

when Lord BEACONSFIELD referred to the weight of taxation in America and the high rate of wages, rendering it impossible for the United States to compete with Canada, he said in terms that he made his statement on eminent U. S. authority. We do not wish here to discuss this point, except to remark that many of our contemporaries, which have not yet ceased making themselves merry over the presumption that Sir JOHN MACDONALD inspired this remark, will see they have committed a blunder. A further remark of Lord BEACONSFIELD, as reported, was that "the chief pioneers who advanced so greatly the cultivation of the extreme Western States of the United States, have all sold, or to a great degree have sold, their farms, and have sold them, allow me to say, at \$30 and \$40 an acre, showing as an essential thing that there was a basis of rent included in the arrangement inseparable from the tenure. They have sold their farms and they are now repairing to the illimitable wilderness of Canada." "The illimitable wilderness of Canada" is explained in another part of the speech to mean the North-West Territory obtained from the Hudsons Bay Co. There is undoubted error in the precise statement with which the reporter has credited the Premier, but it is indubitably true that considerable numbers from the Western States have sold out their farms, and with their means gone to settle in Manitoba. These men have brought to the Prairie Province improved implements and considerable means; and that is a fact to which importance may be reasonably attached. It is very probable that this was the information that was given to Lord BEACONSFIELD by Sir JOHN MACDONALD. It would not be remarkable if the English statesman should have made a slight error in repeating an unfamiliar fact communicated to him; or it may be that the reporter misapprehended the precise words uttered by him. In either case, there was not room for the attacks that have been made on both him and Sir JOHN MACDONALD. It is perfectly true, as elsewhere stated in this speech, that there has been great decline in the produce of wheat per acre in the Western States. The best American authority may be adduced in support of this statement. Lord BEACONSFIELD next faced a great fact, which many men in Canada have failed to comprehend, and the study of which would afford a much more profitable occupation than indulgence in the sinister remarks to which we have referred. He said that two hundred million acres of the "illimitable wilderness" will gradually be brought into cultivation. He might have said, rapidly as the construction of the Pacific Railway progresses. But then he sees that the mouths of the millions who will occupy that territory will eat up its produce to a very large extent, and that there is reason to doubt whether its surplus of breadstuffs or meat, any more than the surplus from the United States, will be of a nature to render British agriculture unprofitable. This is certainly an optimistic view for the British agriculturist; and it is one which the Prime Minister of England might at least reasonably urge for the lesson which he wished to enforce—viz., to prevent any rash action either on the part of proprietor or tenant. We should be sorry to deprive them of this gleam of hope—peering through the dark cloud which hovers over them. We, however, see reasons which induce us to believe that it may be seriously called in question, owing to the operation of potent facts which do not seem to have been present to the mind of Lord BEACONSFIELD. On another point the argument of Lord BEACONSFIELD was most conclusive—viz., that the experience of France does not show that the division of land in that more genial country, both as respects soil and climate, is more favourable in its effects, as regards production, than the larger holdings of England. He refers for authority to a report issued by *Le Ministère de l'Agriculture*, of the French Government. But as this fact is more concisely put in that official

report than in his speech, we prefer to quote from it. The report contains this very remarkable and interesting statement of facts: "Area of all land farmed—France, 45,000,000 hectares. Great Britain, 14,000,000 do. Output (average annual) of cereals—France, 251,000,000 hectolitres. Great Britain, 113,000,000 do. Average output per acre of land tilled for the purpose—(a) Cereals—France, 17; Great Britain, 33; (b) beans, &c., France, 15; Great Britain, 27; (c) potatoes, France, 112; Great Britain, 144. Gros bétail per square kilometre of worth and pasture—France, 44 head; Great Britain, 65 do. Petit bétail per ditto, ditto.—France, 97 head; Great Britain, 252 head." This is a state of things different from that which most people believe to exist, and goes to show that the greater *per capita* wealth of France as compared with England, arises not from greater production owing to small proprietorship, but to the greater thrift of the people.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

