[illegible] ... little opposed the Comte de Paris may really be to the cause of the Comte de Chambord, it is likely enough that the Duc d'Aumale may have different ideas on the subject.

The essential conflict between M. Thiers and the Committee of Thirty, according to the latest telegrams, is shown to be as obstinate as ever. The Committee have indeed completed the consideration of the constitutional project, leaving the vexed question of the presence of M. Thiers in the Assembly during the discussion of interpellations to be decided by the Council of Ministers. But the vital questions of the elections, the composition of the next Assembly, the members of the Second Chamber, and the organization of the Executive in the interval between the dissolution and the meeting of a new assembly, though formally proposed and strongly urged by M. Dufaure, have been wholly rejected. This action of the Committee was altogether unexpected, and it is believed will lead to a rupture between the President and the Assembly. The truth is, that the old jealousy entertained by the Assembly of M. Thiers' usurpation of their rights has, notwithstanding his denial of such lofty pretensions, disclosed itself in the most plain and unmistakable manner. It is remembered that, although M. Thiers denies that he ever arrogated to himself constituent powers, yet in a despatch from Trouville he plainly said he was engaged in drawing up a definitive constitution; and it is also borne in mind that the message to the Assembly was the development and first application of this idea, and it has remained a foremost topic of discussion to the present hour. Hitherto the institutions of France have not changed with the name of a Republic. "M. Thiers," it has been astutely remarked, "is working the Republic with the Imperialist machinery untouched, as any King who comes after him can work the machinery with the same machinery which has saved both the Empire and the Republic." There would seem, therefore, to be a strange inconsistency in these struggles with the President, who, after all, has given to the form of the French Government nothing but a name, and "what's in a name?" How little, indeed, is to be inferred from the preceding quotation which rests upon undisputed facts.

The Minister of Instruction, M. Jules Simon, it has not been found so easy to put down as was expected. The debates on that learned gentleman's educational reforms have displayed in a remarkable degree the courage and oratorical power of the Minister, and a very large number of the Assembly opposed to him have been driven to the miserable resource of proclaiming a temporary abnegation of their rights in the mere hope of obstructing the Ministerial proposals; that is to say, more than three hundred Deputies abstained from voting, so that by this unworthy device the number of votes required to determine the fate of a measure could not be recorded. The French [illegible] ... use on occasion with marked effect. Of this nature are the abstentions, resolved upon by deliberate compact, at elections, which practice has been successful, in throwing a very useful part of the machinery of the State out of gear, and causing the while much irritation and delay in arriving at the sense of the Sovereign people. But that these devices should be resorted to in the National Assembly is anything but creditable to that body, and can have no other than a bad effect upon the public. This manœuvre is due to the strategy of the Right. Several of the extreme members of that section, seeing that the debate would turn against them on the substantive question, rose from their seats, and hurrying along the benches occupied by their friends besought the latter to withhold their votes. The trick will lose its force and add to the popularity and strength of M. Simon. An outline of the reforms proposed by the Minister was given in these columns some time ago, together with some allusion to the generous and welcome spirit which at that time greeted M. Simon's propositions. It will be remembered that they were of a decidedly practical and utilitarian kind, and were hailed with marked satisfaction by the colleges and schools; while the strongest possible opposition arose out of the religious element, which for some time presented, and up to the present phase of the question, certainly still presents, a very threatening front. Since the initiation of these new and important educational principles, M. Simon's star, like that of so many other public men in France, seems to have paled, but it is now struggling into the ascendant again. M. Simon is a free-thinker without the smallest prejudice against religion, and it may be said dispenses church patronage with a certain amiability that is much extolled by others than the recipients.

Prince Napoleon's expulsion from France having furnished the subject of petitions to the Legislature, they have, with others, been referred to the Committee on Petitions. The President of the Republic appeared before the committee and took upon himself the entire responsibility of this measure, in the interests, it is said, of public tranquillity, the maintenance of which was imposed upon him as Chief of the Executive Power. The vote of the Assembly, M. Thiers argued, having proclaimed the downfall of the Empire, the exile of the Bonapartist family followed as a matter of course. This is M. Thiers' law, and it rests apparently upon a basis of no small arbitrary character. Whether there is any other kind of law in France to which the Prince can hopefully appeal is more than doubtful. The President has taken large powers indeed; and the plea of the preservation of public tranquillity, without any overt or alleged act perilous to the public peace, seems capable of any degree of extension—of any kind of application, dictated by the fears or the hostility of Party. When asked whether the Government had any specific charge against the Prince, M. Thiers replied in the negative, and said in effect that it was a measure of precaution merely, the agitation proclivities of the Prince being well known, and threatening serious dangers. This is analogous to the familiar case of hanging a man on suspicion, but the public will hardly endorse the doctrine and practice of this summary method of adjudication.

While non-Imperialists are speculating on the vitality or non-vitality of Bonapartism, it may be worth while to turn to the solemn spectacle presented the other day in Paris. The celebration of the Mass took place in ten churches for the repose of the soul of the late Emperor Napoleon, and those sacred edifices, all completely crammed, were among the largest and the handsomest in the city. It was evident that the congregations were not drawn together from curiosity merely, since almost every one was dressed in mourning, the ex-Queen of Spain being amongst the earliest arrivals at the magnificent Church of St. Augustin. There was no music, nor were there any hangings whatever, either at the entrance or inside the Church, nor were any emblems or initials anywhere displayed, most of which signs and accompaniments of mourning are observed by custom on all similar occasions of religious rites performed in behalf of humble individuals. Doubtless the jealous hand of the Government was in this; but, notwithstanding these marked omissions, the service was of a most interesting character, and was listened to for half an hour with every appearance of extreme devotion.

Bayard Taylor, concerning Horace Greeley, writes:—"There used to be a paper in New York called *The Evening Mirror*, edited by a certain Hiram Fuller, afterwards a blatant but not dangerous secessionist in London. He imagined his little sheet to be the most important journal in the city, and was in the habit of asking his acquaintances:—'Have you read the *Mirror* to-day?' At an editorial dinner he addressed this question to Mr. Greeley, in my presence. The latter, with an indescribable drawl, almost a whine, replied:—'Why, no! I never buy the *Mirror*. I am afraid of exhausting the edition!'"

The captain of a vessel just arrived at New York from China, reports that on May 5th, in lat. 29 38 S., lon. 180 45 E., he saw a large sea serpent passing within six feet of the ship's quarter. When he was some 15 or 20 feet astern he lifted his head above the water, opened his mouth and looked round at the ship with surprise, as though he had just waked up out of a sound sleep. As near as he could judge he must have been some fifty feet long and two feet in diameter and of a deep brown colour.

The Week[ly ...]

VOL. I. NO. [illegible] — TORONTO, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1873.

CANADIAN.

[illegible]

... of Refuge. With a population of less than 4,000, Goderich spent last year in relief, $1,700. There seems to be a growing feeling throughout the county that a House of Refuge has become a necessity.

Last week a public meeting was held in Oshawa, at which a resolution was carried unanimously requesting the Town Council to submit a by-law granting $3,000 towards purchasing a site on which to build a female college. It is estimated that the cost of the buildings is to be $25,000, and this sum is to be raised by subscription by the Rev. Mr. Dernill.

The Stratford *Beacon* learns that a few days ago an order was issued by Mr. Spicer, local superintendent of the Grand Trunk, to the different agents to use every means in their power to prevent the necessity of despatching trains on Sunday, and to endeavour to diminish Sunday labour at the various stations as much as possible, with the view of finally abolishing it altogether. This is a move in the right direction.

The Quebec *Mercury* says:—"Coroner Panet held an inquest at Les Grand Deserts on the body of Madame Marie Moisan, wife of Jean Alain, aged 62 years, who died suddenly while on her way to church on Sunday morning. She had just got out of her sleigh at the church door, while her husband had gone to stable the horse, when she fell to the ground and was taken into a neighbouring house near by, where it was found the vital spark had already fled. The inquest established that she had been suffering from acute rheumatism, and her death was attributed to disease of the heart."

The Clinton *New Era* says:—Our farmers are disposing of a large number of their best team-horses at, we should suppose, good prices, to buyers from Boston and New York. The demand for heavy team-horses in large cities is great, and farmers have shown wisdom in raising such. The breed of horses in this county has been much improved of late years, and thanks are due to the importers of heavy draught stallions for this. We would advise the farming community not to sell their mares, as the demand for heavy horses will continue to be brisk for years to come.

The North Sydney *Herald* says that last week Mr. Livingston, of Big Bras d'Or, observed on the ice a seal, playing near the water's edge. He at once started to secure the prize that he imagined almost within his grasp. But how visionary often are worldly projects? The seal showed fight, and for an hour a sharp contest took place between it and Mr. L. As he would rush for the seal, the latter would rush for him and bite most fiercely. At last Mr. Livingston, with torn and tattered garments, secured his sealship, and he now has the novel sight of a real white seal gamboling around his yard, petted by his children, and astonishing the neighbours.

