Listowel Standard.

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BRIC-A-BRAC.

A Reverie.

(From Andrews' Bazar.)

'Twas in the gloaming
By the fair Wyoming
That I left my darling many years ago,
And memory tender
Brings her back in splendor
With her cheeks of roses and her brow of snow.
But where in thunder
Is she now, I wonder?
Oh! my soul be quiet and my sad heart hush;
Under the umbrella
Of another feller—
Ah! I think I see her paddling through the slush.

Brazilian Navigation.

Victor Hugo expended several pages and a deal of rhetoric in his story of "Ninety-Three," describing the strange and frightful caprices of a large gun which got loose on board ship and threatened, as it rolled about over the deck, to crush every body on board, if not to capsize and sink the vessel. The struggles and adroitness of a young officer that tries to recapture it contribute to the effectivness of a well-told but improbable story. But its improbability, however, is by no means conclusive against the truth of a story, for one of the Brazilian monitors, being taken out for exercise and airing, the other day, ran away. She refused to obey her helm and went steaming down the bay at full speed, heading directly for a small gunboat. Everybody was paralyzed with fear and stood with open mouth in expectation of the collision. The monster was almost upon its prey when somebody on board the iron-clad had a flash of illumination, for which the Rio newspaper hopes he will be duly honored by the Government. He suggested reversing the engine. It was done. The collision was avoided, but, to the horror of the commander it began to back into the banks of the river. Suddenly, genius, in the person either of the one who had already rescued the craft or some one else equally gifted, suggested stopping the engines. That was done and the catastrophe once more averted. There is evidently a bright future in store for Brazilian navigation.

A Lawyer's Pastoral.

Whereas, on certain boughs and sprays
Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise—
Hail to the return of spring.
The songs of those said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours;
As green as those said sprays and boughs;
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.
The birds aforesaid, happy pairs,
Live 'mid the aforesaid boughs enshrined
In freehold nest; themselves, their heirs,
Administrators, and assigns.
Oh! busiest term of Cupid's court,
Where tender plaintiffs actions bring,
Season of frolic and of sport—
Hail, as aforesaid, coming spring.

A Good Story of an Actor.

There is an aged actor in Munich, Lang by name, of whom a very funny story is told. King Ludwig the First, father of the present King, was a great patron of art, and was on very familiar terms with most of the worthy and notable artists and actors. Among other places which he was accustomed to frequent was a beer saloon where many of the notabilities of the day congregated to drink beer and smoke the friendly cigar. On one occasion he suddenly made his appearance in the midst of a group of actors and actresses, and, stealing quietly up behind Frau Siegel, put his hands over her eyes and held them tightly there. Frau Siegel guessed at once that it must be Lang, who was fond of practical jokes, and exclaimed, "Oh, I know you, Herr Lang; you are always either teasing me or mimicking the King." "Oh, ho," exclaimed Ludwig, discovering himself, to the extreme dismay of the actress; "so Herr Lang mimics the King, does he? We will see how well he can do it. Come, Herr Lang, give me an exhibition of your powers in that direction." The poor actor, half frightened out of his wits, declared that there must be some mistake, that he never, under any possible circumstances, could do so unwarrantable a thing as to mimic His Majesty, and, pale with fright, begged to be excused. The King was inexorable, however, and said, "Let there be no more delay, sir; I command you to begin." Herr Lang, seeing no way of escape, assumed the attitude of the King, and said in a loud voice, "By the way, Secretary Schmidt, I should like to have you send a few dozen bottles of my best wine down to the Actors' Club to-morrow, and, while you are about it, you may draw a check for a couple of hundred guilders and send them to Herr Lang, a very worthy and comical fellow." At this point Ludwig stopped him with, "There, there, Herr Lang, you have mimicked quite enough to suit my fancy, and what you have said has been well said and to the point." The next day the wine was delivered to the club and the guilders to Lang, but the King never again asked him to give an exhibition of his powers of mimicry.

"Romeo and Juliet."

An atrocity comes from St. Louis. It is entitled "A Travesty on Romeo and Juliet." For instance:

Cap.—(Tybalt, you hush!) They're getting set up surely.
I must break up the party prematurely.
There's Juliet. I sadly fear that she's hit.
Tyb.—I'll drink his blood!
Cap.—Oh, drink some beer and cheese it.
Come, Jule!
Jule—My father calls me, I must go!
Farewell, adieu, ta-ta, sweet Romeo.
Rom.—Adieu but for an hour—ere you have laid you
Adown to sleep I'll come and serenade you.
My sun is set! I'll go to Sanford's and take
An—oyster stew to keep myself awake.

The balcony scene is very interesting. There is a realism in it that gets somewhat ahead of the Shakespearean drama. It is reduced down to modern times, as it were:

Jul.—Oh, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
Rom.—Ill-timed conundrums, why propound to me, oh?
Jul.—I love thee, Romeo! Wilt thou marry me?
Rom.—I'd like to, but our politics don't agree.
Jul.—That's immaterial; I do not care
A copper who is President or Mayor.
Rom.—My darling, let me make one brief inquiry—
If I mistake not, your respected sire, he
Won't give you any cash in hand unless
You marry as he wishes.
Jul.— Romeo, I possess
Two hundred thousand in my proper right.
Rom.—Light of my life, I'll marry thee to-night.
Jul.—No, not to-night, to-morrow will I go
To Friar Laurence and be Mrs. Romeo.
And dost thou love me?
Rom.— Yes, by yodder bood. [sneezes.]
Jul.—Oh, swear dot by the bood, the idcodstadt bood— [sneezes]

We will here leave them to go to the apothecary for some cough medicine.

Very Much Mixed

(Barrie Advance.)

The 13, 15, 14 puzzle has been discarded by the citizens of the west end of the town who have something now in hand that engrosses their attention more thoroughly than the bewildering blocks. The trouble arises in this way: A man in that quarter has recently married his grandmother, and the question to solve is what relationship exists between the different members of the family. First—There is no doubt that his wife will be at the same time, if she has any children by the present marriage, mother and great grandmother to her own children. Secondly—The husband's mother, who is a daughter of the grandmother, will be his daughter and will be grandmother and at the same time a sister to her son's children. Thirdly—The husband's brothers will be his grandchildren and uncles, and at the same time nephews of the husband's children. We shall pause here and let our readers and exchanges present some new phases of this matrimonial mixedness.

One of Barnum's Jokes.

(From the Bridgeport Standard)

As P. T. Barnum was selecting a turkey in one of our markets the owner drew his special attention to a large fat gobbler. Suspecting it was an antediluvian, Mr. Barnum said, with a smile: "What do you sell that old gentleman for?" With an air of triumph the owner replied: "I sell him for a profit." "A prophet! Oh, I supposed he was a patriarch," was the quiet response. The study of sacred history terminated.

House-Cleaning Time.

(Boston Globe.)

