

with the great religious problems of which he speaks. It is a powerful and timely plea for rational Christian liberty of thought, which, from its force and vigor, must have no small influence in moulding public opinion. It would not be creditable to Canadian intelligence, if it should not be widely read." *The Evening Telegraph*, of Toronto, says:—"After an attentive perusal we can honestly say of it—which is more than could with truth be said of all published sermons—that it is interesting throughout, and that it is well worth the trouble and expense involved in its publication."

We take pleasure in calling attention to a letter from Mr. A. L. LIGHT, C. E., on the subject of the former Northern Colonization Railway and Mr. LEGG'S connecting therewith.

THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

LONDON, May 6.—It is said that Mr. Gladstone proposes to visit the plains of Troy during the coming autumn, in order to explore the site of the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann.

Gen. Kirkham, the Commander-in-Chief of the forces of Abyssinia, was originally a steward in the Peninsular and Oriental service, then a volunteer under Col. Gordon in China; wounded severely there, he went home and was employed in the Commissary Department of the British army in the Abyssinian war. At the overthrow of King Theodoros he offered his services to King Johannes, and now, as supreme commander, he is leading the royal troops against the Egyptians.

That truth is often stranger than fiction is once more exemplified by the formation of the "Bible Earth League of Christians," under the leadership of a Mr. Fitzgerald, who purpose to upset the Newtonian system by proving that the earth is flat. The promoter pleads that "the work of surveys and obtaining other incontrovertible proof that the earth is not a rotating revolving globe, will be necessarily expensive, and can only be effected by liberal contributions of Christians." The *Bible Earth Monthly* will cost six shillings yearly, payable in advance.

It is reported that the Copyright Commission has decided not to raise the question of International Copyright at all; and on the other side of the water there seems little chance of the subject's engaging the attention of the American nation this year.

The London Tavern has been bought, and is to be pulled down, and a bank built on its site. The people who delight in the traffic in charity votes will have, therefore, to go elsewhere. Meanwhile the Charity Organization is pressing them so hard that their pet system may perhaps not long survive the tavern.

An elaborate monument has been erected at the Chatham Dockyard to commemorate the French prisoners of war who died there in the early part of the century. The monument bears this inscription: "Here are gathered together the remains of many brave soldiers and sailors who, having once been the foes and afterwards the captives of England, now find rest in her soil, remembering no more the animosities of war or their sorrows in imprisonment. They were deprived of the consolation of closing their eyes among the countrymen they loved, but they have been laid in an honorable grave by a nation which knows how to respect valor and to sympathize with misfortune."

Lord Inchiquin's Irish Peerage Bill, which was recently introduced in the House of Lords, after much cutting down, promises soon to become a law. Its most important provision is that abolishing the power of creating any more peers of Ireland. Less than two years ago some British noblemen regarded this proposition as an interference with the royal prerogative, but now it has passed in the House of Lords unanimously. There are now one hundred Irish peers, twenty-eight of whom (besides four spiritual peers) are elected by their associates to sit in the British Upper House. Lord Inchiquin proposes to increase the number of representative temporal peers to thirty-two, and to provide for a representation of the Liberal minority by cumulative voting, or in some other way. As the Lord Chancellor, however, is opposed to this minority representation scheme, it will probably be stricken out of the bill. Another clause of the bill, enabling Irish peers to sit for Irish constituencies in the House of Commons, will probably be passed.

The critic of the London *Times* thinks that Syvestre's painting of "Loeusta trying upon a slave in the presence of Nero the poison which is to kill Britannicus" will probably receive the grand medal of the French *Salon*. He says of it: "Loeusta, bronzed, aged, with black hair tied up in tresses; Nero with pensive countenance, low forehead, cruel mouth, unfeelingly regarding the athletic slave who lies shrieking at their feet; a masterly and severe conception of brilliant light thrown upon warm colors. This is the most discussed and the least discussable picture in the Exhibition. Half the French journalists who criticise the Exhibition call it a *chef d'œuvre*, the other half, a horror. The former err on the side of enthusiasm, the latter on that of injustice. It is a great painting which

promises a great painter. A friend whom I met disliked the familiarity it depicted between Loeusta and Nero. This, it seems to me, is a perfectly correct feature. They are two monsters united by crime, in the committal of one of those actions which sever all distinctions of rank."

THE FREE LANCE.

