OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

THE ANNUAL BOAT RACE.

The following is from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Saturday evening, March 29.

MORTLAKE, 3 p.m.—The start was made, and Cambridge with a rapid stroke went ahead, immediately keeping a fair lead up to the Creek. Cambridge steered a wide berth towards the Surrey side, which course, however, they shortly changed. Oxford, putting on a considerable spurt, drew up to their opponents, and headed them before the cut was made across to the Soap Works. At Hammersmith Bridge the light blue was leading by about half a boat's length, and continued in the same position until passing the Oil Works, when Oxford put on a spurt. Both crews rowing well, Oxford keeping a little too much on the Middlesex side. After passing the Eyot, Cambridge showed to advantage, and now appeared to have gained their original distance. Cambridge showed well. At Corney Reach, Cambridge was leading. On approaching Barnes, both crews were level, but Oxford swerved and Cambridge took a slight lead. At Mortlake they came in easily, rowing without apparent effort. Cambridge won by three lengths. Cambridge varied from 38 to 42 strokes per minute, Oxford from 39 to 43. Cambridge led all the way after the first quarter of a mile. The Oxford and Cambridge crews returned on the umpire's boat. But little enthusiasm was manifested, and the enormous crowds are rapidly dispersing. The time, as taken by Benson's chronograph, was as follows: Start, 2 hr. 32 min. 26 sec.; arrival, 2 hr. 52 min. 2 sec.; duration of race, 19 min. 36 sec.

Pile Driving by Gunpowder.

A recent number of the Liverpool *Courier* gives the following description of an experiment at driving piles by gunpowder:—

The pile is placed, as in an ordinary machine, between the guides in which the monkey, or "tup," moves. Working between the same guides, and resting on the top of the pile, is a cast-iron cap of a ton weight, the upper part of which has a cylindrical hole of seven inches diameter, bored to the depth of about two feet. This cap, or cannon, rests on and follows down the pile with each stroke of the monkey, which is of 1,800 pounds weight, and works in the same guides as the cannon. This monkey is of cast-iron, with a stem of two feet in length made of wrought-iron, with a steel expansion ring at its termination, and this stem enters easily to the extreme depth of the bore of the cannon below it, when the monkey is allowed to descend. Into the cannon bore is thrown a cartridge of compressed blasting powder, one to two ounces weight, which is coated with tinfoil or plumbago, so that it will only explode under high heat, the greatest success seeming to be attained by the slowest powder. The monkey being raised to its place about ten to fifteen feet above the top of the pile, or, rather, the cannon resting on it, an operator throws into the cannon bore a cartridge, and the party at the base pressing on the break allows the monkey to fall with its stem into the cannon's mouth, when, by the sudden compression of the air in it, enough heat is generated to explode the cartridge, the effect of which is, first, to force down the pile by a pressure similar to that of a hydraulic machine, and with a power enhanced from ten to twelve times greater than the impact force due to the weight and fall of the monkey alone when no cartridge is used. In addition to which the monkey itself at the same moment is thrown up above the cannon from ten to thirty feet, according to weight of cartridge, and is automatically caught by the break at its highest point, and remains there held until another pressure of the break releases it for the next blow. Thus the powder is made to do a double duty, in forcing the pile down while the monkey is forced up to the requisite point for the next blow. The advantages obtained are:—

First.—Rapidity of work and perfect condition in which the pile is left, as, although it is forced down with so great despatch, yet no rings are ever used on the head of the pile, as it is never in the slightest degree split or shattered, thus utilising the entire pile, and only in extremely stony ground is it necessary even to shoe it, while in soft ground the pile drives well, even when cut square off at the end.

Second.—The cheapness by which such machines can be made to do the duty assigned to them will be apparent when we state that each cartridge will not average a cost of over a halfpenny.

In the experiment of yesterday it is only just to state the first four and a half feet of ground into which the piles were driven was composed of brickbats, stones, cinders, &c., with about eighteen inches of original soil following it, while the sub-strata above the red sandstone was seven feet of marly clay, with boulders—an exceedingly resistant material to penetrate.

A Freak of Fortune.

An illustration of a proverb, "Truth is stranger than fiction," comes from Hanley, where a blacksmith named Samuel Allen, employed by the North Staffordshire Railway Company of England, has discovered in himself the heir to an estate of between £50,000 and £70,000. Allen, as his father and grandfather were before him, is parish clerk at Bucknall, a village outside Hanley, and near Bucknall is the Ubberley Hall estate, which was in possession of Allen's ancestors from the reign of William the Conqueror down to the last generation, when the family was ejected from the estate through the inability of Allen's father to produce the title-deeds. These title-deeds were lost about a hundred years ago, and their loss led, after a series of difficulties, to the expulsion of the family from their possessions about forty-five years ago. A distant relative recently obtained, by a lucky accident, a clue to the missing deeds, which had been found by strangers in a house occupied by a deceased member of the family and had fallen into the hands of the man Hobbes, who a little while ago induced several persons in South Staffordshire to believe that he had been sent down by the Lord Chancellor to help poor people to recover property, and is now undergoing a sentence of three years' imprisonment in consequence. Upwards of three hundredweight of deeds were found in Hobbes' office by the police, and those of the Ubberley estate were among them. Allen learned enough to induce him to make several efforts to discover the parchments, but without success until "a happy thought" induced him to "interview" Hobbes in Stafford prison. Hobbes, in a moment of repentance, or good resolve, told him where the deeds had been placed, and where they were found by Allen, who recovered them by paying a few pounds to the person with whom they had been left as security for a debt contracted by Hobbes. Allen, who is a hale old man of seventy, with a wife and large family, seems confident that he will be able to establish his title, and proceedings in the law courts will shortly be commenced to recover the property.

FRENCH SOCIETY.—The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* gives the following account of an annual ball held in Paris, known as "Le Bal des gens de maison," or in other words, of the servants in great establishments. It is the custom, says the correspondent we refer to, at these balls that the servants should be known by the names of their masters and mistresses. Thus, any foreigner present who had not been previously enlightened would have brought away a singular idea of the French nobility. There are none but princesses, duchesses, marquises, countesses, or baronesses. The latter title is so numerously represented that it is rather contemptuously looked down upon. The gentlemen are in full dress and the ladies display the latest and most elegant fashions. "Upon entering the room I was very graciously saluted by a gentleman of a distinguished appearance, who is attached to the household of a diplomatic marquis, and who, in donning his master's coat, had forgotten to remove the Grand Cross of a foreign order. The illusion was so complete that I was about most respectfully to offer my hand, when he explained, with all the simplicity of good taste, that he was the *valet de chambre* who was accustomed to introduce me when I called on the Marquis, his master. This misadventure put me on my guard, and I watched with natural curiosity the scene that was presented to me. It was a very singular scene and one which showed how great a part dress has in conferring distinction. "Upon finding myself in the presence of the *gens de la maison*, I was struck with their discreet behaviour and the strange fidelity with which they copied the attitudes of their masters. The *valets de chambre* of diplomatists talked with stiff necks swathed in high cravats, with impassible countenances, scrutinizing looks and lips breathing mystery. The servants of the Faubourg St. Germain looked upon those of the Faubourg St. Honore with good-humoured impertinence, and the latter returned their disdain by sneering looks and distant behaviour. One felt in observing these people that the fusion at any rate between the two faubourgs was still a subject of difficulty. This was more remarkable among the ladies. The attendance upon the *vielle noblesse* were few in number, and those few were attired in stiff, severe dresses, with precious laces and loaded with diamonds, magnificent if ill-set. The ladies of the Faubourg St. Honore had a wealthy but *bourgeois* appearance, pretty dresses but somewhat deficient in taste, much jewellery, less splendid than those of the Faubourg St. Germain, but mounted in more modern taste. The ladies from the Boulevard Haussmann were rather flighty in their appearance, their *toilettes* more *decolletees*, their hair more extravagantly dressed and they trifle with their fans in a most captivating style. Truth compels me to state that the Boulevard Haussmann attracted the greatest number of admirers. It must be added that the Boulevard Haussmann accepted with ready frankness all the compliments that were offered, as also the glasses of mulled wine which were presented. The Faubourg St. Honore displayed a coquetry which seemed to be a little affected, while the Faubourg St. Germain remained in their chairs."

Mr. Froude will reply, in a preface to the second volume of "The English in Ireland," to the critics of the first volume.

A new Indian ornithological journal, entitled Stray Feathers, has been started by Mr. Allen Hume, at Calcutta.

M. Ernest Renan has returned to Paris from a long visit to Italy. He has brought back ample materials for a new work. The subject has not been made public.

Prof. Tyndall has presented to the Royal Institution in London the splendid scientific apparatus used by him during his recent tour in the United States.

A theatre, to cost fifteen million francs, and to hold twenty thousand people, and take thirty thousand francs at each representation, is talked of in Paris.

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Colpoy's Bay, March 6th, 1873.

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The Weekly Mail.

VOL. II. NO. 56. TORONTO, FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1873. PRICE THREE CENTS.

BANQUET TO THE ONTARIO OPPOSITION.

A Brilliant Gathering.

[illegible] the Liberal Conservative As[sociation] [illegible] entertained the leaders of [the Opposition] at a magnificent ban[quet] [illegible] House, Brantford. The [illegible] the immediate [illegible] Association, [illegible] with admirable success. [illegible] proprietor of the Kerby House [illegible] up the banquet in most creditable [illegible]. The band of the Grand Trunk Battalion [illegible] Brantford, was in attendance, under the leadership of Mr. Patterson, and enlivened the proceedings with excellent music. Mr. W. J. Imlach, President of the Liberal Conservative Association of Brant, occupied the chair, and Col. Perley and Mr. Alfred Watts, the vice-chairs. There were also present the Hon. M. C. Cameron, Messrs. Rykert, Lauder, Boultbee, McCall and Gifford, representing the Ontario Opposition, and others, in all about 250. The room was handsomely decorated with flags and bunting, and among the mottoes on the walls were the following:—"Welcome, Gallant Ontario Opposition;" "The Memory of John Sandfield Macdonald," draped in mourning; "The Young Men's Liberal Conservative Club greets its Patron, the Hon. Matthew Crooks Cameron;" "Right, not might in numbers, will conquer;" "Conservation of our Timber Wealth;" "A Wasted Surplus and Broken Pledges, the only fruits of Grit Misrule;" "South Brant will send J. J. Hawkins to strengthen your hands."

The usual loyal and patriotic healths having been disposed of,

The CHAIRMAN said that he would not make any lengthened remarks in proposing the next toast, indeed the toast did not need anything but a very curt preface. He had only to mention the name of the Premier of the country—Sir John Macdonald—to elicit a hearty response from the company present. (Cheers.) That right hon. gentleman had been the first statesman to officially inaugurate the Dominion, and he was now holding the same position, having retained the confidence of the country for a great many years. He (the Chairman) had heard Sir John spoken of by the Americans, who gave him the credit of being a true British statesman in his conduct when at Washington. (Hear, hear.) The toast he had to propose was the Dominion Government and its Premier—that Government so ably held together despite the boastful predictions of its enemies that they would hurl it from power. Where [illegible] Government was fixed as firm as ever, and he (the Chairman) hoped that it would be a long day before such men as those who composed the present Opposition at Ottawa would be able to displace it. (Cheers.)

The toast was vociferously honoured.

