance of fighting for the crown. Just in front of the throne on which the Speaker has seated himself are two big, heavy, carved armchairs. Into these the Clerk and the French Clerk, in their waving gowns and streamers, flutter and subside. In front of them is a long green table, on which lies a thin, oblong, green pillow. Upon this table the Sergeant puts the mace with the crown resting on the pillow.

Parliament is now in session. The members are all in their seats, which rise in parallel rows from either side of the passageway, where the table and the Clerks are. On the right sit the Government members, and the opposition ought to have the left to themselves; but as out of 211 members only 70 odd are Liberals, the Conservatives who are on the Government side have flowed over across the passageway. There are no independents. Mr. Foster intimated this afternoon that he was one, to a certain extent, but the opposition jeered at him in high derision. The opposing parties face one another, and a vehement speaker finds it very convenient to knock down and sweep away the whole other side with eloquent and indignant gesticulations whenever patriotism demands it.

But the galleries are empty. No stranger can be present at this time. The Speaker stands and reads a short prayer for Divine guidance and national prosperity. He reads the same words day after day. Just as he sits down up pops the bald-headed French Clerk and reads the same thing in French, for there are two languages to this Parliament, and whatever the Speaker reads or says has to be repeated in French by the French Clerk. Yesterday a French member introduced a little River and Harbor bill in that tongue, and for three-quarters of an hour members all over the hall talked about it in French. The same members, if they had anything very important on hand, would say in English whatever they had to say.

Prayers over, the doors are thrown open, and men and women file into the galleries. Right over the throne, and held up by it, is a long, narrow reporters' gallery. The newspapers are, like the members, for the Government or against it; and so, while the Toronto *Mail* man sits to the right of the throne anxious to hear every word of every Government man and indifferent to the eloquence of the opposition, the Toronto *Globe* reporter sits on the left hand of the throne taking down Mr. Jones of the opposition in full and dismissing the fiery and eloquent Sinclair, of the Government side with ten lines.

There and there are members with their hats on. Probably one-third of the whole number are covered, and so they remain all the afternoon and night. This is an imitation of the British House of Commons, asserting the independence of the Commons, which takes its democratic hat off to nobody. The members might take their hats off to the Queen or the Governor-General, but those functionaries cannot come to them to receive the tribute. It is part of the same old idea that prompts them to enter the Commons, Lord Dufferin used to slip into the Senator's gallery and hide behind one of the big pillars to listen to important debates, but nobody pretended to see or to recognize him, because it was yet another part of the same principle that if he was where he had no right to be, he must be so *incog.*

The central figure in Parliament is also the greatest figure in Canada. He is Sir John A. Macdonald. He has been in Canada, with but a short interruption, for twenty-five years, and the greatest man British North America has produced. Other politicians are there, a dozen of them, who have been knighted by the Queen, but while he is like them, Knight Commander of the Provincial Order of St. Michael and St. George, he is more than that. He is Knight Commander of the Bath, and more than that, he is a member of the Imperial Privy Council, which is a distinction enjoyed by no other man in Canada. The others are Honorable; he alone is plain Right Honorable, like William E. Gladstone. For forty years he has been in Parliament, and during all that time Canada has noted his remarkable administrative ability. His service on international commissions, as, for instance on the one regarding the Alabama claims, have given the English also chances to admire his generalship.

PEN PICTURES OF STATESMEN.