A few days ago, as described by the Cobourg *Sentinel*, James Gilmore, a tailor by trade, well known to the farmers of that vicinity and in Haldimand and Alnwick, got so [illegible] while under the influence of liquor went to the house of Mr. Alexander in Alnwick. Being familiar with the family, they retired for the night leaving him sitting at the kitchen fire, but upon rising in the morning they found him dead in the same position as they had left him. A coroner's inquest was held upon the body, the jury returning a verdict to the effect that he came to his death from intemperance. The deceased was about 60 years of age.

The Brantford *Expositor* tells the following as a prominent instance of the impression that may be made on the mind:—There were assembled in a workshop in this town during last week some three or four journeymen and a couple of apprentices, all of whom were telling stories about the consequences of dog-bites. One of the apprentices had been bitten twice by dogs, and such an effect had the narratives upon his mind that he became convulsed, the blood rushing to his face and head, and completely prostrating him mentally and physically. A doctor was called in, who attended him, and cautioned the men against further conversation on the subject in his presence, as it might endanger his life or mental faculties. The boy was several times seized with similar attacks during the day, but has become pretty well again.

An accident of rather a serious character happened in the store of Mr. D. McMillan, Hillsburg, on Thursday the 6th inst. John Strachan, son of Rev. D. Strachan, thirteen or fourteen years of age, was attending the store in the absence of the proprietor. It appears that in the afternoon the fire had got low, and to rekindle it the boy took, as he thought, the coal oil can, but which proved to be some sort of burning fluid, and began pouring into the stove, which immediately took fire and ignited the fluid in the can, which exploded, blowing the can to pieces and breaking a large hanging lamp, the oil from which fell on the boy's head and shoulders. The poor lad ran outside almost enveloped in flames. He immediately received assistance. His face, neck and arms were badly burned, but he is under careful treatment, and is doing as well as can be expected. Fortunately for the building there happened to be several men close by who, upon hearing the alarm of fire, got blankets and succeeded in smothering the flames, which were dashing up to the ceiling.

The London *Herald* says:—The Americans have just invented a new game of cards, which promises to be very popular, and to which they have given the name of "McKellar." It is played by four or six persons, with a common euchre deck, five cards (in honour of the Ontario Ministry) being dealt to each player. After the deal is finished, trump is turned up in the usual manner. There are no bowers, but instead, the knave of spades is the best card. It is always a trump. This was intended as a delicate compliment to our Minister of Works, and the profession to which he pretends to belong. After him comes the ace of trumps, and then king, queen, knave, or Mowat, Scott, Pardee, and Crooks, in regular order. If the dealer turns up spades, he counts an extra point for it. Cheating is not only allowed, but even meritorious, provided you can do it without being detected. If you are clumsy enough to be caught at it, however, and not able to deny it, of course it counts one to your opponents. Those who have played it say it is so natural that you might almost fancy yourself a member of the Ministry while at it. We prophecy a great run for it among the Grits.

The Napanee *Standard* says that Mr. John C. Maracle, of the Indian Woods, met with such a horrible accident on Monday morning last, that it is feared he will not recover from the effects of it. He was driving a spirited team with a load of cordwood, and in going over a bridge near Shannonville the sleigh bumped against the bridge, knocking him over the whiffletrees, and frightening the horses. The sleigh was jerked from its hold and Mr. Maracle in some strange way got under the front part of the runners, with his head and two arms under one runner, and his legs under the other. In this manner he was dragged along the hard icy ground for about 100 yards, when the horses were stopped by Mr. Sanford, of Napanee, and two others. The horses were disengaged, and with a long pole the sleigh was pried off Mr. Maracle, and he was pulled away. A more horrid sight which a human being could present could scarcely be imagined. On being released the part of the skull where the runner had been fell out; the right arm was twisted and torn so that it hung on shreds, and the left hand was in a similar condition. The legs, too, were dreadfully injured. He was conveyed to a house near by and all that medical skill could do was done for him. The last report respecting the accident says that it is impossible for the poor man to recover.

A MAN EATEN BY WOLVES.—On Monday last, as a German farmer was coming out of the woods, about twenty miles north of Perry's Mills, he found a man's boots with the feet left in them, portions of clothing, a few bones, a dead dog, and two dead wolves. Signs of a terrible struggle were all around. The unfortunate man's name is not known as yet. The supposition is that he was going from one lumbering camp to another, when the wolves (who are starving on account of the deep snow preventing them from running down their game) overtook him on the road before he could have time to climb a tree, and devoured him. The story is probably too true, as the wolves are famishing and will attack anything at this time.—*New London (Wis.) Times.*

SIMEUL BRIGGS, D.D.

[illegible]

... speeches during the summer and put in plenty of high-sounding phrases about corruption and purity of elections and so forth, and now the half of them were afraid to speak them all along of the Proton cry.

Glancing around from my lofty standpoint, poised as it were in the empyrean heights of commanding intellect, I scanned with eagle orb the arena of political conflict and saw at once that something had to be done.

I saw Mowat about it early last week.

I had some trouble in seeing him for he is lying remarkably low at present.

He is so persecuted with municipal deputations, interviewers, lobbyists and such, respecting the Municipal Loan Fund resolutions, that he has to stay away from his office most of the time.

At last, however, after several fruitless attempts, I got a chance to talk to him.

"Yes, sir, yes sir," said he, as I entered, "I can assure you, sir, that your claim shall receive due consideration at the hands of my Government. Let me see—what municipality do you represent?"

"I'm not on that lay at present," said I.

"Oh, no, of course not; I beg your pardon, Mr. Briggs, but I have been so pestered with these municipal delegates that I hardly know which way to turn. What can I do for you to-day?"

I felt dry that morning, and my first impulse was to ask him to set 'em up, but I didn't. I knew it would be no use.

"Mr. Mowat," said I, "this Proton business is telling strongly against the Reform cause."

"I know it," he replied, "it hurts us like the dev-developments in the Elgin Association affair."

Mowat never swears—but he came awful near it that time. The company he's got into is beginning to lower his moral tone, and after a while he'll be able to lie, steal, and swindle without scruple or remorse, just like Scott, McKellar and the rest.

"Well," I resumed, "why don't you stop it?"

"I only wish we could."

"It's easy enough. Just abolish the Proton outrage."

"Abolish it! How?"

"Why, by a vote of the House. You have a majority of two to one at your back, and yet you permit this scandal to exist. Vote it down. Blot it out of existence! You can do anything by Act of Parliament. Not a soul of your following dare vote against you while the surplus remains intact for fear you might shut down on them."

"Bring in a resolution declaring that it is all right, that the Proton outrage is a myth, that there ain't any such township on the map, that Lewis used all his influence to elect Lauder, that he never was a land valuator, that McKellar is an honest man and incapable of such a transaction—in short, any absurdity you like, and get the Party to vote it through."

"Then when any one hints at Proton, you can triumphantly annihilate him by pointing to the overwhelming majority by which McKellar has been exonerated."

"But, my dear sir," said Mowat, in astonishment, "the House would never support such a resolution. Just think of the facts disclosed in the report, signed, too, by several of our own Party. Why, they would have to repudiate their own words."

"What of that. 'So much the worse for the facts.' I tell you this House will vote for any mortal thing you like to propose, so long as the Surplus Distribution is in doubt."

"Delay your resolutions on that question for a while longer, and if any of the members show a disposition to weaken on the Proton resolutions, you can strengthen them by a mild hint that if they don't support you their constituencies will be marked down as 'satisfied' when on the Surplus Distribution list."

"I'm afraid the House would hardly be prepared to go so far as you suggest, but I'll consult my colleagues about it at once," said the Premier. "If we could possibly get such a resolution adopted it would forever silence the tongue of detraction, and put to flight the armies of the aliens."

"Say, boss, here's a whole squad of country looking fellows says they're bound to see you. It is a delegation from somewhere or other," said a clerk rushing in.

"Amster-DAM!!" observed Mowat, in his most strenuous tones.

As I said before, Mowat never swears—so he conscientiously threw in the first two syllables to get a chance to bring the last out with proper emphasis.

"Tell them I'm not in. Say I'm sick in bed—make any excuse you like," said the Premier. "I can't and I won't see another man on that business to-day."

So saying he started on a run for the back door, climbed the wood-shed with an agility that would have done credit to a younger man, jumped down into an alley, and ran for home, just as the deputation becoming impatient crowded into the room.

"Where's Mowat?" enquired the leader of the party.

"You can't see him," said I, peremptorily.

"Why not; we have particular business with him?"

"He's not presentable to-day," said I. "Champagne supper last night, and the oysters and things disagreed with him. You know how it is yourselves."