The Secretary of the Association then read the following extracts from letters received from members of the Ontario Legislature who were unavoidably prevented from attending.

The CHAIRMAN then rose to propose the toast of the evening, and in doing so regretted his inability to do justice to the importance of the subject. No one denied that an Opposition was a very necessary element in our Parliamentary system, and where we find the Ministry of the day exceeding their legitimate powers, as the present Ontario Government were doing in the most shameful manner, an active and vigilant Opposition must be set in motion, else the liberties of the people will be jeopardised. Our present loyal Opposition of Ontario had been sneered at as insignificant in numbers, but the fact was that under the circumstances their very smallness redounded to their credit, because it indicated that they had resisted temptation. It was an old saying that where the carcase was there would the eagles be gathered, and this was very much the case in the Ontario Assembly just now. The Government of the late Mr. Sandfield Macdonald had heaped up the much-talked-of Surplus, and the eagles were now devouring it. (Cheers.) The Opposition were frequently twitted about their smallness, but this large and respectable assemblage was prepared to say to them, "Fear not, little band, the heart of the country is with you." (Cheers.) The good old constituency of South Brant was telling us to-night what they think of the Government, and their voice is an index of the feeling throughout the Province. He would like to enlarge upon this theme, did time permit, but the hour was getting late, and there were many speakers to come. It was true that the Opposition had not effected much in the way of stopping extravagance, but they put upon enduring record the shameful conduct of the Government and their supporters. Messrs. Cameron, Rykert, Lauder, Boultbee and others had all striven to pin down the spendthrifts to a record which they could not in any way evade. His active little friend, Mr. Rykert, was especially to be commended for his cleverness in ferreting out that remarkable "canoe couch" on which Mr. McKellar was luxuriating at the public expense, so that we learn in the abstract discussion of politics a practical lesson in the occupation of upholstering. He was expressing the feelings of every one present when he said that the members of that gallant band, the loyal Opposition of Ontario, deserved the gratitude of the electors of the Province for the staunch manner in which their rights and interests had been battled for during the session just closed. He would give the health of Mr. M. C. Cameron and that Opposition.

The toast was received with a perfect storm of applause, lasting several minutes.

Mr. M. C. CAMERON, who, on rising, was greeted with an ovation of applause, said that it was with no ordinary feelings that he witnessed the spectacle before him. No words he could utter would properly convey the gratitude he felt for the kindness shown him and his co-workers in the good cause. This was a glorious banquet and worthy the efforts of the Association under whose auspices it was held. By one of the mottoes which ornamented the wall, he saw that he and his associates were designated the gallant Ontario Opposition. This was an appropriate designation, because though they were few they were brave enough to combat with the corrupt many. He didn't claim to be much of a politician, nor was he any trader in politics. Since he was first elected to the councils of his country he had but one single eye to its interests. Yet he had never faltered in his allegiance to the Liberal Conservative Party—a Party which he believed represented the true interests of the country, in whose ranks the truest patriots were to be found, and whose supporters were the true sons of the soil. (Cheers.) He proceeded to advert to the political situation prior to Confederation when the dead-lock ensued. The first Ontario Government was accepted by the people, but that unjust, unrighteous and cruel spirit which embittered political discussion before Confederation was again let loose, and because that Government contained two Conservatives there was nothing good could emanate from it. That spirit worked with its old persistency and malevolence until finally it accomplished its purpose and overthrew the Government, and the result was the facts stated in the mottoes which to-night decorated this banqueting hall. "Direct taxation" was looming quickly up and would surely arrive if moderate men did not soon succeed the spendthrifts at present in power. "A wasted Surplus and broken pledges were the only fruits of Grit misrule." Those who read the press, whether Opposition or Ministerial, unless they shut their eyes blindly, must know the truth of that motto. The Chairman had referred to the efforts and the numerical weakness of the Opposition. Now, whether they could ever grow strong enough to be able to reinstate the economic *regime* of the Sandfield Government rested entirely with the people themselves, and if direct taxation ensues and burdens in coming years they will have but themselves to blame. In the words of another motto, "Let South Brant send J. J. Hawkins to strengthen our hands." (Cheers.) That constituency has never made any half measures. They know no such word as fail, whether they are on one side or the other, and he trusted they would make up their minds to elect Mr. Hawkins, and so help on the good work in which the Opposition were engaged. As a Canadian, he had been disposed to accept the Cabinet of Mr. Blake, and to expect from the *regime* of that undoubtedly clever man measures framed for the progress of the country. But unfortunately he was found assuming the *role* of his master, George Brown, and playing the demagogue. It was now generally conceded that the Sandfield Government had been fully alive to the requirements of the country, that they had fostered emigration, provided asylums for the afflicted, opened up the back country, &c. Yet while they were doing all this, they were still rolling up the Surplus, and yet they were condemned as dishonest and not worthy public support, because they harboured two Conservatives among their members. Mr. Cameron then entered into an explanation of the railway policy of the Sandfield Government. The people's representatives had endorsed that appropriation, but the people were disingenuously taught that there was something sinister, something dishonest underneath this appropriation, and that there was danger it would be used improperly. The people were hoodwinked and gulled at that time, and he was astonished that they had been so gullible. Mr. Blake said that the money should not be spent unless the older counties got some of it, and this set those counties gasping. To his mind it was an entire abnegation of the proper responsibility of the Government that the Surplus should be so distributed as to bring no advancement or return. Then Mr. Blake had determined that dual representation should be stopped, and this led to the Costigan bill, and Mr. Blake was compelled to elect between Ottawa and Toronto, and he elected for the former, because he was ambitious to measure swords with the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, and when his ambition was satisfied and he did measure swords with that gladiator what a lamentable spectacle did Mr. Blake present. (Cheers and laughter.) When Mr. Blake left the Ontario Government another leader had to be found, and it was a poor compliment to the Grit members of the House that not one could be found amongst them upon whom Mr. Blake's mantle might fall, and so the Bench had to be demoralised. (Cheers.) An Equity Judge had to be procured to lead them to that wasted Surplus and those broken pledges which were the result of Grit misrule. (Continued cheering.) And it was surprising what changes soon came over the notions of equity as entertained by the Premier. You would scarcely know equity had you listened to his varied definition of it. For instance, the Sandfield Government had determined to reclaim the swampy lands of the Province by drainage, so as to make them arable and productive, and asked for an appropriation for that purpose, but we were told that it was apart from and contrary to the spirit of Responsible Government to take such an appropriation without first giving information as to what particular concessions, lots, &c., the moneys were to be spent on, &c. This of course was impossible, and we argued that if the Government could not be trusted to expend the moneys properly they ought to be removed. After all their howl about the extraordinary powers taken by the Sandfield Government we find Mr. McKellar taking votes for twice the amount taken by the previous Government, and refusing the information they declared was requisite to be given before that Government should have got the appropriation. So we find that in this as in many other matters they themselves have done what they condemned the previous Government for doing, and therefore they now lie under the most humiliating of all condemnations, viz: self condemnation. (Cheers.) Then, again, they refused to give the information they professed to say was necessary before any railway could be aided. But he needn't particularise. They say we do it and therefore it is right. He believed that there were thousands of Reformers who secretly condemned those acts and the extravagance of the Government, but they had not the honesty and courage to come forward and support a Conservative, merely because he was such. Mr. Cameron then alluded to several members of the Opposition whose services had proved invaluable; especially Messrs. Lauder, Rykert and Boultbee, the last mentioned of whom had been elected by a staunch Reform constituency, whose electors had observed the iniquity of their pretended leaders, and had had the manliness to show by their choice of Mr. Boultbee their [illegible] of the Province at his fingers' ends, and was one of the ablest men in the House. (Cheers.) Captain Gifford had already made his mark, and was always to be found on the right side. Then there was an old grey head on his left (Mr. McCall) which did good work on the floor of the House. The owner of that head was a little erratic sometimes (laughter); he had a mania about the nuisance of lawyers, but the company would no doubt hear him denounce in forcible language the extravagance and tergiversations of the Mowat Government. The timber policy of the Government was then adverted to, and the recklessness with which the public domain on the north side of Lake Huron was disposed of was exposed. He believed that there were honest men among the lumbermen, but where the pocket was touched it was hard to remain impartial. Yet he believed also that the majority of the lumbermen of the country were opposed to this wholesale waste of our timber. The sale of 5,000 miles on Lake Huron was a completely suicidal act. No private merchant in his sane mind would glut the market with merchandise he was desirous of getting the highest price for. The great importance of the conservation of our forests was then dwelt upon. Beyond the eighty cents subsidy we had nothing between us and direct taxation—that frightful incubus to any country—but the Surplus and our timber lands. The former was now only a name, and the latter would soon be all wasted also if a check was not put to the wasteful career of the Government. Mr. Cameron then referred to the Municipal Loan Fund adjustment as applied to Brantford, which had come in for a pretty liberal allowance or reduction. It had been stated in local print that he had expressed his regret that Brantford had got that allowance. The man who penned that was uttering a falsehood or was ignorant of the facts. He had said that he was prepared to wipe out all the indebtedness rather than any injustice should be done any municipality. Now Brantford had borrowed $500,000, and had paid $213,000, but her debt and interest amounted to $882,000. St. Catharines had borrowed $190,000, and paid back $34,000, but *her* debt and interest amounted to $414,000. Yet Brantford gets a reduction of $195,000, while St. Catharines gets a reduction of only $165,000. He would ask them as honest, right-thinking men was that fair. (Cries of "No, no.") That was the way in which he had spoken of this matter, but in no other. (Cheers.)

A VOICE—St. Catharines doesn't send a Grit representative.

Mr. CAMERON—She sends a very able one, however. He then dwelt upon the policy adopted by the Government of supporting their supporters in every possible way, not only when opportunity offered, but occasionally by creating offices, public buildings, &c., so that their supporters might be appeased. The young men of this Liberal Conservative Association had made him its patron. He prized this distinction even more highly than the commission he had held as Provincial Secretary or Commissioner of Crown Lands, or the trust he had received at the hands of the electors of Ontario in East Toronto; yet he had felt that that honour might, perhaps, better have been withheld. He had felt that the cause which the Association had to foster were better dissociated from any personal or individual feature, that it should not be narrowed in any way from the broad principles it espoused. But it had been insisted that he should accept that honour, and he did so with pleasure, and he was proud of it. (Cheers.) Every man ought to think of his country before himself. He would like to inculcate this doctrine on his young friends of the Association. When such a spirit is established in the Province, we will not find politicians resorting to misrepresentation and chicanery for the purpose of getting or keeping power. When the interests of the country demanded it, he was prepared to retire from the leadership of the Opposition and allow some more able leader to fill his place, but he was quite prepared to stem the tide of corruption and extravagance till that time arrived, and notwithstanding the statements of the organ of the Ontario Government, he held that leadership by the unanimous vote of the Opposition. (Cheers.) In the name of those of that Opposition who were absent, and for himself, he thanked the Association for this grand ovation. He then made a strong appeal to the friends of Mr. Hawkins to rally and work until the day of polling. Mr. Hawkins was a Roman Catholic, but he has the cordial support of the Orangemen of the constituency. He believed that the Orange body practised the principle, that all should be free to follow the bent of their own religious inclinations. Mr. Hawkins and his co-religionists, therefore, have a guarantee that when the Orange Associations asked for the enactment of their Incorporation Bills, they had a right to have those powers granted them. He believed that they had asked for nothing which they should not have, and therefore he had voted for those bills. He would do the same for Roman Catholics, (cheers,) and he trusted that the Orange body would support Mr. Hawkins. He concluded, amid great applause, with an appeal to the electors to leave no stone unturned to secure the victory of the Liberal Conservative candidate.

