

—The Queen's Own Rifles, Colonel Otter, were presented on the 24th ult, with a handsome silver cup for rifle competition bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to the Queen's Own Rifles, by the Officers of the 38th Battalion, and some of the citizens of Brantford, May 24th, 1881."

—A new military genius has arisen in China—a sort of combined Tamerlane and Bismarck, his name is General Tso-Tsang-Tang. He has become Minister of War, advocates the building of railways, establishment of newspapers, and the importation of foreign devils' inventions, especially arms, ammunition and machinery. He is a strong anti-opium, man and lops off the heads of all the soldiers who happen to indulge in the practice.

—The 24th of May, 1881, will be long remembered in Upper Canada. On that glorious May day, when the Dominion had decked itself in holiday attire to welcome the return of another happy year in the reign of Her Majesty the Queen, when the sun shone brightly, and happiness had spread her wings throughout the land, a cloud suddenly broke with fury over the town named after England's metropolis. Other fearful calamities have befallen us: hundreds of immigrants arriving by ship have been carried off in a few days by yellow fever on the St. Lawrence; an emigrant train has been precipitated over an open bridge, burying its human freight in the dark river below, but the victims of such belonged to many widely dispersed homes, and each sorrowing relative was surrounded by sympathizing friends and neighbours. But the awfulness of the dire calamity which has so unexpectedly arose and overshadowed the fair city of London, lies in the fact that the whole of the sacrificed belong to one community—sacrificed by the oft-recurring tale, a greed of money, and a thoughtlessness in the moments of revelry, a greed on the part of those who would seize the opportunity of making money out of unreflecting pleasure seekers, and thoughtlessness on the part of a body of excursionists, lead away by the buoyancy of light-heartedness. The story is simple—an excursion from London to the number of six hundred, comprising the principal families of the city, crowded upon a pleasure boat that should not have had half the number on board, on their return trip after a day's outing, a slight commotion,—a panic—a rush to one side—the capsizing of the upper deck—the capsizing of the boat!—*a watery grave for two hundred and fifty of the merry passengers!* Thus over one per cent. of the whole city, without a moment's warning, were launched into eternity! What a contrast, from the pleasures of the day,—there's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away," and if we turn for a moment towards those bon-fires along the banks of the river, caetering their lurid flames over the ghastly faces of those now gone forever more, and listen to the wail of anguish poured forth by the relatives and friends of the drowned, we reflect with a shudder at the littleness of our own every-day troubles.

"Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The evening brought the signal!"

The war note we all have to face as nothing did they die,—and the sorrow of a bereaved people appeal to our hearts for sympathy—an appeal heartily responded to from one end of the Dominion to the other.

—Two of the new 13 pr. field guns have completed a trial of 500 rounds as a test of serviceability and to determine the rival merits of two systems of the breech arrangement, the one being the French or screw relief plan and the other a copy of the reuter lever of a locomotive. Both answer well, the latter especially. The shooting was exceedingly accurate. The targets were placed at 1,000, 1,500, and 2,000 yards ranges, and fully two-thirds of the shots were direct hits.

—The "hanging committee." At the mention of the name our mind wanders somewhere—wanders to Russian conspirators and Nihilist desperadoes. Why the rope breaks, stupid people, they don't know even how to hang

—but we do—though our hangings are rather of happier pendants to cords than those who dim by their darkened shadow this age of civilization; but we leave them in their dark work and return to the brighter sphere from whence we started, "Art in Canada." Colonial intelligence is not behind the age, and the Royal Canadian Academy stands out as one of the most welcomed institutions organized in the Dominion by our Governor-General and H. R. H. the Princess Louise. "Around the Studios," at home is a familiar expression—all must have a beginning; and the studios with us at present are few and far between. However, within the past few days we have had the pleasure of viewing several oil paintings of undoubted merit, about to be exhibited at the Halifax Art Exhibition, which will shortly open in that city. We refer to the paintings by Forshaw Day, Esq., A.R.C.A., Professor of Drawing, etc., at the Royal Military College of Canada. There are six in number, two of considerable size, and which certainly do honor to this artist's abilities. The first is a large oil painting, a view on the Novello River, Bay Chaleurs. This work was executed from a colored sketch taken on the spot, after considerable difficulty in ascending the river in canoes, in the early part of last year. This picture is executed in a style which is simply a perceptive of a beautifully quiet landscape, whilst the coloring and perspective are, in all, scientific and mechanically correct. The second is a view of Campbelltown Mountain, called the "Sugar Loaf," taken from the railway track. The third, "The Bridge—Nouvelle River," with mountains in the distance. The principal shadow in this picture is in the middle distance, and is most effective. The next we came to is a small winter scene, "Moose Hunting in Nova Scotia," a very prettily conceived drawing. The fifth is a study in oil, "A French Soubrette," the head of the painting is finely effective. The last is a view near Tambridge Wells, England. The entrance to the grave yard, the old church is seen in the foreground with figures entering through the old gateway. This picture is a most praiseworthy exemplar of an old country reminiscence, one of those little pictures which carry the mind back to the old home of its birth. We certainly congratulate Professor Day on his works of love as well as art, and trust the cords in the exhibition may be sufficiently long to hold them effectively before the gaze of the public.

—Two interesting problems which have long perplexed the scientific world appear at last to have been definitely settled by the eminent geologist, Dr. Hahn. These questions are, first, whether or not celestial bodies, other than the earth, belonging to our solar system, are inhabited by animate beings, and secondly, whether the meteoric stones from time to time cast upon the surface of this globe emanate from incandescent comets or from volcanic planets. That they at no time formed a part of the earth itself has been conclusively demonstrated. Dr. Hahn has recently completed a series of investigations upon some of the huge meteoric stones that fell from the skies in Hungary during the summer of 1866. Thin laminæ of these mysterious bodies, subjected to examination under a powerful microscope, have been found to contain coralline and spongy formations, and to reveal unmistakable traces of the lower forms of vegetation. All the organisms, animal and vegetable, discovered by Dr. Hahn in the delicate stone shavings he has thus dealt with indicate the condition of their parent world to be one of what is technically termed "primary formation." But the presence of water in that world is proved by the fact that the tiny petrified creatures revealed by the magic of the lens, one and all, belong to the so-called tubaqueous classes of animals. They could not, therefore, have possibly existed in comets, at least if the assumption be correct that these are in a state of active combustion.