A scene of desolation greets the eye;
The carpets up, the curtains down, fires out,
Furniture all upset and piled about;
While back and forth, with heads in towels bound,
With skirts looped up a foot above the ground,
And arms all bared, fly creatures—can it be
My lovely wife and servants neat I see
Tearing about in those outrageous duds,
And stirring up this awful smell of suds
While in their eyes there gleams a dangerous light?
Great Heavens, 'tis they! Oh, what a dreadful sight!
The dog, once scalded, from them keeps aloof,
The cat has sought for safety on the roof,
And in the dining-room, where I had thought
To find a toothsome dinner, they have got
A fiend of Afric blood, who joys to swing
A whitewash brush, and spatter everything.
But I am not forgot. My feast is spread
Out in the woodshed on a barrel head.
One slice of bread, a plate of warmed-up beans,
Some water in a mug, a dish of greens.
Oh, banquet rich! And best of all, you see,
I've brought a fellow home to dine with me.

Her Sister's Weakness.

We are indebted to a "staff correspondent" for the following anecdote concerning the recent registration of female voters in Boston. Its accuracy is vouched for by an eminent artist—one of the most distinguished stonecutters of the Hub. Enter old lady of a certain age. "I wish to register, sir." "Your name, please?" "Almira Jane Simpson." "Your age?" "Beg pardon." "Your age?" "Do I understand that I must give my age?" "Yes, miss, the law requires it." "Worlds, sir, would not tempt me to give it! Not that I care. No, I had as lief wear it on my bonnet as a hackman does his number; but I'm a twin, and if my sister has a weakness, it is that she dislikes any reference made to her age; and I could not give mine own, because I don't wish to offend her.

THE FAR WEST.

WINNIPEG.

The following is an extract from a letter written to the *Free Press* by Mr. Thos. Harrison, of Headingly, in reference to his wheat crop of last year: "The yield of Lost Nation wheat was 55 bushels per acre from land that was so full of foul weeds that it would have been impossible to have grown any crop in the ordinary way of broadcast sowing. The quantity of seed per acre was 84 lbs., which was full one third too much, as it shoots out so much more in drills."

A case was heard before the Chief Justice on Thursday, wherein William E. Sargent sued Lennon & Dimmick, of the Gable Hotel, for the value of a watch stolen from him in their house about a month ago. Judgment for $35 was given in favor of Sargent.

Mr. R. B. Watson, contractor for the city tanks, has discovered away down in the bowels of the earth a fibrous vegetable substance which looks as if it had been seaweed at one time. The clay was just full of it, and Mr. Watson regards it as an indication that at no very distant date this land of "illimitable possibilities" formed the bottom of the sea. A large white-fish, perfect in form, but partaking much of the nature of the clay in which it was imbedded, was also found seven feet below the surface.

GRAND VALLEY.

Immigrants are commencing to come in lively from East and West, and intending settlers appear to think they have struck oil when they squat or settle on the land already surveyed.

Building operations promise to be brisk as soon as the mill can furnish lumber.

The machinery complete for Messrs. Brian & Mitchell's new saw mill at the Spence woods has arrived, and sawing will commence as soon as possible.

Mr. Hugh McGregor got his feet badly frozen recently. He and his brother got lost and wandered about all night.

Hay is very scarce and holders can command almost any price.

The surveyors will be welcome here as soon as they can find it convenient to come this way, for as it is, squatters don't care about making too many improvements before they know their lines.

WEST LYNN.

Kaiser Mills, of the customs, was busy last week entering settlers effects.

Kaiser Mat Thompson has received a carload of horses from Ontario.

Our agricultural machine men, representing the Toronto Mower and Reaper, the Royal Mower and Reaper, and the machines made by Mr. John Watson, of Ayr, Ontario, are driving a brisk trade in their line, and their stocks are to be largely increased by many car-loads now *en route*.

West Lynnites are taking steps to have their town advertised abroad. An advertising sheet descriptive of the locality, surroundings, etc., and setting forth its advantages, has been printed in Winnipeg, and a large number are to be circulated for the information of the public.

Anent the river traffic, the town promoters are taking steps to inform settlers bound for the Pembina Mountains, Rock Lake and Turtle Mountain districts that it will be their plan to take the steamboats at St. Vincent. On their arrival here they will be landed on the west side of the river at West Lynne, and thus save the expense and trouble of ferryage.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

The Late News Concerning the Springer Estate of $10,000,000.

A dispatch from London, published a day or two ago, said that five persons at Stuttgart expected to come into possession of an inheritance in this country left by a great-great-uncle, named Springer, who emigrated to New York 150 years ago, and died without heirs. The property, the dispatch said, included a considerable tract in the City of New York, and had been many years in care of the State awaiting the appearance of claimants.

The dispatch, according to Mr. John P. June, the well known searcher into ancient claims, is an adaptation of American news of an indefinite age. It is now a long time since the first accounts were published concerning one John Springer, a wealthy Swede, who deposited £175,000 in the Bank of Stockholm, and journeyed with his family to America. That was in 1670. Five sons of the emigrant, it is said, took up a tract of 18,000 acres of land, which included the present city of Wilmington, Del., and parts of Jersey City and Brooklyn. A trustee, it is alleged, at the time of the Revolution illegally sold this property in small parcels, and fled to Europe. In that turbulent period the heirs were not able to establish their titles, and in course of time their claims were abandoned.

Nine years ago a movement was started by the numerous Springer heirs in this country and Europe to recover this land, and also the £175,000 left by their ancestor in the Bank of Stockholm. Five years ago the Springer Association was formed. Meetings of this Association have been held from time to time in divers places since. The real estate claimed is said to be worth over $80,000,000, which with the £175,000 in the Bank of Stockholm, and the interest thereon for over 200 years, makes the claim one of the most stupendous on record in this country.

BRANDING SIR L. TILLEY.

(London Free Press.)

A few days since the *Advertiser* quoted Sir L. Tilley as saying, in the course of his financial statement:

"In one furniture manufactory (in London), which had not been in existence previous to the adoption of the National Policy, he had found hundreds of men employed making sofa frames to be sent to different parts of the Dominion, which had never been made in Canada before, but had been imported from Chicago."

Thereupon the Grit journal here attempted to convict Sir L. Tilley of something like a falsehood. But the fact is Sir Leonard Tilley does not appear to have said anything to such purport. The words did not appear in the report furnished by the *Mail*, the *Free Press* or *Hansard*, though we believe that he was so reported in the *Globe*. What the Finance Minister did say was this:

"I visited a furniture factory (in London) that had just re-opened, and I found the men in great spirits; I found the words 'Success to the National Policy' pasted up in every conceivable place. And what did I find them doing in this factory? I found them manufacturing the frames of sofas, an article that had never been manufactured there before, but had previously been transported from Chicago, and which they now manufacture for smaller manufacturers in the upholstery line. This was a new industry in this branch."

That is what was really said on the matter. No new factory was spoken of, but the development of an industry in a factory that had been closed, but had re-opened after the inauguration of the National Policy.