The late city editor of the late *Sun* is an Englishman and a humorist. I accosted him the other day.

"Well, now that your paper is dead, you will return to your allegiance."

"Never a bit," said he, rubbing the palm of his left hand with the fat point of the forefinger of his right. "I remain an Irishman still. I belong to the *sunburst*!"

Two newspaper men were speaking of a fellow reporter.

"I wonder where is he now?"

"Why, in Philadelphia, to be sure. *Nosing* around for news."

"Oh, I see. He's at the Seicentennial."

X— is a horse fancier, up town somewhere. He has fine stables. He is always trading, training and trying horses.

Y— is a young man of no vices whatever, but his weakness is the quotation of French words.

Looking over in X—'s yard the other day, he saw that gentleman busily engaged exercising his horses.

"You have a *pouchrat* for horses, Mr. X—," I see."

"A what?"

"A *pouchrat* for horses."

"No, sir, I haven't got a pawshop for horses, nothing of the sort," and he walked off to the other end of the yard in high dudgeon.

Lennoxville must have long legs. It has just ordered four feet of hose.

The best water privilege in Canada is for sale gratis at Coaticook. A house stuck in the middle of the river.

A good clip into Township life is given by the following remark actually made to Rev. A. B., prince of gentlemen and Christians. "Ah, Sir, I did so enjoy that funeral. Somehow, we'd never been to one for a good spell. And says I to John, 'John, I never let you let me miss another funeral so long as we live here.'"

The word "Pantokaleidoscopopolis coffee-maker" appeared in an advertisement in a local paper not 100 miles from Waterloo. Since then, all the lexicons in town, one and a half in number, have been worn into dog's ears with the following etymological results. *Pants*, trousers; *Gallide*, to telescope; *Nock-race*, a dimm'd moist unpleasant body; *Polly*, a city; *Kophinus*, a tea-caddy, and *Moko* to make.

The most striking feature at the opening of the Centennial was the mile-long procession of successful State criminals, headed by Belknap and Tweed, and of pardoned murderers, headed by Stokes. After the singing of Whittier's Hymn, a prominent official warmly shook hands with them.

At last 'tis over, Ellis mere:

The balls are done, the balls deserted.

High life is desolate and drear.

Where late we spooned and byed and dined.

Here, in my small room slow recess.

My foolish spirit pines and tosses.

To think of Amy's soft caress.

And of our love day's gains and losses.

Ah, me! 'Twas only yesterday.

The house with blossoms rich was laden.

And sweetly rung the roundelay.

From lips of rosy, large-eyed maiden;

Now, like a dull bird safely caged.

Behind her prison bars she's sighing.

What wonder I should be enraged.

And through those prison bars be prying.

The pundit says that love's a myth.

And other foolish thoughts advances;

Poor me—I have no patience with

The girl who throws away her chances.

Spring tide is the time for love.

And not for eating cheese and fishes.

O Ellis mere! my sweet, my dove,

Come bravely here and eat my dishes.

They swim all smooth in sweetest oil.

They're piping hot with Love's French mustard.

I have fresh comfits for your toil.

And rolls of cake and paste and custard.

My heart is baked and steamed for you.

O bite it, it is stuffed with truffles.

Reject those cold plates crowned with rue.

The cloying syrups and soda muffles.

I will not give up my cigar.

I will not cease to thrum your praises.

I still will pledge you at the bar

In wine that love's cold ghost upraises.

No Lent for me, if I may not

Regale my heart with dreams of beauty.

And feed my mind with thoughts begot

Of thee and love's perennial duty.

LACLEDE.

ST. CATHERINES, ONT.

St. Catherines, Ont., became a city on the 1st of May, and by proclamation it was made a holiday and given up to general rejoicing by the citizens. St. Catherines, within a few years, has grown very rapidly and at the present time may be classed as one of the most enterprising places in Ontario. It numbers about twelve thousand inhabitants, and the city has many elegant private residences, broad, beautiful streets and substantial business blocks.

REVIEW

St. NICHOLAS for June bring a full budget of attractions to the many thousand boys and girls who watch so eagerly for each month's issue. It begins with an interesting account by Susan Coolidge of the life and achievements of Jeanne D'Arc; and then comes the second installment of Mr. Aldrich's fascinating story, with *thirty-three* of Mr. Hopkin's irresistible silhouette pictures! A charming "talk" by H. H. on "The Expression of Rooms," a beautiful little verse by Mrs. Dodge, a funny picture, and a story quite as funny, follow each other in quick succession; and we are treated next to an article entitled "A Frog and His Neighbours," describing simply, and with the aid of fifteen pictures, all the curious changes of frog-life from the hatching of the egg to the dignity of "Mr. Frog grown up."