He is about 70 years old, and looks like William Dwyer of Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre company. His face is big featured and rough hewn. Some say Sir John and Hamilton Fish are somewhat alike, but Sir John is good looking. He is democratic, easy going, good natured, and unaffected. He lolls about in his chair, which is like all the other chairs, with his knees up against the edge of his desk or his limber legs twined under the seat, and twists this way and that to listen to the speakers in his party, to pass an approving word to them, or to exchange glances or witticisms with the men around him. He is a politician of the politicians. He is at his Cabinet. It would seem impossible to mould such discordant elements into one organization:

Sir Hector Langevin, Public Works, an Ultramontane; his brother a Catholic Bishop and another brother a priest; a French Canadian Catholic.
John Costigan, Inland Revenue, Irish Catholic.
Frank Smith, Legal Adviser, Irish Catholic.
Sir Leonard Tilley, Finance, temperance fanatic.
A. A. Shepleigh, Secretary of State, liberal or advanced Catholic.
Mackenzie Bowell, Customs, the ex-Grand Master of all the Grand Lodge of Orangemen. Sir John is an Orangeman himself.
John Carling, Inland Revenue, the biggest brewer in Ontario.

All these statesmen except Frank Smith are members of the House, and sit on the same row of seats with Sir John, to the right of the Speaker's throne. Sir Leonard Tilley looks like the late William E. Dodge. Sir Hector Langevin looks like George Ehret, the lager beer brewer. Sir Charles Tupper, Minister of Railways, looks a little like the late Chauncey M. Potter. They are all well fed, stout, and comfortable looking except their leader. There are thirteen members of the Cabinet, and only two are in the Senate. They get only $7,000 a year each, but the Prime Minister, receiving $10,000 a year, comes up to the financial level of a New York police Justice. The members get $1,000 a year and car fare to Ottawa and back to their homes. Twenty cents a mile is the Canada estimate of car fare, and the members from British Columbia, 3,500 miles away, use it once a session, either on their car fare, and save their salaries either.

The opposition—that is, the Liberal party—has for its leader Mr. Edward Blake. He is regularly and formally chosen by his party, and the fact of his leadership is publicly announced and recognized just as distinctly as Mr. John Kelly's command of Tammany Hall is. No vote is taken or speech made in his little band except with his approval. He looks like Senator Bayard, but there is in his face an indefinable touch that betrays his Irish origin. He is smooth shaven, and wears black, and, if he had a clerical cut to his coat, would do for a priest; but he prefers to put on a big slouch hat and to wear clothes that don't fit him, so that *Grip*, the Canadian imitation of our *Puck*, has made a hit by always portraying him as a farmer. He is considered the best orator in the House. His voice softens and beautifies his pronunciation, gives him ready wit and a smooth flow of language; but he is better than a good talker. He has a broad and logical mind, has had a lawyer's training, is predisposed to figures and accounts, and is absolutely free from mathematically accurate. It is his business to want to know, and he has a great capacity for disturbing complacent and shiftless office-holders, exposing public extravagance, if any there be, and demanding official figures that may be hidden in any Ministerial poke holes. The long and able addresses he makes are not for the edification of his twenty followers, he has no hope that they will spread dismay or carry conviction among Sir John's rank and file. He simply speaks to the country through the reporters. He does not compare with Sir John as a politician. When one of his followers is speaking he is as likely as not to hurry his hood in his arms on his desk, or to read a newspaper or go out and take a walk. The Premier will never be caught making such mistakes.

Next after Sir John and Edward Blake in public interest is the Hon. Alex. McKenzie, a plain member of the opposition now, but once Premier of Canada. He came here a boy from Scotland and went to work as a stone mason. He was a laborer on the Welland Canal. He was the leader of the opposition at the time of the confederation of the provinces, and in 1873, when Sir John Macdonald was beaten on the Pacific Railway scandal, he became Premier, but was in turn defeated on the question of free trade, and Sir John, the Protectionist, took the helm again. McKenzie's party held a secret caucus after that, and without his knowledge voted him out of and Edward Blake into the leadership. It was the meanest trick in the history of Canadian politics, and McKenzie has never been the same man since. He looks very much like Col. Charley Spencer.