AN ELECTION INCIDENT.

During the recent Liverpool election the doors of each polling-booth were made the scene of an attempt to work the ticket system—a device to ascertain how the voters had polled. To this end a ticket was given to each elector, and this ticket he was expected to hand on his return to the man at the door who represented the party for which he had voted. It so happened that a costermonger's donkey was gayly decorated with Lord Ramsay's colors, with a plentiful bedizement of Home-Rule green. The man who stood sentinel for Lord Ramsay's party smiled approval, and mentally counted the coster as one more for his lordship. But judge of his surprise and bepuzzlement when he beheld, with his own eyes, the coster return and put his ticket in the hands of Mr. Whitley's guardian of the gate. Sure that there was some mistake, he stepped forward to explain that he had given the ticket to the wrong man. "No, I've not," said the coster, "I've voted for Whitley." "But your donkey's in our colors." "Hum," replied the coster; "he's an ass—I'm a Conservative!"

—Don't thou go and do like Wise of Virginia. His cow kicked him, and he felt so degraded that he drowned himself in a pond.

OUR SPECIAL COLUMN.

A copy of the Mazzarine Bible, being a portion of the Brinley library, was recently sold for $15,000

"Vignettes in Rhyme," a volume of poetry by Mr. Austin Dobson, the English poet, has been reprinted in New York, by Henry Holt & Co.

M. Charles Marelle, in spite of the interdiction of the author against the translation of his poetry into French, has published a translation of Heine's poems.

Chevalier Mikoff, who played an important part some years in New York, has in preparation for the press a volume entitled "Reminisences of an Idler." His acquaintance with most of the leading men in Europe and America will render his book interesting.

Mr. Swinburne's new volume of poems, which is to be issued shortly, will contain his ode to Victor Hugo.

The publications of the writings of a forger and murderer, under the title of "Essays and Criticisms," may be regarded as somewhat striking. Thomas Griffith's Wainewright was born at Chiswick, in 1794, and came under the care of his grandfather who, however, died when Wainewright was only nine years old. He entered the army but soon abandoned it, and he became connected in some way or other with the press. He wrote for the *London Magazine* mainly, but is said to have had a hand in other publications of the kind. At all events Wainewright forged in 1824 the signatures of his trustees to a document authorizing the Bank of England to transfer to him a large sum of money. He escaped punishment, and in 1828 was emboldened to poison his uncle, who left him all his property. This crime was not detected, but two years later he succeeded in effecting an insurance for eighteen thousand pounds upon the life of Miss Abercromby, the mother of whom, along with Miss Abercromby, a sister, he had persuaded to live with him. He administered a dose of strychnine to the mother, and shortly afterwards poisoned some oysters given to the daughter. The insurance officers declining to to pay the money, Wainewright deemed it expedient to cross into France, where he made friends with a Norfolk gentleman whom he persuaded to insure his life for £3,000 just in time to make him his fourth victim. He was captured, tried and condemned to penal servitude. He finally died of apoplexy in Van Diemen's Land. It is said that he carried *nux vomica* in a ring that he wore on his forefinger. How such a villian should have become an author is surprising. There was really very little generosity in him, and his writings were of the most trivial and worthless character; yet it has found a biographer, and his writings are now given in a collected form.

Confucius held the highest place in the estimation of his countrymen, and seeing that he was a man of wisdom and learning, there was little wonder that he stood so high. A work on "Confucianism" has recently appeared, in which the maxims and sayings of the great Chinese ex-founder are given. The work is one of the greatest interest, and will command much attention.

Under the title of "A Foreboding," we find this snatch, by Elliot Malden:

"I do not dread an altered heart,
Or that long line of land or sea
Should separate my love from me,
I dread that drifting slow apart—
All unresisted, unrestrained—
Which comes to some when they have gained
The dear endeavor of their soul.

As two light skiffs that sailed together,
Through days and nights of tranquil weather,
Adown some inland stream, might be
Drifted asunder, each from each;
When, floating with the tide, they reach
The hoped for end, the promised gold,
The sudden glory of the sea."

A well-known English Artist has finished a cartoon for the series intended for the Manchester Town Hall. The subject is "The Expulsion of the Danes from "Manchester" by the army of Edward the Elder. The picture is said to be an admirable one.

"Literature in the Eighteenth Century" is the subject of a fine water-color painting by Mr. Wallis. The scene is in a garret, where a young man resembling Goldsmith, is seated at a table writing, and sumptuously clad in a peach-blossom suit to which are added a dishevelled hose.

A somewhat remarkable play has been written by Mr. Theyre Smith. It has not only no heroine, but no woman in it and bears the title of "Old Croines." The chief actors in the play are a pair of crusty old bachelors.

The immortal Milton, poet and politician, lived in an age neglectful of genius for what spirit could there be in the nation's literature when such a poem as "Paradise Lost," only realized £5 for its author. Taking rank with the greatest of English poets, he was distinguished above his peers as one who wrote for all time. It was fortunate that he abandoned his original intention of naming his great work "Adam Unparadised." Strangely enough he entered the lists as a writer against the church, and he warmly exposed the cause of the Puritans. He excited a war of pamphlet writing, and it is to be regretted that he became such a violent polemic. But no matter what may have been John Milton's views about church management, we must admire his extraordinary ability as a man of genius. Wordsworth than whom no truer poet breathed has paid this tribute to the grand old man:

"Rise, hallow'd Milton! rise, and say
How, at thy gloomy close of day;
How, when depress'd by age, beset with wrongs;
When fallen on evil days and evil tongues;
When darkness brooding in thy sight,
Exiled the sovereign lamp of light;
Say, what could then one cheering hope diffuse?
What friends were thine, save memory and the muse?
Hence the rich spoils, thy studious youth
Caught from the stories of ancient truth;
Hence all thy classic wanderings could explore,
When rapture led thee to the Latin shore;
Each scene, that Tiber's bank supplied;
Each grace, that play'd on Arno's side;
The tepid gales, through Tuscan glade that fly;
The blue serene, that spreads Hesperia's sky;
Were still thy own; thy ample mind
Each charm received, retain'd, combined."

This odd sort of epitaph is said to be on a tombstone in Woodbridge churchyard, Suffolk, England:

"Here lieth the body of
Benjamin Binkley,
Who, though lusty and
Strong, was one
That by misfortune shot
Himself with's gun
In the 23rd year of his age.
He departed this life
To the grief of his parents,
Spectators and wife."

A clergyman once asked an actor how it was that he was so much more successful in his profession than he was in preaching. "I think," replied the actor, "it is because you preach as if all the grand realities of eternity, heaven and hell, were but fiction, whereas I play as if all I acted was real."

EXTRAORDINARY DISEASE.

A White Infant Turns as Black as a Negro—The Disease a Rare One.

