HIS LAST BALLOON VOYAGE.

Donaldson's Fate Chronicled by Himself.

Did Aeronaut Wise and His Companion Burr Meet with the Same Tragic End which Befel Donaldson and Grimwood.

The uncertainty of the fate of Prof. Wise and his companion, Burr, who ascended in the balloon, Pathfinder, from Lindell Park, St. Louis, last Sunday, and have not yet been heard from, recalls the story of Donaldson's tragic death, as compiled by the missing aeronaut from papers picked up in Lake Michigan, which the two voyagers had thrown overboard previous to their death. Prof. Wise dedicated his narrative as follows:

"To all reckless aeronauts, who run their cloud-scraping coaches with a disregard of consequences, or who, in other words, essay to fly without making due calculations and preparations to alight, this little narrative is dedicated."

Wise then copied, verbatim, Donaldson's memorandum of the trip as follows:

"I had often been excited in my feats of rope walking, but never before did I feel my heart sinking into such despondency as I did when the aerial ship loomed up and out over the lake. It was a dreary sight over the desert of water.

"By a kind of instinctive arithmetic I could still figure out another hour's sail and a reach of dry land. Grimwood hailed me from the car below while I was sitting in my perch on the lookout above, busily engaged writing out my experience that I had more than an hour ago resolved to transmit to the waves below, so that I might leave a memoir of my last voyage in the event of a fatal termination.

"Grimwood now inquired of me: 'How far are we from the Michigan shore?' And he added, 'Our ballast is nearly spun out.' "God only knows," was my reply.

"Balloon-sailing has in it the peculiarity of keeping one entirely unconscious of the speed the balloon is making, or the direction in which it is moving when you are among the clouds, and the clouds are sailing with you, and at the same time nothing but a monotonous waste of water is underneath. It is singular that so limited a sheet of water as Lake Michigan should present to view so few vessels to the eye of the areonaut."

"Well, it is about 350 miles long, and this gives us an area of 35,000 square miles. Now, if 1,000 sailing vessels were spread over the lake at any one time, it would present on an average, only one vessel for every 35 square miles, or, in other words, one vessel on every plot of six miles square."

"Prof. Wise told me that in his sail down the middle of Lake Erie from one end to the other he did not see half a dozen vessels, and in crossing ninety miles of Lake Ontario only one vessel was intercepted. I fully realized this fact in my own experience over the lakes, and the sparseness of sea craft visible below gave the situation an intensified dreary aspect."

"I now turned my face to Grimwood, and requested him to look out for some lake craft, since we could not expect to remain afloat much longer, as the ballast was so nearly exhausted."

"'Won't the balloon hold out all night?' said my companion. 'You frequently let your balloon stand out all night and reascend with it the next morning,' hopefully ejaculated my cheerful partner. 'Yes,' was the response—'that is, when the balloon is new and in perfect order; but remember this is a leaky old tub.' 'You don't pretend to intimate that we are going to be soused into the lake for want of the balloon holding out to reach the land?' 'Why, certainly,' I said; 'if we don't discover land very shortly, we shall be compelled to take to the water and trust to Providence.' 'Donaldson, ain't you joking!' said Grimwood. 'No,' was my reply.

"I now resolved, at all hazards, to state the situation fairly to Grimwood, as certain destruction seemed to be staring me in the face, and tell him to prepare for a doom that had foreshadowed itself to my mind all day long. I had been sailing under false colors long enough. It only made my anguish of mind greater as I pretended to assume composure, and thought that I had taken along with me a gentleman of culture and talents to be lost to the world, and for the simple benefit of a show spectacle that had so little real merit in it as to be compelled to hang its financial success on the miserable attraction of acrobatic ballooning, and thus, through me, to commit a moral homicide. My heart was throbbing with emotion as I contemplated the whole situation. Perhaps Grimwood will grow desperate if I let out the whole truth. He may become revengeful, and grapple with me for the decision as to who is to take the last chance for life; for what will a man not do to save his own life? One or the other of us must in a very short time leave the balloon, or both of us perish together in the angry waves.

"I had now fully resolved to be a man in every sense of the word, and give Grimwood the little remaining time for a last autobiographical sketch in the event of his going overboard, mine being to the present extent ready for doubtful transmission in the like contingency.