The representatives of the people here boast that they are really representative. If Sir John Macdonald appoints a member to a portfolio in his Cabinet, that member must resign his seat, and return to his constituency and stand for it again. Thus his course in Parliament and the course of the Government he is about to join are well known. If a man becomes a Cabinet Minister, he must sit in Parliament like any other member while the whole opposition plies him with questions about his management of his department. If some day the Government introduces some unpopular measure and is defeated upon it by a majority of the other members, all must resign within twenty-four hours, whereupon the leader of the opposition becomes Premier and selects another Cabinet. The Canadians are fond of saying that they would not rest easy under such an irresponsible government as the Yankees have, but a little inquiry showed that there is a big flaw in the system they are so proud of. If a member appointed to a post in the Government is not reelected by his constituency he can always find some pocket borough in the Northwest to be returned from, where the voters are mainly Government officials or soldiers. George Etienne Cartier, the brainiest Frenchman Canada has produced, stood for four boroughs one after the other before he got back, but finally succeeded somewhere beyond the bounds of civilization.

BEGINNING A DEBATE.

Mr. Davids of the opposition rises and begins a four hours's speech. He says "Mr. Speaker," as is done in Congress, and whenever he refers to a member he is careful to call him the "Honorable," whatever he may say of his private character or public career. Every now and then a member comes in or goes out, but never without first bowing to the Speaker. The Speaker is Mr. Kirkpatrick. He looks like an English curate. He comes from the Thousand Islands, and has just married the daughter of the Secretary of the Interior, and has had his suite of rooms enlarged. The Government gives him a handsome set of chambers, comfortably furnished, in the building, and he is expected to hold a reception every night during the session. The members and their wives drop in and have cake and tea, and to-night Lady Florence Anson, with her brother, and Mr. Streatefield, her affianced, and Lord Melgund, all members of the Marquis of Lansdowne's household, will call upon her. The Speaker is supposed to be the Government, that is to say, he is elected by the Government, for it amounts to the same thing, and the Government names the committees of the House also.

After Mr. Davids has finished, Prof. Foster, the John B. Gough of Canada, makes an excellent speech in favor of loaning the millions that the railroad wants to borrow. Whenever he makes a good point, the members on his side say "Hear! hear!" Whenever he excites the anger or contempt of the opposition, they shout "Hear! hear!" This cry is a curious English institution. It reads tamely enough in print, but an Englishman can make it convey a dozen different meanings. It is constantly used, and rolls over the desks sometimes from corner to corner of the chamber, sounding now like a groan, now like a burst of laughter, expressing indignation this time, sarcastic praise the next time, and once again hearty applause. It can be made to mean, "Oh, just hear him lie!" "What have you got to say to that knock-down argument?" "You can't humbug anybody here," or "Splendid! splendid! you're doing quite well"—all according to the tone and manner of the utterance of the twice-spoken monosyllable.

The members appear to be tedious speakers. The correct thing in Parliament is a cold, matter-of-fact, dignified, logical argument, in an even, steady voice, unrelieved to the ear by modulations of tone, or to the mind by sallies of wit, flowers of fancy, or storms of passion. Foster, the liveliest talker there, is considered too ornamental and undignified, though he is so clever that his friends hope he will learn to be more tedious in time. The other good speakers are Edward Blake, Thomas White, the editor of the Montreal *Gazette*, and Sir Charles Tupper. Sir John Macdonald seldom speaks. He did for a moment last night, and the reporter took down this sentence as best illustrating his manner as an orator:

It may be tracer—or that every month in the year—in the year—a vessel may get through; but or that is, that is, not or the point.

In conversation he is one of the most entertaining of talkers. He then speaks with none of the marked peculiarities observable in the above quotation, but smoothly, readily, to the completion of each sentence and thought. He is fond of hearing and telling good stories, and it is said that he is so popular that if he did not ride the short distance to his home it would take him two hours to get there, so often would he be detained by persons on the way.

During Mr. Foster's address a Government whip comes in and whispers to Sir John. There are five Government whips and one whip for the opposition. They are regular members like the rest, and get no extra salary. "Whip" means whisper-in. It is the duty of a whip to know at every moment just where each member in his charge is. He says whether or not they can be absent, and if they must go and an important party vote is at hand he pairs them with members of the other party. The whips are kept busy when there is a sudden party vote. They telegraph, despatch messengers, ride to houses, dinner parties, hotels, and any and everywhere where one of their charges is likely to be found, and the vote is never taken until the whips are all back in their seats, which is a sign that they have secured every vote that can be got.