PHILADELPHIA, April 20.—For over ten months an up-town physician has been attending a case of disease that is so rare that the like of it has never been known, or, at least, recorded in medical works. It is a case of real melanosis, or pigmentation, where the pigment, or melanæmia, as it is technically called, which gives color to the hair and eyes, pervades the whole body. A boy born of white parents, and perfectly natural in color at his birth, turned under the disease as black as a full-blooded negro. The parents live at No. 1,307 Lemon street, the father, John Salter, being a mechanic. Ten months after his marriage there was born to the couple a fine and apparently healthy boy. The infant thrived, and promised to develop into a robust man. He was a beautiful child, with fair complexion, dark eyes, and silky, dark-brown hair, which grew in profusion. But in a few days the parents were alarmed at a remarkable change that was coming over the child. He gradually grew dark. At first his skin became a pale yellow, then deepened into a saffron hue, and then, to the terror of the parents, grew darker yet. The color was uniform all over the body, except at the joints, where it was a little darker, and in the palms of the hands where it was lighter. The once brown hair grew stiff and jet black, and the eyes also grew darker, so that the line between the pupils and the iris could not be distinguished. In spite of medical treatment the boy became worse, and grew very weak, all the time the color of his skin deepening. At last he became as black as a full-blooded negro. Then he was attacked by convulsions, which grew more frequent and violent until they threatened the child's life. It was in one of these that Dr. Reynolds was called in. He succeeded in curing the spasms, and then devoted his attention to the strange disease which afflicted the child. He at once recognized it as melanosis or pigmentation, which is mentioned in the books in a general way, but there is no case given where it had developed all through the body. This was over 16 months ago, the child being then 13 months old. Since then the boy has greatly improved, by degrees becoming lighter, until now he is of a light chestnut-brown color. Since Dr. Reynolds has had the case in charge the child has been visited by over 200 physicians.

BRIDGING DETROIT RIVER.

Provisions of the Bill Introduced in the United States Senate.

WASHINGTON, April 23.—The bill introduced in the Senate by Mr. Baldwin authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Detroit River provides that whenever authority is granted by the State of Michigan and Canada to any persons or corporation, they may construct a bridge under the following restrictions: It shall be located at or within one mile of the city of Detroit, and may be used for railroad and highway purposes. As a public highway it shall not interfere with the free navigation of the river beyond what is necessary to carry into full effect the rights and privileges granted in the bill, and the necessary detention of boats in passing the bridge is not to be construed as interfering with the navigation of the river. The bill provides that the structure shall have one or more pivot draws with spans not less than 200 feet in the clear on each side of the pivot pier, and that the span or spans outside the draws shall be at least 250 feet over the main channel of the river. Also, that the bridge shall be at least twenty feet high above water mark. The owners of the bridge will be required to keep, at their expense, at the bridge during the season of navigation a suitable steam tug to assist, free of charge, vessels in passing the draws without unnecessary delay. All railroad companies desiring to use the bridge shall be entitled to equal rights and privileges in passing over it, and in the use of its approaches and machinery, upon reasonable terms and conditions, which are to be prescribed by the District Court of the Eastern District of Michigan. The bill invests the Secretary of War with authority to establish the necessary rules and regulations which are to govern the passage of vessels and the use of the bridge.

THE VERDICT AGAINST THE GRAND TRUNK.

Particulars of the Suit in which Mr. Worthen got $45,000 Damages.

(From the Portland, Me., Press.)

The case of Charles H. Worthen against the Grand Trunk Railway Company, which resulted in a verdict of $45,000, Tuesday afternoon, in Boston, for the plaintiff, was in many respects a remarkable trial. The plaintiff, in 1876, was a salesman in the employ of Field, Leiter & Co., of Chicago, and the firm so appreciated his business qualities, that in the fall of that year he was to have been admitted as a partner in the concern. On the 22nd of July, 1876, Mr. Worthen left his home in New Hampshire for Chicago, and while travelling over the Grand Trunk Railway, met with the accident which caused the injury for which the suit was brought. On the morning of July 24th, the train in which he was a passenger, after leaving Milwaukee Junction, had a race with a train on the Michigan Southern Road, and for the five miles where the two roads run nearly parallel it was claimed a great rate of speed was attained. Just before reaching Detroit Junction the engineer of the Grand Trunk train applied the vacuum brake, but it refused to operate, and the train dashed through the depot and collided with a local passenger train which was waiting the arrival of the express train. Mr. Worthen, at the time the collision took place, claimed that he was inside the car getting his baggage ready preparatory to leaving the train, and that when the shock came he was thrown with great force through the open door of the train upon the platform, which overlapped the platform of the next car, and pinioned Mr. Worthen in such a manner that it required considerable cutting before he could be extricated. His left leg was so badly crushed as to require amputation, and one of the grounds relied on for damages was that, in addition to the loss of his leg, Mr. Worthen was incapacitated from performing active duty, and was thus deprived of earning a livelihood, which, before the accident, was very promising.

The railroad companies contended that Mr. Worthen was upon the platform when the collision occurred and could not recover damages, as the rule of the company prohibited any passenger from standing upon the platform. The main issue was upon this point, and the testimony was very conflicting, nine witnesses corroborating the statement of Mr. Worthen, while on the other hand several witnesses testified that he was upon the platform. At the first trial, the jury found for the plaintiff in the sum of $18,000, but this verdict was set aside and another trial had last spring, which resulted in a verdict of $26,000 for Mr. Worthen. The counsel for the Grand Trunk succeeded in getting a new trial on account of an erroneous ruling of the presiding judge, and the case was the first on the list at the present term, commencing on Wednesday of last week, and being concluded on Tuesday afternoon. Profiting by his previous experience, Gen. Butler avoided any exceptions, but Mr. Rand, of this city, counsel for the defendant, desired to take a general exception to Judge Lord's charge, but the same was not allowed, it being contrary to the rules of practice in Massachusetts courts. The jury were out only an hour, and on the first ballot a large part of the jury were in favor of giving Mr. Worthen more than was finally agreed upon. It is probable that this verdict will stand, although a motion will undoubtedly be made to set it aside on the ground that the damages were excessive. This is the largest verdict ever obtained in any Massachusetts court.

PEACH PROSPECTS.

At this season of the year gloomy reports and predictions in regard to the peach crop are always in order. Something or other is perpetually happening to mar the prospects of a large crop. At one time the weather is too cold or too wet, at another it is not cold or wet enough. A tornado occasionally comes to the rescue, and, when everything else fails, the transportation lines have made a combination which inevitably have the effect of putting up prices. This year, according to the Delaware papers, we had too much frost in the beginning of the present month so that in Maryland, south of the Delaware line, where the trees were well advanced, the destruction is said to be very great. The Middletown region, in Delaware, which is the great peach producing district, is, however, expected to make up for whatever deficiencies may occur in other sections. There the trees have not borne much fruit in two years, and, according to all peach precedents, they ought to yield abundantly this season. In the eastern shore counties the chances are said to be still good, so that, taking all things into consideration, there is not much reason to fear that we shall experience a dearth of the luscious fruit this summer. But the trouble is not yet over. There are hail storms and insects and unheard of other calamities yet ahead.—*New York Herald.*

—The *Saturday Review* says that the Cairo donkey boy is the incarnation of everything Oriental, strange, convenient, civil, and wonderful in Egypt. His activity, his ready tact, his good temper, his avidity for backsheesh, and, above all, his knowledge of English, are astonishing. Many Englishmen accustomed to winter in Egypt retain a donkey boy for the season, and in case of severe illness one of the marvellous factotums has been known to become a tender, attentive and vigilant nurse. The average donkey boy speaks better English than the average dragoman.