"Eh, mon, but yon's awfu'," said a grayheaded Scotchman. "I didna think that Maister Mowat was siccan a mon, but they politeecians are a' alike. There's ne'er ane o' them but what'll spend the people's money in sic-like dissipation."

"Well, you can easily perceive that its no use trying to see him to-day," replied I, as they grumblingly departed.

I left, too, satisfied at having procured the Premier's exemption from molestation, though at the expense of his reputation.

My advice was speedily followed by the Government. McKellar and Scott fell in with the idea at once, and Mowat reluctantly consented to bring in a series of resolutions abolishing Proton.

As I anticipated, they didn't have much trouble with the Grit members. A few were inclined to be restive, but a little judicious pressure on the surplus question fetched them.

Prince seemed rather disposed to go back on us at first. He was one of the Proton Committee, and didn't like eating his words.

"Why, how on earth can I face my constituents after stultifying myself by repudiating my opinions in that manner," said he to McKellar.

"Oh, well, for the matter of that my dear fellow, it won't be the first time," said the latter, "besides your opinions don't amount to much, you know, and your constituents must be quite prepared for it by your course in deserting Sandfield. A good slice of the surplus will quiet them."

When the eventful night arrived on Tuesday last, I was detailed for duty in the lobby, with instructions to look after the shaky members.

If the Ministry had reason to think any of their followers wouldn't swallow the resolutions they handed them over to me.

I wetted them well first and then commenced talking surplus.

When they said "How can I go back to my constituents after giving such a vote?" I would reply "A great deal better than you can without any surplus." That settled them.

I had some difficulty with Prince and Robinson. After we had lubricated the wheels of existence several times, they both promised to speak and vote right, but the former shirked the vote, and the latter protested that he had left his tuning fork at home, and didn't think he could strike the right key.

"Key? *Whisk-key!*" said the member for Essex, in an incoherent tone, assumed of course to give point to a very feeble attempt at a joke.

Prince's humorisms are not equal to those of *Mr. Punch*, to whom his style of facial architecture presents a strong resemblance.

However at last the debate came to an end, and the House abolished Proton by an overwhelming majority.

Now that there isn't any more Proton, the Grit members can bring on their remarks about Sir John Macdonald and Ottawa corruption, without fear of being told "you're another."

We are told that you can't make men moral by Act of Parliament, but this vote has given McKellar a first-rate moral character. Hold up though, I was forgetting the Elgin Association swindle.

However, if Mowat will only keep his surplus distribution resolutions back long enough we can whitewash him on that question too.

McKellar is a fine man; I have lately [illegible]

SIMUEL BRIGGS, D.D.,
Graduate of Cobourg University.

Toronto, Feb. 12.

TICHBORNE.

THE CLAIMANT IN COURT AGAIN.

(English Standard.)

[illegible] ... turns out now with his illegal friend and supporter—was called upon in the Queen's Bench to answer the charge of contempt of court. Even as early as half-past eight on a raw winter's morning there was a considerable group of people waiting about the entrances to Westminster Hall, and but that, through the care of the police, private entrances were opened to those who had really business in court, there would have been an ugly rush which would have prevented at least half those who should have been there from getting in at all. By half-past nine the court was thronged. Every place which could hold a person was occupied, and even places where what passed could only be heard had their groups of listeners, and places from which nothing could be either seen or heard found persons willing to stand in them on the chance of "something turning up." Except in the galleries, the whole mass of the audience were members of the bar. There were two ladies in the body of the court and twenty civilians; all the rest were barristers, the majority of whom were quite unknown to the officers of the court, and the majority of whom, we may also add, had evidently donned their wigs and gowns for the very first time. There was a spotlessness about their gloves that showed an innocence of briefs, and a brightness about their wigs that spoke of disuse, or at least of their owners having little else to do but keeping them powdered. As Dickens says in "Pickwick," they showed all that pleasing variety of nose and whisker for which the English bar is famous, but beyond this they were like other mortals. This, of course, applies only to those without the bar; within it were seated some of the most eminent and eloquent Queen's counsel and sergeants in the profession. The galleries were crowded, the Court was crowded, while the passages that led to it were filled with such a throng of powdered heads as to make them seem quite woolly.

And all this crowd within the court and without was drawn together to see as tame a scene, as quiet, as orderly, and, we may add, as dreary a piece of law business as ever was enacted in Her Majesty's Court of Queen's Bench, and that is saying a great deal in a few words. At a quarter to ten the Claimant entered the court, accompanied by Dr. Attwood. There was some sensation evinced to see him for the moment, but nothing more. Since he was last a witness in his memorable cause, months seem to have rolled with him like years with others, and the Claimant may be said to have aged in looks at least some five or six years since he was last in Westminster Hall. Beyond his vast corpulence and thick head of hair, he seems an altered man. Close after him came his co-defendant, Mr. Skipworth, wearing his wig and gown as a barrister, bearing a peculiarly firm, and even defiant look, that seemed by no means called for by the peaceful tedium of the proceedings. At twenty minutes past ten the judges took their seats, having, it is understood, previously been in council together as to the law for nearly half an hour.

Both the defendants were formally called upon, and both rose and elected to be heard by themselves, and not by counsel. Then followed the reading of the affidavits on which the charge of contempt of court was founded. This very dreary proceeding occupied one hour, and was not made more lively by the officer of the court who read it, whose mistakes were so frequent, and whose drawling tone made what he read so inaudible, that Mr. Justice Blackburn at last requested him to hand it to one of his colleagues. Yet this was as nothing to Mr. Skipworth's affidavit. It was quite long enough in itself, but it contained references to "exhibits" marked A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, and I, all of which Mr. Skipworth wished to be read, and read they were. It took within four minutes of two solid hours to do this. They were mostly printed pamphlets on the subject of the Tichborne case, and, alas! they were all read to the bitter end, even to the "price one penny" at their conclusion. If it had not been for some passages which provoked roars of laughter, court, spectators, and bar would have been wrapped in slumber, and Mr. Skipworth might have walked out of court a free and unfined man. As it was, he occasionally relieved his tedium by some flights of fancy which now and then woke up his hearers into peals of laughter, such as when he wrote how "the Attorney-General had been seen with his arm round Serjeant Ballantine's neck, pouring honeyed words into his ear," and that, in consequence of that embrace, the learned serjeant had not pressed his examination of Mrs. Radcliffe, and so on, and so on, till the ear grew weary of the flatulent nonsense. When all this, and more rubbish of the same kind was got rid of, Mr. Justice Blackburn asked Mr. Skipworth if he wished to say anything himself, upon which the defendant, rising and striking a very theatrical attitude, said he "would not trust himself to the judges, but to his Lord and God."

The Claimant was then called upon for his defence, and after a slight protest against being tried without a jury, and after Mr. Justice Blackburn had clearly explained the law to him, he proceeded to read his written defence. It was given with great coolness, great self-possession—all his points were made the most of, and at times his manner would have attained almost dignity but for the way in which he pronounced words that, in spite of the attention with which he was listened to, provoked a titter among his hearers. Thus he called preliminaries "premilinaries" in every case—said the Attorney-General had called him an "imposterer," and numberless gross inaccuracies of the same kind. In some things he wandered wide of the mark, as when he complained of the Attorney-General having received a present of a tree from the park at Tichborne; but as a rule he was very close to his points, and made good use of them, especially in the case of a recent attack which had been made upon him in the *Saturday Review*, a copy of which he handed up to the bench, and which, after reading, Mr. Justice Blackburn emphatically declared "was most improper." Yet the effect of this defence was all marred by his suddenly reverting to his statements about Lady Radcliffe, and solemnly asserting that those statements were wrung from him by the Attorney-General, who knew that Lady Radcliffe meant to acknowledge him as her cousin, but who dared not do it after what he had said as to how he had *debouched* her. After his short address the Court adjourned—that is the judges—for no one else could get into the court or out of it.

During this short interregnum a man managed to reach the court with a large bag of biscuits, which were as eagerly scrambled for by the bar as if they were leading briefs, and one wig at least was displaced in the struggle. The rest may be summed up in a few words. When the judges came back, Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., spoke briefly to the effect that he did not wish to press upon the Claimant, but as to Mr. Skipworth, the Court must judge of his conduct themselves.

This the Court at once did, for after Mr. Justice Blackburn had clearly laid down the law, he with the unanimous assent of the other judges sentenced Mr. Skipworth to three months imprisonment and a fine of £500, with imprisonment till the fine was paid. As this sentence was pronounced Mr. Skipworth jumped up in court and said, "My Lord, you have called me Mr. Shipwith, so your sentence is invalid;" but beyond a little titter of surprise no notice was taken of this peculiar objection. The Claimant was very leniently dealt with, and simply ordered to find a security in £500 that he would discontinue holding public meetings on his approaching trial for the next three months to come. Dr. Attwood immediately came forward as his surety, but Mr. Skipworth was removed to Holloway prison, where he will remain as a first-class misdemeanant, subject to no rules beyond simple detention. There was a great crowd in Palace-yard waiting to see the Claimant go off, but he left by a private way. Thus ended this last offshoot of the interminable Tichborne case.