When Sir John bent over and whispered to the Hon. Chevrier, member of Montreal Centre, at midnight to-night that it would be well to move an adjournment, Mr. Curran did so, and the Sergeant-at-Arms, who had been unofficially asleep, but who, officially, gets $3,000 a year to keep his eyes on the mace and see that no one steals it, arose from his chair. His chair is at the door opposite the speaker, and behind a desk the size of a flour barrel. He picked up the mace, shouldered it, and went toward the other door with it. The Speaker, who could not go out except as he came in, followed. The Clerks followed him, and the pages and members arose and turned their backs upon the House of Commons.

SWALLOW TAILS.

Proposing to Cut them in Diagonals and Leave Broadcloth to the Waiters.

"The best-dressed men were the waiters," said a young man to a Broadway tailor, speaking of a dinner he had attended the night before. The tailor smiled and said:

"That is all going to be changed. You are not the first man who has been crushed by the swell clothing of the man who filled your glass."

"How are you going to help it?"

"By changing the material of which the dress suits for gentlemen are made. Broadcloth has been the only cloth since the memory of man for gentlemen and for waiters. The elderly gentlemen and other conservatives stick to the broadcloth, but the thing to get for your next dress suit is a diagonal or a basket pattern in black. Coat, waistcoat, and trousers are all made from the same piece. These goods are lined with silk, and are bound with a narrow braid. The cuffs are bound around about four inches from the end of the sleeve, and underneath two imitation button holes are worked and two buttons sewed on. The coats are cut closer to the figure than they used to be."

"Is there any reason for this?"

"Yes. It is because we can do it. The diagonals are an easier, more elastic kind of goods. They give with the motions of the body. This enables us to cut the coats closer, and at the same time leaves the wearer as easy as if he was dressed in a business suit."

"What becomes of the white Marseilles waistcoats?"

"They hold their own. For evening dress, where the waiters are to form part of the company, it is not complete without a white waistcoat, and never will be. The cut of this garment differs from the old style a little. It exposes more of the shirt front."

"How about the coming cut of trousers?"

"Trousers are not quite so tight, but they follow the shape of the legs."

"Is it possible to revive the old silk hose and knee breeches?"

"Not here. Possibly it could be done among a class in the old country, who devote no time to business. The use of knickerbockers in Scotch society, with silk hosiery, for gentlemen who are going into the country is increasing. They are very comfortable to tramp in. The line is drawn at the city limits."

"Will there be any change in business suits?"

"No. The sack coat will have the run. Many brokers down here will wear four-button cutaway coats in diagonals, with striped trousers. That is really the most elegant business suit. A man is ready in such a suit to go anywhere except to the opera or to a reception. Some prefer Prince Albert coats, but the majority favor the sack coat, and the majority set the fashion."

I occasionally see a gentleman with figured waistcoat of a rather loud color.

"Yes. I wish a few, not many, would display a taste like that. I have a quantity of stuff that I would like to sell. It was left from three years ago."

Aniline-dyed Underclothing.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Believing that the facts which I have the honor of bringing to your notice possess great public importance from a sanitary point of view, I respectfully request you to give this letter a place in your influential journal, in the interest of many who are doubtless enduring physical suffering from hitherto unsuspected causes.

The charming and brilliancy of the colors produced by aniline dyes have led to their extensive employment for dyeing textile fabrics used in the manufacture of both outer and under clothing. I have never observed any evil results caused by wearing aniline-dyed garments of the former variety; but during the last few months my attention has been directed to the notably injurious effects caused by the use of clothing impregnated with these dyes when worn next the skin. I have been surprised because of the very large number of persons otherwise enjoying excellent health, who suffered from skin diseases of a specially annoying character, which generally admitted of palliation, much less of cure, until the cause was discovered and removed. In every instance, without exception, I traced these disorders to the poisonous influence of the aniline dye employed in the under clothing worn by the sufferers. When we consider how extensively these undergarments are worn, it is highly probable that a very large number of persons must be suffering from skin diseases arising directly from the potent cause under consideration.