ELECTRICITY and absorption, the two great remedial agents as combined in Edison's Electric Absorbent Belts. See pamphlet.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

—Mary Anderson has cleared $40,000 this season.

—Von Bulow is expected soon in England, where he is to give a series of five concerts.

—Booth closed his New York engagement Saturday evening. It has been, as a whole, the most successful he has ever played there.

—The "Damnation of Faust" is going the rounds of the musical world, and is now promised in London during the coming summer.

—The chorus at the Cincinnati May Festival will number 590 voices, divided as follows: Soprano, 221; contralto, 120; tenor, 92; bass, 157.

—Wambold, formerly of the San Francisco Minstrels, is quoted by the New Orleans *Times* as saying that he has lost all his voice and never expects to sing again.

—Mario, the great tenor, is still living in Rome, where he holds a sinecure appointment with a salary of $2,000 per annum as overseer of the Royal Museums. He is 79 years of age.

—Jeffreys-Lewis's matrimonial life is evidently not a happy one. The *Clipper* says the lady is confined to her room in San Francisco "in consequence of (as alleged) a severe beating received at the hands of her husband."

—The eccentricities of stage names are amusing. Besides Mlle. Albani, there is a Mlle. Nevada, and prima donnas will probably go on naming themselves like steamships. Just think how Mlle. Cityofkalamazoo would sound in Italian.

—James Payn, in an article on "Sham Admiration in Literature" in the *Nineteenth Century*, tells of a fashionable lady of his acquaintance who informed him that her daughters were going to the theatre that night to see Shakespeare's "Turning of the Screw."

—Cleveland is to have a Musical Festival of her own on the 12th and 13th of May under the direction of Mr. Alfred Arthur, a prominent musician of that city and conductor of the local choral society. Miss Cary, Mr. Whitney and Remenyi are announced as soloists.

—This is the difference between London and New York, according to Olive Logan: "If you ask one of the actresses of the company to go to take supper with you after the performance in New York, you take her to Delmonico's and your bill is $50. In London you ask her to your lodgings and give her a bit of cold steak and send the slavey out for a pot of beer and she is quite satisfied."

—Wieniawski was a fellow passenger of mine to New York on board the "Cuba" more than seven years ago. He shared the cabin with the chief-engineer, a Scotchman, of musical inclinations, whose great desire was to hear the famed violinist play. Wieniawski refused for a long time; but one day we heard sounds issuing from the cabin, and the Scotchman emerging, after an interval, said, with a triumphant wink, "I got a scrape out of the beggar at last."—*London World.*

—Sara Bernhardt has been a prominent subject in the foreign news of the week. Piqued at her failure in Augier's new play, "L'Aventuriere," she sent in her resignation to the Theatre Francais. It is liable to cost her a pretty penny, however, as her relations as a *societaire* cannot be so easily dissolved, and she is threatened with a suit for breach of contract. According to one account, she has declared her resolution to devote herself to painting and sculpture, and to play no more, except to fulfil English engagements. Another story is that she has refused a very profitable engagement offered her by Lester Wallack, and intends to "star" the United States with a company of her own. Meanwhile she is being liberally advertised whatever may be her newest whim.

—The Mapleson Company did bad in Cincinnati on their last tour, and the Colonel forthwith jumped at the conclusion that the Plaster of Paris of America had no musical taste. Whereupon the *Gazette* complacently says: "Italian opera no longer suits our elevated taste. Some time ago the reporters were asking a conspicuous man for particulars for an obituary notice of his wife, and one of them asked him if she was a member of any church. Said he: "O, ho, ho; we've got way beyond that." So we may say of Her Majesty's Italian Opera, we've got way beyond that. Music set to words, and scenes, and actions, is in reality only "programme music." It is only a varying degree of the same kind of programme music that famous show piece of our grandmothers—The Battle of Prague."

—A sip of *Punch*: She—"I do hope you'll sing this afternoon. What is your voice?" He (modestly)—"Oh, a kind of a sort of a baritone tenor-bass, don't you know; like Santley and Sims Reeves rolled into one—only under better control! Those 'professional fellows, never know how to sing in a drawing room." She—"Indeed! No more do some amateurs. I'm told some dreadful creature was trying to sing Gounod's 'Maid of Athens' last Tuesday afternoon at Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns's. Everybody was in fits, it seems." He—"At Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns's? Do you know you must make some mistake; for, oddly enough, the only person who sang there last Tuesday afternoon was myself—and, by a strange coincidence, Gounod's 'Maid of Athens' was the very song I sang." She (blushing uncomfortably)—"Ah, it was somewhere else, then—or some other day." He—"No doubt. I wonder where, and when, and who it could have been?" (Is wondering still.)

A "PETRIFIED" INDIAN

Strange Discovery in the Soil of Maryland—Is it Genuine or an April Hoax?

[From the Washington Republican, April 1.]

Tuesday afternoon while Messrs. John L. Hampton and Samuel R. Walker were engaged in digging a trench on a piece of ground belonging to the latter about two hundred yards from the shell bank, on the Eastern branch, back of Bladensburg, their implements struck, as they thought, a very hard and substantial substance, and, concluding that it was only a huge stone, continued to remove the earth to pry the stone from its position. After working for some time they managed to clear away sufficient earth to permit a view of the huge mass. They were greatly astonished to find that it resembled in shape a human being and was very weighty. After many futile attempts to raise the mass they wisely concluded to rig a derrick. Mr. Walker sped away to his home and soon returned with the requisite apparatus, which they speedily put in working order. Placing strong ropes around each end of the body they began to haul away and when the object was brought out in full view their astonishment knew no bounds. So unexpected was the discovery that in their great excitement they almost lost control of themselves and had the rope not been twisted around a tree to make the hauling easier, the suspended body would have been precipitated back into its former resting place and, no doubt, some of its portions would have been broken. The object which had thus excited these men almost to frenzy was nothing more nor less than the body of a human being. The men placed it upon the ground close by and procuring some water from the branch, proceeded to wash off the dirt. Each douse of water revealed something more and more startling to their astonished eyes. At last the dirt was all off, and on close examination the body proved to be that of an Indian petrified—turned to stone. It measured six feet three inches in length and was broad in proportion. The chest, arms and legs were magnificiently shaped and well preserved, and the head and rest were perfect. It had evidently lain upon its back. One leg was slightly drawn up and the left hand was clinched, but there was nothing in it. The right hand grasped a tomahawk. The hair was rumpled and matted. A large hole was found in the forehead over the right eye, which looked as if it had been made by a bullet. The theory advanced is that this was some chieftain who had fallen in battle with the early settlers, and his braves being worsted, were obliged to retreat. Not having time to carry his body off with them and not wishing the whites to fall heirs to it, they hastily dug a grave and here deposited the mortal remains of their beloved leader. Messrs. Hampton and Walker believed that they had a wonderful discovery. After viewing the body to their hearts' content they procured a vehicl and with the assistance of the derrick and two colored men deposited the body therein and conveyed it to the railroad station and made arrangements for its transportation to this city. Mr. Walker yesterday came to this city, visited Professor Baird at the Smithsonian Institution and made arrangements for the body to be deposited at that institution temporarily. The great curiosity will be placed on exhibition and will remain there until the National Museum is ready for occupation. It will then be transferred to that building and will occupy a conspicuous position. Messrs. Hampton and Walker have determined to become public benefactors, and will donate their curiosity to the government. It will be formally transferred to the authorities about the middle of the summer. The body weighs nearly two thousand pounds, and is in perfect form and preservation, the feature of the face depicting the death agony.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—People of all shades of politics earnestly hope for Hon. George Brown's recovery.

