

ST. KILDA.

Far in the Western Ocean, more than a hundred miles to the west of the Hebridean island of Lewis, lies the rock of St. Kilda, for the little island, three miles long by two miles broad, is hardly more. The highest peak of St. Kilda attains an altitude of over thirteen hundred feet, and abrupt sea-cliffs, the home of countless wildfowl, extend all round its coast. The taking of the eggs and down of these birds, the cultivation of the few acres of arable land which the island contains in crops of barley, and the care of sheep and cows, are the occupations of the people who inhabit the island, and who at the time of the last census numbered no more than seventy-eight souls. A little village is built on the west bay of the island, and a small church and manse are the chief buildings in what has been described as looking at a distance, from the peculiar form of the roofs of the houses, not quite unlike a Hottentot kraal. The inhabitants of St. Kilda are dependent in great part for their food on what they obtain from the mainland; and twice a year, in April and October, supplies are usually sent to them. But so stormy was the October of 1869 that the vessel generally employed in the service was unable to make the passage, and no other has been induced to make the attempt; so that since April or May of last year no communications have passed between St. Kilda and the outer world. A correspondent of the *Scotsman*, who has brought the matter before the public, says that "no one can know in what state the islanders are; and, having only half a year's supply of meal to depend on, the probability is that they either already are, or soon will be in a state of starvation. Under these circumstances it is suggested that the British Government should send a steamer with supplies, or that the charity of the British public should be appealed to at once to procure a steamer, as no sailing vessel dare venture to the island except between the months of April and October."

THE DARIEN CANAL.

The steamer "Nipsic" of the Darien exploring expedition reached Aspinwall on the 9th of February. The commander of the expedition went to Panama on the following day, "where," says a correspondent, "his Excellency, President Corrozo, received him with the utmost cordiality. The preliminaries for the expedition to survey the Darien were soon arranged to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, and Captain S. Bridge returned to Aspinwall the next day. On the 13th inst., the United States Consuls of Panama and Aspinwall were received on board the "Nipsic," with all honour due to their position."

"The President is disposed to render to the expedition all the assistance within his power, and will, if the case requires it, send a military force to the scene of the explorations. The impression that the government of Panama is unfriendly to the United States Darien expedition is entirely erroneous. President Corrozo has appointed Don Blas Arosemena, Postmaster of Colon, commissioner for the Colombian government. He will accompany the expedition across, making an official report of the route, and giving information to his government as to the state of civilization found among the Indians of Darien. Captain S. Bridge is determined to lose no time, and he will push forward the explorations as rapidly as possible, working cautiously at the commencement, however, penetrating the first day a short distance only, allowing the men to return to the ship at night, and so proceed until a sufficient distance is made to establish a camp. He will then push on again, returning at night to the camp until the men become familiar with the work, and the Indians get somewhat accustomed to the Yankees, when the explorers can move on with rapidity until they reach the rendezvous on the Pacific coast. Some fifty native labourers have been engaged at Porto Bello, whose business it will be to carry provisions, instruments, &c., but should it be found that passable mule paths can be formed a continuous supply of provisions will be kept up by means of asses, which can be obtained at Cartagena."

"Much trouble is expected from the Indians, who have as yet known no conqueror; their poisoned arrows are very much to be dreaded. However, if they commence war upon any of the expeditions sent out, Captain S. Bridge has a sufficient force at his command to make short work of the men of the forest. It is very doubtful about their being conciliated or bought with trinkets, as they have never yet been known to accept anything of the kind."

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.—The Boston *Journal of Chemistry* says on this subject: "The first lesson we would teach farmers in 'our college' would be how to turn oil of vitriol out of a carboy, and not spoil their clothing; second, how properly to dissolve bone, prepare phosphatic fertilizers and efficient composts; third, how to use and how to take care of agricultural implements; fourth, how to lay drain tile; fifth, how to plough and pulverize land so as to fit it for seed; sixth, how to make and save manures; seventh, how to feed and properly take care of stock; eighth, how to keep buildings and fences in order; and ninth, how to keep farm accounts systematically and accurately. We believe what is needed for the interests of agriculture is not so much 'agricultural colleges,' where young men are to have prolonged training in such branches of study as are taught in our ordinary educational institutions, but schools to which active farmers and their boys may resort in the winter months, and learn practically by observation and experiment how to conduct farming operations to the best possible advantage."

A prospectus has been issued in London (England) of a company for promoting emigration, to be called the "Emigrant and Colonists' Aid Corporation," with a nominal capital of £250,000, in shares of £1. By the selection of poor families of good character for settlement on land to be obtained by grant or purchase, and taking engagements for repayment, with adequate interest, of passage-money and other advances; it is hoped to make the scheme commercially profitable, since the intervening lands between each allotment will grow into value, while at the same time the Corporation would insure the life of every head of a family emigrating for the amount of the money disbursed for him. The Duke of Manchester is chairman of the board, and Captain Bedford Pim, R.N., whose practical colonial experience has been very extensive, is one of its members, the managing director being Mr. Ligar, late Surveyor-General of Victoria.