SPONGE GARDEN.—A hanging garden of sponge is one of the latest novelties in gardening. Take a white sponge of large size, and sow it full of rice, oats, or wheat. Then place it for a week or ten days in a shallow dish, and as the sponge will absorb the moisture, the seeds will begin to sprout before many days. When this has fairly taken place the sponge may be suspended by means of cords from a hook in the top of the window where a little sun will enter. It will thus become like a mass of green, and can be kept wet by merely immersing it in a bowl of water.

AMERICAN.

[illegible]

According to the Lockwood *Union* the people of that city know when Saturday has come by the lager beer waggons having four horses attached—an extra team for the delivery of the Sunday supply.

Tom Smith, a Louisville murderer, had his death warrant read to him the other day, and he replied:—"Oh! stop fooling around and go on with the hanging!" They are going to on the 18th of March.

Two San Jose lawyers got into a fight in the court-room, the other day, and one of them was hit with an inkstand. His wife now claims that he is a Crimean hero, on the ground that it was the battle of ink-her man.

The Boston *Advertiser* says, "There is no use in attempting to disguise it, the 'peace mission' to the Modoc Indians will bear but one construction; the United States, being thoroughly whipped by the savages, sues for peace!"

Referring to the fact that a few days since Frederick Douglass was refused the entertainment of the two leading hotels at St. Paul, Minn., the Washington *Chronicle* says: "Hotels seem to be the last refuge of a baseborn prejudice that is blind as a bat alike to its interest and the demands of a true sentiment."

A pompous appearing man in St. Louis spends his time in going from house to house and reading to affrighted housekeepers and servant girls the ordinance against throwing slops and ashes into the alleys. A few hours later another man comes around and wants the job of hauling away the ashes in the alley, saying that he heard she had been "warned."

The editor of the St. Louis *Democrat* says: "Jefferson, Ashtabula County, Ohio, is annoyed by a large yellow cat of the Thomas species, that possesses the powers of a ventriloquist. He mounts a house and then throws his voice around town as he chooses, so that for half a mile in every direction windows go up and confusion reigns in the once happy hopes of the citizens."

A western editor reports as an extraordinary circumstance the fact that General Leslie Coombs has been for twenty years in the habit of taking a twenty-minute bath in the morning, and adds that he "has not worn an overcoat during that time." Whether the wonder to the western mind lies in taking a bath without an overcoat or in taking a bath at all is left to surmise.

A Danbury boy who reads the papers went to his father with a rope in his hand and told that worthy if he did not give him fifty cents to buy a two-bladed jack-knife he would forthwith hang himself. It was the place of the old man to say:—"Heaven forgive you, my son, for the awful thought—here's the fifty cents." He didn't say it, however. He merely twined his fingers in the young man's tresses, and bumped his head against the door-jamb until the suicide thought it was Fourth-of-July night.

A woman in Atlanta, Ga., who was awakened by a black burglar in her room [illegible] ... husband, who reposed peacefully by her side, for fear of a contest between them. The Atlanta *Herald* calls this feminine fortitude, and cries all honour to the heroic wife, who, to shield her husband from danger, forced down the rising scream, and stilled the throbbing of an anxious heart. And that burglar went off with $3.45, too.

The St. Louis *Democrat* says that it objected to Mr. Froude lecturing in England about the United States, because he never crossed the Blue Ridge, never scented the winter zephyrs of Lake Michigan in the great North American grain gambling-hell, never explored the isothermal line which tends northward from Duluth, along the verdant vales bordering the route of the North Pacific Railway to Puget Sound; never visited the future great city, or gazed upon the Father of Rivers and the water route to Liverpool.

At a recent meeting of the Congressional Temperance Society in Washington, the Rev. Dr. Chickering stated, as a result of an extensive correspondence with Senators and Representatives, that about thirty per cent. of the members of the forty-second Congress are total-abstinence men. He read several interesting extracts from letters he had received, one saying, "Always total abstinence;" another, "I am a radical teetotaler and have been for forty-eight years." One Senator styled intemperance "the greatest evil of the age, a deranger of all moral and social order and political purity," and wishes the secret of making strong drink were lost like the Greek-fire, never to be recovered. One member expressed his readiness to vote for a tax of ten dollars a gallon on all intoxicating liquors.

Unquestionably the most beautiful woman in Washington, says "Miss Grundy," the correspondent of the N. Y. *World*, is the bride of the Minister Resident from Ecuador. Imagine a rounded, yet slender, girlish figure, a perfect oval face, transparent skin of creamy whiteness, large velvety dark eyes beaming with intelligence, soft brown hair, a delicately formed nose, and a rosebud mouth, which opening discloses perfect teeth, and you have a faint idea of Mme. Flores. Add to this that the little mouth never essays to speak without saying something charming and that the great gift of a wonderful voice in singing has been added, and you may believe there is occasion to congratulate the proud husband, and Washington society as well, because of this latest acquisition to the Diplomatic Corps.

A Berlin correspondent writes to the New York *Christian Union*:—A while ago the late Dr. Lieber published a card, calling for the origin of an anecdote of Washington, which one of the professor's law students had heard from Laboulaye. Washington and Jefferson being at tea together, the latter was arguing against two houses, and demanded of Washington some good reason for a senate. "You yourself, Mr. Jefferson," said Washington, "have just given me the argument. Finding your tea too hot, you poured it from the cup into the saucer to cool it; we need a second chamber to cool off the first." Your correspondent remembers telling this anecdote to Laboulaye at his table several years ago, and my authority for it was the late Judge Daggett, who told it, with inimitable gusto, in his law lectures to the senior class in Yale College.

The late Ex-Governor Geary, of Pennsylvania, who died suddenly last week, was born in Westmoreland county, Pa., in 1820. After serving as a merchant's clerk he entered Jefferson College, and after his graduation became a civil engineer. During the Mexican war he served as Lieut.-Colonel of a regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers, and was slightly wounded at Chapultepec, where he commanded his troops. On the same day he commanded the regiment in the attack on Belen Gate previous to the capture of the city of Mexico. After the capture he was made a Colonel and placed in command of the city as a reward for his gallant conduct. At the close of the war he removed to San Francisco, where he occupied the offices of Postmaster, Alcade and first Mayor. From July, 1856, to March, 1857, he was Governor of Kansas. In 1861 he raised and equipped the 28th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, was made a Brigadier-General in 1862, and was appointed Military Governor of Savannah when that city was occupied in December, 1864. In 1867 he was inaugurated Governor of Pennsylvania, and held that office until succeeded by Governor Hartranft this winter.

At the last Rubinstein matinee in New Orleans, just as the pianist had seated himself to give the closing performance on the piano, a gleam of bright sunshine stole through the blinds, lighting up a portion of the parquet. At the same time there was loud talking in the building outside of the auditorium, and "Be quiet!" was spoken in thunder tones by one of the auditory. The ladies saw the intense light, heard the commanding tone, and thinking the cry of fire was raised, began to rush for the doors leading from the parquet. Some one, seeing the rush, cried "fire!" and then a scene of confusion almost indescribable ensued. Rubinstein ceased playing, turned toward the audience, sat silently looking on in amazement, and then quietly rose and walked from the stage. The rush continued in all directions, notwithstanding the assurance from some among the audience that nothing was wrong. Those in the parquet nearest the stage rushed frantically there, some of them literally leaping over the piano, and from boxes near the stage ladies were assisted to come down. The scene was one of dire confusion, but fortunately no one was injured, and shortly order and quiet was restored and the performance went on to its conclusion.

MANITOBA.

[illegible]

I mention these facts to show how valuable anything in the shape of building material is, and how highly essential it is that any which the Province possesses should be taken care of, and prevented from falling into the hands of a few persons.