Mr. BOULTBEE, who was received with loud cheers, thanked the electors of South Brant for the kind manner in which they had received him, and said that the gathering of such a highly respectable and influential body as that which was present would doubtless give great encouragement to the members of the Opposition to whom honour was done. He stood in the position of having been returned as an Independent member, as a life-long Reformer, representing both Conservatives and life-long Reformers, who, he was proud to say, had given their cordial assent to the course which he had felt it his duty to pursue. (Cheers.) He (Mr. Boultbee) went to the House in 1871, and those present were no doubt well acquainted with the history of the events that followed thereafter. He had not taken strong ground against the doctrine of Coalition in the abstract, nor had he any feeling against Governments composed of opposing Party materials, but he was certainly most surprised at the entrance of Mr. R. W. Scott in the Cabinet, regarding it as the act of those who should have treated him as one opposed to them in all things that go to make up Party strife. The present Administration, or at all events the Administration of Mr. Blake, which succeeded that of John Sandfield Macdonald, had been false to its pledges, false to its honour, and false to its record, and had embraced R. W. Scott in order to tide it into office. As he said before, he did not object to coalitions, but he strongly objected to men breaking their pledges for the sake of a coalition. (Cheers.) He belonged to-day to the Reform school, but not to that school which forsook its strongest ground and abandoned its principles, whenever such desertion and abandonment were necessary to or expedient in the securing of office. (Cheers.) There were many reasons why he opposed the men now in power. In the first place, while he was, and always had been, favourable to a fair and equitable allowance to new railways in the back country, he was strongly opposed to the granting of $100,000 per annum in the shape of a mortgage on the country for twenty years. (Hear, hear.) If the Government deemed it desirable to increase the Railway Fund to that extent, the money should have been drawn direct from the Treasury and thence appropriated to that Fund, instead of being made an annual burden upon the people for twenty years to come. (Hear, hear.) During the first session of the Administration of the men now in power, nothing of particular moment, beyond that $100,000 mortgage, had occurred upon which he had felt it his duty in the interests of those who sent him to the House and in the interests of the country at large, to give them his opposition. But during the past session things had gone on very differently. He found that a large number of the people's representatives had been so led away by Party feeling that they did not scruple to lend their votes and influence to schemes involving the expenditure of large sums of money which were not in the country's interests, but which had been thought necessary in the political exigencies of their Party. (Loud cheers.) And here he wished it distinctly understood that he regarded a Reformer as a very different kind of man, as a very different sort of politician, from a Grit. The Grit is one who, out of mere blind, idiotic love of Party, was ready and willing to vote for anything; but the true Reformer was one who held the interests of the country more sacred than the petty wants and requirements of Party. (Cheers.) One fatal result of that blind subservience to Party sentiment, of that wholesale and reckless carelessness about anything else, was apparent in our dissipated and squandered Surplus. The late John Sandfield Macdonald had hoarded the Surplus with the greatest care and economy; but he had no hesitation in saying that at the present moment there was not half a million dollars left in the Treasury. (Cheers.) A short time ago the *Globe* stated that there would be about $983,000 remaining of our Surplus after the proposed expenditures had been made; and taking that as correct there would now have to be deducted a still further sum of $555,000, which represented the amount of municipal indebtedness struck off in order to cancel the claim of the Canada Central Railway. Under the circumstances in which this Province was placed, having regard to the fact that we have but a very small *permanent* revenue, and some of the sources from which we now draw income must soon be dried up, the only true policy of any Government should have been one of wise and prudent economy. (Cheers.) But he was sorry for the country's sake to say that such a policy had not been pursued by the men now in power. (Loud cheers.) In dealing with the timber lands of the Province, the Government and their supporters had not only committed a most suicidal act, but had [illegible] Government, as that principle was understood by Reformers of the old and the true school. He (Mr. Boultbee) alluded in detail to the action of Mr. Scott. He had also felt it necessary to oppose the Government on their scheme for the construction of two or three Normal Schools, when it was an established fact that the present Normal School at Toronto was not filled up to its capacity. There was another point also which had struck him as most peculiar, and that was with regard to the appropriation of $5,000 for gratuities to public servants. It would be remembered that when the Sandfield Macdonald Administration was reorganizing the public departments after Confederation, a sum of $20,000 was asked for in order to provide gratuities for officials of long service whom the Government might find it necessary to dismiss during the year. At that time Mr. McKellar insisted upon the names of those officers being furnished before the appropriation was made; and yet on the item of $5,000 set apart during the past session for the very same purpose, the Government refused to give any details whatsoever. (Cheers.) Mr. Mowat and his colleagues voted, in fact, against a resolution precisely similar to the one moved by Mr. McKellar. This ex-Vice-Chancellor and Equity Judge had made use of the miserable argument that while it was improper to trust the Sandfield Macdonald Government with $20,000 it was perfectly right to trust men like Mr. McKellar with $5,000. (Loud cheers and laughter.) Now he (Mr. Boultbee) didn't know, and wouldn't like to say that Mr. McKellar was very honest after all. (Loud cheers.) A record was attached to that gentleman such as had never before been attached to any public man in Canada, and he hoped never would again. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) Mr. McKellar had very loose ideas on the subject of morality. For instance, he laughed in his senseless and uncouth way at the manner in which he held a midnight interview with one who robbed the electors of their liberties, and professed his inability to see any harm in what he and Lewis had perpetrated.

A VOICE—What about Horrocks? (Loud Laughter.)

Mr. BOULTBEE said the fine gentleman of the canoe couch (damask) had also made use of Horrocks Cocks, a man of notoriously bad character, to attempt to clear up those Elgin frauds, and at the same time the said Cocks and his crew were allowed to dip their hands down deep into the Treasury. (Cheers.) He (Mr. Boultbee) did not believe that any public man could live under such a record of glaring misdeeds and offences. In conclusion, he impressed upon the electors the absolute necessity for hard work, on behalf of Mr. Hawkins, whose election would be an indelible mark against the Government, and a censure upon their extraordinary and extravagant conduct. The Reformers of the good old Riding of North York had endorsed the policy of opposition which he had pursued toward the Government; and he truly believed that when North York led the van in the denunciation of the Ministry the people of South Brant would surely follow. (Loud and prolonged cheering).

Mr. LAUDER next responded. Though the members of the Opposition were not very numerous they represented very large, populous, and wealthy districts of the Province, yet the members of the Government assumed to sneer at their want of influence in the country. He was proud to belong to that gallant little band (cheers), and if he had been elected to support the present Government he would have rather preferred to resign than to be dragged through the mire as the Ministerial supporters had been. He would give his reasons. Among the mottoes which he saw decorating the walls of the banqueting room was one "To the memory of John Sandfield Macdonald." The young men of Brant had done well to hold up to reverence the name of that excellent statesman. By the light of the misdeeds of those who had ousted him from power by a trick, his merits, and they were great ones, were beginning to be more clearly seen by the people of this Province. He (Mr. Lauder) had been elected, like many others, to give the Government of that lamented gentleman a fair trial, and when he came to the House he found a disposition on the part of not a few Reformers to do likewise. He had never even exchanged words with Mr. Macdonald before he had cast his first vote, and the manner in which he had governed the Province had justified that vote and all other votes he had cast in his support. He had left office after by good and prudent economy, he had heaped up a large surplus. Even the most ultra Grits were forced to admit that Sandfield's Government in its executive capacity was a good one. They had never been able to object to it in that respect. Now, let us look on the other picture. Mr. Blake, backed by a powerful Press, by promulgating abstract principles couched in winning phrases, by *ad captandum* and buncombe resolutions, by raising false cries, by trading in the blood of poor murdered Scott, and by springing a vote when one-seventh of the constituencies of the Province were unrepresented, managed by these and other most unfair means to displace that most excellent Government of Mr. Sandfield Macdonald. That verdict, wrongly and unjustly manœuvered as it was, was achieved by a majority of one only, and his (Mr. Lauder's) constituency was one of those who were denied a voice in the councils of Parliament when the important matter of changing Governments was decided. Flushed with victory they had fairly wallowed in the spoils. They were totally unfitted for executive duties, as Mr. McKellar's management of the Emigration Department lamentably showed. They became the prey of their friends, a hungry pack that had been yelping for power and place for four years. These men had to be appeased, and the Cabinet was too weak to resist their inroads. Hence we see that the heads of departments have built up a system of unprecedented extravagance. The personal extravagance of these heads had been vividly exposed during the recent session. In strong contrast to this was the rigid economy of Mr. Sandfield Macdonald. But how different was it with Messrs. McKellar, Scott & Co., whose tastes might have been thought somewhat different. How often Mr. McKellar used to perambulate the country preaching the small wares of his Party's doctrines. You have heard of him telling the electors about the cost of penknives and mucilage under the old Quebec *regime*, and how much was charged in the public accounts for such articles. Out of these paradings of economy by Mr. McKellar grew the celebrated phrase of "mucilage Foote," and that phrase did duty on many a platform; but now, thanks to the industry and ingenuity of his friend Mr. Rykert, an offset to "mucilage Foote" was obtained in the now notorious "canoe couch, damask." (Laughter.) Mr. McKellar having made such matters his hobby for many years, we were justified in retaliating, especially where, as was the case here, there was real extravagance to note and censure. The champagne glasses, the chromos, the framing of the picture representing little Mrs. Somebody at $25, and of our Sovereign, the Queen, at but $4, were all worthy of examination, because they formed items in a general system of extravagance. He then referred to the "Proton Outrage," and gave the particulars of that scandalous event. It was altogether too much to ask the House to put an untruth on its journals, and, therefore, the member for Grenville was utilised by the Premier for the purpose of putting a resolution in Mr. Blake's handwriting (who had a seat on the floor of the House assisting his friends), to the effect that though Lewis was in the *pay* he was not in the *employ* of the Government at the time mentioned. (Cheers and laughter.) Well, will it be believed that the Ministerial supporters were whipped in and this beautiful resolution put upon the records. Never were men more effectually dragged through the mire than were the men who were forced to swallow that resolution. One good had been effected by the agitation raised on this question, and that was that no Government would dare attempt such a thing in future. (Cheers.) No sooner were the new Government in power than they proceeded to reverse many of the actions of the previous Government by discharging *employes*, and in other ways. Mr. Scott had boldly said, "to the victors belong the spoils," refused to carry out the appointments of his predecessors, and said we intend to appoint our friends, and they did so. This was not only unjust but unprecedented. Then there was the Agricultural College job. If they had watched the proceedings had in connection with this change of site, and as related in the newspapers, they could not but be convinced that the change was made as a sop to Mr. Gow on his forced retirement from the Cabinet. This and other misdeeds of the Government were being keenly scanned by the electors. A strong wave of dissatisfaction was passing over the Province. Even some of the ultra Grit members admit that the action of the Government as a whole cannot be justified. Messrs. Dawson and Coyne had broken irretrievably away. Mr. Christie had expressed his discontent, and that blunt old representative of one of the Hurons, Mr. Gibson, a strong Ministerialist, had said in the House that "the people of the country had no sympathy with the extravagant ideas abroad." This was most significant coming from Mr. Gibson, who was generally most slavish in his support of the Government. It might be remembered that not one newspaper in the Province had attempted to defend Mr. Scott's timber policy. The *Globe* had given it a lame excuse but no defence. All these were indices of the feeling that was growing up in the Province, a feeling that would soon sweep Mr. Mowat and his extravagant colleagues from the power they have so recklessly abused. (Cheers.) Mr. Lauder concluded, amid applause, by urging the electors of the Riding to work persistently and together for the return of Mr. Hawkins, a victory that would teach the Government that their acts were not being passed over uncensured.