In a few days or weeks, according to the sensitiveness of the skin, after the aniline-dyed flannels have been put on, the following symptoms are apt to be developed, more or less of them being present in every case. Itching is important; this initial symptom that attracts attention, and always precedes the other symptoms. If the patient hates to perspiration, this liquid being an active solvent of the poisonous dye. The itching is always worse after retiring to bed, and is so severe in many cases as to prevent the irritation. The skin becomes red and inflamed from the combined effects of the poison and the scratching required to relieve the itching. In some cases the face is covered with minute whitish scales that peel off, to be followed by successive crops as abundant and the surface and the adjacent scarlet flannel becomes white, as if it had been rubbed with chalk. In other cases, after the development of the inflammation, the skin becomes covered with excoriations of a dark color, which, if the irritant be not removed, rapidly keep the skin constantly inflamed. The frequent scratching demanded to relieve the almost intolerable itching soon leads to the blotches being broken and bleeding, and to the inflammation and itching causes bleeding. If the use of the aniline-dyed garments be continued, the disease increases, and the skin becomes thickened and leathery, being liable to form painful fissures, having indurated edges, and to bleed easily.

Crops of slightly elevated fiery pimples, that coalesce, are sometimes developed on the thighs and trunk. If the patient be a female, and if her general health is not good, the tops of these pustules are apt to be filled with a minute drop of matter.

I have not observed any constitutional symptoms that could be traced to the poisonous influence of aniline dyes, except such as arose indirectly from loss of rest because of irritation of the skin after retiring for the night. When the use of the aniline-dyed garments is discontinued recovery usually promptly occurs.

If the color of any bright-colored undergarment be readily removed by soap and water, the dye is of a very low grade, and, being freely soluble, is all the more pernicious.

When a bit of any suspected scarlet garment is washed in water of ammonia, the color will be dissolved if it be cochineal, but if it be aniline it will not be dissolved. In the inner case the garment may be safely worn; in the latter it should be avoided like any other poison. Very respectfully,

DAVID WARK, M. D.

A Wife's Complaint.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* My husband annoys me very much by snoring every night. Can any of your readers suggest a remedy?

AN EVE SUSCEPTIBLE.

SEEING WITHOUT HIS EYES.

STRANGE EXPERIENCES OF A YOUNG MAN BLIND FOR TEN YEARS.

The Awakening of a So-called New Sense that Takes the Place of One Lost—Tests that he Underwent Before a Correspondent.

"I cannot pretend to explain how it is, or why, and people laugh and say I am hallucinated; but it is the sober fact that ever since I lost my eyes, more than ten years ago, I have seemed to see with my brain. But only with a certain region of it, not the whole."

The speaker placed the tip of his middle finger lightly on his forehead, as if locating a nervous disturbance, and slowly described with it the perimeter of a tract not larger than the palm of a hand, commencing at the slight depression in the frontal bone, just above and between the inner margins of the eyebrows, and drawing an irregularly oval figure, the superior limit of which barely turned the curvature beneath the roots of the hair.

"It is this part of my brain that I seem to see with," he continued placidly. "It is not merely that I know what is going on about me, and the relative direction to myself of persons with whom I talk, and of one thing to another, but I have in this part of the brain just as distinct and vivid a picture of scenes, faces, figures, and surroundings as I ever had when in the full possession of my senses. And the oddest thing about it is that my impressions generally prove to be correct. You, for example"—turning to one of the group—"are of light complexion, tall and slender, slightly bald, with blue eyes, pale yellow hair, and a full beard slightly darker. You wear a jaunty gray sack coat, of minute plaid, with vest of the same material, and gray trousers, with narrow stripes of different shades. Your scarf is a red ribbed silk of the Lord Stanley pattern, with a diamond pin."

