

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY STATION, LONDON, ONT.

Among the railways which connect at the "Forest City" the Great Western is one of the most important, and was the first to bring the "iron horse" into London. In the present issue we give an illustration of the London station of that road, which is now, as it has always been, one of the most prosperous of Canadian railways.

THE RUINS OF THE HOTEL-DE-VILLE.

If there was one public building in Paris that one might have expected the men of the Commune to have spared, it was the Hotel-de-Ville—now the ghastliest mass of ruins in the whole of the shattered capital. Not only as an ancient landmark of the past, and as a wonderful specimen of the beauty of the art of the Renaissance, but far more as a building the history of which is intimately bound up with the history of revolutions—one which has, so to speak, been the sanctuary of revolt for centuries, had it a title to recommend it to the tender mercies of the Reds. From time immemorial it has been the headquarters of the more factious spirits of the French revolutionary mobs at the moment of their triumph. Through its gates, in the early part of the 17th century, poured the turbulent crowds of *Foudeurs*, in the memorable days of the Mazarinades, to meet with disgrace and defeat at the hands of the Royal troops. Later on they were followed by the *sans-culottes* of 1789, rebelling from the capture of the Bastille. From the balcony above the principal entrance has been three times proclaimed "the Republic, one and indivisible,"—the last time but little over a year ago. Yet all these revolutionary associations were insufficient to avert the destruction that has overtaken the Hotel-de-Ville. Shattered and shorn of many of its beauties by the Prussian shell in the first bombardment, its ruin was completed by the order of the Commune, on the day preceding the entrance of the Versailles into Paris.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

The name of President Young, the Chief Prophet and Primate of the Twelve Apostles of the Mormon revelation, is at last threatened with obloquy, if not with the enervation of oblivion. Brigham is now a fugitive from Mormondom, he having, with other leading Latter Day Saints, been indicted by the Federal courts in Utah for low conduct, or polygamy, as also with others having investigated murder. It has long been very generally understood that the Mormons gave practical effect to the very dangerous doctrine that "the end justifies the means," hence "Danites" or obnoxious members of their community were summarily made away with in a manner which, in one particular instance at least, the United States authorities have designated *murder*; and several of the "Twelve Apostles," together with their Chief and his son, Joseph A. Young, are now under indictment, and either arrested and on trial or fugitives from justice. Brigham, at the present writing, is among the best-named class, though it is to be presumed he will soon be placed in custody, as the United States authorities have at length abandoned their temporising policy regarding the Mormon scandal, and have gone to work as if determined to blot it out. Our portrait of the Mormon Prophet is copied from a photograph which was taken on the 1st of June of this year, that day being his seventieth birthday. For a man of his years and many trials, public and domestic, he exhibits wonderful vigour of physique, as well as all the outward signs of strong mental calibre. Indeed his history has shown him to be possessed of both to a remarkable degree, and it can hardly be expected yet that he will quietly abandon his exalted position among the believers in "the New Revelation" without a sturdy resistance.

Leaving to the telegraphic and other channels of news to give our readers a record of the progress of the repressive measures so tardily entered upon by the Washington Government against one of the most offensive delusions of the age, and leaving aside also the troublesome question as to the line of toleration to be extended in a "free country" to every formula of religious belief and all ordinance of religious practice, we shall give a brief sketch of President Young, who has been the leading spirit of the new sect since the death of its founder and first Prophet, Joseph Smith.