[illegible] the next speaker. He confessed that at first he did not have much confidence in the late Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, but when he had promised to introduce an Act to reduce the expenses of criminal and civil administration of justice, and had redeemed that promise, he (Mr. McCall) found that there was not any of the professional bigotry in him which he had found in most others of the lawyers of this Province. (Laughter.) He did not altogether approve of the details of that bill, but so great was the concession of Mr. Macdonald that he dropped his points of objection and allowed it to become law as it originally appeared. Mr. Sandfield Macdonald had always been a gentleman of his word. He had shown himself among Reformers and Conservatives as the greatest patriot. (Cheers.) By this bill of his, which he had alluded to, Mr. Wood estimated that over a quarter of a million of law costs had been saved. Mr. Macdonald had shown himself fully alive to the requirements of this Province. Mr. McCall then adverted to the action of Mr. Mowat and his colleagues with reference to the Agriculturl College. He condemned most unqualifiedly this and other acts of the Government, yet he would not give any factious opposition to any Government. (Cheers.) He was desirous of trying to change the policy of a Government when he found it wrong, but if he found that impossible, and that they were determined to continue their extravagance and misrule, he would be prepared to help oust them. (Cheers.) He detailed instances of extravagance on the part of the Government which he had tried to avoid by offering amendments to the motions for supply. He concluded by urging the electors to work unitedly and earnestly for the return of Mr. Hawkins.

Mr. GIFFORD said he was struck with the very appropriate name which appeared on the walls of the room as the title of the Association, viz: "Liberal Conservative." He maintained that that was the proper title of the Party to which they were proud to belong, and which, he believed, would soon be called upon to guide the destinies of the noble Province of Ontario. (Loud cheers.) He referred briefly to the circumstances attending the downfall of the Sandfield Macdonald Government, which he ascribed to their Railway Policy and to what their opponents chose to call "Responsible Government." But the Grit in Opposition was a very different man from the Grit in power; and so it had come about that the men now in office had abandoned all the principles and professions on which they went to the country, and had entered upon a career of extravagance unequalled and unheard of in the past history of Ontario. (Cheers.) He trusted, however, and he believed that the days of the present Government were numbered; and nothing could hasten their downfall sooner than united action and victory in South Brant. He thanked the Liberal Conservative Association for their noble hospitality to the Opposition of which he was a young member, and hoped that success would crown their efforts in the contest now pending. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. RYKERT, who was received with loud and prolonged cheers, said he would not detain them long at that late hour of the night, or rather early hour of the morning. He could not find words to express the gratitude which he felt toward the electors of South Brant for the manner in which they had received some of the representatives of the Opposition, and for the pluck and spirit with which they were fighting out this contest. (Cheers.) He opposed the present Administration because he could not, by any means, conscientiously approve of the way in which they were carrying on the affairs of the country. He opposed them, also, because he owed fealty to that great political chief and statesman whose name adorned the wall, John Sandfield Macdonald; and because he felt bound to oppose those who had been that statesman's bitter and malignant opponents. (Cheers.) When he saw the late Government, the best and most economical the country had ever had, hurled from office by a trick and a fraud, he felt bound to do his utmost in opposition to those who had thus defrauded them. The record of the Sandfield Macdonald Government was a pure one. It had been defiled by no blemish, and yet, for political purposes, Mr. Blake and others traduced it by every means in their power. He need only ask the electors to remember that foul piece of clap-trap the Scott murder cry, (cheers,) and to compare the conduct of the Grits at that time with their conduct now in respect of the incorporation bills of the Orange Order. (Loud cheers.) If he (Mr. Rykert) had stood alone in the ranks he would have opposed the present Government; and he felt proud that to some extent he had been instrumental in exposing the corrupt doings of the men in office. And he felt proud at doing so, for he was most anxious, as all of them were, to thwart the designs of those who, having succeeded by trickery in ousting the little Macdonald, were now making similar attempts—but, he rejoiced to say, without avail—to oust the big Macdonald at Ottawa. (Loud cheers.) If he had time, and if the opportunity offered, he could spend hours in relating to them some of the acts and deeds of the present Ontario Government—of the long list of broken pledges. He might here refer to the vacillating and contradictory conduct of the Government with regard to their long promised income franchise measure, and he need hardly tell this intelligent audience that the great sacrifice of 5,000 square miles of timber wealth on the Lake Huron shore was diametrically opposed to the promises of the Grits, as it was also most injurious to the best interests of the country. (Cheers.) That enormous territory had been sold without the consent or approbation of the people's representatives, and therein the Government, or rather Mr. Scott, had violated the principle of Responsible Government. He then referred to the conduct of Messrs. Blake and Mackenzie in retaining office long after the resignation of their seats in the Local House. Mr. Blake resigned on the 7th August, 1872, and Mr. Mackenzie on the 14th August, and yet both continued to hold office, and the latter to draw pay until the 1st November. (Cheers.) After his resignation, and even long after his election to the Dominion Parliament on the 21st August, Mr. Blake had dared to advise the representative of Her Majesty as to the choice of a new Premier, and the selection of one of the Judges on the Bench. (Hear, hear.) He (Mr. Rykert) had moved a resolution on this important subject precisely similar to that moved by Mr. Mowat in 1861 in the case of the present Mr. Justice Morrison, but it was voted down by the Government's majority, although the Blake-Mackenzie case was more aggravated than the Morrison case, inasmuch as the latter was striving to obtain a seat while holding office, but the former continued to hold office for months after they had deliberately and intentionally resigned their seats, and after they had made up their minds to abandon the Local Legislature altogether. (Hear, hear.) There was another matter of the highest importance to this Province, of which for some reason or other the Opposition press had said but little, viz.: the Canada Central Railway grant. That road, 28½ miles in length, was but a continuation of the road running from Brockville to Carleton Place; and yet its managers, by quibbling and juggling, and with the aid of Mr. R. W. Scott, who had a deep interest in the road, had obtained a land grant of 12,000 acres per mile, or a total grant of no less than 342,000 acres of timber land.

A VOICE—What did they get that for?

Mr. RYKERT said that was exactly what he and those associated with him had been striving to find out from Messrs. Mowat and Scott all last session. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) But apart from the enormous magnitude of the grant, which no man of common sense not interested in the road or in Mr. Scott could defend, there was another point with regard to the conduct of Mr. Blake to which he asked their serious attention. That gentleman had acted in a manner that would have disgraced and probably ruined a tenth-rate lawyer; but, because he had been President of the Council a grave fault would be overlooked in him which would be unhesitatingly condemned in a lawyer of lesser repute. On the 25th May last Mr. Blake was instrumental, as President of the Council, and chief adviser of Her Majesty, in putting in a defence on behalf of the Province against the claim of the Canada Central. No man was more bitterly opposed to that frightfully outrageous claim than Mr. E. B. Wood, who, at the beginning of the session, put a notice on the paper to sift the whole affair to the bottom, and who at that time often talked of blowing the Commissioner of Crown Lands through the roof for the prominent share he took in the job. The case was tried before Vice-Chancellor Strong in September; and it was a most remarkable fact that no witnesses were called on behalf of the Province, the only witnesses that were called being three gentlemen directly connected with the road itself. On this *ex parte* evidence Vice-Chancellor Strong, of course, gave his decision in favour of the railway. On the 14th February last Mr. Blake actually argued the case on behalf of the railway and against the Province—conduct which would not have been tolerated in any other lawyer in the country. What would a farmer think if he hired a lawyer to-day to plead on his behalf, and if to-morrow he found the same lawyer arguing against his own arguments on the other side of the case? (Loud cheers.) Now, with regard to another most important branch, viz.: the finances of the country. At this late hour of the night he would not enter into any elaborate or detailed statement, because he hoped to meet the electors of South Brant face to face at many public meetings before election day, and to set the true state of affairs fully and plainly before them. (Loud cheers.) Mr. Crooks had a most peculiar method of putting the accounts and estimates before the House and country; and his statements were full of gross inaccuracies, not made, perhaps, from any desire to mislead, but due to the hon. Treasurer's ignorance of the details of the Department over which he presides. (Hear, hear.) For instance, in giving the figures of the Crown Lands Department, Mr. Crooks made a slight mistake of $240,000, and when it was pointed out to him he attempted to apologize by saying that the figures were upside down. (Laughter.) Mr. Crooks estimated the revenue for 1873 at $2,680,000, and then to cover up, as best he could, the vast deficit, he very coolly added to the revenue the sum of $352,000, the balance on hand at the beginning of the year. (Loud laughter.) What would be thought of the Chancellor of the Exchequer of a Municipal Council if he included in his estimate of the year's income the cash on hand at the beginning of the year? (Laughter.). The supplementary estimates, which were submitted at the end of the session, would increase the expenditure of the year by no less than $390,000; so that the total deficit for the year, after making the most sanguine estimate of the revenue, would amount to no less than $680,000—and he would ask the strongest Reformer in the land if that was not reform in the wrong direction. (Loud cheers.) In every department the wildest extravagance prevailed. The Railway Fund had been overdrawn to the amount of $255,000; and Mr. McKellar's utter incapacity was displayed by the enormous expenditure on emigration in 1872, by the comparatively small results of that year, and by the appropriation of no less than $135,000 for emigration purposes this year.

A VOICE—Hurrah for Horrocks! (Roars of laughter.)

Mr. RYKERT said Horrocks was a nice man to be Chief Commissioner of Emigration, at a salary of $1,800 a year, travelling expenses $1,460, and rent of halls, &c., $4,000, or a total of $7,260 of the people's money. (Cheers.) He had affidavits in his pocket testifying that in September last Horrocks went to Ottawa and signed his name in the register of the Russell House as "Rev. J. Horrocks." He had dropped "Cocks" for the time being. (Loud laughter.) On the 28th of that month the rev. gentleman was treated by the Ottawa doctors for *delirium tremens*, and for some time afterward perambulated the streets of the Capital of the Dominion in a beastly state of intoxication. That was Mr. McKellar's friend. (Loud laughter.) This was the man who was appointed Chief Commissioner at an enormously large salary, in order to assist the Commissioner of Public Works in preparing a defence of the Elgin Frauds. (Loud cheers.) That defence had been prepared and delivered, and a most lamentable failure it was, worthy of the Commissioner, worthy of his drunken and dishonest associate, and worthy of Creasy J. Whellams, whose Scotland Yard record words could not right. (Loud cheers.) Mr. Rykert concluded by urging the electors of South Brant to work with vigour and determination; and congratulated them on the fact that the Orangemen and Catholics in the Riding were standing shoulder to shoulder under one and the same banner, which he believed would be crowned with victory in the return of Mr. Hawkins by a large majority. (Loud cheering.)