The members of the group, four in all, exclusive of the young man with two glass eyes, stared at one another in blank amazement. The description could not have been more accurate in its terms if the blind man had been possessed of a dozen pairs of perfect eyes with which to make his observations. They were gathered about the heater in a large drug store hard by Printing House square, and the speaker, who, notwithstanding his infirmity, has built up a large business in cigars, had joined the party not five minutes before. He was a slender, lithe, muscular man, dressed in perfect taste, self-possessed, and natural in his manner. He carried a light walking stick in his right hand, moved with the easy grace of a person in possession of all his senses, and without the least trace of hesitation or uncertainty and caution of a blind man. On careful inspection an ordinary observer would have noticed that his eyes were unnatural, but he turned his head so naturally and vivaciously from one to another in speaking, and without belaying so thoroughly like a real eye with good eyes in his head, that one could hardly believe that both orbs had been enucleated, leaving two stumps only of the optic nerve.

"Now despite me," said one of the party, a doubter of the medical profession, who believed in nothing but tissues and functions, and did not deny that an immaterial basis might have, but averred that neither dissection or experiment had ever furnished any evidence in support of the hypothesis. "Describe me, and I'll believe in your brain vision."

The blind man turned his glass eyes toward the skeptic, and answered with the promptitude and absence of hesitancy of one stating a fact of direct observation: "You are dark, with a very pale, translucent, delicate complexion; dark gray eyes; hair almost black, with gray streaks about the temples; Greek features cut like a cameo; heavily bearded on the upper lip, but eleven or twelve years your senior. You appear to be about 35 years old. You are of slight figure, and you wear a dark cutaway coat, with vest of material the same as the coat; gray trousers, with stripes of different shades; and a scarf of pale gold color, confined at the throat by a silver ring ornamenting a snake's head."

Unless some kind of cerebral image of surrounding objects were formed, it was absolutely impossible for the young man to give in detail such an accurate description of the medical man, with accessories of dress, &c.

"It is inexplicable to me," he said musingly. "I have often heard blind men declare that they could see with the anterior portion of the brain, and persons under the full influence of anæsthesia often say that they have seen every movement of the surgeon during the operation, not with their eyes, but with the middle part of the forehead. But I never took any stock in such assertions, not even enough to test them."

The blind man went on to tell his story. More than ten years ago, in consequence of an inflammatory affection, both eyes were enucleated. He was then 14 years of age. At first he was perfectly bewildered by the loss, but gradually his remaining senses, tact, and hearing in particular became marvelously acute, and so acute that he could estimate distances and the directions of foreign bodies with the quickness and exactitude of vision; while with the tips of his fingers he could discriminate colors and textures with wonderful delicacy. Different colors have different temperatures to the trained sense, but he ascribes his delicacy of perception in this respect to an influence the existence of which he had no suspicion until he lost his sight. Gradually also, a so-called new sense was developed. He became abnormally sensitive to vibrations in the atmosphere and in the ground beneath his feet. In this way, he was soon able to distinguish footsteps, at incredible distances, on the pavement, and even in buildings a square or more away. He has, with this strange sense, detected the footsteps of a person for three squares, and heard the person enter a house that distance away, walk up two flights of stairs, and enter a room, distinguishing every movement, pause, and modulation of gait, as easily as though he could see through the intervening walls. At first, the unnatural sensitiveness to vibrations disturbed him exceedingly. He could not sleep; the bed seemed to be a tangle of vibratory phenomena, discordant and harmonious, mixed and commingled inextricably. After a while, however, his nerves became habituated to these phenomena, and he could at will, for the purposes of sensation and perception in the most extraordinary way. He can tell red, yellow, green, blue, and violet lights from one another by the manner in which they affected the tips of his fingers or the nerves of any exposed surface, and can distinguish the temperature alone, although that is perceptible to them only by some strange influence that each exercises, independent of mere temperature. He knows the cars on the different lines of street railway in the city from one another by the different vibrations produced by them when in motion, and can distinguish an Eighth avenue car from a Sixth or Ninth avenue car with certainty.