Brigham Young, President of the Mormons, was born in the State of Ohio, and was for some time a member of the Methodist connexion. Having been converted to the faith of the then comparatively new sect of Latter Day Saints, he rapidly rose to high position among them, and in 1844 became "President of the Twelve Apostles." Seeing that the people of Illinois were hostile to the Mormon cause, he planned and carried through the great exodus which placed the Rocky Mountains between the Mormons and all other forms of Christian civilization. It was certainly a daring act to venture on the formation of a settlement on the shores of the Great Salt Lake, but Brigham Young carried it out successfully, and has perhaps unwittingly been the instrument of extending a civilization to some of whose cardinal principles he is undoubtedly opposed. For many years the Mormons under his sway had it all their own way in Utah, and a community, prosperous in material affairs, having its recruits from many countries in Europe as well as from many Eastern States of the American Republic—from almost every place but Ireland—sprung up which has been looked upon as an anachronism and the social anomaly of the century. Probably the population which acknowledges Brigham Young's Presidency is not less than one hundred and fifty thousand souls; but in the conflict with law, through the influence of the railway and by the advancing tide of emigration, the delusion of which he is the chief pillar, is doomed to speedy extinction. It cannot be denied, however, that the Mormon system puts to severe test the modern doctrines of "liberty," and the career of the great Brigham Young rightfully becomes the property of the history of the century in which he lives, just as his deeds have challenged the propriety of its political ethics. By the way, though it be proof of our own want of discrimination, we may mention as a curious fact that an esteemed clerical friend, recently arrived in this country from Dublin, on seeing the portrait (the name being concealed) said unhesitatingly, "that man is about sixty-eight, but he bears his age well." We had thought him apparently younger, and still think he may live to see the collapse of the huge delusion of which, for the lifetime of a generation, he has been the main-stay. It is now said that the rising generation of Mormondom are tired of the system,

and would gladly allow it to perish. We hope this may be true, and that Brigham may go down to history as one of the odd characters whose feet have virtually obliterated their own imprints.

MISCELLANEA.

A certain journalist informed loyal Englishmen a few days ago that the fullest details respecting the movements and manners of our own Court were to be obtained from the *Viennoise* newspapers. Parisian papers have no less the *specialité* for anecdotic sketches of the Royal Family of England. A reactionary organ of the *Figaro* type recounts the adventure of a French photographer at Balmoral, which is certainly not known to readers of the *Court Circular*, perhaps not even to the personages whose names occupy the foremost places in its columns. According to this print, in spite of her indisposition, the Queen had summoned from London, through the means of Lady S—, a French photographer of talent and ability. He was to take a copy of a portrait of the Prince Consort. The operator, who is discreetly called X—, arrived at Balmoral two hours before the time indicated. He carried with him not only his apparatus, but a change of linen folded in a silk handkerchief, fearing that the dust and smoke would necessitate a slight renovation of the outer man. He inquired of the porter for Lady S—, and was referred to the *chef* as the only official who could speak French! M. X— told the *cordon bleu* that he wished to change his linen, but was pool-poohed, and informed that Her Majesty did not like *des Jaçons*. M. X— would not, however, be persuaded, but was clamouring to be shown to a dressing-room, when Lady S— arrived and forthwith introduced him to the White Drawing-room. On his reiterating his request, he was told that he was sufficiently presentable without any further decoration. Left alone, the photographer was the prey of terrible anxiety. To appear before the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland without having changed his linen—and he a Frenchman and a photographer—such a catastrophe was not to be borne. M. X— precipitated himself behind a screen, and having divested himself of his upper clothing, was extricating himself from the Alpha of male attire when the Queen entered. With his head enveloped in seedy white, the end of a rubicund nose protruding at the aperture of the collar, the photographer elicited a hearty laugh from Her Majesty. His plight was as that of the hunted chamois. Search was made for him, but he has never since been seen at Balmoral.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

An ambitious project has been founded by a small knot of rabbis in Frankfort, &c., no less than to lead the scattered children of Israel back to Palestine, and to establish a Jewish kingdom there once more. Invitations to join the project have been printed in great numbers, and are by this time circulating among the numerous members of the ancient race throughout Germany; and, if we may credit the report of newspapers friendly to Judaism, influential moneyed men in the old imperial capital—the headquarters of German Jews—have given it their substantial support. The originators endeavour to prove that the undertaking is by no means as impracticable as it at first sight seems, and remind their fellow-creedsmen that it is what they pray for—if they pray at all—three or four times every day—viz. in the "Shemoneh Esrech," in their noon and evening, and, in fact, in every prayer sanctioned by their law. Moreover, they interpret the Bible passage, "Return to me and I will return to you," as meaning literally that on the Jews returning to Jerusalem the Lord, and with Him power and prosperity, will return to them.