The traveller who starts for a drive across the prairie will, as a general thing, be struck with the level uniformity of its surface, and the entire absence of anything like a hill. The monotony would indeed be painful, were it not that, at all events in spring and summer time, there are so many points of beauty and interest which attract the attention, that this one defect is forgotten. If, however, we proceed in a north-north-west direction from the town of Winnipeg, we shall, before we have traversed many miles of prairie, see a hill rising in front of us, and which from the extreme level of the surrounding country appears of a far more considerable height than it really is—for I do not suppose that in any part it rises up to a greater altitude than fifty or sixty feet, while in some places it is very much less. Rise up, however, it does, a massive wall of rock, with a steep precipitous ascent from the level prairie, and for many miles round it serves the purpose of a landmark. This is Stony Mountain, and, as recent explorations have revealed, it contains two ledges of solid limestone rock of excellent quality for building purposes, and in fact just what was the one thing needed to make our good town of Winnipeg, in the days to come, a handsome and substantially built city worthy to be the capital of the great British North-west. After having read what I have written above concerning the scarcity of lumber, and bearing in mind that to-day common boulder stones of the roughest kind are worth from $20 to $25 per cord delivered in Winnipeg, you can easily believe that the determination of the Dominion land officials to deal with Stony Mountain as with other mineral lands, to place the "precious stone," as it may indeed be called, at the disposal of the public, has met with general and hearty approval here. Ten parties had already settled there, but the manner in which they were treated by the Surveyor-General was so obviously just and liberal, that the majority of them at once declared that they were perfectly satisfied, and could not ask or expect anything more. What Colonel Dennis said to them in effect was:—"It would be illegal and improper for us to allow you to occupy all these mineral lands, but you shall have your 160 acres each of agricultural land in the immediate vicinity, including your buildings and improvements free, and ten acres of the rock at $1 per acre." These homesteads thus given include in every case their several residences and other improvements made by them since they became "squatters." After making this arrangement, and giving ten acres of the limestone to each of the settlers at $1 per acre, as I said before, there will, I am informed, still be between 400 and 500 acres of limestone which are to be sold at public auction [illegible] ... value of which in our present position it is impossible to over-estimate, will be rendered available, and the danger of the quarries not being properly worked, or of the stone being held at too high a price, is obviated, although either of these misfortunes (and they would have been grave misfortunes to the Province) might have occurred had it not been for the prompt measures taken by the authorities. What we now hope is that as little delay as possible will occur before these mineral lands are disposed of, and then the quarrying will soon begin—a tram railway, 14 miles in length, will bring the stone into the town of Winnipeg, and the "merchant princes" of our Western Metropolis will, there is every reason to believe, owe much of the splendour and solidity of their future mansions to the limestone treasures of Stony Mountain. One thing at all events is certain, viz.:—That the progress of the Province and the comfort of its people are likely to be materially advanced by the arrangements which have been concluded in reference to that place and its important mineral wealth.

Interesting to Knights Templar.

(*From the Albany Express.*)

At the recent triennial assembly of the grand encampment of the United States, at Baltimore, a committee was named for the purpose of bringing about a closer alliance and correspondence between the Templar authorities in Europe and those of the United States, than has heretofore existed. During the past summer one of that committee went to Great Britain and endeavoured to lay the foundation for future negotiations with but a moderate degree of success, the apparent difficulty being in the extreme diversity of the systems of the two countries, alike only in name. Thus, in England, as here, none could be candidates for the order of the Temple without having previously received the Royal Arch; but the order of the Red Cross is entirely ignored, and Royal Arch chapters over there do not acknowledge or confer the degree of mark master. Still it was hoped that ultimately some arrangement might be effected by which the systems of the two nations might be so far assimilated as to leave only minor and unimportant differences. This hope seems now to have been utterly extinguished. At the late annual meeting of the Grand Conclave of England and Wales it was announced that a treaty had been concluded with Ireland—Scotland refusing to concur—by which the Templars of the three countries, England, Ireland and Wales, would be henceforth under the government of a single body, to be called a "General Convent," over which H. R.H. the Prince of Wales will preside as Grand Master, the presiding officers in England and Ireland resigning for that purpose. To give effect to this treaty, the statutes and regulations were accordingly amended, and more than this, they were further changed so that in future candidates will only be required to have been Master Masons of two years standing, thus completely ignoring the Royal Arch. The word "Masonic," hitherto a part of the official designation of the order, is likewise dropped, and the idea openly avowed that it is intended to make it a general order of chivalry, with its commanders and grand cordons, as those of the Garter and Bath.

Unless a corresponding change is made in this country, it seems to us that all relations between the English and American Templars must abruptly cease, for while we might compromise in the absence of a degree, we cannot overlook the cutting off of a whole series, and hence, according to our regulations, we can no longer regard the English Templars as entitled to stalls in our Commanderies. We might easily be led to speculate on the probable results of this move by our *quondam* English Fraters, but as the subject naturally belongs to the executive officers of the Grand Encampment, we refrain until some official action is made known.

Eight Workmen Drowned.

A Richmond, Va., despatch says:—"T. H. Hendon, white, and Philip Hampton, coloured, employed on the free bridge in course of construction across the James River, between Richmond and Manchester, were drowned this morning while attempting to get to their work in a boat, which, owing to the swollen condition of the river, became unmanageable and upset. Hendon was from Maryland. At a later hour another and more dreadful accident occurred at the same place. The temporary trestle-work across two of the pillars of the bridge, upon which about fifteen white men were engaged in laying the iron superstructure, gave way, precipitating the whole party into the seething waters beneath. Nine were rescued, and the remainder were either drowned or killed by being dashed against the timbers and iron which went down with them. Among those lost were J. C. Hadden and David Handley, of Pennsylvania; Ephus G. Shaw, of Sussex County, Virginia, but formerly of New York, and John Harrison, of Ohio. Of those who were rescued, two floated about a mile down the river on timbers, and were taken out badly injured and nearly chilled to death. One seized hold of a short piece of rope fastened to the broken timbers, which had got jammed among sunken rocks, and remained there for two hours, but was finally rescued with ropes and an empty boat which was drifted to him from the Petersburg Railroad Bridge, about a hundred and fifty yards above the scene of the disaster. No one dare go to him, the waters being so very rough and rapid. The remainder were taken out at different points below."

GLEANINGS FROM PUNCH.

[illegible]

... moth ever known—the Behemoth.

DECISIVE.—Mrs. Malaprop, who considers herself a good judge from attending so many Penny Readings, does not think much of the Pope's Elocution.

"WHOLESOME HOUSES."—(Scene, a dinner party, guests and servants dressed in accordance with the text.) For dinner parties, in winter, have a roaring fire on one side of the room, and an open window on the other. Dress according to situation at table, and have two sets of servants, differently clad, to wait.

AN ANTIQUARY'S HINT (to the ladies).—As some excuse for a little more hair, would not an old Marlborough wig be effective?

DETECTED.—(Scene, a quartette party.) First violin (after the quartette in C Major—unsatisfactory, somehow). "Hullo!—Hark!—There—I knew there was something wrong! This confounded tea-kettle's been singing B flat all the time!"

CARTOON.—Scene, Indian Frontier. Lord Granville on guard, Cossacks advancing. "Khi-va La?" Sentry Granville (to advancing Russian). "Who goes there?"

IN THE STREET.—(Sunday Morning, 10.55.) Port Dissenter. "Are you hastening to countenance the institutional arrangement for obstruction of the propagation of denominational ideas?" Elegant Churchman: "Mean, am I going to Church? Yes, I am. Morning, I'm late."

LEGITIMATE CRITICISM.—Aged village Matron (to sympathising visitor). "It's a 'cookery book,' as Mrs. Penewise, our 'District lady,' give me this Christmas, Miss, I'd a deal sooner a' had the ingriddiments, Miss!"

"BIS DAT QUI CITO DAT."—This means that he who gives quickly is usually asked to give again. Moral.—Take your time, and a good deal of somebody else's, before you grant a favour. Better moral.—Never grant one.

"A CHEERFUL WINTER.—(Scene, a parlour, ladies wrapped up in furs)—Mr. Rawlinson's delightful suggestion that we should let in as much cold air as possible, and sit in warm wraps, is likely to be enforced by the price of coal. Behold a scene from the 'Merry England of the future.'"

STERN, YET SENSIBLE.—(Scene, a Railway Station.)—Crabbed old Guard (to Sea-Captain taking leave of his family). "Come sir, come! My time is up, and I must lock this door. You should come earlier if you can't control your feelin's!"

A HAPPY MAN.—(Illustration—A drawing-room, three intellectually melancholy ladies at the piano singing, another playing. An inquisitive and handsome lady and a solemn and priggish little man.)—Inquisitive Lady: "Who, may I ask, are those three tall ladies singing?" Communicative Stranger: "The Miss Bilderbogies." Inquisitive Lady: "They seem rather remarkable persons!" Communicative Stranger: "Quite so. By all who are so favoured as to possess the privilege of [illegible] ... mitted to be morally, physically and intellectually perfect!" Inquisitive Lady: "Dear me! And the lady at the piano?" Communicative Stranger: "She was also a Miss Bilderbogy. Indeed, she was by far the most transcendently gifted of them all." Inquisitive Lady: "Dear me! Then is she so no longer?" Communicative Stranger: "On the contrary. Marriage has improved her!" Inquisitive Lady: "Good gracious! And whom did she marry, pray?" Communicative Stranger: "Me."