Mr. LAUDER, on behalf of Mr. Cameron, who had to leave for Woodstock about one o'clock in the morning, proposed the toast of the Young Men's Liberal Conservative Association of Brantford, coupling with it the name of Mr. Hawkins, President of the Association.

The toast was received and honoured amid loud cheers.

The CHAIRMAN said there was another toast on the programme, viz., "Our Candidate," to which, perhaps, it would be more appropriate for Mr. Hawkins to reply. As one of the old men of the Party, he had much pleasure in responding to that toast just drank. He then reviewed briefly the career of the Ontario Government, condemning them in strong language for their wholesale extravagance and jobbery; and concluded with a strong appeal to the electors to do their utmost on behalf of Mr. Hawkins, who, he believed, would be elected with a little more exertion.

Vice-Chairman WATTS said that the chairman had made a mistake a short time ago in proposing the toast of the evening. The toast which he (Mr. Watts) was about to propose was really the toast of the evening—it was the health of the standard-bearer of the Opposition in South Brant, Mr. J. J. Hawkins.

Mr. HAWKINS, who was received with a storm of cheers, expressed his gratitude to the speakers of the evening for the lucid exposure they had made of the tergiversations of the Party now in power. Though the hour was late, he thought it would be but proper for him to allude to a few of the most prominent topics of the present election. Whether elected or defeated, he would never forget his reception by the sons of toil of South Brant. He had held meetings every night for the past fortnight, and at the conclusion of every meeting the farmers of the county had vied with each other in offering him the hospitality of their homes. While he and his friends were out in the country routing the right wing of the enemy, he trusted that their friends at home would keep intact their own right wing in the Town of Brantford. (Cheers.) He alluded to the circulation of lying circulars throughout the Riding by his opponents in their endeavours to thwart and injure his canvass. He had met with unexampled success in the townships, and it was left for Brantford to do her duty in order to secure the election. The electors were much more intimately concerned in his return than he was himself; and while he was willing to do all that mortal man could do to fairly accomplish that return, he felt that it was his duty to impress upon them that it was their interests he would represent in Parliament. A glorious opportunity now presented itself whereby they might show a lesson to the whole Province. The Government were prepared to make most extraordinary exertions to defeat him. This showed that they regarded this election as of paramount importance, not only as regards South Brant itself, but as affecting many other constituencies. He did not altogether agree with his friend from Norfolk with respect to the legal gentlemen in the House; but he believed, nevertheless, that there was an excessive legal representation in the Legislature. (Hear, hear.) It behoved the electors of South Brant, therefore, to send a man to represent the mechanics and farmers of the Riding. Certain representations have been made to many Orangemen in the constituency to the effect that he was a bigoted Catholic. Now he would say that he was most liberal in his views with reference to religious toleration; and in 1837 his father shouldered his musket and fought for his Queen and country. (Cheers.) Some nonentity from Paris had been circulating statements to the effect that he was in favour of Independence, but he defied him or any other man to say that John Hawkins was disloyal. (Loud cheers.) He had gone forth from the first town in the Province endorsed by seven or eight hundred electors. It was a mark of the liberality of the age that his candidature was endorsed by Orangemen; and it was emphatically true, notwithstanding the emanations of his opponents, that he was supported unitedly by the Conservatives of the Riding. (Cheers.) In his speeches on the stump he had eschewed the practices of his opponents, and had used no garbled statements from newspapers to prove the correctness of the facts he had advanced, but had relied entirely upon the most irrefragable proofs in the land, viz: the journals of the Legislature. He referred to certain local subjects of controversy, and exposed the underhanded manner in which his opponents dealt with him. To show the means used by Mr. Hardy and his friends, he told an anecdote of the adventures of one of Mr. Hardy's canvassers, who called at the house of a certain lady and asked her if she could allow her husband to vote for a Catholic. The canvasser was very much out of his reckoning, for the lady was herself a Catholic, and she shouldered a weapon, before which brave men have often fled, a broomstick, and put Mr. Hardy's man to rapid flight. If elected to Parliament he (Mr. Hawkins) said he would always advocate the cultivation of the widest civil and religious liberty, consistent and compatible with public law and order, and concluded by a warm appeal to the electors to strengthen his hands, which was received with long continued applause.

With cheers for the Queen, Mr. Cameron and the Opposition, and Mr. Hawkins the assemblage broke up at 3.30 o'clock in the morning, after one of the most successful and pleasant gatherings ever held in Western Ontario.

JIMUEL BRIGGS, D.B.

Briggs Despondent—Failure to obtain Office—The Grits Ignore Moral Rights—Sent for by George Brown—A Mission to St. Catharines—Peculiarities of the Town—A Religious Journalist—Interview with ex-Speaker Currie—The Latter Declines a Cabinet Office.

Editor Coboconk Irradiator:

The failure of my mission to Ottawa and the evident intention exhibited by McKellar to shake me, now that the session was over, and he had no immediate use for my services, threw me into a state of despondency with regard to future prospects.

There wasn't a solitary gleam of hope for procuring anything at Ottawa. The Grits having evidently no chance of ousting the Government for the next four years, I resolved to try the Tories.

So I wrote Sir John to the effect that although at present connected with his opponents, I had always entertained a high esteem for his personal character, and that the bestowal of a situation in one of the Departments would be the means of rescuing from contaminating associations, and leading to a life of higher and nobler aims, one who was at present in the service of those whom he loathed and detested from the compulsion of stern necessity.

I got an answer by return mail. It was brief, but decisive, and stated that the House did not consider newspaper men eligible for such positions, having recently discharged Tasse, of the *Courrier d'Outaouais* (I think that's the way to spell it; it's French for Ottawa), deeming the two positions incompatible, for which decision I must thank my Grit friends.

Alas! where is now our boasted liberty of the press, if a newspaper man can't even hold office.

This of course strengthens my moral claim on the Party, but the trouble is they don't recognise that kind half so much as they do immoral claims. McKellar will pay Horrocks Cocks long before he makes his promised settlement with William Millar, of Fenchurch street, London, England.

George Brown had an arbitration with one of his editors some time since as to the amount of Surplus due the latter. The referee reported that he had no legal rights, but had a strong moral claim to the amount.

"Hoot mon," said Geordie, "dinna talk tae me aboot moral claims. Gin I had fashed mysel' wi' sic-like whigmaleeries as yon, I wad never hae pitten by ony siller ava. Ye maun tak me for a puir feckless body wi' nae sense."

With such experiences before me I realized that it would be wholly useless to make any fresh application on that ground.

I knew the Party would want me next session, but how to get over the intervening months was the problem.

Something, however, turned up sooner than I expected. I was just on the verge of destitution when I received a note from Brown, on Monday last, saying he wanted to see me at once.

I sent him the following reply:—"Important business detains me at present; will come to-morrow."

I thought to enhance the value of my services by letting him see I wasn't wholly dependent on him.

The following day I strolled leisurely down to the *Globe* office and was at once ushered into Brown's private office.

"Well, Briggs," said he, "are ye at liberty for a day or twa?"

"I have important engagements," I replied, "but I might possibly postpone them."

"I wish ye would. I want to send ye on a political mission requiring an unco' amount of judgment, discretion an' diplomatic tact."

"That suits me exactly."

"Ye see," he continued, speaking in a low confidential tone, "I've just come tae the conclusion that we'll have tae get rid o' yon man McKellar. I hae stood by him through a', an' wad do so tae the last, gin it was only himsel' that was concerned—but losh mon! he canna expect me tae imperil the hail pairty for his sake.

"I'm wae to pit him oot o' the Government for he's aye been a guid and faithfu' servant. But what wi' Proton an' the Elgin Frauds, an' the canoe couch, damask, an' the Model Farm an' the Horrocks Cocks appointment, an' after anither, he's mair than we can carry ony langer.

"It's no that it shocks the moral sensibilities o' the true an' tried members o' the pairty ye ken. We hae jist to pit a wee bit paragraph in the *Globe* sayin' it's no true, an' they wadna be convinced though ane rose frae the deid.

"But it gives muckle occasion for the enemy to blaspheme, an' influences the minds o' the risin' generation whose pole-tical opinions are no formed. He's got tae resign sae sune as we can fin' anither guid mon to tak' the posetion.

"An' that's why I sent for ye. Ye're tae gang to St. Catharines an' see Currie wha has resigned the Speakership—soond him, ye ken. See if he's ambeetious, and tell him ye hae full authority frae ME tae offer him the posetion. But, mind ye, not a word tae ony o' the Ministry aboot this."

"But, your Grandiloquence, supposing—that—McKellar—should—be—unwilling," I falteringly ventured to suggest.

"Unwillin', ye donnert gowk! why he's naething tae do wi' it. Gin he daur refuse I wad turn them a' oot neck an' crop. Mowat kens that—right weel."

I right wheeled, and was speedily *en route* to the city of the Saints.

I arrived thither in about four hours, and on disembarking from the cars, was speedily beset by numerous 'bus men of the Ethiopian sect. "Dis way fur de Stephenson." "Heah, de 'bus fur de Welland, yah!" They yelled with a screech like a Modoc Indian war-whoop, which nearly threw one nervous old lady into hysterics.

"Git aboa'd, sah," said one of these Cimmerian-hued charioteers to me.

"How far from town?"

"'Bout a mile."

"What's the fare?"

"Fifteen cents."

"Fifteen cents is three drinks," said I, abstractedly quoting the multiplication table in use at the University. "No, I guess I'll walk."

I went down a steep declivity, crossed the canal, which is truly a work of Merritt, and clomb up an acclivity, when I arrived within the civic precincts.

St. Catharines is laid out on a curious principle. The canal corkscrews considerable, and squirms about like a Grit when you say "Elgin Fraud" to him, and the streets are built parallel. You start to travel west, and after you have walked a spell you find yourself turned around without knowing it, and facing the east.

The coloured population is strong, especially along about midsummer.

Here Currie and Rykert are at home, but Tom Brown, of sporting celebrity, is at Homer!

P. E. W. Moyer also lives here; he is the editor of the *Times*—the only religious paper in St. Catharines.

He is truly pious. Even his name in its abbreviated form, "P. E. W.," is fraught with associations of the sanctuary.

One of his local reporters once brought in an item headed "Construction of a New Mill Dam." Peter severely rebuked the blasphemous pelican, discharged him on the spot, retaining two weeks' overdue pay, and changed the heading to read, "Construction of a New Mill D——n."

I went at once about the fulfilment of my mission, and found the ex-Speaker in his law office.

He was pacing the floor and trying to look Napoleonic—he is Colonel of the 19th Battalion—wrapped in an overcoat and thought.

His expression is uninviting. His habits are also *uninviting*, as he has hitherto failed to invite the members of the House to the customary Speaker's dinner at the close of the Session, although his salary was raised in order to enable him to extend the usual hospitalities.

He is a conscientious temperance man, and what he did with all the decanters and champagne glasses ordered for the Speaker's room I have never been able to imagine.

"Good afternoon, Colonel," said I, on entering.

"Well, sir, your business?" said he, with true military laconicism.

"Oh, I was passing and I thought I'd just drop in," said I, wishing to approach the subject gradually.

"Then be so good as to drop out again, I'm engaged," said he curtly.

Evidently my attempt to gradually lead up to the subject with diplomatic tact was a failure, and I hardly knew how to proceed.