Senator Nye carries in his pocket-book a note from the late President Lincoln, written in pencil on the fly-leaf of a book, which runs as follows: "Dear General: Come up to-night and swap jokes. LINCOLN."

Mica, for spectacles, is rapidly coming into use for workmen exposed to the heat and glare of iron furnaces. Complete masks of this material, and even cylinders surrounding the entire head, have been made so as to form a more perfect defence. It has been attempted to give a blue tinge to the spectacles by applying the colouring matter directly to the surface of the mica, but this expedient failed. Another plan has been more successful; this plan consists in interposing a plate of transparent blue gelatine between two layers of the mica.

A CHEAP ICE HOUSE.—At any time in the winter when ice is easily obtained, thick and good, put a load of sawdust upon the ground, where you want your ice house to be, and spread it on a square of ten feet each way. Then cut the ice in square blocks and build up a pile about eight feet high, filling the spaces between the blocks with pounded ice. Next set up scantlings around the ice, 18 inches from it, and build a broad house around it, with a roof to shed rain, without leaking a great deal; and then pack in sawdust around the ice, and put on a covering about a foot deep on top, and you will have ice to use and give away all summer.

The *Bristol Post* says: Mr. Hampden, formerly of Bristol, sends us the following statement: £500 has been offered and accepted on the result of a scientific investigation as to whether the surface of the earth and water is level or convex. The challenge was made by Mr. Hampden, of Swindon, and has been accepted by a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London. The £1,000 has been lodged at Coutts's, and the survey is to be made before the 15th of March, in the county of Cambridge. The editor of an old established London paper has been chosen umpire; each party names a referee. Much interest in the decision is felt by the innumerable advocates of the Newtonian and Copernican theory of the rotundity and revolution of the earth, which Mr. Hampden affirms to be a downright fiction and a fraud, in the face of all the philosophy and science of the United Kingdom.

The notorious Rochefort is indebted to the New York *Citizen and Round Table* of Saturday last, for the following pithily worded certificate of character:

"The *Tribune* wants a biography of Rochefort which shall explain 'why American editors call him miscreant and villain, and why Mr. Victor Hugo adopts him as a son.' The *Police Gazette* will doubtless gratify the *Tribune's* desire, whenever the former shall have time to occupy itself with biographies of other than American miscreants. But the question, after all, is very easily answered. American editors call Rochefort miscreant and villain, and Victor Hugo adopted him as his son, simply because he is a miscreant and a villain. If the *Tribune* should seriously ask for the proofs, it would only be necessary to refer to Rochefort's public acts. He has made himself known merely as a libeler of men and a dirty calumniator of women. He has done this, too, from the safe vantage of foreign soil where neither legal punishment nor personal revenge could follow him. This is the conduct of a miscreant, if there is any conduct to which such a term applies. He is a villain because, for the sake of gaining notoriety, he labors to incite Parisians to a bloody insurrection, which he knows would have no hope of success; and he is a coward because he has carefully kept out of the danger into which he has urged his dupes. He may not be strictly accountable for having been adopted by Victor Hugo, but Hugo's act was a fit recognition of the malignity and cowardice of the demagogue who disgraces the French Liberals."

The Glasgow *Herald* has the following interesting and reassuring extract from Mr. Charles Livingstone, Consul at Fernando Po, brother of Dr. Livingstone. The letter was addressed to the distinguished traveller's daughter, who resides at Hamilton: "I had a note from Mr. Vredenburg, our Commissioner at Loando, which shows that mendacious Portuguese are not all dead yet. It was accompanied by a letter from a Portuguese traveler to the interior, who had just returned, and gives some impressions the natives got of your father when he crossed the continent in 1854, though it adds the fact of which your father was not aware, that he had to drink the muange, and was cut to pieces by the natives, as some of the poison showed that it had taken effect on him. Poor Vredenburg has sent this letter to the Foreign Office as he thinks 'it leaves but little hopes of the safety of Dr. Livingstone.' As the natives told our Portuguese this yarn in June, 1868, it would appear that your father managed somehow to put his pieces together again. I have written to Vredenburg that the muange and cutting-to-pieces part of this yarn come out of the two calabashes of cacolla (drink made of honey.) 'With much secrecy,' said Vredenburg, 'the native told the Portuguese that Dr. Livingstone was a great fetish man. He talked every day with the sun—i.e., observed with the sextant, never slept in a house, and had no fear of wild beasts. He had an animal in a box to which he never gave anything to eat, (chronometer,) but always when he was travelling he talked to it and asked it the road—which he never asked of any one. From time to time he opened papers and began to talk to them. He passed rivers without a canoe, and did many other wondrous things.'"

MUSIC.

MR. J. R. LABELLE begs to announce that he has resumed the teaching of instrumental music, and will be happy to give lessons on the Organ, Piano, Harp, or Guitar, either at his own, or the pupils' residence, on very moderate terms. Mr. LABELLE may be addressed at the Office of this Paper, No. 10, Place d'Armes.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ARTHUR having graciously permitted the publication of the

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
At my Studio, on October 9, I have much pleasure in notifying the Public that they are now on view and for sale in *Cartes de Visite*, Cabinet, and 9 x 7 Photo-Relievo, with an assortment of suitable Frames for the same.