—A conductor on a Colorado railroad coolly shot and killed a man who would neither get off the car nor pay fare.

—Somebody must have hung a horse-shoe on the limb of a tree at Council Bluffs, Iowa, many years ago for it was lately found imbedded out of sight in the wood.

—"We imagine," says the San Francisco *News Letter*, in criticising a new play of mining life, "that it would prove a very telling card in places where honest miners were not so well known and so little trusted."

—In the struggle to capture a party of colonists bound for Kansas by two rival railroad passenger agent at Rochester, the fare was reduced from $30.61 to $5, one agent selling ninety-three and the other forty-four.

—During the course of some excavations and levellings which have been carried out within the historic lines of Plevna by the Bulgarian Government, 16 cannon and 10,000 muskets have been found, which Osman Pasha caused to be buried before he surrendered to the Russians.

—The Australians do not take kindly to the polygamic idea. One of the Salt Lake priests who has just returned from a proselyting visit to the big island says that four attempts were made there to murder him, and the Salt Lake *Tribune* is abusing the Australians for their poor marksmanship.

—A report to the annual conference of the Mormons says that the Mormon population of Utah is 111,820, that the church in that Territory has lost 600 members and gained 1,500 in a year, and that the church receipts in that period were over $1,800,000. Apostle Snow made an eloquent defence of polygamy, and there was no show of opposition to that dogma.

—A stalwart negro, with a scowling face and a gun across his shoulder, sauntered into a farmyard near Shelbyville, Ind., and said that he had come to kill the man who lived there. He did not know the man, but had been told that he had helped the enemy in a recent drunken fight. The intended victim was hastily hidden and a summons sent for several neighbors, who came and shot the negro.

—The first volume of Kossuth's Memoirs, to appear simultaneously in English, German and Magyar, will show, it is said, that Napoleon III., on summoning him to Paris in 1859, offered him naturalization and a Senatorship. While refusing these, Kossuth agreed to use his influence in favor of France and Sardinia in the impending war, whereby he offended Mazzini, Victor Hugo, and the French Republicans.

—In the recent elections in England some ladies took part in the canvass. At Hereford, Lady Elizabeth Biddulph addressed an immense audience as follows: "Gentlemen, these are election times and uncommon times, and we are at present allowed to do things we don't do at other times; so I will make that my excuse for addressing you, and will make you a little speech. Mr. Biddulph cannot be here to-day, but I am here as his wife and representative, and I ask you to put him at the head of the poll, and make him a happy man and me a happy woman. He has your interests at heart, and nobody loves the country more than Mr. Biddulph, I declare to you." Her ladyship sat down amid vociferous cheering.

—The *Golos* of St. Petersburg relates the following tragic incident: "A peasant of the village of Olshany, province of Kharoff, on his return from the market, while counting his money, was called out of the room, leaving some bank notes on the table. His little son, four years old, began to play with the pretty pictures, and when the father returned he found only small pieces left. In his rage he threw the boy voilently upon the floor. At this moment his wife entered the room with her baby in her arms; letting the baby fall, she snatched the boy and fled from the house with him, but found no trace of life in him. In despair she returned to the house and beheld a new horror: her babe was a lifeless corpse floating in the tub of water where it had fallen from her arms. Overwhelmed by misery, the father committed suicide by hanging himself."

—A contrast to the Oberammergau Passion play, which is to be performed again this season, is thus described by a well known Shakespearian authority in a letter to a friend: "Years ago I saw a passion play in Spain which was sublimely natural. After the Migi had presented their gifts to Mary, who was seated beside a pasteboard manger surrounded by pasteboard oxen with a great deal of genuine straw about, at the tinkle of a little bell ballet girls in short skirts and pink tights darted from the side scenes, and, pirouetting around the group, finally struck an attitude with their hands over the cradle, and their elevated toes pointing to the audience. When the curtain went down, there were vociferous calls for the actors, and Christ appeared, leading Joseph and Mary, and bowed his thanks. It was deeply religious to the people, and many women wept."

—A Passion play was produced in San Francisco last year. The character of *Christ* was personated by a clever actor popularly known as Jimmy O'Neill, formerly a member of the Union Square Theatre company. The Christian sentiment of the city was aroused against the performances, and the Common Council finally passed an ordinance forbidding them. The author of the play, who is a Jew, desires to put it on the stage again, simultaneously with the Passion play at Oberammergau, and has petitioned for a repeal of the law. The clergy have united in a protest, and the question is still open. It is not charged that the piece is in itself irreverent, but the crucifixion, it is said, is too sacred a subject to portray in a theatre. The author replies that religion should be open to free treatment in a free country.

—A startling surprise, after the fashion of the story of Ginevra, was experienced not long ago by a party of Styrian wood cutters in the forest of Drommling. They began to fell a venerable oak, which they soon discovered to be quite hollow. Being half decayed it speedily came to the ground with a crash, disclosing a skeleton in excellent preservation. Even the boots, which came above the knee, were almost perfect. By its side was a powder horn, a porcelain pipe bowl and a silver watch, on which was engraved the name "H. von Krackowitz, 1812." The teeth were perfect. It would seem to be the skeleton of a man between 30 and 40 years of age. It is conjectured that, while engaged in hunting, he climbed the tree for some purpose, and slipped incautiously into the hollow trun, from which there was no release, and he probably died of starvation.

—The General Staff in Berlin has been making a careful investigation of the whole Mecklenburg coast to ascertain its powers of defence in the event of a descent upon it by a hostile fleet. The most exposed point they have found to be the broad and deep bay of Wismar, which is one of the best harbors on the Baltic, and where large ships can come very nearly up to the town. It is expected that batteries, and more especially iron-clad towers, which could be quickly armed with very far-carrying guns, will shortly be erected on the so-called Wallfisch, a small island in the bay, from which the whole navigable water can easily be commanded.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MURDER.

