

natured forbearance of his listeners by a trade of abuse against all things Canadian and British. Like most of his tribe, he was selling something that requires no samples, for the fraternity from over the borders are as a rule averse to anything that bears the semblance of work. Their delight is to sit by the fire whittling and indulging their natural propensity for "blow" by eulogies on the "spreading" qualities of the Great American Eagle. Then, after spending the greater part of the day in this fashion, they sally forth and bully some unfortunate "Kanuck" into buying a patent clothes-horse or a new sewing machine, for which the man has no possible use, and which, if he had, would turn out useless. These gentry are as a rule very sterile in thoughts or modes of expressing them. Their minds are generally as narrow as their bodies, and their style of inducing customers to buy, although at present, perhaps, new to Canadians, soon loses its novelty when they find that they are all cut after one pattern. The most prominent feature in their conversation is the constant iteration of some one meaningless and tiresome piece of slang. I remember seeing one of these superlatively clever chaps selling, or offering, his wares (base balls, I think, he had) to a wholesale house in Toronto, and he would end up every commendation of his goods, or every new and probably sham inducement, with the enigmatical expression "How's that, eh?" It seemed to be appended to his sentences as a sort of clincher, but to my unsophisticated mind it did not seem to possess any great argumentative power. Probably, though, it would have carried more weight on the other side than here, although I foolishly attributed it to an utter want of original sentiment in the man who made use of it, and his consequent need to employ slang to fill up the gaps. However, I have said enough about our Yankee brethren; the type will be readily recognized by most of my Canadian fellow-travellers.

Orillia, in winter time, is not the most attractive place in the world to live in; snow abounds, and the temperature is anything but mild; Lake Couchiching, on which it is situated, is one vast sheet of ice, which in the spring does not break up and get borne away on the current, but rots slowly, and mingles with the water. The opening of navigation is necessarily often delayed to a very late date, while the necessity for water traffic on these small inland waters, both for business purposes and pleasure, is increasing fast. The vast rafts of timber that in a busy lumbering season are tugged down to Barrie, Bell Ewart, and other shipping points on Lake Simcoe, alone are evidences of this, and as the attractions for summer pleasure-seekers afforded by the scenery of the Muskoka district and its facilities for sport become known, their demand for accommodation increases every season. The delights of a winter trip into this country, which it requires an Esquimaux or a Polar bear to appreciate, I must reserve for a subsequent paper, especially as the journey, occurring as it did, the day after a parliamentary election, was peculiarly fraught with incidents.

WAYFARRER.

## THE ENGLISH BOHEMIAN HAVEN.

Among the places in London interesting to such as have a penchant for the haunts of genius is a sort of tap-room, located in a cellar under a corner of the Tavistock Hotel, and directly opposite the Covent Garden Market. Little known to the American tourist, and more seldom visited by him, there are few, we take it, among the reading community of London to whom its history is not more or less familiar. Evans's it is styled, and it stands in the very midst of numberless scenes well known to most of us through the medium of old as well as more recent British authors.

For the past century and a half—if what we are told be true—the choicest spirits of the English literary and theatrical world have been wont, at night, to congregate in this refectory; then and there to abandon themselves to whatever recreation appertains to such an assemblage.

The original Evans, of course, went to his last home long years ago, but succeeding tapsters have occupied his shoes in such uninterrupted succession that each has taken the thread of history where his predecessor dropped it, and so preserved unbroken the story of the place.

The present depository of its annals is a rubicund old fellow, who possesses an appropriately coloured nose, but who lacks somewhat that complete rotundity of person which one desires to see in the host of a very ancient tap. Though dignified and little prone to the garrulity which might be expected from his occupation and surroundings, he still is quite ready to recite his story, whenever he feels that he has an auditor upon whom his breath will not be wasted. To the worthy listener, then, he will point out table after table, at which have sat various celebrities who frequented Evans' "before you was born, sir," and will narrate such incidents of their careers as are the special property of that institution.