At Tarragona, when out in the bay in a falnah, after visiting the man-of-war the King of Spain requested to be rowed out further to sea, and when at a considerable distance from land, he rose and proceeded to divest himself of his outer clothing. General Balagua, who was with him, much troubled, ventured to ask what His Majesty proposed doing. "I am going to have a swim," was the laughing reply of the young gentleman at seeing the consternation depicted on the countenances around. "But for Heaven's sake!" remonstrated the General, "consider the immense responsibility devolving upon me if anything should happen to your Majesty." "You may take every precaution you think proper," was the reply, as Royalty plunged into the blue waves of the Mediterranean. There was no help for it but to hurriedly order two stout oarsmen, notable swimmers, to dive in the water after the King, who, after disporting himself to his heart's content, scrambled up the side of the boat, shaking off the water like a Newfoundland pup, evidently in high glee at his brief escapade from the cares and joys of monarchy.

It is a matter of astonishment to the literary student that Bismarck's expression of making the Parisians "cook in their own gravy" should have created so much discussion and controversy. The invention is none of Bismarck's. "Cuire dans son jus" is a common saying, a *ditton*, as the French call it, in use in everyday discourse, conveying a threat of making the sufferer weary himself with rage and vexation. The idea must be ancient enough, for we find it in Chaucer, where the Wife of Bath is made to say—

"In his own grousse I made him drie,
With anger, rage, and jealousy."

Just before Lafayette's last visit to America, Webster was one of a fishing party in Massachusetts Bay. He had been selected to deliver the welcoming speech to the great Frenchman on his approaching visit, and during the piscatory occupation he seemed very abstracted. A gentleman who was fishing next to him addressed him several times without receiving so much as a nod in answer. By-and-bye Webster began pulling in his line, hand over hand, with an effort which plainly signified that a large fish had been hooked; but upon his face there was not a single gleam of that eager joy which usually accompanies such an event. At length the fish was seen approaching the surface, gleaming through the green water like burnished silver; still Webster's face gave not a sign of pride or gratification; but just as the fish left the water he burst out in tones of solemn rapture: "Venerable man! Sage, patriot, and soldier! Representative of two hemispheres! Welcome to our shores once more!" And down dropped a monster cod upon the deck.

M. Roscio, recently nominated painter to His Majesty the King of Spain, has been requested to paint the inauguration of the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

A SIBB FELL OF BUREAU.—They tell a rather good story at the Curragh concerning the Colonel of a gallant regiment about to proceed to India immediately. As usual when a regiment proceeds to that great dependency, there is marrying and giving in marriage. Women "on the strength" and married "with leave" receive rations, pay, &c., and an allowance for every child. A sergeant can save with ease three shillings per day and live most comfortably. The Colonel of the regiment referred to gave the usual privilege to the well-conducted men to marry, provided the ladies chosen bore good characters, were strong and healthy, and over twenty years of age. *On dit* that the pleasant Colonel never imagined that his men in three weeks' time could flirt, court, and marry to any wonderful extent. But he knew not the ways of woman-kind, for half the regiment has succeeded in wooing and winning laughing brides. In the parish church of the Curragh the mornings are devoted to tying people together for life, and we learn that the ladies, who are chiefly neat, trim English girls, enjoy beyond measure the Colonel's misconception. But the War Office shows its teeth, and attacks the brides remorselessly. The London authorities have ordered that each woman shall be allowed to have "only one box, which must not be higher than fourteen inches!" How on earth could they stow panniers, and chignons, and the infinite multitude of female wearables in a box 14 inches high? But if the War Office imagined they could circumvent the ladies they are woefully mistaken. For these say, and very truly, that the War Office has not fixed a limit to length or breadth, and wonderful are the shapes of the boxes hammered up by Kildare carpenters. If the genial Colonel made a mess of it, the War Office has plunged up to the neck in it. Better far if the latter had permitted the brides to bring with them any number of handboxes than chests, which seem to be a cross between piano cases and coffins. Between the Colonel and the Horse Guards the girls have a merry time of it.