The number for this week of the above newspaper is an exceedingly good one, and should be especially acceptable to the inhabitants of Ottawa and the adjoining country. The illustrations are not only creditable in themselves, but they are reliable and exact. They truly reproduce the objects which have been skilfully outlined. Those who were present at the late Provincial Exhibition will easily recall many of the points of interest which the artists have reproduced. It also seems to us that the illustrations as works of art are improvements on some which had hitherto appeared. The lines are lighter and sharper and more skill has been observed in shading. The tendency to substitute smudge for shadow has been controlled, and consequently the artistic effect is more satisfactory. By whatever process the pictures are obtained, it is, we think, desirable that they should be rescued from excessive darkness. The danger of overdosing with black should constantly be kept in view, and constantly avoided. In uttering a caution we at the same time desire to repeat our congratulation of last week. The improvement in the paper since the commencement of the current volume must be evident to all. Whether we regard it as an exhibition of art or a channel of literature there can be no doubt of the change for the better. Portraits of course are not equally successful, but the idea of keeping a gallery of worthies is a very good one. People will be glad to have a likeness of Mrs. Leprohon, as well as a sketch of her literary career. The same may be said, but with greater force of the late Sir Rowland Hill, whose portrait has been reproduced for us together with a very interesting narrative of his life and labors. It is very pleasant not only to read of our benefactors, but also to see what they looked like. Altogether we heartily congratulate our contemporary on his local achievements in the number before us, and we trust he will continue to meet with the success he so conspicuously merits.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

THE NEW EDDYSTONE.

The foundation stone of the new Eddystone lighthouse was successfully laid by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. The formal commencement of the new structure, which is to supersede Smeaton's famous tower, was originally put down for the 21st of June, but the roughness of the sea on that day selected compelled the postponement. Smeaton's tower, which for 120 years has withstood the heaviest gales, proving the salvation of many a valuable ship and warning many a mariner off the fatal Eddystone reef, is, it may be said, as firm as ever. Indeed, it is a singular feather in Smeaton's cap, as an English paper has observed, that "the stability of his famous structure should have outlasted that of the rock on which it is based." The tower remains unshaken by the storms, but the louse rock on which it stands shows signs of an enfeebled foundation consequent upon the incessant wear and beating of the ocean upon it. Therefore the corporation of Trinity House determined to erect a new and more commodious structure on the south rock, the largest of the reef, lying about 120 feet south of the present site. The new tower will be the fourth erected on the reefs in Plymouth sound. A Mr. Henry Winstanley completed a lighthouse there in 1700, and he was so confident of the firmness of his structure that he declared his wish to be in it during the fiercest storm that could blow. He had his wish, and perished in it during a terrible storm on the 27th November, 1706.

LORD COCKBURN was seated one day on the hillside of Bonally, with a Scotch shepherd, and, observing the sheep reposing, in the coldest situation, he observed to him: "John, if I were a sheep I would lie on the other side of the hill." The shepherd answered: "Ay, my lord, but if ye had been a sheep ye wad have had mair sense."

VARIETIES.

A CURIOUS PICTURE.—A curious picture was sold a few days since at the auction-rooms in the Rue Drouot. It was purchased for eleven thousand francs by a well-known Parisian amateur. The particularity connected with the picture was the strange fact that it is painted upon human skin. Its origin is attributable to a shipwreck which occurred on a savage coast, and which led to the capture of a number of the victims by a party of Indians. One of the shipwrecked was an artist, and as the ceremony of tattooing was being proceeded with by the Indians, the artist, who had saved his painting utensils and colours, volunteered to paint the grand chief. The offer was accepted, and the French artist at once painted a magnificent view of the harbour and the King's palace on the breast of the savage. Towards the end of 1876 some of the Indian tribes revolted, and pursued by the Americans, several of them were killed or made prisoners; one of the latter died in the hospital, and when his chest covering was withdrawn, the landscape in question, in an excellent state of preservation, was discovered on the breast of the Indian. A Frenchman purchased the body, took off the skin of the chest, had it framed, and brought it to Paris, where it has just been knocked down to the highest bidder by a tap from the auctioneer's hammer.