AMIABLE IDEA.—Every right-minded person must share the hope expressed by the *Morning Post* in these words:—"The unmistakable regard shown to the memory of the late Emperor, and the manifest and very marked tokens of respect and deference paid at the funeral to the person of the young Emperor, ought not to be without their effect on France." Yes. And may that effect be a promotion of good feeling towards us; an increased sentiment of regard, esteem, and distinguished consideration. Let us hope that no French journalist will suggest to his countrymen that the love of Englishmen for Napoleon the Third was owing to the fact that the third Empire had brought France to grief.

HAWKER'S EVENING POTION.—Gin-and-water. His Morning ditto: Early Purl.

DIPLOMATIC TOAST AND SENTIMENT.—Count Schouvaloff; and may the Court that has accredited him to the Cabinet of St. James's not design to shuffle off its engagements.

MODEL AUTONOMY.—France, it is said, desires a more stable form of Government. Does she? Then let her adopt that of her Jockey Club.

A PLAIN ANSWER.—(Scene, a farmer's boy on one side a gate, huntsman on the other.) Nimrod. "Have you seen a deer pass this way, Boy? You know what a deer is like?" Yokel. "Noa, I doan't!" Nimrod. "Why, something like a donkey with short ears. Have you seen anything answering to that description?" Yokel. "Noa, not till yeaw come by!"

Facetiæ.

(*From Judy.*)

Can the sale of salvage stock be considered a burnt-offering?

If a ventriloquist throws his voice away from him, how can he expect to carry on his profession?

"While there's life there's (r)ope," as the man said to Jack Ketch on a certain memorable occasion.

"Anything for a little change," as the man said when he offered his bad half-crown.

Shoemakers, in order to "wax strong," must necessarily attend to their proper trade.

Good advice for the blind: Get married; that is sure to open your eyes.

"Fancy Men"—Men who fancy themselves. (N.B.—There are a pretty lot of those about just now.)

Can a medium be said to write with invisible ink when he writes with spirit?

It is dangerous to walk into a perfectly built room, because there is no flaw in it.

What inhabitant of the farm-yard does a fashionable young lady of the present time most resemble? The cock, because she wears a large comb.

To what sect does the gorilla belong? He is a hairy 'un.

A chimney-sweep likes his trade because it soots him.

Why should you distrust the opinion of a person who does not use cheap perfumes?—Because he is wanting in common scents.

When is a boat-race like a herring?—When it's a hard-rowed one.

Open to conviction—A pickpocket.

A brid[illegible]—The honeymoon.

Why does a photographer use a black cloth?—To make his camera obscura.

THE HEROIC CHARACTER.—Another element in heroism is its simplicity. Whatsoever is not simple—whatsoever is affected, boastful, wilful, covetous—tarnishes, and even destroys the heroic character of a deed; because all these faults spring out of self. On the other hand, whenever you find a perfectly simple, frank, unconscious character, there you have the possibility at least, of heroic action. For it is nobler far to do the most commonplace duty in the household, or behind the counter, with a single eye to duty, simply because it must be done—nobler far, I say, than to go out of your way to attempt a brilliant deed, with a double mind, and saying to yourself not only "This will be a brilliant deed," but also, "and it will pay me, or raise me, or set me off into the bargain." Heroism knows no "into the bargain." And therefore, again, I must protest against applying the word heroic to any deed, however charitable, however toilsome, however dangerous, performed for the sake of what certain French ladies, I am told, call *faire son salut*—saving one's soul in the world to come.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

W. H. Bumstead, the Tweed of Jersey City, who was sent to the penitentiary for nine months for stealing money from the city under cover of a real estate operation, has been pardoned. He occupied two handsomely-furnished cells converted into a suite for his benefit. He spent $2,000 while in the prison in providing himself with choice food, liquors, cigars, furniture, fuel, &c. He paid sixty cents a day to the State to escape labour.

NOTES BY A TRAVELLER IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

(Written for The Mail.)

No. II.

A very brief reference to the history of Vancouver Island, and the foundation of the City of Victoria, may not be uninteresting before proceeding to describe it as it is to-day. So it known then, that nearly three centuries ago the navigator, Juan de Fuca, sailed through the Straits now called by his name, and first established the fact that Vancouver Island did not form, as had been previously supposed, a portion of the mainland. It was left, however, to Captain George Vancouver of the Royal Navy, to make the first survey of the Straits, and circumnavigate and name the Island, which he did in the year 1792, calling it "Quadra" after the Spanish Commandant, then representing his nation and resident at Nootka upon the Island. The name, however, very soon fell into [illegible] ... finally secured by treaty to Great Britain, yet we find that company, which, however, well abused, has nevertheless been of incalculable advantage to Canada, occupying at so early a day and making us acquainted with our great lone land, and whose hardy and brave servants have proved such admirable pioneers. We find the Honourable Hudson Bay Company in 1842 establishing at Port Camosack, Fort Victoria, and laying the foundation of the city of that name. Mr. Chief Factor Douglas, now Sir James, describes Victoria in his report as "a pleasant and convenient site for the establishment, on the border of a large track of clear (clear by nature, not cleared) land, which extends to the south-east extremity of the Island, and about six miles interiorly, being the most picturesque and decidedly the most valuable part of the Island we have had the good fortune to discover."

In 1849 a lease of the whole Island was given to the Hudson Bay Company, which the British Government reserved the right of terminating at the expiration of ten years, and the first great gold discovery on the Fraser River occurring in the year 1858, this privilege was acted upon, and the following year Vancouver Island was erected into a Crown Colony with Mr. Douglas as Governor.

Until 1858 Victoria was simply a Hudson Bay post with about twenty houses, and the usual number of Company's servants, but now the wonderful discoveries of gold upon the Fraser being rumoured abroad soon produced the usual effect upon the speculative and excitable temperaments of the California miners. They came with a rush, and the only communication being with Victoria, by several ship loads in the day they were landed, until camped in and around the hitherto quiet trading post there were at one time not less than 30,000 souls. It is computed that in that one year from San Francisco and other places the emigration reached the large number of 40,000—all grown persons and almost exclusively masculine. A force to patrol this large camp was organized, but it is said it was scarcely needed, the reputation of Sir. Jas. Douglas and the practice of British institutions so acting upon the strangers as to make them orderly and law-abiding, and to the great credit of those who have since governed in this Province, and especially by the wise and firm administration of the law by the Hon. Chief-Justice Begbie, British Columbia maintains to this day her reputation for security to life and property. It is the boast of her people that there is no need to go fortified as a walking armory, as one must do to be safe in the mines of the adjoining "free Republic," while even the California "forty miner," who recounts, with apparent pride, deeds of lawlessness and violence in which he has taken part at White Pine, or "Colorado," will tell exultingly how peace and fraternal feeling prevails in his new home.

It may easily be imagined what excitement was created by the sudden influx of population, and what a stimulus was given to the building up of "Fort Victoria," for although the miners made haste to leave for the gold fields, many came not to mine but to trade, and Victoria was to be the depot. In their minds were visions of the growing into existence of a second Chicago; and while the miners, some in canoes and some in cockle shells, made by hastily nailing a few boards together, (one party by pitching the seams actually converted an empty piano case into a temporary scow), were starting on their perilous journey across the straits to the main land, the sound of the saw and hammer was everywhere heard in Victoria, as stores and dwellings were hastily erected. Soon, however, the surface diggings began to be exhausted, and almost as rapidly as the emigration the exodus began; for while the broken-down miner in California was too far from home to dream in his poverty of ever seeing the loved spot again, and was compelled by circumstances to remain in his exile and turn his hand to some trade or craft, or seek a living in agricultural pursuits, the unsuccessful in British Columbia had the larger field of California comparatively easy of access to invite his return.

Such numbers, however, had embarked their fortunes in Victoria that they could not afford to abandon the place; and while gold still continued to be found in considerable quantities, there continued to be more or less business in supplying the remaining miners, while hope was fed by rumours of new discoveries, and the expectation that they would yet "strike it rich." In this this sometimes desponding, and other times hopeful, state of feeling, matters continued until 1862, when the Cariboo discoveries revived all the excitement of 1858 even in an increased degree. Again did California seem to be emptying herself of population, and at San Francisco the value of property sensibly depreciated, in the full expectation that Victoria was after all destined to be the Empire city of the Pacific.

Proportionately, Victorians—nothing the wiser for their former experience—rushed wildly into speculation in real estate. Land changed hands at enormous prices, and leases were granted and taken of lots thought to be desirable on such long terms that some of them are yet in operation—in one case at least—at figures as high as $3 per foot a month, and a building erected at a cost of $18,000 was rented for one year for nearly enough to reimburse the outlay.

Streets were laid out, wharves were built, and churches erected, and in a very short space of time Victoria, from a Hudson Bay trading post, was converted into a city with a resident population of 10,000 people. Alas for the vanity of human calculations.