"'Grimwood, are you prepared to hear the worst of our situation?'

"'I am always ready for an item, Donaldson, good or bad, high or low, up or down; pitch in, Donaldson, and give us the news.'

"This good-tempered response rallied my drooping spirits again, and I began to hope against hope. I strained my eyes to the East and the West, and the North and the South, in the hope of espying something that should promise a rock of safety for two wandering spirits of the air. Really, I began to feel more like a dreaming spirit than a living man. Grimwood was all this time writing down rapidly our words and the scenes around us, seemingly reliant on a safe ending to the perilous voyage.

"'Ships seem to be as scarce as land, Donaldson,' he muttered, 'but we have life-preservers; and if it must come to that, we will battle for life in the wave.'

"I now proposed to him inasmuch as our time was well nigh spent, that we draw lots for the chance of one of us remaining with the balloon, while the other should take to the water with a life-preserver, so that we should be prepared for the emergency when our ballast should come entirely to an end.

"I am agreed," was the ready reply of Grimwood, prepare the drafts; and as I was never lucky enough to draw a prize in a lottery, I am sure to draw one in this, "either of wind or water. Besides," said he "the prize may be a ship, so let us hold up to the last grain of sand, in the hope of intercepting a craft below; and in the event of falling in with one we will pounce down upon it like a hawk upon a sparrow."

"I prepared a dozen sticks of matches I had in my pocket, all of different lengths, and handed them to Grimwood to dispose of the game as he desired. He said:

"Never mind Donaldson; keep them in your own hands. I will draw one, you another, and he who draws the longest shall have the choice, and I do not care much about the choice, because it is a Hobson to me at best, since I would be as badly off in the crazy old balloon without ballast, without experience and without knowledge in the art of air-sailing, as I shall be in the water with a life-preserver. If the choice falls to me I will sell out cheap anyhow; should Providence send a vessel in sight, and near us, in that event I would sooner take to the "water lot" than the "air plot."

"As he reached out his hand to draw his lot, he remarked: "Your hand trembles," and it did—a thing that seldom occurred to me.

"The sun was now going down behind the cloud bank of a golden-fringed horizon. All nature was still as death, I imagined that the gold and purple colored drapery that appeared to curtail the chamber behind it represented the mausoleum of our approaching resting place.

"Grimwood sat motionless in the car, his hand resting on his notebook, his countenance indicative of deep thought, his face fixed as that of a statue. For the first time he seemed to realize the solemnity of the occasion. He refused to measure lots with me. He said in a very serious mood, 'Donaldson, it is all for the best; I am ready; God be with us.' And his chin sank slowly upon his breast. The scene unnerved me. I turned my eyes once more to the setting sun, and there I saw depicted in the cloud formation an old man with a sickle in his hand.

"Oh, what a solemn scene was before me! I was ready to sink down with grief, for now were flitting through my mind the scenes of my childhood—the happy days of youth, the pangs of despised love, thoughts of the two little offsprings of my own flesh and blood, of the one whom I had won and to whom I was betrothed. All these, and a thousand other things, were flitting through my brain.

"I never before felt such a horror over an approaching calamity. No one can imagine what a desolate wilderness it seems to be where you can see nothing but water underneath you, and that surging and foaming as it were with internal convusions. To be hemmed in, with such faint prospects of escape, and to be fixed, as it were, in the middle of creation, pinned fast in the ethereal vault, as if some invisible power was holding you there, ready to drop you at any moment, down, down, into the seething, yawning gulf of water, there to drown, and then to become food for fish, and all that without the solace of an attendant and friend, almost drove me to desperation, and made me think it would be better for me to die first, and let my deluded companion have the last thread of safety that was available under the circumstances.

Oh, what a calamity a man can bring upon himself! We had now sunk low enough to hear the dreadful murmuring of the troubled waters. It was the 'Aeronaut's Dead March,'" I thought. Again I rallied my spirits as Grimwood sang out: 'Here it comes!' 'What comes, friend Grimwood?' 'A sail, a craft. Cheer up, Donaldson.' With trembling fingers and doubting muscle I pulled the valve. Down, down, we came; we plunged car deep into the water! Not a moment was to be lost; night was cloaking its sable mantle around us.

