

24 in., and are nearly 30 in., measuring 100 ft. in length—which were just about to be shipped to customers. The whole operation is well worth witnessing, and, as we have said before, will well repay the curious. We know of no place where it may be seen to better advantage than at Messrs. Campbell & Co's. Manufactory.

A year or two ago Messrs. Campbell & Co. opened business in Toronto, with premises in the ill-fated Iron Block, but finding that it would be advantageous to concentrate the business, the manufactory was removed to Montreal, where a large amount of work is now turned out. A branch house still exists in Toronto, under the style and title of S. S. Campbell, and under the management of Mr. Thos. Haworth, well known in the hardware trade. The offices of the Toronto branch are situated in the old quarters, No. 15 Phoenix Block, Front Street, West.

On Tuesday morning the prizes were distributed at the Catholic Commercial College of this city, of which M. Archambault is the principal. There was a large gathering of the friends of the institution. The four especial prizes, *præfession*, of the value of fifty dollars each were awarded to Masters Robert Anderson (Dux) Emile Vanier, Joseph Ducharme, and Henry Pepin. His Worship the Mayor, Dr. Bernard, was present and addressed the pupils, and promised to give the sum of fifty dollars (following the example of the ex-Mayor, Mr. Judge Coursol) for the student who during the next scholastic year should be pronounced most irreproachable in his conduct, constant in his application, and successful in his studies.

BOOKS, ETC., RECEIVED.

Anecdotes of Public Men. By John W. Forney. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.
Orations and Addresses, by William Cullen Bryant. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Montreal: Dawson Bros.
Absolute Religion. By Thomas C. Upham, D.D., LL.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

DICKENS'S PRESENTIMENT.

Blanchard Jerrold, in his charming little volume, "A Day with Charles Dickens," maintains that the great novelist had a presentiment of his sudden death, and prepared for the latter. He says:

Signs of the end were revealed day by day, immediately after his death; and they are so many marks of the love of order that was a ruling passion in Dickens throughout his life. Death could not reach Charles Dickens unprepared, in any sense. That he had misgivings, warnings, we cannot doubt; and these led him to prepare for the change. Only a few days before his death, he transferred the property of *All the Year Round* to his eldest son, and formally resigned its editorship. At the very day on which he died, he was to have met his staunch and affectionate friend and fellow-worker, W. H. Willis, to make a final settlement of accounts. He wrote to his "ever-affectionately" Charles Kent: "To-morrow is a very bad day for me to make a call, as, in addition to my usual office business, I have a mass of accounts to settle: but I hope to be with you at 3 o'clock. If I can't be, why then I shall not be."

[The letter was written an hour or two before he lay insensible, his light forever quenched, in the dining-room of Gad's Hill Place.]

"You must really get rid of those opal enjoyments. They are too overpowering."

"These violent delights have violent ends."

I think it was a father of your church who made this wise remark to a young gentleman who got up early (or stayed out late) at Victoria.

The "opal enjoyments" refer to the early sky, and the whole is pleasant banter on the vehement devotion of his friend (the distinguished poet) to his work as editor of the *Sun*.

I had met Dickens about the middle of May, at Charing Cross, and had remarked that he had aged very much in appearance. The thought-lines of his face had deepened, and the hair had whitened. Indeed, as he approached me, I thought for a moment I was mistaken, and that it could not be Dickens; for that was not the vigorous, rapid walk, with the stick lightly held in the alert hand, which had always belonged to him. It was he, however; but with a certain solemnity of expression in the face, and a deeper earnestness in the dark eyes. However, when he saw me and shook me by the hand, the delightful brightness and sunshine swept over the gloom and sadness, and he spoke buoyantly, in the old, kind way, not in the least about himself, but about my doings, about Doré, about London as a subject (which I and my friend had just resolved to write upon together)—about all that could interest me, and which occurred to him at the moment. And he wrung my hand again as we parted; and the cast of serious thought settled again upon the handsome face, when he turned, wearily, I thought for him, towards the abbey.