"I never trouble myself to inquire," he said, "any more than one of you would, and I never get into the wrong car. Some would call it hallucination; but the vibrations of the atmosphere about me, when others would say that it is not, are as real to me as the sound of a voice is to a person who has ears. And they are wonderfully beautiful, strangely melodious sometimes, worth losing one's eyes to hear. You have no conception of the low, singular, musical notes that a tree makes in growing. Often put my ear against the trunk of a sapling for the pleasure of listening to a music that is beyond description beautiful; and last summer, when I was in public interest I learned to tell an oak from a maple, a pine from a hickory, and so on, by the music of each, for each has its own peculiar melody. And yet I could almost write a book on the subject now; but I mean to take another summer to it if I should live so long. The white pine has a low, soft, swelling, continuous note, which, though monotonous, of course, when listened to for more than a few moments, possesses a cadence and rhythm such as a practised elocutionist gives to Longfellow's 'Wait,' for example:

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist.

"The oak, on the other hand, has an abrupt, peculiar, explosive note, of very short pulsation, while its maple gives a smooth, slow, sonorous movement, the wave of which is as long as that of the pine, but has less swell, and is less distinctly separated from its predecessor and successor. Oh! I could lecture an hour on the music of trees, and never tell you half of the beautiful things they have revealed to me!"

About going to sleep, one of the party suggested. "You know, when a person in possession of all his senses begins to be sleepy, it is the eyes that are first involved. The lids drop involuntarily; the retina loses its sensibility, and long before one ceases to hear and feel, a kind of drowsiness commences with the eyelids and creeps inward upon the brain. I have wondered how it is with blind people."

"Before I became habituated to the loss of my eyes," the blind man replied, "it required quite an effort on my part to go to sleep, and I used to lie awake and listen to the sounds of the night until it was a torture. But gradually a complete reversal of the old order of things appeared to take place. As I remember the process before I was blind, the eyes were first to be asleep, as you say, and then the frontal region of the brain. Sleep with me now begins with the ears, and it is the posterior region just above the nape of the neck that first loses its sensibility; while the very last to fall asleep is the frontal section, that was once first. This section is often perfectly awake and fully aware of its own consciousness, while the body and other parts of the brain are locked in slumber. Indeed, I am often perfectly conscious and rational in this part of the brain, while the rest is asleep or dreaming, and I have dreams knowing them to be dreams, and often study them as curious phenomena. Mentally I am fully awake, but could not move a muscle if my life depended on it. I have no hearing, no sensation in the skin. It seems to me sometimes as if my body were dead—as if the only part of my being were the little tract that I have mapped out with my finger, and my whole soul were concentrated there. It is terrible. I can imagine nothing like it except being buried in a trance and coming to one's senses in one's coffin. Sometimes terrible dreams—visions—seem to spring up in other parts of the brain, as if for the very purpose of tormenting me. Sometimes, again, my dreams are wonderfully beautiful, and I enjoy them as one enjoys a marvellous spectacle; but, on the whole, the strangest thing in a blind man's life is sleep. If you wish to be convinced that there is a soul independent of the body, try to reproduce some of my experiences of feeling yourself imprisoned in a body that is as though dead, without senses, and of studying the strange phenomena of dreaming that have their origin in other sections of the brain, while you, confined and helpless in one little corner of it, wonder what will come next. And, curiously enough, it is just the section that I seem to see with when I am awake, in which my soul, or rational self, appears to be concentrated when I am asleep."