HOW TO WEAR AN EYE-GLASS.—An ingenious gentleman says:—If persons of a superior social position must wear only one glass, I think I have discovered a method by the use of which they may obviate all those frightful contractions of the facial muscles, and run no risk of their glasses falling from the eye when they perchance forget to pucker the cheek to a sufficient extent. My plan is this—to have a bit of court plaster, or other similar adhesive substance, attached to the upper, and a similar bit of plaster to the lower rim of the eye-glass, and then to gum the other end of these pieces of plaster to the portions of the face contiguous, or adjacent, to the eye whose sight is affected. This will hold the glass in position without any effort on the part of the wearer. If the glass should have any tendency to "wobble," two more small pieces of court plaster may be attached, the one to the right, the other to the left side of the single-barreled eye-glass. Still another mode might be introduced with equally as good effect. Attach an elastic cord to the right and left side of the glass, and allow the cord to pass round the entire head, as a ribbon is passed about a straw hat, and then fasten another elastic cord to the upper side of the eye-glass, and carry the cord over the wearer's head diagonally towards the left ear, bringing it back underneath his chin to the point of departure, and attach the other end of this cord to the under, or lower, rim of the eye-glass. Either one of the above methods will prove efficacious.

THE CHELMSFORD ROSE.—The following is the history of the rose presented to Lord Chelmsford on the occasion of his passing through Taunton on his return from Zululand:—"The rose in question grew in the well-kept garden of the Rev. J. W. Ward, the respected vicar of Ruishton, who is just now away on his holiday, the duties of the parish being discharged by the Rev. H. J. R. Rathborne, vicar of Stoke, Devonport. This gentleman on Monday last presented the rose to Mrs. Whitehead, wife of the Rev. G. Whitehead, of West Hatch, that lady having called to pay a visit at Ruishton Vicarage. The next day Mrs. Whitehead placed the rose in a bouquet, which she gave to her cousin, Dr. Stewart, of Sneyd Park, Clifton, Bristol, who has been on a visit to West Hatch. Dr. Stewart, while waiting on the platform for the last train to Bristol—bouquet in hand—gave the rose to a female who appeared to admire it exceedingly. In the exuberance of her delight at seeing Lord Chelmsford she offered him the rose, which he graciously accepted, and placed in the button-hole of his coat. The rose, it has been ascertained, is now preserved on his lordship's table at Bath. It is a beautiful specimen of the "Gloire de Dijon," and was just half blown. From henceforth, no doubt it will be known as "Chelmsford."

BEACONSFIELD.—The recent exhibition of a childish belief in Lord Beaconsfield's want of quickness in seeing through an attempt to utilize him has recalled to the memory of a correspondent the following apposite anecdote:—A Buckinghamshire farmer had (or invented) some business with him in London; he had the bad taste to take with him his two sons, fine young clothoppers of about fifteen and eighteen years old, and when his "business" was over he drew the gentleman's attention to them, saying, "Give them some advice, sir, they'll be proud of it all their lives." Of course Mr. Disraeli saw immediately the kind of thing to which this might open the door if not nipped in the bud, and he quietly said to one of the youth, "Never attempt to enquire the name of the man in the iron mask, or you will be considered a great bore. And you," he said, turning to the other, "never inquire into the authorship of the letters of Junius, or you will be considered a greater bore than your brother." If the two boys have not recollected the reply, there are plenty who have, and have taken the hint that it may be possible to get the worst of it in an encounter of wit with the Earl of Beaconsfield.