"Grimwood thrust his life preverver over his shoulders, threw his sealed bottle overboard, and plunged into the lake, never looking whether he had drawn long or short in the lot. But, alas! the vessel had vanished from our sight. In another moment the car was slowly submerging from the ruffled water, and lazily the old leaky hulk was lifting itself up in the somber twilight. I now looked over the car into the water, and there I beheld Grimwood buffeting with the waves that were tossing him up and down. I shouted out, "Goodbye, Grimwood! God bless you!' and he must have heard me, for his raised his hand above his head and swung it around in recognition of my call. I felt like jumping overboard and making an end of my troubles, but my journal must be disposed of first. I do not want to go to Hades and leave no record behind. I will continue to write until the last gleam of hope forsakes me. And now, as the balloon rises, it is getting lighter, so that I can again see to write. I looked out again for my struggling companion, but the shades of night had now so obscured the surface of the water that I could not see anything on its face. Poor Grimwood, as well as the vessel had vanished from my sight, and I could see his manly form no more. I will now finish my journal, and submit myself to the waves that must sooner or later swallow me up, unless some miraculous escape should await me. I will of course, not be able to chronicle the final result of this adventure should I be doomed to die here, so I may as well close up this narrative, seal it up in the water proof case and drop it overboard, as I am sinking down fast now, from gas leakage and the cooling atmosphere of the evening. May God have mercy on my two bereft children, and lead them through the storms of life safely? And finally may it never be the lot of an aeronaut to undertake that which reason teaches him should not be undertaken, although the crowd may clamor and the ignorant cry out 'Coward!' since it is better to have the approbation of one sensible person than the shouts and huzzas of the herd, who ever applaud most when your feats promise self-immolation.

"In the end I ask the world to deal charitably with me. Should my body be found, give it decent burial, and write for an epitaph, "Here lies the body of a man whose reckless ambition and fear of being accused of want of nerve have sacrificed his own life and betrayed another fellow-mortal into the snares of death, with no higher object than to serve the interests of a scheme which, to say the best of it, is but a poor thing in the progress of art and refinement."

"Sealed and delivered. Amen!"

THE MORMON PROBLEM.

At its next session Congress will be compelled to take some action in regard to polygamy in Utah. At the present time there is great excitement in Salt Lake City in consequence of the efforts making to enforce the law of 1862 against polygamous and bigamous marriages. A few weeks ago there were threats of an outbreak on the part of the Mormons, who insist that their peculiar views regarding marriage are part of their religion, but it is not likely now that there will be any resort to unlawful violence. The leading Mormons are sensible men, who know that in an appeal to arms their cause would soon receive its deathblow. They may bluster and threaten, but they will not shed blood. One of their adherents, Reynolds, has been convicted under the law of 1862, and is now serving a ten years sentence in the Penitentiary for having married two women while his first wife was still living and undivorced. Several others have been indicted in the United States Court of the Utah District, but convictions can hardly be found against them, owing to the peculiar character of the law and the extraordinary difficulty of obtaining legal evidence for the procecution. It is doubtful if Reynolds could have been found guilty if he had not made certain incriminating admissions in order to render his a test case. Besides, his second wife appeared as a willing witness against him. Such aids can hardly be expected in many other cases. People living in the States find it hard to understand why it is so

DIFFICULT TO CONVICT

persons of polygamy in Utah. The trouble lies in the law of 1862, and in the peculiar character of the Mormon marriage ceremony. The law makes it a penal offence for any man who has a living wife to contract another marriage, but it does not take cognizance of his cohabitation with a number of women unless it can be shown by valid proofs that he has been married to them all. Owing to the fact that a Mormon marriage can only be performed in the Endowment House, under conditions of the most absolute secrecy such proof is very difficult to obtain. If the law made constant cohabitation an evidence of polygamy and a crime as in most of the States, the work of the prosecuting officers would be much easier. As it is, the principal men of Mormondom cannot be reached. Nearly all of them had plural wives before the enactment of the law of 1862, and that statute does not reach back of its date. Those of the leaders who have increased the number of their female partners since the enactment of the law have been careful to avoid all risk of prosecution by hiding the proofs of their crime from the officers of the Government. Another large class of offenders escaped prosecution because the statute of limitations makes it impossible to indict a person unless within five years after the commission of his crime. For many years after the enactment of the law of 1862 no efforts to secure its enforcement were made, and it follows that only

