

## OCEAN STEAMERS DUE AT CANADIAN PORTS.

SS. "Austrian," (Allan),	Hallifax, from Liverpool, about Sept. 5.
SS. "Caspian," (Allan),	Quebec, from Liverpool, about Sept. 7.
SS. "Texas," (Dominion),	Quebec, from Liverpool, about Sept. 7.
SS. "Ismailia," (Anchor),	Hallifax, from Glasgow and Liverpool, about Sept. 11.

## THE COMING WEEK.

SUNDAY, Sept. 7.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

MONDAY, Sept. 8.—Nativity, B. V. M.  
Lennoxville, Que.: Matriculation examination, Bishop's College.

TORONTO: Annual Meeting Provincial Insurance Co.

TUESDAY, " 9.—Archbishop French born, 1807.

WEDNESDAY, " 10.—Quebec: SS. "Palestine" for Liverpool.  
TORONTO: Annual General Meeting Shareholders T. G. & B. R. II.

THURSDAY, " 11.—Quebec: SS. "Ambassador" for London.

FRIDAY, " 12.—Siege of Vienna raised, 1683.

SATURDAY, " 13.—Quebec: SS. "Prussian" for Liverpool.

In the next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will be commenced

## A NEW STORY

BY

MISS M. E. BRADDON.

ENTITLED

## "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD,"

for the publication of which, in Canada, the proprietor of the NEWS has acquired the sole right.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1873.

THE Great Pacific Scandal, as it is the fashion to call it, has "dattered our Volscians" with a vengeance. Even our clerical friends have caught the infection, and our usually rather insipid Sunday polemical hashes have been of late seasoned and made palatable with political spice. The first to open the ball was the Rev. Gavin Lang, whose privilege it is to number among his flock the Knight of Ravenscraig, the "Deus ex Machina" of the whole affair. This reverend gentleman, fully appreciating the beauty of the proverb that "charity begins at home," naturally looks with an indulgent eye on the peccadilloes of his distinguished parishioner, and though his conscience will not allow him altogether to justify his client, yet he mildly, and not unreasonably, suggests that his accusers are not so immaculate themselves but that they might have some little consideration for an erring brother, whose fault is not so much that he has tripped as that he has been caught tripping; and that, in fact, they are all pretty much "tared with the same brush." For this the *Globe* pitches violently into the reverend gentleman, whom it accuses of prostituting the pulpit for the purpose of condoning a glaring iniquity, and generally deprecates parsons meddling in politics. It is due to Mr. Lang to say that he *does* make some sort of an attempt to cover the special subject of his sermon with a garb of generality; not so the Rev. Doctor Cordner, who next follows suit, and who takes the bull by the horns with a straightforwardness and singleness of purpose no doubt highly praiseworthy in an Unitarian. He makes no bones about the matter, but boldly jumps at once to the conclusion that the Ministry are decidedly guilty and ought to be kicked out at once because the enquiry was postponed, a result which the doctor has no doubt was brought about by the machinations of our disreputable rulers. It is singular, though possibly not significant, that the doctor's proclivities are of a gritty nature, and the leading member of his congregation is a distinguished Oppositionist. It is also worthy of remark that the *Globe* has not yet thought it necessary to pitch into him. Now might we be permitted to suggest to our clerical friends that they can do little good, and may probably do much harm, by thus importing political subjects into their pulpits. On treating of matters such as these, it is simply impossible to prevent their conclusions from being biased by their predilections. We are not too prone to reverence our spiritual advisers, and we can ill afford to entertain doubts of their sincerity and disinterestedness. Surely in the wide range of human vices and frailties there is ample scope for reproof and warning, for advice and exhortation. Let them confine themselves to this. They may be, probably will be, dull, but they will cease to be dangerous.