Had he not been a temperance man I would have known what to do. I would have offered to set 'em up, which would have broken the ice as it were, and lubricated the wheels of conversation so that they would glide naturally and easily into the required groove.

But in broaching such a subject to a man who is a stranger to the delights of social amenities, which is a refined phrase for old rye, you feel the want of some common standpoint.

"Well, why don't you go?" said Currie.

"Excuse me," said I, feeling that I must come to the point at once, "but I have important and strictly confidential business with you."

"Why on earth didn't you say so before? 'Come in and shut the door,' as the poet says."

"I come, gallant sir, from the Hon. George Brown to ascertain whether you would be willing to accept the position of Commissioner of Public Works—about to be rendered vacant by the compulsory resignation of McKellar."

"You surprise me," he replied. "I have heard nothing of McKellar's resignation. I have no intention of seeking office for numerous reasons."

"Mr. Brown rightly judged," said I, "that you would not throw away the Speakership—$1,500 a year—unless you had higher game in view."

"Indeed," said he, "I would have you to understand that I am not actuated by such sordidity of motive."

Can it be, thought I to myself, that here is really a Grit politician influenced by other considerations than those of self-advancement? It is too anomalous. Well, I'll humour him and try him on another tack.

"It is true, my dear Colonel, that the patriot should have higher ends than mere self-aggrandizement, and it really surprises me that you hesitate to accept an office tendered to you by a grateful people. Your duty to your country demands of you this sacrifice of your ease and retirement in return for the trifling figure of $3,200 a year and stealings."

"Why," said he, "that sum is no object under the circumstances. If I were to take office I should have to go before my constituents. Welland is one of those places where you have to spend money. It would cost a year's salary to elect me in the first place, and perhaps after all I might be defeated.

"But official life, after all, is far from being a bed of roses—"

"Not so very far in McKellar's case. You forget the canoe couch, damask."

"Rykert's constant attacks upon poor McKellar made life a burden to him. No wonder he is willing to resign, but do you suppose I am anxious to take his place and be abused as he has been. If Rykert could make things so uncomfortable for McKellar, just think how he would roast me. He knows me ever so much more intimately than he does Mac."

"Well, Colonel, if you really don't desire a cabinet office, I can't see why you didn't hang on to the Speakership."

"You can't, eh! Why, it's plain enough. I've been muzzled. I haven't been able to secure a share of the spoils. I had no vote, so other men who had carried off the plunder. Large sums of money have been voted for public institutions, but Hamilton, Guelph and Ottawa drew the prizes.

"Now, if I had been a private member St. Catharines would have had one of them institutions. My property would have benefitted accordingly, and I'd have been able to secure a few contracts for my supporters.

"Then again our town debt to the Municipal Loan Fund would have been greatly reduced from the present figure. Rykert being in opposition couldn't of course expect any favours, but I would have got them and strengthened my position here immensely. Why fifteen hundred isn't a circumstance to what I've lost by that cursed Speakership.

"You may tell Mr. Brown that I decline his generous view. It's a little too risky and expensive, and besides I think I can do better. Votes are going to rule high next session."

I bade him *au revoir* and returned. Brown was somewhat disappointed at my ill-success but is eagerly scanning the political arena to secure some rising and pliant aspirant for a cabinet office.

Applications may be made to the undersigned, who does not bind himself to accept the lowest tender.

JIMUEL BRIGGS, D.B.,
Graduate of Coboconk University.
Toronto, April 17th.

DRIVES AND CHATEAUX.

The cathedral of Tours is one of the finest and oldest in France, and forms the most prominent feature of the city, which lies in a hollow, and presents to one looking down upon it from the vine-clad slopes of the surrounding country a very attractive picture. The present cathedral, which is the successor of one much more ancient, was commenced in 1170. It is in the form of a Latin cross, with two massive towers, the front façade richly carved in a marvellous lacework of garlands, crowns, pinnacles, foliage and flowers. It was while looking at this façade with its towers, that Henri IX. exclaimed, "*Ventre saint gris! voila deux bijoux; il n'y manque plus que des etuis.*" The harmony and grandeur of the interior, the majesty of the nave and choir, the grace and lightness of the arches and pillars, the numerous decorated chapels—I think there are fifteen—and the soft lights falling from the two immense rose windows at the extremities of the transepts, all form a deep and solemn impression, particularly when the organ's harmonies ring and echo through the vast edifice. The influence of music in one of these cathedrals is indescribable; it always makes me think of that "great voice like the sound of many waters." There is a white marble tombeau to the two children of Charles VIII., the Dauphin, bearing a crown. We went to see old Plessis-les-Tours, fresh from the re-perusal of "Quentin Durward," which has thrown a halo of romance over the district; but we found nothing of what the poet talks about:—

"Full in the midst a mighty pile arose,
Where iron-grated gates their strength oppose
To each invading step,—and strong and steep
The battled walls arose, the fosse sank deep."

It is almost entirely in ruins, and, of the park with its gins and snares, not a tree remains. The donjon still exists, and the room in which the King died. The "Hall of Roland," methinks, reads much more fascinating than we should have found the original, with its *squeaky doors*. In one part of the ruins is the *Cage de fer!* in which the Cardinal la Balue was shut up eleven years; he invented this torture, and it seemed to me only a just, though an awful retribution. Within it one cannot assume any natural position; standing is altogether out of the question; to lie down one must coil oneself like a serpent; to sit, must stoop! The marvel is how a man could exist there ten or eleven years. One's innermost soul shudders with horror, to reflect that *this* was the invention of a professed servant of God,—a shepherd of souls; and the King of a professing Christian nation took delight in such cruelties. The house of Olivier le Dain—or *le Diable* by the common people—*le barbier*, promoted to be Prime Minister of France, is near the ruins; the house of Tristan l'Hermite, the King's executioner, is in the city, a queer old dark stone house, with a rope carved above the door and windows. One says the monarch used to summon this eminently prominent individual by means of a flag from the donjon tower, and that Tristan knew from the colour of this signal what his work would be! Red was instant death. In this gloomy place, the unfortunate Jeanne de France spent much of her time before her marriage; also the famous Jeanne d'Albret, child of the Queen of Navarre, "*la petite Madame, le mignon des rois,*" received a part of her earlier education, and here came her talented mother, authoress of the "Heptameron," to visit the little favourite.

Loches! Many a heart has quaked at the sound of that name, as well as that of the hero "Quentin," for, as Sir Walter Scott says, it was a prison, or rather a fortress-palace, more dreaded than even Plessis-les Tours. The doings behind those walls were not put down in history in those days of absolute power. The chateau is built upon a steep rock, on the river Indre, amid lovely landscapes, and presents an imposing mass not easy to describe. It was built by Charles VII.; and here one sees the tombeau of Agnes Sorel, whose memory is beloved by the poor; the memorial is in the chapel of the Sorel tower, which leads to the terrace of the chateau; it is an altar-tomb, with a recumbent figure, two kneeling angels at the head, and two lambs at the feet. The subterranean portions are vast and terrible; there were many cells where the life-giving sunlight never penetrated, where to be was equivalent to being buried alive; but one can ramble and meditate at leisure now, for the delightful old times are gone. About half-way between Tours and Chinon, is the beautiful chateau of Azay le Rideau, which is built upon piles in an island of the river Indre. It was erected by Francois I., and combines three different orders of architecture, forming one of the most interesting types of the Renaissance in France. One sees upon the pediment of the front façade the monogram of Francois I., and also of the good queen Claude. What an enviable retreat for a brilliant court. Perhaps the "good" Claude, with her pretty children, found sometimes heart's ease here. Who can tell? And the Indre flows by and seems to murmur:—

"Men may come, and men may go,
But I flow on forever."

And so does the stream of history, and brings us many a romantic and many a sad association.

The great Schiller has adorned Chinon with his brilliant imagination. "*Die jungfrau von Orleans,*" has several scenes in this ancient château, among them the one in which Charles VII. receives "Johanna," and Dunois, pretending to be the king, opens the interview with the exclamation, "*Bist die es, wunderbares Mädchen.*" One sees the room where this scene actually took place. In the Argenton tower is the subterranean passage which led to the house of Agnes Sorel, whom Schiller makes to play a noble *rôle* in the drama. The ruins present an imposing appearance. As at Amboise, there was once here a Roman fortress, and Chinon is very likely, after Amboise, the oldest chateau of this valley; the time of its building or by whom is only a matter of conjecture. Its history and associations render this Windsor of the French one of the most interesting places in the world. Saint Louis held his court here, and, indeed, all the French monarchs from the reign of Philippe Auguste down to Henri IV. were, with the Royal family, more or less in this ancient palace. Henry II., King of England, and Count of Touraine, took it, and afterwards died in its walls. In the Glaciere towers was the prison of Jacques Molay, Grand Master of the Knights Templars. We are indeed on historical ground. One almost fancies he can hear the departing footsteps of those who came and went, and the ring of merry laughter, or the pattering of the little feet, that wearied themselves with play. But the play is done, the curtain has fallen before the brilliantly lighted stage of life's tragedy-comedy here, and all we have left is what man calls a noble, a royal ruin, in which it was very pleasant to ramble and paint memory pictures. And one may say the same of all these numerous chateaus in this glorious Loire valley. Life's drama in them is played out; silent and deserted it is their destiny to remain, as wayside marks in history, and as a warning lesson to all who are willing to learn it. The valley is a very Paradise; what drives, what rambles, and sketches; their recollection is like a sweet fragrance.

"I see thee yet, fair France—thou favour'd land
Of art and nature—thou art still before me;
Thy sons, to whom their labour is a sport,
So well thy grateful soil returns its tribute;
Thy sunburnt daughters, with their laughing eyes,
And glossy raven locks. But, favour'd France,
Thou hast had many a tale of woe to tell,
In ancient times as now."

TOOFIE.

WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC.

THE INVESTIGATION CONCLUDED.

The following is the conclusion of the testimony upon the wreck of the *Atlantic* steamship. Judgment in the case will be given to-morrow at Halifax.

Edward Owens was sworn:—I was a quartermaster on board the steamship *Atlantic* when she was lost; was in my bed when she struck; was relieved and went below at 12; heard the third officer, Mr. Brady, on being relieved, give orders to keep a sharp lookout for Sambro Light; my place between 10 and 12 was near the lee side of the wheel house, standing by to heave the lead if ordered to do so; the lead lines were all ready to use during my watch; there was a deep sea line and two spare ones to use if one did not reach bottom; Purdy hove the log between 9½ and 10, but do not know what speed she was going; then I hove the log at 11½, and she was then going eleven knots; she was steering at 12 o'clock, when I went below, north-east by north one-half north; had been steering that course from 10 o'clock. Did not know anything of the position of the ship, only that I had been ordered to keep a sharp lookout for the light. The fastest I ever knew the ship to go was thirteen and a half knots. We then had a strong easterly gale, and all sail set. I was the first to attempt to go from the ship to the rock with a line. Captain Williams ordered me to go, and then to try and save others. I saw Thomas come ashore. I stopped on the shore and assisted until the last person got ashore. Thomas went away as soon as he got to land, and I did not see him again. I have been a long time employed as quartermaster in different steamship lines. Made seventeen voyages in the *Nestoria*. All use the common log. We had three of the patent logs, but never used them. They are sometimes used in Inman's employ, and especially when near land. Do not know why they are not more used. Her average speed during the night, I should judge, was about ten and a-half or eleven knots. Without wind or sails, she could not make more than eight or nine knots. I did not know what land we were making when we struck. It was not my business to know this, and I did not ask.