Particulars of the Shooting of Charles De Young.

RESULT OF AN OLD FEUD.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 24.—Just before 8 o'clock last evening, Charles De Young entered the business office of the *Chronicle*, on the ground floor, and stood talking with some gentlemen, when I. M. Kalloch entered, and drawing a pistol—without, as far as can be learned, speaking—began firing. De Young ran through the gate of the counter to the desk inside, Kalloch firing at him as he ran. On reaching the desk De Young turned to face his opponent, with a pistol in his hand, when Kalloch, leaning over the counter, fired again, the ball striking De Young in the mouth. Kalloch then started for the door, and De Young raised his pistol as if to fire, but apparently his strength failed, for the pistol was not discharged, and sinking backward he fell on the floor. The bystanders ran to his assistance, but the ball had evidently pierced the base of his brain, and in a few moments he expired. As Kalloch ran out of the door he was seized by a citizen and an officer, who took him to the city prison. The news of the murder flew through the city like the wind, and in a few moments the streets in the vicinity of the *Chronicle* office was crowded with people. Policemen were at once stationed at the doors to keep out the crowd. In the rear of the office, M. H. De Young, a brother of the deceased, reclined on a lounge, surrounded by friends, evidently overcome by the tragedy, but with dry eyes and calm, though strained voice. He was not present at the shooting. The deceased lay on his back on the floor, his face and breast dabbled in blood and his eyes closed, the face bearing a calm expression. Only one wound was found on his person, although at least four shots were fired by Kalloch, two having pierced the glass and the partition of the office, and the third lodged in the window casing. Kalloch, on being arrested, was, the officer remarked, the coolest man he ever saw. He still carried the smoking pistol in his hand, which he surrendered to the officer. He observed strict reticence, and on being shown to a cell positively refused to have intercourse with the representatives of the press. His motive for the act is generally understood to be attributable to a pamphlet recently circulated attacking Mayor Kalloch, the father of De Young's slayer. During his recent visit east it is believed that deceased devoted much attention to gathering up matters regarding the past life of Kalloch, for the presumed purpose of either using it at the expected trial of deceased on the charge of shooting Kalloch last August, or of making it subserve journalistic purposes. The pamphlet contained sixty pages, recounted the details of Kalloch's scandal in Boston and other matters of a scandalous nature. The pamphlet was anonymous, but young Kalloch evidently considered the deceased responsible for it.

On the evening of Aug. 22, 1879, the Rev. I. S. Kalloch, then the workingmen's candidate for Mayor of San Francisco, addressed a large audience in that city, and defended himself against charges of immorality and other attacks made by De Young's paper, the *Chronicle*. In the course of his speech he said, alluding to Charles De Young and his brother: "In maligning the reputation of my father, who has filled an honored grave for many years, these journalistic vipers have rendered the most vicious retaliation on my part necessary and justifiable. Their disgraceful record in this city make such a retaliation possible, and I am justified in pronouncing them the bastard progeny of a prostitute."

On the following morning Charles De Young drove in a covered coupe to the private entrance to the Metropolitan Temple, where Kalloch had his study. Just as De Young arrived at the Temple he saw Kalloch and Carl Brown, secretary of Denis Kearney, stepping into a carriage.

Calling a telegraph messenger boy, De Young said: "Tell Mr. Kalloch that a gentleman wishes to speak with him." After the message had been delivered, Kalloch got out of the carriage, in which he had taken his seat, and approached Mr. De Young's coupe. He was about to look in the carriage window to see who wished to speak with him, when De Young drew a revolver and shot him in the left breast. Kalloch recognized De Young, staggered, and started to run down the street. As he ran, De Young fired a second shot from the window of the coupe, which struck Kalloch in the thigh. De Young then ordered the driver to take him back to the *Chronicle* office. The reports of the pistol had attracted a crowd of workingmen, who threw the horse upon his haunches, and made an attempt to seize De Young, but he held them at bay with his cocked revolver. He then leaped upon the pavement, brandishing his weapon, and was seized by a policeman. The crowd made a rush and trampled the policeman and his prisoner under foot. They succeeded, however, in reaching the police station, when the militia were called out and dispersed the crowd.

Kalloch lingered between life and death for some time. He was elected Mayor at the subsequent municipal election.

There has been talk recently of impeaching Kalloch for the same crimes for which Kearney was sentenced to the penitentiary.

De Young was indicted in November for an attempt to kill Kalloch, and was afterward released on bail. He left San Francisco. He recently returned to that city, and it was understood that he had been visiting places in the East where Kalloch had lived for the purpose of learning more concerning his history.

The De Young family consisted of three brothers—Charles, Gustavus and Michael—their mother, and one sister. They came originally from Louisiana, and Mrs. De Young is now in her eightieth year. She has always enjoyed the reputation of being a most estimable and worthy woman, and her children, particularly Charles De Young, were noted for their devotion to her.

THE BLIND MADE TO SEE.

Thirty-six Years in Total Darkness, and Then Restored to Sight.

(From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

A strange case of hereditary blindness and the acquisition of sight after being (from birth) for thirty-six years in total darkness came under the notice of a reporter of this paper during a visit to the Missouri State Institute for the Education of the Blind. M. F. Wells is the man in whose life the happy change has been made by the removal of a cataract from one of his eyes. The operation was performed by Dr. Williams. The operation differed in no respect from that usually performed in such cases, and the interesting circumstances alone center in the history of the disease. Mr. Wells said that he resided in Southwest Missouri, and gained his livelihood by preaching. He was connected with the Methodist Protestant church. He was born in North Carolina—born blind. His father and mother were blind and their parents were blind. He could not trace the disease further back in the family. He was 36 years of age, and had never until after the operation been able to see in any respect. His left eye is the one from which the cataract has been removed. Mr. Wells is under instructions to be slow in exercising it. The right eye, upon which the cataract still remains, looked a whitish-brown color. Besides his parents and grandparents being blind, three of Mr. Wells' children are blind, and are at present inmates of the educational establishment on Morgan street, and two have their sight. Dr. Williams is confident that the acquisition of sight will be complete although necessarily slow.

—The editor of the La Plata (La.) *Home ress*, having an addition to his family writes: "The storm wind of the 'Equinox' of last Saturday morning left at our house a little cherub of the female persuasion, a kind of leap year tribute as it were. We bow gracefully to the dispensation, sharpen our lead pencil and call upon the delinquent wood subscriber to materialize at once."

ELECTRICITY as a curative is admitted by the medical profession. It is no longer a doubt after the numerous cures that have been effected by the use of Edison's Electric Belts.

RECIPROCITY AND ANNEXATION.

An Ex-Canadian Airs His Views.

CHAFF FOR THE YANKEES.

[New York Herald.]