FIRST REPRESENTATION.—Rather a good story appears in *L'Événement* illustrative of the rage for first performances in Paris. On the 21st of June, 1848, a notice was posted outside the Théâtre Historique—"The day after to-

morrow, Thursday, 23rd, first representation of the *Marâtre*, drama in five acts." The piece was by Balzac. All the seats in the theatre were let immediately; accordingly on 22nd and 23rd the people in the ticket office had an easy time of it. Cannon roared along the whole line of the boulevard. On the 24th matters were more quiet; the cannon still thundered in the neighbourhood of the Bastille, but the Boulevard du Temple was comparatively at peace. That day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, there was a knock at the door of the theatre. The director and the stage-manager took counsel together—either the people had come to get arms, or the authorities to carry off any arms lest the people should get them. In either case the door must be opened. All imaginable precautions having been taken, the door was opened, and there stood a highly varnished and exquisitely polished dandy, neatly gowned, with hair curled, and as polite as possible. He merely wished to ask if he could book a place for the first representation of the *Marâtre*. When a not very civil negative was returned to the question, the gentleman appeared much disappointed, but returning to the charge he inquired if M. K., the stock-broker, had not taken a box. "Possibly," was the answer. "Good, M. K. was wounded yesterday at the Barricade Saint-Denis. I take his ticket."

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

The reigning beauties of England and daughters of clergymen.

SOME of the poll-parrots on fall bonnets look natural enough to ask for a cracker.

THE fellow who asked for a lock of his girl's hair was informed that "it costs money, hair does."

A man is always wanting some one to tell him how handsome he looks. A woman will just stand before a glass and see for herself.

A GERMAN poet says a young girl is a fishing-rod; the eyes are the hook, and the smile the bait, the lover the gudgeon, and the marriage the butter in which he is fried.

'Tis the sweetest thing in life to see the child-like simplicity and deference to maternal authority which a maiden of 35 or 40 will exhibit before a roomful of people as she skips across the floor to ask dear mamma if she may walk up and down the piazza for a little while.

MR. LABOUCHER tells a good story of Lord Lyons, the bachelor minister of Great Britain at Washington during the presidency of Mr. Lincoln. On the birth of Prince Albert Victor of Wales his lordship called on the president to announce the auspicious event. Lincoln listened rather abstractedly to the official statement and was so rude as to glance at some papers before him as though he had business of a more pressing kind on hand. When Lord Lyons had left off speaking "Old Abe" looked up as if starting out of a doze, chuckled the English Minister under the ribs and exclaimed, "Go thou and do likewise." The disgust of Lord Lyons was unutterable.

SHEET MUSIC—Children crying in bed.

WHEN a negro minstrel end-man gets off a pun less than fourteen years old, it is described by the dramatic critic as a crisp joke. Fourteen years is the limit.

A MAN sometimes parts his name in the middle for euphony and beauty. Even Jacob has a good effect on a card when placed as J. Cobb Smith.

BETTER lay in your coal now. Prof. Schaeffer of Pottsville, in a lecture before the Society for the Advancement of Science, says the anthracite coal fields will be exhausted in the year 2005.

"LANDLADY," said he, "the coffee is not settled." "No," said she, "but it comes as near it as your last month's board bill does," and that man never spoke again during the meal.

A MID-TURTLE can neither fly, sing, gallop, laugh, cry or go black-berrying, and yet if they are let alone they get along just as well as the young man who tries to be funny at a lawn party.

At a Colorado lynching they had a brass band in attendance, which played selections from "Pinafore." The prisoner said he was willing to die, and did all he could to help on the preparations.

WHEN the small boy is sent after a pint of milk to the grocer's around the corner, duty compels him to taste of it three times on the way back; first, to see that it is milk; second, to determine if it is sour; and third, because he finds it very pleasant.

A LITTLE girl, while out for her afternoon walk, saw a pompous-looking man strutting down the street. With child-like simplicity the little thing ran up to him, touched him lightly on the arm and said: "Excuse me, but sir, but are you anybody in particular?"

A ROMEO in this city one night last week went to serenade his best girl, choosing a selection from "Pinafore" as an opening piece. In a voice trembling with emotion and a tendency to split on the high notes, he began: "Farewell mi-i love, light of m—," when a four-pound brick wadded through the midnight air from the old man's bed-room, lodged in the very vitals of his guitar, and the concert stood adjourned.