POLYGAMOUS MARRIAGES

contracted within the past five years can be reached by the courts. These are but a small percentage of the 10,000 to 15,000 in Utah Territory. One difficulty in the way of suppressing polygamy in Utah was unwittingly removed by the last Legislature, when the criminal code of California was adopted for the guidance of the Courts of the Territory. This code provides that in selecting juries for the trial of criminal causes the court may appoint triers to pass upon the competency of jurors. Heretofore the Mormons had representatives on every jury, and the conviction of persons accused of polygamy was a downright impossibility. Hereafter it is most unlikely that believers in the Mormon doctrine regarding matrimony will be permitted to sit upon the trial of persons accused of bigamy or polygamy. Governor Emery is making strong efforts to enforce the law of 1862, but he finds it impossible to accomplish much good. He insists that at its next session Congress should so amend that law as to make continuous cohabitation the offence instead of the marriage ceremony. He would also have the jury laws so amended as to make them correspond with the jury laws of the best States. He is strongly opposed to woman suffrage in Utah, and shows how it works injuriously. Every married woman is entitled to one vote, and even foreign-born women who live in this country and marry an American citizen are granted

THE RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE.

The Mormon women are controlled by their husbands, and, as a matter of course, the wickeder a husband is, under the law of 1862, the more wives he has and the greater is his influence in securing the election of officials favorable to his views. While foreign women are thus clothed with the powers and privileges of citizenship, men born abroad who settle in Utah must live there for five years before they can vote. These are questions which should command the earnest attention of Congress. In dealing with them the distinction between Mormonism and polygamy must not be lost sight of. There can be no doubt that the great mass of Latter Day Saints firmly believe in the tenets of their faith, and they are as much entitled to liberty of conscience and freedom of worship as the members of any other religious or irreligious sect. But polygamy is a crime under the law of 1862, and the Supreme Court of the United States, in the Reynolds case, has declared that law of binding force and effect. The crime must be stamped out in so far as possible, but no legisiative interference with the purely religious views of the Mormonism blew tatempted.—*St. Loui Globe Democrats.*

—When a corner loafer dies in Tennessee the newspaper says: "Another old landmark one."

AN IMPERIAL ZOLLVERIN.

How Canada Could be Made the Medium Through Which the Prosperity of Great Britain and Ireland Would in a Few Years Become far Greater than it Ever was, and the Dominion Become a Great Nation.

In the Dominion of Canada there are 750,000,000 of acres of cereal lands uncultivated, a large proportion of which are very rich. Were only 100,000,000 of acres of this land under cultivation—the Dominion crop of cereals, hogs and cattle would be larger than the present one of the United States; and by the time 100,000,000 acres were under cultivation the population of the Dominion would be 50,000,000 of people.

In 1830 the population of the United States was 12,866,000; it is now estimated that when the census is taken in 1880 it will be 50,000,000, or an increase in 50 years of say 37,000,000.

No reason can be adduced why Canada could not advance as quickly as the United States did; on the contrary it can be clearly shown that she could do so far more quickly. Should she now commence to advance even in the same ratio as the United States did, the advantages to Great Britain and Ireland would be manifold and incalculable. It is only necessary to mention the increasing cheapness of foodstuffs from which Great Britain would draw her supplies, and the increasing market for manufactures.

There is only one policy by which this can be accomplished, viz.: By Great Britain and Ireland having free trade with the Dominion, and imposing a duty on imports from other countries, (not their own dependencies and colonies).

Should this policy be adopted, the higher the duty the faster the purpose would be accomplished. The duties so imposed, however, ought to be in moderation, and only sufficiently high to accomplish the desired ends.

The Western States farmer with the present freight facilities, could afford to sell his wheat in Liverpool at 25s. per quarter, and be well remunerated, therefore he could stand a tax of 20s. per quarter and upwards, taking the average range of prices in the Liverpool market, but 10s. per quarter would be sufficient to draw a population to Canada, and would be in *moderation*. 5s. per 100 lbs. and 4s. on hogs and sheep would also be in moderation. Were they double, nay even treble, production in the United would not be retarded.

It must be borne in mind that it will take some time before the *North-West Territories* will have means of transportation as thoroughly completed at those of the United States, therefore some allowance must be made for this.