That within a month he would be resting there forever, buried under flowers cast by loving hands, and that the whole civilized world would be lamenting the loss of the great and good Englishman, I never for one moment dreamed. But I thought sadly of him, I remember, after we had parted. Nor was I alone in this. He was walking with a dear friend of his a few weeks ago, when this one said, speaking of "Edwin Drood":

"Well, you, or we, are approaching the mystery!"

"Dickens, who had been and was at the moment, all vivacity, extinguished his gaiety, and fell into a long and silent reverie, from which he never broke during the remainder of the walk. Was he pondering another and deeper mystery than any his brain could unravel, facile as its mastery was over the hearts and brains of his brethren?"

We can never know.

It is certain, however, that the railway accident on the 9th of June, 1865, in which Dickens so nearly lost his life, made an ineradicable impression on him; and that, when he referred to it, he would get up and describe it with extraordinary energy. He closed his last completed work with a reference to it: "I remember with devout thankfulness that I can never be much nearer parting company with my readers forever than I was then, until there shall be written against my life the two words with which I have this day closed this book—'THE END.'"

Too soon for the country that loved him, and was so proud of him, were those two words written; and they were written on the 9th of June, 1870.

THE ROSE TREE AND ITS LEGENDS.

The Greek poets say that the rose was originally white, but that it was changed to red,—according to some, from the blood of Venus, who lacerated her feet with its thorns when rushing to the aid of Adonis; and according to others, from the blood of Adonis himself. The fragrance of the rose is said by the poets to be derived from a cup of nectar thrown over it by Cupid; and its thorns to be the stings of the bees with which his bow was strung. Another tale relating to the birth of the rose is, that Flora, having found the dead body of one of her favorite nymphs, whose beauty could only be equalled by her virtue, implored the assistance of all the gods and goddesses to aid her in changing it into a flower, which all others should acknowledge to be their queen. Apollo lent the vivifying power of his beams, Bacchus bathed it in nectar, Vertumnus gave its perfume, Pomona its fruit, and Flora herself its corona of flowers. Anacreon makes its birth coeval with those of Venus and Minerva:

"Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
The earth produced an infant flower,
Which sprang with blushing tinctures drest,
And wanted o'er its parent breast;
The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hailed the rose—the boon of earth."

A beetle is often represented on antique gems as expiring surrounded by roses; and this is supposed to be an emblem of a man enervated by luxury—the beetle being said to have such an antipathy to roses that the smell of them will cause its death. In this connection the reader will remember the term *sybarite*, which arose from the youths of that town being so enervated by luxury that a crumpled rose-leaf disturbed their slumbers; and hence the term is typical of the race, which certainly flourish in our day in undiminished numbers. Herodotus speaks of the double rose, and Solomon of the rose of Sharon, and of the plantation of roses at Jericho. Theophrastus tells us that the hundred-leaved rose grew in his time on Mount Pangeus; and it appears that the isle of Rhodes, or "Rhodes," received its name from the culture of the plant carried on there. Pliny mentions several sorts of roses which were known to the Romans, and which modern authors consider as the same as the Damascus French, and cabbage roses. The ancients do not appear to have known either the yellow or the white rose, unless we except those which Pliny calls the roses of Alabanda, in Caria, which had whitish petals. Among the Romans the rose was an especial favourite. They garnished their dishes with it, and floated its petals on their Falernian wine; wore garlands of it at their feasts; strewed their banqueting apartments with its leaves; and their ladies used rose-water for their baths, and as a perfume. During the reign of Domitian, the Egyptians thought of offering to the emperor's court, as a magnificent present, roses in winter; but at this proposal the Romans smiled, for, thanks to the forcing process employed by them, roses were abundant in the imperial city at that season. In every street, says Martial, the odour of spring is breathed, and garlands of flowers, freshly gathered, are displayed. "Send us corn, Egyptians, and we will send you roses," was the response. Roses were employed both by the Greeks and Romans to decorate tombs; and instances are given of rose gardens being bequeathed by their proprietors for the purpose of furnishing flowers to cover their graves.—*Gold & Hours*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. E., OTTAWA.—A School of Mining and Civil Engineering is attached to McGill College. For further information address Prof. Armstrong, Montreal.