By Mr. McDonald—We were eleven days from the time we left Queenstown till we bore up for Halifax coast. Cannot say what speed she would need to attain to go that distance in that time. I cannot account how she made land as soon as she did.

The Commissioner remarked that it was fourteen and a half hours from the time she bore up to the time she struck, and to make that distance she must have averaged a speed of twelve knots, and asked witness how he accounted for the discrepancy between that fact and the statements that have been made that she only ran eleven knots? Witness said that he could not answer the question. If the vessel was only going eleven knots she would not have been within seven miles of the shore at the time that she struck. The witness was handed a pencil and paper, and directed to divide 170 miles by fourteen hours, but he said, "I do not understand ciphering to-day; I understand navigation, and have worked navigation as far as second mate's work, but I do not understand ciphering."

He was told that he was putting himself in a very dangerous place, as he was on oath, but he persisted in the above answer.

I was the only quartermaster who kept the log of the ship's daily work.

Capt. Peter Coffin was sworn: Have been a shipmaster for the past thirty-five years or more; was pilot for the Cunard steamers for twenty-five years; always went on board the Cunarders when they arrived here; went in them to Boston and back; relieved from that service in the beginning of 1868, or rather I ended with 1867. I became very familiar with the Nova Scotia coast and its lights—as much as any man could be probably. Sambro light is the same now as when I used to sail as pilot. We used to make Sambro Light at a distance of sixteen to eighteen miles, when approaching it from the westward. When nearing the light, at times, it will be far plainer at twelve miles distance, than at six at other times. I never had any difficulty in seeing Sambro Light when I could make out the horizon. If the light was not visible at any time, we did not continue our course. I think the light should have been seen, if the horizon was clear. I think a mistake must have been made in the clearness of the horizon. The horizon is sometimes deceptive. On one occasion I ran for Sambro Light, intending to pass three miles south of it. The horizon appeared well defined, but it proved to be obscured by a dense fog that had settled upon it. Saw nothing of the light until we saw the island on which the lighthouse stands square on the beam, and then when I saw the land I could not see the light, owing to the fog settling down until it had obscured the light. I would not have attempted to run in on that occasion. I never would venture to run up to Halifax Harbour during the night until I saw Sambro Light, unless in case of an emergency. On another occasion, in June, I found a very stiff current setting me in towards Margaret's Bay. I never met these currents outside of three miles from the shore. Sometimes with a southerly wind setting on shore I have found a strong northerly current setting off shore. On board the Cunard steamers we always paid the greatest attention to soundings. Always sounded except when I was sure that it was clear, and I made out the light distinctly. On one occasion I saw the flash of the guns at Sambro when it was too thick to see the light. From seven to eight knots easterly direction would be enough to allow for the set of the current. I used to allow all this in steering a vessel, after shaping her course about 160 miles to the southward of Halifax.

By Mr. Shannon—The rote on the shore is very uncertain; it may sometimes be heard a mile away, and at other times not a fourth of that distance; the land can be seen five or six miles away on a fine night; the currents do not vary so much with the seasons of the year as they do with the winds; they are sometimes very strong in May and June; on the occasion referred to above the horizon was thick, the fog low, and the stars visible.

Wm. Gilkey testified: I am the keeper of Sambro Light; have been such for twenty-seven years; recollect night of the 31st of March, and the morning of the 31st of April; I attended the light at ten o'clock at night, and again at two o'clock; it was very bright; at ten o'clock the weather was very hazy; wind S. S. W., raining heavy, and sea running; I fired two guns then; at two o'clock the weather remained hazy, and the sea still very high; the wind was not so high; I could just distinguish Chebucto Head Light, four and a half miles distant; fired two more guns; about three o'clock the wind had shifted to W. S. W.; some stars were appearing, and the weather was clearing; the sea was very heavy; afterward the wind hauled to the northward, and blew heavily.

Geo. Head testified: I am a gunner in the Royal Artillery. Am stationed at Sambro Island to fire signal guns in response to signals at sea, and on foggy nights. I fired two guns at 10 o'clock on the night of the 31st of March, owing to the fog, and two more at 2 o'clock. The light was burning brightly all the time. I was on duty from midnight to 6 a.m. At 3 o'clock the weather was a little brighter than at 2 o'clock.

Edward Johnston testified: I am keeper of Chebucto Head Light. At 11 o'clock on the night of the 31st I could not see Sambro Light, but at 3 o'clock I could, and also Maris Beach Light. My light was burning brightly all night.

Capt. Williams then made a supplementary statement as follows: The *Atlantic* and other White Star ships were intended to consume from fifty-five to sixty tons of coal per day, but when the coal is bad, as it proved to be in this case, the consumption went up to seventy tons to maintain the same rate of speed. The company have contracted and paid for the best coal in the market, and cannot be held responsible for the quality of the coal supplied by the fault of the owners. The English portion of the coal supplied to the *Atlantic* appeared to have laid at the pit's mouth for some time so that its heating properties were very much impaired. Had the coal been the quality expected by the White Star line, she would have had fourteen and a half days' full consumption; no ship of the White Star line having made a passage longer than thirteen and a half days from Liverpool to New York. The extra coal was supplied to prevent the necessity of taking in any in New York. There was an ample supply of provisions on board, the Government inspector at Liverpool having certified to thirty-three days' supply when she left Liverpool. What we were greatly short of was salt fish and potatoes for the Roman Catholic passengers, the supply having been washed overboard in a gale. In regard to the efficiency of the crew, they were as good as usual though a little rougher. We consider ourselves lucky if we get ten good seamen among forty taken on board. This is so with all the lines. Since the abolition of apprenticing, seamen have deteriorated. The best run of the *Atlantic* this voyage was 300 miles in twenty-four hours and thirty minutes. The second officer was not in the chart-room when the ship struck. I felt the ship strike. The quartermaster was at the wheel when I passed out. I met the second officer at the forepart of the wheelhouse. He was coming from the bridge. I said to him, "Mr. Metcalf, you have been in collision; why did you not call me?" He said, "We are on the rocks."

Examined by the Commissioner—From 12 noon to 1 p.m. on March 31, we steered west by north, with two degrees westerly deviation. I think that was the course, but am not certain. The exact course would be west seven degrees south, and making seven miles; the distance, at noon to Sambro and to the point where she struck would be about the same. I account for the fact that the ship made 170 miles in fourteen and a-half hours, while her log showed a maximum rate of eleven knots, solely by the current. The number of the ship's crew, including officers and men, was 146. I believe there were 811 passengers all told, of whom thirty-five were cabin; about 250 of these came aboard at Queenstown. Of the 957 persons on board, I think 422 were saved. I hold a certificate of competency as extra master No. 22,216; I believe it is on board, on the ship. We intended to get provisions at Halifax, but did not come here for that purpose. Besides the two look-out men and the quartermaster, there were about fifteen men in the watch. They must have been at work washing the deck, &c. I believe the statement of quarter master Thomas, that he cautioned the second officer, to be false; no officer would allow such a breach of discipline. I made allowance for the current, but not enough. I supposed that the heavy westerly winds that prevailed during the winter would have neutralized the westerly set. I expected at daybreak to have had the land east of Halifax in sight.

HALIFAX, April 18.—The Commissioner convened the court of enquiry into the loss of the *Atlantic* this afternoon and rendered his decision. The course of Captain Williams in bearing up for Halifax is commended as prudent. The ship had not sufficient coal on board at the time of sailing for a ship of her class. The coal was of inferior quality, of which she consumed seventy tons per day, thus giving her less than thirteen days supply when leaving port. Had all the circumstances of the passage been favourable this quantity of coal might undoubtedly have carried the ship and passengers safely to New York, but the passage across the Atlantic in winter without more or less unfavourable weather is the exception and not the rule. Contingencies of the low rate of speed, resulting from head winds and foul weather, ought to have been provided for. The conduct of Captain Williams and officers after the ship struck was all that could be demanded of men in their trying situation. The management of the ship is condemned from the time of changing her course at 1 p.m. on Monday until the time she became a wreck. The fact of no lights being seen can only be accounted for by want of vigilance. A gross error must have been made in estimating the speed of the ship, from incompetency or carelessness in calculating on the part of those attending to the log. The conduct of Capt. Williams, in leaving the deck at midnight, is condemned as imprudent, and calculated to create the impression on the minds of officers on duty that they were not so near land as to make extra vigilance imperative. Had the very ordinary precaution been taken of sending a look-out at intervals to the mast-head the disaster would in all human probability have been prevented, but the greatest, and perhaps fatal, error is in the fact that the lead was never used, although the ship was in soundings for eight hours before she struck. The Commissioner concludes from all the facts that he is justified in censuring Captain Williams and would be justified in cancelling his certificate, but in consideration of the praiseworthy and energetic efforts made by him to save life after the ship struck he mitigated the penalty, and the suspension of his certificate for two years is imposed. Fourth officer Brown is suspended for three months.

Clippings from Punch.

CARTOON.—"A Deplorable Sceptic."—(Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe as Sairey Gamp and Bobsey Prig at tea.) Sairey Gamp: "Quite right to refuge the money, my precious Bobsey, but I was sorry to read your languidge to that dear Lord Stanhope over Troy, and Achilles, and 'Omer, which it's well beknown I studies 'im day and night." Bobsey Prig: "Bother your 'Omers, and your Achilleses, and your Troys! I don't believe as there was ever no such persons!" ("Mr. Lowe's refusal to subsidise a pilgrimage for discovering the graves of Achilles and Hector, betrayed a deep and deplorable scepticism as to the historical accuracy of Homer."—*Times*.

"A JOB'S COMFORTER."—Irish ex-Major: "So, me boy, you're going to India? Unhealthy place, you know. The last station I was at, orf'ers were issued with annual clothin' to the men, and kept as necessaries in store! And, bedad, I had a friend who was on firing party over a man of his company in the morning, and who fired over himself in the evening, sor!!!"

HORTICULTURE AND HYMEN.—"As you have made your bed, so you must lie upon it." "I shan't," replied the youthful bridegroom, to whom this observation was addressed by an angel relative. "I'm a gardener."

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.—"Now, Jessie, Say your prayers like a good little girl!" "Mamma, dear, why mayn't I kneel down and hold my tongue, as papa does?"

WRONGFUL IMPRESSION.—"You are wrong, my dear Simpletonius, in supposing the Irish to be Cannibals from the mere fact of their having 'the broth of a boy,' so frequently in their mouths."—*Extract from elegant Correspondence.*

A SMART YOUTH.—(Young lady at front door handing cousin a little vase with the tongs). Cousin Millicent (with smothered indignation), "Good-bye Robert! And since it seems you found nothing fitter than my favourite bit of Japanese enamel to drop your cigar ashes in last night, perhaps you'll accept it as a gift! It has no further value for me, after such desecration!" Cousin Robert. "Tha-anks, Millicent! And if that's the way articles of priceless value are disposed of in your branch of the family, I can only regret I didn't make an ash-pan of your hand!"

SOLILOQUY SUMMARISED.—Hamlet (instead of "To be, or not to be," &c.), I'd kill myself, if I were sure I could;

But am by no means certain that I can;
Nor might, if I committed suicide,
Not be worse off thereafter than before.