But his great boast is of the pictures that adorn the walls, among which are the portraits of Sheridan, Siddons, Kemble, and fifty others who, within the recollection of Evans, have roused audiences, or even stirred the nation.

Quaint and cracked as many of these portraits are, they are much better than the ordinary run of "likenesses," and not a few of them are noticeable for genuine artistic merit. In our memory we see Peg Woffington now just as the artist depicted her; a lithe fair creature; more girl than woman; simplicity's self, and yet about whom there is that something or other, we know not how to call it, which Charles Reade brings out so cleverly in his novel bearing her name. Among the collection is a picture of Edwin Forrest; and we will never forget the pompous flourish with which the host pointed to it as a proof of England's appreciation of genius, no matter what its nationality. A portrait in the gallery of which he has the ward, in his opinion, is akin to sculptured honours in Westminster Abbey.

But midnight has come. The theatres are over and the crowd is collecting. So, to be regular and to do as others do, let us choose a table and order chops and potatoes and beer.

By this time, no doubt, the room is filled with notabilities, and it would be our greatest pleasure to tell the reader just how they look, and all about them; but as we ourselves haven't the slightest idea as to who is who, we will presume each individual to be a marvel in his own particular way, and turn our attention to the reflection that we see is coming.

And isn't this a toothsome dish? Chops as delicate as the daintiest palate could wish for, and potatoes such as are to be gotten only when potatoes are a speciality. How white the latter open, and how beautifully they crumble as the waiter presses them from their jackets.

Now everything is ready. So, with the best of appetites and an imagination so strengthened by the situation as to be

able to summon whomsoever it will, we proceeded to sup amid a company selected from a list extending back for ages.

Fancy occupying a table where, a hundred and fifty years ago, Colly Cibber may have discussed chops and potatoes with boon companions; or from which, in their respective periods, Garrick or Wilson or dear old Thackeray were used to contribute to the fun and hilarity of this place.

Does any one who has read "Pendennis" forget the "Back Kitchen"? What a jolly den it was! How every rollicking disposition gravitated to it naturally! Was ever description more graphic than the novelist has written of that resort? When Thackeray penned it he unquestionably had in his mind some place that had figured in his own experience; and we can hardly visit Evans' without feeling that Foker, or Shandon, or miserable old drunken Costigan must be somewhere about, or that little Bows may still be found operating at the piano.

*Apropos* of the turn our thoughts has taken, how wild fancy runs when once free rein is given it! Whilst we've been sitting here it has peopled this old room with beings whose talk and laughter ceased generations since, the walls meanwhile reverberating the din and clamour of a living throng. And furthermore, not only has it rehabilitated the dead, it has brought hither the shadowy creatures of imagination and invested them also with substantiality.

Well, the chops and potatoes are gone, the tankard is empty, and the crowd is departing. Perforce, then, we must wend our way.

Having lighted a cigar we sally forth, and as we homeward stroll this thought suggests itself, that, as we have sat and mused of men who now live only in the story of their achievements, so when the Present shall have retreated to its position in the Past, the coming might will occupy the seat we have just vacated, and therein will meditate upon souls as yet unknown but striving, and whose names the Future will find upon the record of the great.