Mr. Armstrong, of Buffalo, N.Y., is the inventor of a remarkably neat little charm, combining watch-key, nail-cleaner, and envelope-opener. Attention is directed to his advertisement. We have no doubt this Lilliputian, but very effective instrument, will meet with a ready sale.

We have received a very admirable "Guide to Edinburgh," published by Messrs. James Middlemass & Co. of that city. It is profusely illustrated, and contains a brief account of the antiquities, public buildings, and points of interest in and about the old Scottish capital. The information it gives is of sufficient value to entitle it to preservation.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

TOUCHSTONE PAPERS.

NO. XII.—CLUBS AND COTERIES.

The principle of association, like every other great, fundamental principle, has been used for good or evil, in all ages, by different societies and peoples. Men have united together in the bonds of close fellowship to further some of the noblest and holiest causes which have benefited mankind, while others, in secret alliance, have employed all the resources of their combined power and talents to undermine and overthrow thrones, altars, and the inviolable hearthstone of the family. Even in the peaceful republic of letters, this double influence of association has been felt, from the day when Plato projected his utopia, and of which he capriciously banished a certain class of writers, down to the establishment of the latest debating society in the most obscure of our country villages. The existence of cabals in literature forms one of the most curious chapters in the intellectual history of our race, and will explain better than perhaps anything else, the fluctuations of the standard of taste among various nations, the strange perversities of criticism, the malignities and ignoble rivalries of genius, and the merited or unmerited reputation of prominent authors.

In the domain of science, as well as of letters and arts, these cabals are still in vogue, under the more euphonious name of Coteries. In Italy, where there are least of them, owing to the generous enthusiasm of its people for every manifestation of talent, they have still their influence on the art of painting. To them, for instance, may be attributed the fame of many obscure disciples of Raphael, as well as the ill success and premature death of the gentle Domenichino. To them may be traced the violent controversy which raged in Paris between the musical composers, Gluck and Piccini. Gluck was driven from the lyric stage, but his genius has triumphed over malice and his glory burst upon the world once more in his classic

Iphigenia. What else but the same evil influence forced Rossini to renounce the divine art? Conscious of his own superiority and stung to the quick at the injustice of cliques, the immortal author of *Guillaume Tell* and *Il Barbiere* was silent for almost forty years before his death. What treasures of art, what gems of song have thereby been lost to the world. In Germany it is the same. It will be long before Wagner succeeds in winning appreciation for his new musical themes; long, before his *Tannhäuser* will rank alongside the master pieces of Meyerbeer and Van Weber. In England, whence proceeded the almost national antipathy to the Labe School of Poetry. Why was Wordsworth regarded as a sublime idiot? Why is it that the undoubted architectural genius of Pugin was never recognized? We shall have answer by turning to the pages of *Blackwood* and *Edinburgh Review* of those days. These periodicals were, as a great many more are still, the accredited organs of literary Coterics. The United States have not escaped the contagion. Without citing names, or pointing out localities, I may remark that, within a very narrow portion of the Union, there are Coterics where almost constitutional injustice and unfairness are aggravated by political, social and religious considerations. They would ostracize all that they cannot claim as their own, brand every intellect which would soar beyond their sphere. Why else have they not saluted Brownson as one of the first, if not the first, of American prose writers? Why else have they not acknowledged with all British Critics, that foremost on the scroll of American poets stands the name of the lamented Poe. Brownson has changed his religion and Edgar Poe had the misfortune to be born south of a certain line!