TO ALMANAC-MAKERS.—Can a year remarkable for its hideous fashions be remembered as a Year of Grace?

CIRCUITOUS.—(Scene, outside a 'Bus.)—Passenger—"Quite the sort of weather for your business, these April showers, I suppose?" Red-faced Driver—"No, Sir, gi' me fair weather; 'cause if it ain't fair, no one gets up outside, and if there ain't no one to get up outside, there ain't no one to say 'Coachman, get yourself something warm to drink!'"

A PROFESSIONAL REMONSTRANCE.—Temple Blackstone, whose briefs are not overwhelming, grumbles at being obliged to mix coke with his Wallsend; but the aggravation of short weight in his last supply of coal has forced from the indignant Commentary that Coke is bad enough, but that Coke upon Little-Ton is beyond all endurance.

AGED, BUT AFFABLE.—A lady asked Mr. Scrudgells if he liked children. "Don't know, Ma'am," answered that crabbed old gentleman; "never tried 'em; am not an Ogre." On another occasion, Scrudgells remarked that infants were not innocents. "Quite the reverse," said Scrudgells, "A baby is a crying evil."

SERENADE FOR A CITIZEN.

Celebrated in Connection with the Trans-Continental Railway.

Five years' prisonment! FREMONT,
Will it hurt you? Guess it won't.
'Cause you can imprisoned be
Nohow but in effigy.
What is that for him that collars
Seven hundred thousand dollars?
You may laugh, for, whilst you win,
You are out of gaol; not in.
Wish that I was in your place,
Would a blush o'erspread my face?
No, Sir, but a smile serene.
I should wear a lofty mien
Far above the thought of shame,
Conscious of a world-wide fame,
Glorying in my inmost heart,
Knowing I was voted smart,
Named "remarkable" among
Our first men by every tongue.
In my absence I could bear
Any judgment: shouldn't care.
Foreigners might sentence me
To the stocks or pillory.
Whip or brand to me were nought,
Sure that I could not be caught,
I should, no fear lying under,
All the more enjoy my plunder.

The legal meaning of the word "either" was argued in the English Court of Chancery the other day. A certain testator left property, the disposition of which was affected by the "death of either" of two persons. One lawyer insisted that "either" meant both; and in support of this view he quoted Richardson, Webster, Chaucer, Dryden, Southey, the story of the Crucifixion, and a passage from Revelations. The Judge suggested that there was an old song in "The Beggar's Opera" which took the other view: "How happy could I be with *either*, were t'other dear charmer away." In pronouncing judgment, the Court ruled that "either" meant one of two, and did not mean "both." It might have that meaning occasionally in poets, but never in a Court of Chancery.

AMERICAN.

Providence, R. I., has a deaf mute barber. Fortunate city.

Everybody in San Francisco is now eating strawberries, the crop being unusually large.

Barnum offers to help Bridgeport, Conn., build its water works to the amount of $175,000.

A man from Zanzibar, Africa, is registered at a Troy hotel. He is supposed to be in search of Stanley with a bill.

General Forrest, of Confederate raiding fame, utilizes his cavalry experience in the management of a livery stable.

At last a new impulse has been given to civilization in Denver, lager beer having been lately reduced to five cents a glass.

A Western genius has ascertained that the author of the letters of Junius was Cadmus; that he was, in fact, the author of nearly all the letters of the alphabet.

A Baltimore woman had obtained a verdict for $5,000 damages against her brother, who had accused her of perjury. The quarrel grew out of the settlement of the estate of a deceased brother.

"As there are, according to Prof. Agassiz," says a Western New York paper, "only nineteen more centuries in which Niagara Falls will be in operation, those who have never visited the place will appreciate the importance of doing so this summer."

Dallas, Tex., *News*:—"There is our Haydn Society; there is our Thespian Society; there is our Commercial Club; there is our Nameless Club; there is our Fair Association; but where, oh, where, are our woollen, furniture, boot and shoe factories, grain elevators and flouring mills?"

The Nathan mansion, on Twenty-third street, New York, still stands vacant. It will neither lease nor sell, and has now been vacant nearly three years. The murder of Benjamin Nathan remains shrouded in mystery and his family are scattered over the world.

An Iowa farmer took home a keg of damaged powder the other day, and one of his children, with a turn for investigation, put a little of the powder in a plate and dropped a live coal into it. An explosion from plate and keg followed, the doors and windows of the house were blown out, the farmer's wife had both her hands blown off, and his three children were horribly mangled and burned.

General Grant recently appointed Mrs. L. A. Cary, the widow of a soldier, postmistress at Ashtabula, Ohio. The President, on making the selection, said:—"It is a class of appointments I am glad to make where it can be done; it is giving a soldier's widow an opportunity of supporting herself and orphan children."

A baby was born at McKeansburg, Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, last week, that weighed only eight ounces at its birth, though it had a voice equal to a nine-pounder, and was perfect in every respect. Considerable excitement was occasioned when the father first saw his offspring, by the sudden disappearance of the child. It was found fifteen minutes later in the old man's watch-pocket, and is now kept tied to the mother for safety.

The Aroostook *Pioneer* says: "A case of lock-jaw from Madawaska was successfully treated by Dr. Innis last week. The patient was a female, daughter of Francis Thibadeau, Esq. For ten months her jaws had been so firmly closed that she was unable to take nourishment except through an aperture where teeth had been extracted. This morning she ate a hearty breakfast of beefsteak with all the chicken fixin's, and goes on her way rejoicing.

The New York *World* estimates that there are 125,000 women in that city earning their living in other than domestic employments. Of these, 1,800 are milliners, 12,000 artificial flower makers, 20,000 in the hoop-skirt manufactories, 12,000 in the hatting trade, 9,000 tailoresses, while several thousand work in book-binderies, and a large number are employed making parasols and umbrellas and in other minor trades.

An old gentleman named Philip Meyers left his home in Rochester, N. Y., April 1st, and has not since been heard from. It is now feared that he committed suicide, this theory being strengthened by the story of some boys who saw an old gentleman deliberately throw himself into the river on that afternoon. They related the circumstance at the time but were laughed at for attempting so transparent a hoax.

The Jonesborough (Ga.) *Times* recently published a vigorous poem, in which appeared this stanza:

"When spring comes with her floral gifts,
Then time will glide on wings so swift,
We'll gather flowers sick and sore,
To decorate the young, the fair."

The editor explains by saying that the third line should read: "We'll gather flowers rich and rare." But the explanation comes too late. The poet has committed suicide.

Mr. Stockwell, President of the Pacific Mail Company, for the last year known as King of Wall street, has been completely cleaned out by a combination of bulls. Mr. Stockwell takes his reverses in a very philosophical manner. He is reported to have delivered himself in conversation the other day of the following humorous and trite expression. "When I first came down in Wall street I was called Stockwell; then, when I began to make money, I was called *Mr.* Stockwell. Then it was *Captain* Stockwell; and subsequently I became known as *Commodore* Stockwell. Now it is that red-headed cuss from Cleveland."

A letter from the San Francisco *Bulletin* says that an important change has taken place in the geysers recently, and that they now exhibit a greater display of fiery activity than has been known since 1859. A real geyser is now shot up from the Witches' Caldron to a height of about forty-two feet above the surface, and it is said it would rise much higher were it not for the overhanging rocks which are in its way. The water in the caldron maintains a temperature of 292 degrees Fahrenheit; dense volumes of steam are continually ascending into the air, and warm work is going on all through Geyser Canon.

Danville, on the Tennessee River, has betaken itself to the production of gigantic skeletons. On the river bank, where there had recently been a slide, the skeletons of forty or fifty persons, some of them of extraordinary size, have been discovered. Nearly all of them are over seven feet in length, and evidently belonged to a race of men who inhabited the country prior to the Indian. These are believed to have been the ancient mound builders of the country, whose traces exist in the whole Mississippi valley, with evidences of art in pottery, lettering and illustrations, the mounds having been the tombs of the race. The human remains found in these, though crumbling at once, show the race to have been of large stature.

Henceforth the State of Indiana will not be the refuge of unhappy married people seeking to break "the tie that binds." The old divorce law, by which a marriage could be annulled on the slightest of pretexts, has been repealed, and a new law has been passed by the Legislature. It provides that divorce may be granted for well-known and sufficient causes, enumerated in the text of the law: that the petitioner for divorce shall establish a *bona fide* residence of two years in the State, and of six months in the county in which the suit is brought, and the petition shall also particularly state the place, town, city or township in which the petitioner has resided for the last two years, and give his or her occupation; also by affidavit give the residence of the defendant, that he or she may be notified by the court clerk of the suit pending. After a divorce is decreed the case may be opened again at any time within two years, during which time it shall not be lawful for the party receiving the divorce to marry.

Prince Arthur has returned to England from Rome, and has resumed his duties as a Captain in the Rifle Brigade.

At the late annual meeting of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, Mr. Thomas Carlyle was by warm acclamation re-elected President.

Literary men will be sorry to hear of the serious illness of Mr. M. Townsend, one of the proprietors and editors of the *Spectator*. He has had an attack of paralysis.

The death is announced at Passy of M. G. Pauthier, the Orientalist, aged seventy-one, well known for his important works on the language and history of China.

The Mayor of Wrexham having accepted the invitation to the Lord Mayor of London's banquet, lately was presented with a massive gold chain, weighing 27 ounces, and valued at £180.

Mr. Murphy, M.P. for Cork, has received a letter from the Premier, stating that Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to contribute £250 to the testimonial to the late Mr. Maguire, M.P.

Thomas Brassey, Esq., M. P., has given orders for a new steam yacht to be built at Birkenhead. She will be the largest yacht owned by a private individual, her intended tonnage being 560.

The first club on the English model is about to be constituted in Berlin. The committee having secured the support of a large number of wealthy inhabitants of the fashionable quarter near the Thiergarten, have purchased a house in the Koniggreitzerstrasse for the sum of about $200,000.

The Islington, London, guardians have been lately making use of a machine for peeling the potatoes used by the inmates, and it is said to be so very useful and economical that 9s a-day is saved to the rates by its use.

The following telegram has been received from Calcutta, under date March 25:—"The *Englishman* publishes a telegram from Rawal Pindee, stating that Major Macdonald, the commander of the fort of Michni, has been assassinated by the Pathans. He was shot through the leg and then cut down. The Commissioner of Peshawur is actively investigating the matter."

The *Memorial Diplomatique* says the Marriage of Prince Arthur, the third son of the Queen of England, with the Grand Duchess Mary, daughter of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, is now arranged. The Prince will go to St. Petersburg immediately after the return of the Emperor, who is now in Italy. It is long since an English Prince was betrothed to a princess of a non-Protestant religion. The Prince of Wales and his sister-in-law, the Grand Duchess of Russia, have, it is said, greatly contributed to this union.

In consequence of a paltry discussion, a duel has been fought between two officers at the cavalry barracks at Vienna. The duelists were Count Hemingen d'Erssewyl and Premier-Lieutenant Quiquerez; arms, the sabre. At first the former was wounded at a parade, but then made such a terrible onslaught that he cleft his opponent's head. The survivor, after several weeks' illness, was arraigned before a court martial, and sentenced to four months' arrest, but no bad endorsement was made on his officer's brevet.