APROPOS of the "Scandal," everyone who reads the newspapers must have remarked the amount of indiscriminate scurrilous and clumsy mauling that has taken place between journals of opposite shades of politics. The neat cuts and clever thrusts are few and far between. The literature of the Pacific Fraud, is, it must be confessed, of a very inferior type, consisting mainly of angry accusation and savage retort. Among the rare clever hits that have been made the best we have come across is from the *Hamilton Times*. Says that

paper:—"The subsidized journals"—this is one of the mildest epithets the "factionist" organs bestow upon their opponents—"are very much perplexed to account for Mr. George Brown's absence in Europe at present. We believe his main object there is to obtain possession of Mr. Richard White, of the *Montreal Gazette*, and send him back to Canada in time for the Parliamentary investigation into the Pacific scandal. "Mr. Richard White is the business manager of the *Gazette*, and consequently the one who would have charge of those little financial arrangements with Sir Hugh Allan. As Mr. White set off in hot haste to Europe just before the Committee commenced sitting in Montreal, it has been thought that he had good reasons for being out of the way, and as his evidence may be useful it is considered desirable to have him back if possible." Score one to the *Times*. A keen thrust like this is too good to be lost.

THREE RIVERS, August 23.—Between one and two o'clock this morning a boiler explosion occurred in Mr. Stoddard's mill in this town, by which the fireman, Joseph Rondeau, lost his life, and several others severely scalded and otherwise injured. Further particulars shortly.

LATER.—The cause of the boiler explosion at Stoddard's mill this morning is attributed to the bad state of the boiler, which has been in the mill for upwards of twenty years, and been in use for the last twelve years. It is said there was no water in the boiler when they commenced pumping in, which caused the explosion. The public here think there ought to be a Government inquiry into the cause of the explosion, as there is some culpable neglect somewhere. Francois Lacroix, one of the scalded, is not expected to live an hour.—*Press Despatch*.

After asking a careful perusal of the above statement, and having given to it that careful perusal ourselves, we exclaim: To what a simple issue is this steam boiler question really confined! An agricultural people, namely the Canadian, takes it into its head to cultivate manufactures. The decision is rather suddenly come to and rapidly followed out. Of course its proprietors know very little about machinery, and they employ men for the charge of the boilers who know still less than themselves. The result is low-priced and defective boilers, and worn out boilers—many of them purchased at second-hand—scattered broadcast over the country, to the scandalous risk of life and limb to the working people generally, and with constant results such as we now behold. This is man's slaughter most unquestionably, and those who set aside social ameliorations for merely organic questions must be considered parties to it. The plain issue should be plainly stated, and it is simply whether a constitutional government on the modern plan is capable of compelling a proper care for human life. We sincerely trust so, but certainly we can desire no more platitudes in regard to the question such as those we are receiving from Three Rivers.

The country's credit is at stake in the sight of the emigrating world of Europe, and it should promptly demand the inspection of boilers and the proper certifying of the men in charge. We have many lawyers in parliament. Perhaps some one of them will at once begin to prepare the law.

BEFORE we begin to discuss the want of social clubs in large cities like Montreal, Toronto, and Quebec, it will be as well to define what we either mean or do not mean by the term. We do not mean such clubs as those described in Addison's *Spectator* No IX., viz:—The Hamdrum and the Mum Clubs, made up of very honest gentlemen, of peaceable dispositions that used to sit together, smoke their pipes and say nothing until midnight; nor the Beef Steak and October Clubs, which, from their titles, we may suppose consisted of men who met together for the sake of eating and drinking.

But we mean clubs where men can meet together for their own improvement, or for the good of others, or to relax themselves from the cares and business of the day by an innocent and cheerful conversation upon matters connected with art, literature, and science, and the general topics of the day—always excepting religious polemics, and party politics—and can partake of a cup of coffee or tea and smoke a friendly pipe. It may be difficult to combine the two elements—social conviviality and literary conversation—to get together in either city men partaking of the nature of Sir Roger de Coverley—lovers of mankind, with a mirthful cast in their behaviour, doing nothing with sourness or obstinacy: or, like the Bachelor of the Inner Temple, excellent critics, men of great probity, wit, and understanding; or, like Sir Andrew Freeport, merchants of great eminence, whose notions of trade are free and generous, and the perspicuity of whose discourse would give the same pleasure as wit in other men; or, like Captain Sentry, men of good understanding, and possessing invincible modesty; or, like Will Honeycomb, men who are usually called extremely well-bred gentlemen; or, like the Clergyman, men very philosophic, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and most exact good breeding.