## THE DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for March says: "I assume that there is no point of view to be regarded as belonging to the deceased person, and that no one believes that the dead has any interest in the matter. We who live may anxiously hope—as I should hope at least—to do no evil to survivors after death, whatever we may have done of harm to others during life. But, being deceased, I take it we can have no wishes or feelings touching this subject. What is best to be done with the dead is, then, mainly a question for the living, and to them it is one of extreme importance. When the globe was thinly peopled, and when there were no large bodies of men living in close neighbourhood, the subject was an inconsiderable one and could afford to wait, and might indeed be left for its solution to sentiment of any kind. But the rapid increase of population forces it into notice, and especially man's tendency to live in crowded cities. There is no necessity to prove, as the fact is too patent, that our present mode of treating the dead, namely, that by burial beneath the soil, is full of danger to the living. Hence intramural interment has been recently forbidden, first step in a series of reforms which must follow. At present we who dwell in towns are able to escape much evil by selecting a portion of ground distant—in this year of grace 1873—some five or ten miles from any very populous neighbourhood, and by sending our dead to be buried there—laying by poison nevertheless, it is certain, for our children's children, who will find our remains polluting their water-sources, when the now distant plot is covered, as it will be, more or less closely, by human dwellings. For it can be a question of time only when every now waste spot will be utilized for food-production or for shelter, and when some other mode of disposing of the dead than that of burial must be adopted. If, therefore, burial in the soil be certainly injurious either now or in the future, has not the time already come to discuss the possibility of replacing it by a better process? We cannot too soon cease to do evil and learn to do well. Is it not indeed a social sin of no small magnitude to sow the seeds of disease and death broadcast, caring only to be certain that they cannot do much harm to our own generation? It may be granted, to anticipate objection, that it is quite possible that the bodies now buried may have lost most, if not all, their power of doing mischief by the time that the particular soil they inhabit is turned up again to the sun's rays, although this is by no means certain; but it is beyond dispute that the margin of safety as to time grows narrower year by year, and that pollution of wells and streams which supply the living must ere long arise wherever we bury our dead in this country."

## THE LAST OF THE SIAMESE TWINS.

Christopher and Diogenes Bunker, the sons respectively of Chang and Eng, have removed the remains of the twins from Philadelphia to Mount Airy. The sons expressed themselves as being very much shocked at the impression, which became very general in consequence of the allegations being published that the arrangement made as to the bodies of Chang and Eng with the medical commission was a speculation by which the relatives reaped a large pecuniary gain. The young men desired Drs. Pancoast and Allen to give them a formal written denial of this rumour, to be shown the people, and, if necessary, to be published, which request, of course, the commission at once complied with. The young men assert most positively that if any money passed between the commission and any one in the case, one Mr. Gillman, of Mount Airy, was the only gainer. The latter, they say, strongly urged the wives of the deceased twins to permit the remains to be removed to this city. At that time Christopher was in Kansas City, his home, and Diogenes was in San Francisco, where he resides. As soon as they heard of the removal of the bodies they determined to come to this city and take them home again. They were very much pleased to see the careful manner in which the remains of their fathers had been preserved, but expressed regret that the embalming process would cause so slow a decomposition. They asked anxiously if the influence of the injecting fluid could not be destroyed so as to permit the bodies to return to dust in the ordinary manner and space of time, and upon being answered in the negative evidenced deep regret. The supposition that the remains of the twins are to be publicly exhibited, and were embalmed particularly with a view to that object, would seem to be unfounded. The Messrs. Bunker stated that the bodies would be immediately buried with appropriate funeral ceremonies as soon after they reach home as is consistent with decency.

## PRESUMPTIVE PROOF.

How possible it is for the most positive kind of proof presumptive, as it is called, to be no proof at all, is shown by the following story of circumstances not quite a year old: A Russian gentleman of distinction, provided with strong and flattering recommendations, visited the coin and medal room of the British Museum in London. The coins and medals in this collection being to all intents and purposes priceless, the curators are compelled to exercise the very utmost caution as to the admission of strangers, and to keep a sharp lookout on the visitors while they are inspecting the rarest of the numismatic treasures. The Russian gentleman wished to see a medal—say of Constantine Chlorus—which was of gold, of large size, and reputed to be unique. Suddenly, while he was bending over it, the medal disappeared, and the foreigner declared that it had slipped from his hand and fallen on the floor. After a scrupulous examination of every chink and cranny in the room, the officials began to doubt the stranger's integrity, and intimated that it would be necessary to call in a detective and to have him searched, whereupon the gentleman evidenced great mental disturbance. As this agitation only confirmed the suspicions of his guilt, a policeman was actually summoned; but, just as the half-resisting stranger was about to be exposed to gross personal indignity, an attendant cried out that he had found the medal. The effigy had indeed fallen to the ground, and rolled under one of the presses. The curators of the collection, of course, overwhelmed the Russian gentleman with apologies; but they could not refrain from asking him why he had exhibited reluctance so great to be searched. "For this reason," said the foreigner, still pallid and trembling with agitation. "It has been generally asserted and believed that the fellow to your Constantine Chlorus medal is not to be found in the whole world. You told me so half a dozen times this morning. Now I happen to possess a counterpart of this very medal (he produced it as he spoke from his waistcoat pocket) and it was my wish to enjoy your discomfiture when I proved to you that your treasure was not unique. But what would have been my position if your medal had not come to light and mine had been found in my pocket? Who would have believed in my story of the counterpart?"