"I have read with lively interest the *Herald's* exhaustive articles on the Welland Canal improvement, and it seems to me that in so ably bringing Canada's canal and railway policy before the people of the United States the *Herald* sustains the great reputation it enjoys at home and abroad."

The speaker, Mr. H. Bowlby Willson, once a barrister-at-law and subsequently founder of the Hamilton SPECTATOR, and originator of the policy that converted the high Tory party to liberal Conservatism, is a resident of this city. It was through his father's influence and that of the late Marshal S. Bidwell (who recently died in this city), both members of the Legislature of Upper Canada, that the Provinces subscribed for $200,000 of the stock of the Welland Canal Company, organized by Mr. W. H. Merritt. Mr. Willson's father was thereafter one of the directors of the Canal Company until the union of Upper and Lower Canada and the purchase of the Canal by the Government. At that time the enlargement was undertaken. Mr. Willson is thoroughly familiar with the canal and railroad system of the Dominion. In answer to a question propounded by a *Herald* reporter he said:

"The effort to get a large share of the grain trade of the growing Western States by means of canal navigation from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario and through short canals round the St. Lawrence rapids became a favorite policy of both Upper and Lower Canada long before the MacKenzie rebellion of 1837, which led to the union of the two Provinces. Little attention was given to railways and legislation hinged mainly upon canal interests. Thus it happened that the Canadians obtained an act of the Imperial Government creating differential duties in favor of all grain, flour, timber and other products of the forest imported into Great Britain by way of the St. Lawrence."

THE BIRTH OF ANNEXATION FEELING.

"While the duty on all other importations of the cereals into the mother country," Mr. Willson continued, "was regulated on what was called the sliding scale, which set the duties either high or low according to the home demand and price, all grains, flour, timber and other products of the forest transported through Canada in British bottoms were admitted at a merely nominal specific duty. But hardly had the Canadian canals begun operations before Sir Robert Peel passed his famous free trade law and took from them these most valuable privileges. The result was that an outlay of nearly $20,000,000 by the Canadian Government yielded hardly enough to keep the canals in repair and operation. The Welland was the only exception to this rule, and the exception was due to the circumstance that a large part of the Western trade was for a time prior to the enlargement of the Erie Canal diverted from Buffalo and the Erie Canal at that point to Oswego, where the grain was transferred from lake vessels by elevators at small cost to the Oswego Canal, thus forming a connection with the navigable waters of the Hudson at Albany instead of finding ocean navigation by way of Montreal. The effect of the free admission by Great Britain of American and other breadstuffs was ruinous to the Canadians' hopes of diverting traffic between the Western States and Europe, and in 1849 an extensive feeling in favor of annexation to the United States was developed in many parts of the Province. To arrest this feeling the British Government promised to bring about reciprocal free trade between Canada and the United States, and the reciprocity treaty of 1854 was made. Meantime all Canada turned its attention to building railways, and while the Government of Great Britain was indorsing the public securities of Canada to enable the government to make canals Canadian capitalists began to build an extensive system of railways, and thus the annexation sentiment was squelched."

WHAT WILL REVIVE THE ANNEXATION FEELING.

"In order to meet the interest on the public debt of Canada," Mr. Willson went on to say, "the duty on foreign importations has gradually been raised from about two and a half per cent ad valorem on the principal commodities imported from foreign countries to thirty per cent. and in some cases forty per cent. to say nothing of a large increase of local and internal taxes. Nevertheless, the Dominion Government grows year by year more reckless of expenditure. It completed a few years ago the Intercolonial Railway, connecting Quebec with Halifax, at an outlay of about $30,000,000, and the cost of operating exceeds the gross receipts by $1,500,000 a year, and long ere this line, running through a sparsely settled and very poor country, having small hope of ever paying the cost of operating, was completed, the project of building a line 2,000 miles long through a country almost uninhabited to the Pacific settlement of Vancouver's Island, now called Victoria, was undertaken. The debt of the Province was then about $150,000,000, and had risen to $175,000,000 when the present Conservative Government came into power about eighteen months ago. It now foots up $185,000,000, and it is now morally certain that, in order to proceed with the enlargement of the canals and the construction of the Pacific Railway, the outlay for the current year can hardly fall short of $25,000,000, and by the time the latter works are completed the debt will certainly reach $300,000,000. Meantime there has been a large exodus of native Canadians to the United States, estimated at hundreds of thousands."

"PROTECTING" TRADE OUT.

"And now the Canadians have become seized with the exploded notion," Mr. Willson further said, "that 'protection to native industry' is the only panacea. In order to enrich the country they propose to go on increasing taxation and the building of still more of these unproductive public works, which have so signally failed in keeping their own people from migrating by hundreds of thousands to the more fertile lands and the milder climate of the United States. They do not seem to take note of the fact that there are lands enough of this, kind open, free to settlers, within the United States for a population twenty fold greater than that of the whole Dominion. How long the Canadians will go on in efforts to isolate themselves from the American system to which the inexorable laws of nature and industry have assigned them, it is impossible to conjecture. The Dominion Government was no doubt led into much of its extravagance by the paternal or maternal system of England which for a time endorsed Canadian securities. Getting cheap loans by so easy a method made Canada a perpetual borrower in the British market. Lately the British Government has refused to guarantee further loans, probably feeling that the time is not far distant, when it must foot the bills, and now as soon as a session of Parliament is over the Canadian Premier and Minister of Finance pack their trunks and start for London on a begging expedition. Indeed, they have appointed a resident Minister to the Court of St. James, whose chief duty it will be to promote Canadian loans. In view of the policy that the Dominion is pursuing in building so many unproductive railways many men predict a total collapse of Canadian credit—public and private—general bankruptcy and a cry all over the Dominion for annexation. Mr. John Bright, in a letter to me last summer—it was published in the *Herald*—expressed his opinion that the present Canadian policy must endanger British connection. A few annexationists are said to rejoice at the prospect of realizing their hopes right speedily under the policy of Sir John Macdonald's government."

NEW YORK THE METROPOLIS.

After suggesting a modification of the tariff laws of both the Dominion and the United States so that they may be reciprocal. Mr. Willson drew his conclusions. He said: "The Western States are particularly in Canadian waterways and railways. The staple products of those States increase year by year with extraordinary rapidity, and, though the Canadian navigation is about one month shorter each year than that of the Erie Canal, the difference with respect to time is more than offset by the larger class of vessels, and these, too, propelled extensively by steam, that navigate the Canadian waterways. It would be taking a very narrow view of the question to say that New York would loose some of its trade under a commercial policy favoring the interests of the Western States. On the contrary it may more logically be argued that the competition of the Canadian route would prevent undue advantage being taken by great railway combinations to sustain exorbitant charges for transportation. New York would simply become to Canada under closer commercial relations what she is to all the Western and other States—its chief financial and commercial metropolis. Perhaps when Congress is done for a brief season with the business of President making and pestilential party wrangling the Committee on Ways and Means may turn its attention to these important questions.