But we may get together a few tolerably well read men, acquainted with some of the wondrous discoveries of modern science and travel, the memoirs and biographies of distinguished men and women; men who have an appreciation for the fine arts and polite literature, painful searchers into reverend antiquities, and a certain familiarity with the lore of the ancients; all possessed of pleasing conversational powers, and having intellects which put into motion the intellects of others. As oil runs to that part of the lamp where there is heat to use it, and the animal spirits in like

manner to the occupation that can absorb them, so let there be a club room where our young men can congregate, or, as it were, run to the society of those who can draw them away from the frivolous and often polluted conversation heard in places of public resort to wholesomer thoughts, helping them to discern some of those principles which infuse strength and order into men's minds. Or, again, to stir up their minds and set them thinking, or to throw light upon any point of enquiry connected with their study or reading. What is wanted is a club room in a quiet but central part of the city; a place for conversation without anything that comes under the head of personality, which is always spiced with more or less envy or malice. We find it difficult to define the precise nature of the club we should like to see established: a place in common to all members, a comfortable, cosy, homely set of rooms, with a few maps and good books of reference, where young men of literary pursuits can be brought into innocent, cheerful fellowship; rooms, redeemed from the coldness of those in the Mechanic's Hall or Institution, the Mercantile Library, and the Young Men's Christian Associations,—all, doubtless, good in their way, although, to our mind, they have a tendency to chill all the social nature of man, where the enforced silence bars out the frequenters from the sympathies of a common humanity. A cheerful set of club rooms are to a city what the village green is to the country; the one is a social relaxation, the other refreshes the way-worn traveller wearied with the "interminable hedge-walls with which 'restless ownership' excludes profane feet from its domain consecrated to Mammon."

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## Ye Ballad of Lyttel John A.

## FYTTE YE SECONDE

- I.  
Besyde ye loftie Royale Mounte  
There standyth hygh and faire  
Ye statelie seate of Ravenscraig,  
Syr Hugh he dwelleth there.
- II.  
Syr Hugh hee is a wealthy knyghte,  
And mickle golde hath he,  
And manye shyppes greate and smalle  
Whych sayl upoune ye sea.
- III.  
And he wolde faine ye contracte have  
To builde ye railwaye longe,  
I wis whenne firste he thought of itte  
He meante to doe no wronge.
- IV.  
Butte he dyd manye letters write  
To people in ye States,  
To helpe hym rayse ye monie for  
Thys undertakyng greate.
- V.  
Now in Chicago dwelt a carle  
McMullene hight was hee,  
As meane a lyttel Yankes manne  
As ever you didde see.
- VI.  
And hee has taken ye pryvate letters  
The whych Syr Hugh dydde write,  
And published them in the newspapers  
A thyng whych is notte righte.
- VII.  
Some saye he didde litte alle for spyte:  
But others doe suppose,  
Thatte to obtayne these pryvate letters  
Ye grits payed through ye nose.
- VIII.  
And theyse letters sayd Syr Hugh dyd buye  
Ye monie full a score,  
And monie lent to Syr Francis Hinekes  
Syr John and manye more.
- IX.  
Soe then ye Grits were all agogge,  
And deemed thatte they were sure  
To quickye sucke ye Ministry  
And soate themselves in power.
- X.  
Everye blacke must have its whyte,  
And everye sweete its sour,  
And soe ye Grits dyd soone find oute  
In an untimelye houre.
- XI.  
For when ye Comyttee litte didde come  
In Montreal to sitte,  
They found there was a mighty hytch  
It coude notte worke a litte.
- XII.  
Because ye bill whereby litte was  
Empowred to putte ye oathe,  
Was disallowed as contrarye  
To law and custome bothe.
- XIII.  
Oh then, ye *Globe*, thatte organ greate  
Dyd make a mighty fusse,  
And sayd litte was ye Premierse  
Thatte caused alle ye musse.
- XIV.  
And thatte forsoothe he was afrayde  
To face an enquire,  
And so had gotte ye bille thrown oute  
The whych is alle ye eye.
- XV.  
And then they urged Lord Dufferene  
A session quicke to calle,  
And from hys counceils to expelle  
These traytours one and alle.
- XVI.  
The Governoure he is a manne  
Who knoweth whatte is whatte,  
And soe he calmye closed hys eye  
And sayd he hadde rather litte.
- XVII.  
Untyl this charge is fairlye proved,  
I have noe righte, sayde hee,  
To doubt the hono'rye and faithe  
Of thys my Mynystro.
- XVIII.  
Ye Mynysters were gladd at harte,  
And thought that alle was well,  
A second Fyt of ye Premierse—  
Another I wyll you tell.