The production of gold, which it is estimated in that year reached the large sum of $6,000,000, fell off steadily, until to-day it does not much exceed $1,500,000.

Not so speedily as in 1858, but steadily, the depletion of the population began, and again depression and gloom prevailed in Victoria. By every steamer crowds left for California, while the throng on the wharf that came to say farewell were only waiting until they could raise sufficient money to pay their passages and follow. A certain number, however, had by this time turned their attention to a much more reliable source of "bread getting," if not of wealth, and men began to see a future for British Columbia in her coal mines, and her forests, her fisheries and her agricultural and grazing lands, and so a goodly number remained; nevertheless, the population which at one time was at least 50,000, fell to about 10,000, which it is claimed it is, apart from Indians, to-day, and of which about 3,000 are settled in and immediately about Victoria. Such was the state of affairs when confederation with Canada was proposed to British Columbia, and yet there were found many in her midst who strongly opposed the measure, and there are still a remnant who will not admit that any advantage has already accrued, or ever can result to that Province from the connection.

As I intend to write fully of all that I heard and saw, and shall have much to say of the kindly traits and genial spirit of the people of British Columbia, so will I also "naught extenuate" of what I believe to be their extraordinary prejudice against Canada and Canadians. To say that the feeling in the past (and with a certain class even yet) would not be flattering to the self-love of a Canadian, would be to state the case very mildly. Why or wherefore, I could not discover, but the term Canadian used to be a synonyme for contempt and reproach, and it is narrated of a man, that grossly insulted and called by every opprobrious epithet, he bore it with patience, until his tormentor, in disgust at his pusillanimity, turned from him with the expression—"He's a Canadian." This was too much for long suffering endurance—he could not stand so dire an insult, and stripping off his coat "he went for that traducer." No doubt this story is a burlesque and is told simply to mark the feeling, but that it is told denotes that such a feeling did exist, neither must it be supposed that this prejudice pervades all classes of the community, on the contrary, there are in the Province a number of sons of old Canada whose influence is making itself felt, and notably among them may be mentioned the Hon. A. Rocke Robertson, until within a few weeks Provincial Secretary, and the Hon. G. A. Walkem, the present Attorney-General, whose energy and ability will, at no distant day, cause his reputation to be more than merely Provincial. The Hon. Amor DeCosmos, already well-known in Canada, who is Premier, is a Nova Scotian, and the Hon. Mr. Beaven is from Canada, evidencing by their positions that the [illegible]

Having, however, made their own terms before assenting to the Union, and become accustomed to the new order of things, this feeling is very much modified, and Canada is beginning to be regarded as not so contemptible after all. The popular impression, however, still is that British Columbia is of such untold value to Canada that she has entered the Confederation much too cheaply, and that notwithstanding all she has got she has given more. This feeling reminds one of the story of "the trade" between the Missourian and Arkansasian. The Missourian enters the store of the Arkansasian and producing an egg, after some chaffering, effects its exchange for a darning needle, and then remarks, "stranger, it's the custom in Missouri to treat on a trade." The darning needle man replies that such a trade is too small to treat upon, but the Missourian persists. "I guess stranger it's the custom, and you've got to treat; so I guess I'll take some gin and sugar with an egg in it."

However, I am free to admit that British Columbia is of very great value to Canada, and this brings me to my description of it as it is to-day.

A CURIOUS LEGAL CUSTOM.

MAKING SERGEANTS-AT-LAW IN AN ENGLISH COURT.

The London *Globe* in a late article headed "All about the Courts," referring to some recent judicial promotions in England, treats of the ancient and mysterious order of sergeants-at-law, and gives a description, which we reprint, of the mode in which barristers selected for advancement to the bench who may not already be "sergeants," are admitted to that honourable fraternity. The conferring of this dignity upon them is an indispensable pre-requisite to their being sworn in as judges of the Queen's Courts at Westminster. Mr. Archibald, who has been raised to the Queen's Bench, is a brother of Mr. Edward M. Archibald, the British Consul-General in this city. The *Globe* says:—

"The special diversion of the past week has been the first appearance of no less than two new judges in their respective courts. In the case of Sir James Hannen, who took his seat for the first time as Judge Ordinary of the Court of Probate and Divorce, the interest was not particularly keenly felt. The elevation of Mr. Justice Archibald on the same day to the Queen's Bench was an event of a different kind. There is an ancient custom, which has grown to be a rule, that all Judges of the Superior Courts at Westminster shall take upon them the rank of Sergeant-at-Law before they exercise the duties of the higher office.

"Now, the degree of sergeant-at-law is one of great dignity and antiquity. Treatises have been written demonstrating the claim of the venerable institution of sergeantcy to the reverence of all posterity, and setting out the rights and privileges of an order compared to which the objects of [illegible] ... while ago. Even the very title of the office is so old that its derivation is somewhat obscure. Some authorities are of opinion that the origin of the office is strictly feudal, and that the holders retained it by knightly services (*servientes ad legem*) in the realm of law, while others incline to the belief that the sergeants are the representatives of some knowing fellows (*sages gens*) who arrived in this country in the wake of William the Norman. All, however, are agreed that, like many other ancient dignities, the original holders 'came over with the Conqueror,' at the very least.

"Why a judge must needs be a sergeant is one of the mysteries into which it ill becomes irreverent and inquisitive persons to pry too narrowly; they might as well ask why a bishop is made a D. D. Suffice it to say that such is always the case, and that a judge could no more appear on the bench without the sergeant's coif on the summit of his wig than the great Panjandrum himself without the little round button at the top. So Mr. Justice Archibald was made a sergeant according to ancient usage, and gave gold rings to all kinds of great people, and finally appeared at the bar of the Court of Common Pleas as counsel for one apocryphal Ann Winn, widow, who sued out a writ of dower (they called it a real action, though it was only a sham, but, as an old lady in the crowd was heard to remark, 'That's the way of all lawyers.') How a passage was made right through the bar benches, for all the world like the passage along which nervous gentlemen are marched on to the stage at a wizard's entertainment; how the new sergeant, in a purple cloth gown of ancient cut and a full-bottomed wig of tremendous proportions, came slowly to the front and addressed their lordships in solemn tones; how their lordships struggled bravely to keep grave, and how Mr. Justice Brett at last gave up gravity as hopeless; how Mr. Sergeant Ballantine and Mr. Sergeant Parry, who had some mystic rites to perform in connection with the proceedings, managed to keep as grave as undertakers, thereby sending half the spectators into fits—to narrate all these things in full would occupy too much space. The ceremony was brief, however, and in a very few minutes from its commencement the new sergeant left the court—as the police reports say—'accompanied by his friends.'

"Scene II. was laid in the Court of Queen's Bench, where, ten minutes afterwards, Mr. Sergeant Archibald appeared in a new character, 'with entirely new dresses and decorations.' An ermined gown and a 'bob' wig replaced the sergeant's robes. The bar and the spectators rose as he entered, and remained standing while the judge's oath was administered by the officer of the court. The new judge then took his seat and signed the roll of the court, and so ended the ceremony. Thus entered upon his judicial career a man who has won his way to the bench by dint of honourable plodding toil; a man who commands the universal esteem and regard of his brothers now on the bench as of his late brethren at the bar, and who may safely be trusted to bring to the discharge of his duties as judge a sound and ripe scholarship in law, winning and courteous manner, and a fitting sense of the high office he has attained."

A Mystery in the Albany Post Office.

On the morning of the 12th, as reported by the Albany *Argus*, a discovery was made in one of the upper rooms of the Exchange Building, used as a post-office, which has astonished and perplexed all beholders. These rooms have been closed for seventeen years, and the key which unlocks them has been always in charge of the officials of the building, yet on proceeding to the rooms, as stated, the clerk who entered them saw a spectacle which would furnish an admirable chapter in a sequel to "The Mysteries of Udolpho." The floor of the room was covered with packing cases, vitriol carboys, old papers, maps, &c. In one of the cases were found portions of a model steam-engine, the various parts of which were as bright as if they had been put there but a few days before. The mystery, however, was not so much on the floor as it was up among the rafters, for on casting his eyes upward the clerk saw suspended from one of the rafters the skull of a human being suspended by a string. Immediately under this skull, upon the floor, were found a withered arm, hand, and shoulder, while near by was one-half of the ribs. But more mysteries yet remained to be developed. Near the door was a box, in which were discovered a large quantity of cinders, some small coal, and pieces of charred human bones, showing that an attempt had been made to burn the bones. The skull was taken down, and it was seen that the skull had been sawn in half. The discovery of an empty mahogany instrument case, on which is printed the name "Dr. Kip," two parchment deeds of the seventeenth century and a number of bottles containing chemicals, together with old cameras used in photographing, and many other articles made up the sum total of the contents of the gloomy apartment. The musty parchments give an antique flavour to the surroundings of the case, although it would of course be rash to relegate the whole mysterious matter to that time, now long passed, when George III. was king.