It was not my intention to say this much in regard to these associations, so hostile to intellectual progress, but I shall let it stand as a feeble protest against such combinations, whether held in the gilt halls of the Hotel de Rambouillet; the gays of Madame de Récamier, Queen of Beauty; the marble clubhouse of Regent Street or even the back room of a certain Boston publishing house. I had intended rather to consider the favourable aspect of the association principle, in relation to the literary and scientific future of the country. I hope the day is not far distant when the Dominion will be the focus and centre of an intense literary activity, destined to radiate to all the parts of the Continent. Unless the signs of the times deceive me, I believe there is reason to expect this glorious consummation.

Encouraged by such a hope, I should like to see native talent massed and concentrated. I should like to see our young men take their bearings, compare notes together, prepare for the work before them. In this purpose, I should recommend the formation of scientific, literary and artistic clubs. The evil which they have done elsewhere and in other times, may here be converted into good in the bright days that are coming. A vast deal has already been done in this direction, but a centuple more remains to be accomplished.

I would suggest, as the best specimen of the club system, the formation of Alumni Associations, such as they exist at Yale and Harvard. I know of no means better calculated to promote the educational development to which I look forward so hopefully. These Alumni Associations gather the graduates of their respective Colleges, at stated intervals, for social and literary purposes. They revive the wholesome reminiscences of school days, bring out the lessons of experience in the various walks of life, strengthen and vivify the good principles which pupils imbibed from their professors, and nerve the springs of the soul in virtuous resolves and aspirations. Canadian colleges turn out a number of promising young men every year. The hope of the future is in them. Let them band together in clubs and associations, under the auspices of *Alma Mater*, gather together in the shelter of those old college walls, where they learned all they know, hear occasionally the grave counsels of their former professors, and thus gird themselves for the work which lies before them. The several colleges of the different Provinces having each an association of the kind, would ultimately form a great united body, destined to contribute powerfully toward the accomplishment of the good work which, I believe, is reserved for the Dominion.

Lovers of angling are busily plying the line just now. From various favourite points, St. Anne's, Chateaugay, the Eastern Townships, come reports of fine takes. A veteran sportsman, E. B. Hodge, Esq., writes from the shores of Brompton Lake, detailing astonishing success with Harper & Smith's double spinner among the bass and lake trout. While the best English and American trolling baits failed to kill, the double spinner landed some splendid fish. Mr. Hodge bears testimony to the important facts that these baits play no matter how slow the boat is pulled, and never twist the line. We hear of a number of fishing parties organizing for a brief camp out. A more delightful way of spending a few days can hardly be imagined.

The Fire Record.

The following is a record of the fires which occurred throughout the country (so far as could be ascertained) during last week:—

On Sunday evening (June 22nd), McDougall's woolen factory, Montreal. Good deal of damage done. Cause unknown.

Wednesday, at noon, Gourdau's Cabinet Factory, St. Roch's, Quebec. Entire building and a large quantity of lumber destroyed. No insurance. Another fire occurred at the same time in Olivier street, but it was soon extinguished.

On Tuesday, at St. John, N. B., a brick building on the Railway wharf was badly damaged by fire. It was occupied by J. & T. Robinson, a wholesale house, and Charles Peters' hay and feed store. Robinson's goods were removed from the store, but Peters lost his whole stock. The loss was about \$8,000, insurance \$1,500. At Gananoque, Ont., at 1.30 a. m., on the same day, a fire broke out in the residence of W. H. Campbell. The house was totally destroyed, with part of the furniture. Loss about \$1,000, insured for \$600. Cause of fire unknown. At Ottawa, Ont., also on the same day, the store and dwelling house of Mr. F. W. Kay, including post and telegraph offices, together with two adjoining dwellings, was destroyed by fire. Mr. Kay's loss amounts to about \$11,000; insured for \$3,610. The two adjoining houses were worth about \$1,500. The fire broke out in the back of Mr. Kay's premises. In Montreal an unsuccessful attempt was made to fire some premises on St. Lawrence Main Street.

On Thursday a fire broke out in a stable, on Sydenham St., Kingston, but was extinguished before it could spread. Children playing with matches are said to have caused it.