## AN ACCURSED LEGACY.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "The enormous bequest of the Duke of Brunswick to the City of Geneva, which is likely to realize over £650,000, has already proved a fruitful source of dissension among those who were intended to benefit by it. The committee of the Town Council appointed to take charge of it has been at war within itself, the majority recommending that the first use made of the proceeds be to pay off the city funded debt of some £200,000, and the minority strongly protesting against a course which would deprive future generations of half the income accruing from the legacy. And now a collision is threatened between the municipality and the cantonal Administration, the cause of which is explained by a debate that arose in the Grand Council on the annual report of its Budget Committee. In this committee, again, there is a division, but the majority inserted a paragraph in the report declaring their opinion that the canton is entitled to receive from the town the usual twelve per cent. on the whole succession, payable by heirs not akin to a testator, and recommending that the Grand Council should take the most prompt action possible to recover this amount. Against this the minority protest on the ground that a law passed in 1870 exempts from legacy duties all "establishments authorised by the State," and that the Town Council of Geneva is clearly such an establishment. In any case, they are of opinion that the matter, if at all doubtful, should be reserved for the law courts and not brought before the Grand Council at all in its legislative capacity, since the doing this is of necessity an attempt to prejudice a wholly legal case. A warm answer was made to the effect that the opinion given by the majority was but the needful reply to a part of the Grand Council's report, under which it was appointed; and the debate grew hotter when M. Turrentini—who is a member of the municipality as well as of the Grand Council—declared, in regard to certain supposed imputations as to the good faith of the former, that the report that it intended to trick the cantonal government out of its possible rights had no foundation in appearance or reality. Further discussions, however, led to the adjournment of the question, leaving open the disputed recommendation of the committee, which is the more unpalatable to the citizens, since the report was prepared by M. Tognetti, a member who is also a burgeois. Meanwhile the debate is transferred to the columns of the newspapers, which, as is not unnatural, are disposed to side with the municipality as against the pretensions of the canton to share in the windfall."

## GOOD FOR ROEBUCK.

M. D. Conway writes to the *Cincinnati Commercial* that the Radicals have suffered a sore disappointment in not being able to get in their new man, Mr. Chamberlain, at Sheffield. The rich cutlers and plutocrats of that city seem to have been frightened by the watchwords of that uncompromising gentleman, and have resented the advance of one of their own social order as a champion of popular rights, by using extra exertions. They have returned to Parliament old Roebuck, who is, on the other hand, a man who began political life as a Radical, along with Mill, but has, in his old age, become the bitterest reactionary, and flies at everything Radical as a bull at a red flag. Roebuck is a wretched old cynic, who sputters rather than speaks, and vents his spleen on everybody with whom he once co-operated, and his presence again in the House of Commons will bring no credit to that body, and certainly none to the retrograde party with which he will act. I am happy to say that he treats America with especial ferocity, and we may expect to hear from him such abuse of the United States as will bring out the contrary feeling in a light which will reveal to the world that anti-American feeling in Parliament is an anachronism which will be resented. The placard put out by Roebuck's friends were remarkably frank. One of them read: "Working-men, vote for Roebuck, who is in favor of a National Church and a National Beverage." This was genuine; but another which appeared is suspicious as to origin. It ran: "Vote for Roebuck, Beer, and the Bible."