"The Old Saw Mill" is a fresh and natural story, and "The Coming Army of Voters" an encouraging picture. Celia Thaxter contributes a true story of the wonderful flight of a canary, and the installment of "The Boy Emigrants" is as interesting as any of the previous ones, which were so very interesting that out of sheer respect for the children's demands, as the editors state, there is given in the present number a sketch and portrait of the author, Mr. Brooks.

As for poetry, the pages fairly ring with it. There is "See, Saw, Majorie Law," with a sweet little picture by Addie Ledyard; "The Four Little Imps" by Joel Stacy, with a comical illustration showing every one of them; "A June Morning Lesson," with a dainty border drawing; and some fine verses entitled "Mabel's Maids."

In SCRIBNER for June Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis's description of some "Old Landmarks in Philadelphia" is accompanied by over thirty illustrations. "How America was Named" is another illustrated historical paper, in which is shown the origin of the false claims put forth in behalf of Vesputi. Clarence Cook's fifth paper on furniture and decoration is illustrated with pictures of dining-tables, the "last sweet thing in corners," chairs, candelabras, &c. Charles Barnard describes a number of recent "Experiments in Co-operation," chiefly manufactures and stores. "Union College" is the one selected from the educational series this month, Harvard being announced for July. The serials are continued, and there is a story by G. P. Lathrop, entitled "The Love of a Hundred Years;" "Pilgrims and Puritans," by Tryon Edwards; "Two Poems of Collins," by E. S. Nadai, and "Charlotte Cushman," by John D. Stockton, complete the list or prose. There are poetical contributions from Kate Putnam Osgood, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, H. H., and several others. In the Editorial Departments, Dr. Holland writes of "Advertising Shame," "The Literary Class," and "A New Departure;" "The Old Cabinet" deals with "Reading and Writing" and the "Academy Exhibition;" "Home and Society" contains some suggestions to strangers about "How to See New York," and Mr. Quinn's timely "Rural Topics;" and "Brie-à-Brie" has among other attractions some clever dialect by Irwin Russell, entitled "Nebuchadnezzar."

THE GALAXY for June has contributions from Justin McCarthy, Gail Hamilton, Prof. Van der Warker, J. H. Siddons, and other clever writers. Prof. Siddons tells from his personal experience as an editor in India and London a number of entertaining anecdotes, under the head of "Souvenirs of a Man of Letters." General Custer gives a thrilling personal narration of the Battle of Bull Run; and Captain Colman, who went to Brazil with Agassiz, describes a visit to Rio de Janeiro and the interior of Brazil, seasoned with a sketch of Brazilian character and the Portuguese and Brazilian dynasty. The number contains the usual quantum of poetry and two uncommonly good widow stories. The editorial departments are as excellent as usual. In the "Scientific Miscellany" Prof. Church shows how profitable an investment Alaska has proven itself to be, and in "Nebula" the editor, apropos of the return to silver, discourses upon the philology of fractional currency which has left the colloquial term "stamps" as an historical record of the days of war when the sticky postage stamps of various denomination constituted the only available small change.

WHAT TO ENJOY MOST.

We have wonderful power over ourselves. We can train ourselves to enjoy *anything*, from living upon a pilaster, like S. S. Skylights (or some such name), down to chewing tobacco, like Mr. President Grant.

Our happiness ought to arise mainly from the play of our affections. But with most of us it depends, alas! in the main, on the use of our five senses.

Now we share these five senses in common with most of the other animals. Even fishes hear, and moles have eyes. Are, then, the pleasures derived from each of these five senses all alike animal and alike sensual? No; some senses yield very little pleasure to brutes, and some yield pleasure to man alone. This is in the law: "In the exact order in which the senses become less rudimentary and able to appreciate more qualities in what they are exercised upon: in the order in which their bodily organs are more curiously and wonderfully made; in the order in which they become more subject to scientific investigation; and resulting laws—in that exact order they become less shared in by the brutes and more enjoyable to man." And in this exact order,

curiously enough, they are found to be less appreciated by the uncultured and barbarous among men, and deserving of more cultivation and appreciation by you and me.