WM. NOTMAN,
PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE QUEEN,
MONTREAL, OTTAWA, TORONTO, AND HALIFAX.
Orders by Post will now receive
P R O P R I E T A R Y A T T E N T I O N.

THE BEAUTIFUL PRISONER.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"Ah, you should not neglect it," scolded Madame Tallien smilingly. "Conquests are often made at balls. Try it—a new quadrille is just beginning."

The embarrassment of the young general was remarkable. He saw Madame Tallien engage herself to General Barras, Madame Recamier to Tallien. They seemed to suppose that Bonaparte had chosen Madame de Beauharnais as a partner for the quadrille. The charming widow stood before him, smiling at his embarrassment, and he, to escape the painful situation, and at the same time longing for a favour from this lady, seized her hand and said:

"Will you try it with a bungler?"

"You make a sacrifice," replied she. "But I will assist you."

The dance commenced. Bonaparte, directed by his lovely partner, got through the performance better than he had expected. The awkwardness he showed in making the steps was not remarkable for a soldier—every one knew that the republican soldiers had been more in the field than on the ball-room floor.

"In this manner our leisure can always be applied to advantage," said Bonaparte, on whom the widow Beauharnais made a deep impression, recommencing the conversation with her during the dance. "If I remain longer idle in Paris, I may attain some practice in this, I confess, very pleasant art, provided that I have always so indulgent a partner as you."

"I am not at all indulgent, General. You have just now made a mistake. You should have passed over to the other side, and then come back. Now, pay attention to your *cis-a-ris*.... Excellent. Ah! if you would only remain some time in Paris? Do you not like Paris?"

"I feel like a stranger here. I am longing for the army, for battles, for deeds!"

"Hotspur! How many opportunities for them will your life yet afford you?"

"Yes, but not France. I long to be away from here."

"From France?" she asked in surprise.

"The East attracts me with magic power. There I desire to achieve glory."

"Why not here? Why not for France?"

"Am I able to do so?" he muttered vehemently. "Ah, this inactivity, this uncertainty devours me."

"Be a little patient, General! Confide in Barras."

He did not answer; his gloomy eyes sparkled restlessly.

The dance was over; he took leave of Madame de Beauharnais as one who did not dare to realize the happiness he had dreamt of. She invited him to visit her modest circles, which was more than he had hoped for. The soiree was nearly over. After this quadrille most of the guests retired. Bonaparte left with Barras.

"You have danced with Madame de Beauharnais, Bonaparte," said Barras familiarly to him. "How are you pleased with her?"

"She is an angel," he replied heartily.

"Ah, you are in love already?"

"What if it were so?"

"Then you must marry her," said Barras laughingly.

"I wager that will not be so difficult."

Thus talking, they descended the stairs where they were met by a curious-looking person. His long face looked gloomy, his dark eyes were burning and hollow. He had a large Spanish hat with a flowing feather stuck upon his head, his figure was wrapped in a long white woollen cloak held together in front.

"Heavens!" cried Bonaparte, shocked at this sight. "This is like walking death!"

"Does he intend to go to the masquerade?" added Barras, mockingly.

But they permitted the strange man to pursue his way, and left the hotel Tallien. The one was destined to rule, as director, the French republic, till the close of the century; the other to overthrow him, to change the republic into a military empire, to make Josephine de Beauharnais his wife and an empress, and the Corsican family a French dynasty.

The strange apparition in the white cloak and Spanish hat, unconcerned about the impression he produced, entered the stately rooms. The ladies he encountered screamed with fright and fled; the men looked in surprise after him, at a loss to explain so singular an occurrence.

"Who is this?" In such a costume? At such an hour?"

It was three in the morning. No one ventured to stop or accost the mysterious stranger who, not deeming it necessary to give an explanation of his presence in these rooms, approached in a solemn manner the ball-room. His glittering eyes stared immovably before him, as if they had caught in the distance an object from which they could not avert themselves. But nothing in this sepulchral face betrayed any emotion in this man.

Those of the guests that were yet present, flew to the large *salon* at the sight of this spectral Spaniard. There was a general panic. They asked information of Tallien and his wife, who were likewise greatly alarmed at this intelligence.

"He must be a lunatic!" the men exclaimed.

At last the figure entered the *salon*, and, without hesitating, approached the group in the midst of which stood Madame Tallien. The ladies screamed and scattered in all directions. Tallien, however, resolutely stepped towards him, and threateningly said:

"What do you want here? Who are you?"

In horror he started back after having asked these questions. The stranger seemed not to have heard them, nor to heed them. He strode with the same solemn pace towards Madame Tallien.

"My God!" she exclaimed, seeing her husband recoil and gazing angrily at the stranger. Hiding her face in her hands, she continued in emotion, addressing the by-standers:

"It is an unfortunate madman. Have pity on him!"

Tallien beckoned to several servants who were already expecting his call:

"Conduct this poor man into a private apartment! He is mad!"

He approached him again, taking hold of his arm under the cloak. The stranger now arrested his measured step, threw back his cloak and exhibited the costume of an old Spanish knight.

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