A society for the suppression of slang has been formed among the pupils of the girls' high school of San Francisco. Said a reporter to one of its members: "Your object is a praiseworthy one. Do you think you will succeed in eradicating conversational slang?" Said she, "You bet!"

[illegible]

Stirred not nor breathed: [illegible] she seized
And drew the hinder leg: the carcass heaved
All over wooden like a piece of wood—
"Dead?" said the Dame, while louder wailed Elaine;
"I see," she said, "thy fasts were all too long,
Thy commons all too short, which shortened thus
Thy days, tho' thou mightst still have cheered mine age.
Had I but timelier to the city wonned.
Thither I must again, and that right soon,
For now 'tis meet we lap thee in a shroud,
And lay thee in the vault by Astolat,
Where faithful Tray shall by Sir Hubbard lie."

Up a by-lane the Undertaker dwelt;
There day by day he plied his merry trade,
And all his undertakings undertook:
Erst knight of Arthur's Court, Sir Waldgrave hight
A gruesome carle who hid his jests in gloom,
And schooled his lid to counterfeit a tear.
With cheerful hammer he a coffin tapt
While hollow, hollow, hollow, rang the wood
And, as he sawed and hammered, thus he sang;

Wood, hammer, nails, ye build a house for him,
Nails, hammer, wood, ye build a house for me,
Paying the rent, the taxes, and the rates.

I plant a human acorn in the ground,
And therefrom straightway springs a goodly tree,
Budding for me in bread and beer and beef.

O Life, dost thou bring Death or Death bring thee?
Which of the twain is bringer, which the brought?
Since men must die that other men may live.

O Death, for me thou plump'st thine hollow cheeks,
Mak'st of thine antic grin a pleasant smile,
And prank'st full gaily in thy winding sheet.

This ditty sang he to a doleful tune
To outer ears that sounded like a dirge,
Or wind that wails acrost the fields of death.
'Ware of a visitor, he ceased his strain,
But still did ply his saw industrious
With withered hand on ear, Dame Hubbard stood;
"Vex not mine ears," she grated, "with thine old
And creaking saw!" "I deemed," he said, and sighed,
"Old saws might please thee, as they should the wise."
"Know," said the Dame, "Sir Tray that with me dwelt
Lies on my lonely hearthstone stark and stiff;
Wagless the tail that waved to welcome me."—
Here Waldgrave interposed sepulchral tones,
"Oft have I noted, when the jest went round,
Sad 'was to see the wag forget his tale—
Sadder to see the tail forget its wag."
"Wherefore," resumed she, "take of fitting stuff,
And make therewith a narrow house for him."
Quoth he, "From yonder deal I'll plane the bark,
So 'twill of Tray be emblematical;
For thou, 'tis plain, must lose a deal of bark,
Since he nor bark nor bite shall practise more."
"And take thou, too," she said, "a coffin-plate,
And be his birth and years inscribed thereon
With letters twain 'S. T.' to mark Sir Tray,
So shall the tomb be known in after-time."
"Take too," quoth Waldgrave, "shall be deftly done;
Oft hath the plate been delighted with his bones,
But now his bones must lie beneath the plate."
"Jest'st thou?" Dame Hubbard said, and clutched her crutch,
For ill she brooked light parlance of the dead;
But when she saw Sir Waldgrave, how his face
Was all drawn downward, till the curving mouth
Seemed a horse-shoe, while o'er the furrowed cheek
A wandering tear stole on, like rivulet
In dry ravine down mother Ida's side,
She changed her purpose, smote not, lowered the staff;
So parted, faring homeward with her grief.

Nearing her bower, it seemed a sepulchre
Sacred to memory, and almost she thought
A dolorous cry arose, as if Elaine
Did sound a caterwauling requiem.
With hesitating hand she raised the latch,
And on the threshold with reluctant foot
Lingered, as loath to face the scene of woe,
When lo! the body lay not on the hearth,
[illegible]
A world of merry meaning in his eye,
And all his face agrin from ear to ear.

Like one who late hath lost his dearest friend,
And in his sleep doth see that friend again,
And marvels scarce to see him, putting forth
A clasping hand, and feels him warm with life,
And so takes up his friendship's broken thread—
Thus stood the Dame, thus ran she, pattering o'er
The sanded tiles, and clasped she then Sir Tray,
Unheeding of the grief his jest had wrought
For joy he was not numbered with the dead.

Anon the Dame, her primal transports o'er,
Bethought her of the wisdom of Sir Tray,
And his fine wit, and then it shameful seemed
That he so bareheaded 'mid the city should go
While empty skulls of fools went thatched and roofed;
"A hat," she cried, "would better fit these brows
Than many a courtier's that I've wotted of;
And thou shalt have one, an' my tender toes
On which the chesse do shoot, and these my knees
Wherethro' rheumatic twinges swiftly dart,
Will bear me to the city yet again;
And thou shalt wear the hat that Arthur wore
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship."
Whereat Sir Tray did seem to smile, and smote
Upon the chair-back with approving tail.

Then up she rose, and to the Hatter's went,
"Hat me," quoth she, "your very newest hat;"
And so they hatted her, and she returned
Home through the darksome wold, and raised the latch,
And marked, full lighted by the ingle-glow,
Sir Tray, with spoon in hand, and cat on knee,
Spattering the mess about the chaps of Puss.

DUALINE EXPLOSION.

(*From the Titusville Courier.*)

Again we are called upon to record an accident resulting from the handling of the death dealing substance known as dualine, used in torpedoing oil wells. Yesterday morning at about half-past seven o'clock, a loud noise was heard on Dennis Run, near Tidioute, which proved to be the explosion of a torpedo in the house of A. J. Dalrymple. The house, a small one-story building, is situated on the side hill, in Dennis Run, a little upwards of a mile from Tidioute. It is supposed that Mr. Dalrymple was preparing the torpedo and was sitting in a chair with the torpedo between his legs, working at it; getting it ready to put in a well, which he had contracted to do during the day. There were but two rooms in the house, a sitting-room and a bed-room, and himself, wife and child, the latter a little boy, aged about eighteen months, were in the sitting room. The combustion lifted the front side of the house out entire, throwing it down the hill, and the trunk of the body of Mr. Dalrymple was forced through one corner of the roof, speeding through the air a distance of about twenty feet, striking on the roof of the engine house of the old Mosier well, and rolling from thence to the ground beneath, where it was picked up. Upon the arrival of assistance, the shattered fragments of the building were cleared away, and Mrs. Dalrymple, still alive, but insensible, was found lying on her side, with her child near her, between her and the stove. They were taken out and cared for at the house of a neighbour near at hand, and the death of Mrs. Dalrymple followed in about two hours. She was injured in the head, from which the brain protruded from a horrible gash. Her body was not mutilated. The child was taken to Tidioute, and placed in the care of Mrs. Jones, and at six o'clock last evening, when our reporter left Tidioute, it was still alive, but its recovery is very doubtful. It has a severe cut extending from the top of the head down behind the right ear, and its body is terribly mutilated, a gash eight inches in length on the right thigh, besides several other cuts on the body.

Mr. Dalrymple was aged about twenty-five years, and has been a resident of Tidioute for about two years. He came from Minnesota to reside in Tidioute, but is said to have been born in Chautauqua county, N. Y. Mrs. Dalrymple was about twenty years of age, and both were highly respected, enjoying a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

Haunted House in Kentucky.

(*Columbus (Ky.) Dispatch.*)

Mr. Rison, living in the house formerly occupied by Mr. Waddell, and afterwards by Mr. M. W. Matthews, at night hears strange and unaccountable sounds—sometimes as of an unshod person walking about the floor, at others of persons scuffling, and then of doors opening and closing, and again of chairs falling on the floor. Sometimes the sounds proceeds from one part of the house, sometimes from another, but usually from unoccupied up-stairs apartments. Careful search about the house at the time the sounds are made fails to reveal their source or cause. On one occasion while Mr. Rison was looking in a room to discover the cause of the noise, the door seemed to be forcibly pushed against him. The sounds are heard by all the members of the family and by workmen employed in the shop, and have been heard by those who previously occupied the house, usually by night, but sometimes by day. Mr. Rison has heard the sounds for several months, and has made every effort to discern their cause, but without success. He appears to be a calm, sensible, reflecting man; says he does "not believe in ghosts," and is not afraid of them; nor is he afraid of the noises about his house, but they disturb his sleep and alarm members of the family. A short time ago when Mr. Rison was searching for the cause of the noise, he found some human bones stowed away in the back attic, but he does not attribute to them any influence in producing the sounds, nor is there any mystery as to how they came there, as he has ascertained that they were found in the country by a previous occupant of the house, and deposited there simply as curiosities. The sounds do not proceed from the part of the house where the bones are deposited.

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