SLEEPING CARRIAGES ON RAILWAYS.—It has often been remarked that in point of providing for the comfort of night passengers on railways the Americans have made far greater advances than we. For years past they have had sleeping carriages; but, so far as we know, no one has yet ventured to suggest such a thing for any line in England. Any one, therefore, making a long journey at night has to content himself by sleeping in what posture he may, which is too often one full of discomfort. There is now, however, in the course of construction at the Saltley Carriage Works a carriage intended to change all this. The length of the carriage is 32 feet by 8 in breadth, and is thus somewhat larger than the carriage in ordinary use on our lines. During the day it will not differ in appearance, and it is so arranged that the passengers can themselves alter it when they decide upon going to bed. This is accomplished by taking down a padded shelf in a recess in the partition of the carriage, and turning up the arms of the seats. By this means six sleeping berths are provided in each compartment of either a first or a second-class carriage. The inventor and patentee of the carriage is Mr. James Hewison, of Glasgow.

TEA AND MILK.—The Chinese have always despised European tea drinkers for disguising the fragrance of the sacred herb by the admixture of milk, and the Celestial nation would appear to have reason on their side, for, it is asserted, that on mixture the albumen of the milk unites with the tannin of the tea, and forms minute flakes of that material which is, or ought to be, the main constituent of a pair of boots. There may be nothing like leather, but a leather lining to one's stomach is hardly a specimen of the eternal fitness of things. When we, ourselves, so vitiate the cheering cup, we can hardly wonder that the "Heathen Chinese" considers the leavings of his own decoctions quite good enough for us, and we can have no reason to complain of shipments of re-fired leaves, but it is another matter when the process goes a step further, and takes the form of "Maloo" mixture, a delicate euphuism for willow leaves and maggots, iron filings, and plumbago.—*London Milk Journal*.

LEAD FOIL FOR BANDAGES.—Doctor Burggraeve, of Geneva, recommends thin lead foil bandages, in cases of wounds and broken limbs. The sheets of lead are kept in place by adhesive plaster, and are said to offer the following advantages: 1. The lead remains soft and cool in contact with the wounds. 2. It enables the physician to dispense with lint, which is the constant occasion of heat and infection. 3. The sulphur compounds which form prevent the decomposition of the parts and growth of organisms. 4. After the bandage is made, the wound can be washed and refreshed with cold water without removing it. It would be well to have a supply of this foil on hand in machine shops where large numbers of workmen are employed.

Dr. Lisle says that he has cured twenty-one cases of cholera out of twenty-six by administering a solution of five parts sulphate of copper to 100 parts distilled water, about thirty drops, to which add ten drops of Sydenham's laudanum and 4 oz. of sugar and water. Dr. Drouet advocates a solution of castor-oil in collodion being applied with a brush to the abdomen. The mixture forms a waterproof film which prevents perspiration, and vomiting and cramps are instantly arrested.

ENGRAVING BY ELECTRICITY.—The efforts which have been made from time to time, with but poor encouragement, to engrave on metals by means of electricity, seem at last to have resulted in the attainment of practical results. An ingenious French mechanic has produced an invention by which a metal plate, upon which a design is drawn with a chemical ink of some kind, is slowly rotated with its face vertical, and several other similar plates, graded in size, are also slowly rotated by appropriate mechanism. The object of the invention is to engrave on the smaller plates the design traced upon the largest, on different scales of magnitude, which is accomplished by applying a cutting point to the face of each plate, and which is pressed against it by means of an electric current whenever a blunt point, applied to the large plate, encounters the ink in which the design is traced.—The cutting points being at other times withdrawn. The point presented to the first plate is merely a "feeler," which determines by electrical agency whether the ink is beneath it or not. If it is, the points are pressed into the surface of the other plates; if not, they are withdrawn and prevented from cutting. The feeler and the bruisers must, of course, all follow a spiral track. This is crude, and can be made applicable to the reproduction of certain kinds of designs only, but it is considered a long step in the direction of practical success.