Even the medical man seemed struck by this coincidence. "I was comparing one evening," he remarked, "some vertical sections of the human retina with vertical sections of the convolutions of the brain in the tract you indicate, and I discovered the remarkable fact that they are exactly alike, layer for layer, in microscopic description—that is, the convolutions of this cerebral tract reproduce the structure of the retina; and there is no structural reason why they should not see. They are image-forming centres in their very organization. For what is an idea but a brain image? But is it possible that light waves or their attenuated spectra can be transmitted to the brain through the tissues of the forehead? That sonorous vibrations, heat waves, and other forms of energy are transmissible by the tissues of the human body is a fact of daily observation. Why not luminous vibrations, then? And if so, there is good reason why the frontal convolutions of the brain should, in the absence of eyes, acquire the function of sight or of forming images of surrounding objects."

In reply to cross questions from the medical man and others of the party, the blind man said that he had to be moderately near scenes and objects in order to distinguish the formation of these brain images. He could not see more than ten or twelve feet with distinctness; and faces became very shadowy at a distance of seven or eight feet. Within a circle of twenty-feet in diameter his vision was unclouded apparently; beyond the circumference of that circle was a dim margin of twilight that gradually shaded into utter darkness. In all cases—and there had been dozens of them—where the accuracy of his brain images of persons and objects had been tested, they had proved to be as exact as those of the actual eye; and he was willing to submit to any tests before any scientific society.

SKANDER.

THE TRACK OF THE TORNADO.

Details of Its Terrible Work in Remote Parts of South Carolina.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Feb. 23.—From many parts of the State remote from telegraphic offices reports of the terrible work wrought by the tornado are just coming in by the mails. In the upper part of Pickens county, near the Blue Ridge Mountains, the tornado swept away scores of small houses and stables, killed hundreds of horses, mules, and cattle, and household effects were scattered beyond recovery. The country roads are completely blocked by fallen trees. Later advices from Anderson county show that thirteen large plantations adjoining each other were completely destroyed, and while many persons were injured, one only was killed. In one portion of Fairfield county ten houses were blown down and all the inmates, numbering about forty, were more or less injured. The ruins of one of these houses caught fire, and an old lady was extricated from the debris badly burned. A similar occurrence is reported from the town of Strathers.

The first accounts of the storm in Union county were received this evening. Every tenant house on the plantation of J. B. Steedman, one of the largest in upper South Carolina, was demolished. Several negroes were injured and many head of stock killed. P. H. Hamilton's dwelling, kitchens, stables, and tenant houses were also destroyed. A like calamity was visited upon the places of John Wix, W. W. Jeter, and Elma Jeter. The families living on these four plantations are homeless and destitute.

The most distressing accounts so far received come from Edgefield county, where the devastation is almost indescribable. For a distance of twelve miles plantations, orchards, and forests are in ruins. Forty plantations have been laid waste, several persons killed, and many wounded. Over sixty families have lost their homes and all their household goods. The large store of Aiton & Sitzler was completely demolished, and the dry goods blown several thousand yards in every direction. Two young clerks, Hollingsworth and Luguire, who were sleeping in the store, were buried in the debris, and were so stunned as to be unconscious. When a neighbor came an hour afterward he found that fire from a stove had caught the floor and burned it through, and would have soon reached a spot where kerosene oil had been overturned. He extinguished the fire, obtained help, extricated the two clerks, and carried them to a place of safety, where they were restored to consciousness. Luguire is fatally hurt, but Hollingsworth will recover. The hardest and most elastic swamp oaks and hickories are snapped and twisted as though they had been only field pine. Everything is scattered by his wind. Even the freshly-broken trunks of the trees look as though the muddy waters of some great freshet had overflowed them, and in many places, although but little rain fell, the earth is swept bare. Leaves, underbrush, and driftwood are lodged against obstructions as though a freshet had swept over the highest hills. A timber cart and a wagon loaded with cotton were buried hundreds of feet in the woods, and some of the bales of cotton were found more than a hundred yards from each other. Houses were so utterly demolished that the timber that remained can be of little use for reconstruction, as