The subject is fraught with the deepest interest, both in the way of knowledge, and also that one important thing in our lives,

SELF-MANAGEMENT.

Let us take the senses in order, beginning with the lowest and most brutish.

Touch is the most rudimentary. Looking to niceness of touch in Laura Bridgman, in the blind generally, in jewellers, &c., we should, at first sight, pronounce it capable of much education. But it is comparatively capable of very little, as we shall see further on. It recognizes merely heat and cold, hard and soft.

TASTE

yields the greatest pleasure in the life of the ordinary brute and the ordinary man. Brutalized men recognize very few and very coarse tastes in their viands. The very degraded appreciate only the sense of touch as food passes down the gullet, like the Greek who wished he was a giraffe, that he might have six feet of swallow to feel his food with, forgetting that this exposed him also to "six foot o' sore throat." The highest intellectual life, the world over, is led by men who derive a very great amount of pleasure, twice a day at least, from having the sense of taste nicely, yea, even artistically, ministered unto. "What are you crying for?" said the Parisian to his daughter, who had just lost her mother, "haven't you three meals a day?" And those who talk of "blighted hopes and broken hearts" must find their flow of grief diverted awhile when they ask for the pepper or complain of the absence of mustard. In a false civilization like that of Imperial Rome, the pleasures of the palate are made the great end of life—so much so that they used to take emetics and enjoy (I) two meals a day. In a crude civilization, like that of Yankendon, we have the chew of tobacco, the salt herring of the saloon bar, and the spasmodic soothing of the throat with alcoholic fire.

SMELL

yields but little pleasure to the animals. Cats seem to like the smell of valerian. A battle was once gained by knowing that elephants were driven half-crazy by the smell of camels. Horses, it is said, pine amid the reek of a pigsty. The poor seem often to lack the sense of smell. On the other hand very few men of deep minds seem to care much for the pounce box or the perfuming of their handkerchiefs. The sense of smell seems incapable of education. We have heard, indeed, of a scent-organ, by touching the different keys of which, different perfumes, in melodies and even harmonies of colour, were let forth on the astonished air so as to play a tune on a man's nose. But we never saw it.

Scents have never been divided into orders and sub-orders, and would seem to have been counted only at the Old Roman Colonia, sacred to the Eaux and the Ughs! of Cologne.

"Cologne 'sa town of martyrs' bones,
And pavements flagged with murderous stones.
It is a place of dirty wenchery,
And celebrated for its stenchery.
A man, who in that city dwells,
Counts five-and-thirty different smells,
All well-defined and separate stinks."

And again:—

"The river Rhine, as is well known,
Washes the city of Cologne;
But tell me, O ye powers Divine!
What power on earth can wash the Rhine!"

The eye and the ear are the senses we must laboriously train ourselves to enjoy. Choose the highest pleasures, and custom will make them the most enjoyable. F. C. E.

Bishop's College, Lennoxville.

MARSHAL NEY.

We published an article, last week, concerning the supposed identity of Marshal Ney with a man who died peaceably in South Carolina, years after the alleged execution of the "bravest of the brave." This recalls a letter published in the *New York Record Table* of November 28, 1865. The writer argued Ney's identity with a captain in General Wayne's army—an American—who was dismissed the service by Washington because he challenged Wayne on account of an alleged insult. This officer—Michael Rodolph by name—was a brave and able soldier, as fiery and dashing as Napoleon's pet Marshal. After his discharge he settled in Maryland, became a tobacco planter, and engaged in the West India trade. Suddenly leaving home because of some domestic infelicity, he set sail in his trading sloop and was never seen on American soil again. The Minister to France during the Directory, Mr. Pinckney, being present at a military review in the Champ de Mars, recognized the officer in command, Kleber's Adjutant-General, Ney, to be Michael Rodolph. Returning to America he told friends of Rodolph that the latter was an officer of high rank in the revolutionary army. Rodolph's descendants, afterward resident near Brunswick, Ga., always considered Rodolph and Ney identical. Ney when on trial for his life was charged with being a traitor, but denied it, maintaining that he was a Frenchman. The fact that young Count Ney, for some years a French charge at Rio de Janeiro, while on a tour in the United States visited the Rodolphs in Georgia seem to give some colour to this theory. Be that as it may, there are some curious parallels that are hard to explain away, except by identity. "Was Ney an American?"