The production of the United States is now so immense, and increasing yearly, that after supplying their own wants and the European markets they have a large surplus, the control of the prices is therefore in the power of the buyer, more especially so as foodstuffs are perishable in time, therefore whatever duty might be put on by England would be indirectly paid by the foreign producer; besides, in a very few years the Dominion alone could supply all the requirements of Great Britain and Ireland.

The Flour trade is now assuming large proportions, and the export of it from the United States to Great Britain and Ireland is fast taking the place of wheat; in other words England is paying foreign countries to do what she can do herself. Flour can be manufactured in Great Britain and Canada as cheaply as in the United States. Milling is a great industry, it employs many men and much capital. Any industry, however small, is one of the mainstays of any country. Why even the cooperage branch and barrel staves required for this industry, would of themselves be large trades.

90 per cent of the United States flour has heretofore been purchased by England. It seems like utter folly that she should have continued buying it so long, and her own milling population in distress for want of employment. All the flour she requires can be manufactured at home and in Canada, and the way to accomplish it is simply, make the import duty on flour relatively double that on wheat, (the raw material).

Then the Hog trade. This is an immense business, involving in a year a turn-over in capital of upwards of $125,000,000; it employs an army of men, and creates a market for salt, lumber, nails, hoops, etc.

Great Britain and Ireland have heretofore been customers to the extent of 90 per cent. of the whole of the United States production, and here they have again been paying a foreign nation for doing what their own people would be more than thankful to be allowed to do.

By making the duty on dead, cut, packed or barreled meat, double that on live animals the cattle trains that now arrive at the United States packing houses would continue on their journey another twelve hours, and run into Canada. There the hogs would be killed, cut, packed, etc., and thus 90 per cent. of this enormous industry, sufficient of itself to be the making of a large country, would be transferred to Canada.

I could go on and enumerate many more industries: The cattle trade, which promises to exceed the hog trade; the sheep trade, the other cereals, corn, oats, barley, rye, the tallow and lard trade, etc., and the further I went the more clearly England's present policy would be clearly proven to be a fallacy.

The great trouble heretofore has been England's stubbornness. Although it must be apparent that free trade is bringing her fast to destruction, her chronic free traders are not manly enough to acknowledge their error. Many of them would rather see the country fall to pieces than admit that they are wrong.

There are only two courses for her to follow. If she pursues her present policy for another ten years she will be ruined beyond redemption. If she adopts the following policy she will rise from the dreadful abyss into which her free trade craze has plunged her, and again become prosperous

Free trade between her and her dependencies and colonies; duties on imports from foreign countries, high enough to gain the desired ends—not one free article on the list, unless it is something that cannot with protection be remuneratively produced in Great Britain and Ireland, the dependencies and colonies—duties relatively double on everything manufactured or partially so.

In other words, Great Britain and her dependencies and colonies consolidated into a free trade empire, (among themselves), imposing similar duties on imports from other countries.

Canada has already begun to prosper under protection. What strides she would make if this proposed policy was adopted.

The English capitalists have heretofore squandered their money in foreign countries. Let them look to their own dependencies and Colonies. There they will find honest, safe and profitable employment for their capital.

When the Americans want to build a railway, and are asked how they are going to finance for it, they reply, with a smile, "England." It matters nothing to them whether the road pays or not. If it pays there are a hundred ways by which the first lenders are wheedled out of their money. If it does not pay it is wheedled out anyway.

If those railways had in any way been an indirect benefit to Great Britain and Ireland, it would not have mattered so much, but they have been one of the chief sources of their depression and most certainly the direct cause of hindering the progress of the colonies.

The Americans say what is the use of building the Canada Pacific Railway, through what they mis call a wilderness, and in almost the same breath admit that the British North-west Territories will become the greatest wheat-growing country in the world. Why have they built railroads through hundreds of miles of mountains to the boundary line of this so-called wilderness? And are still going on lining the southern boundary with roads only a few miles from the line? Simply to try and prevent an ingress and egress to and from this British paradise, and compel the exports and imports to be carried by American transportation lines at whatever rates of freight they may choose to exact, or in other words, control the whole trade; and to withdraw attention from the building of this railway, a road that will not only pay of itself, but bring untold wealth to Great Britian and Ireland and Canada, they are advocating the building of a ship canal to cost $100,000,000 before it could ever be finished, to connect the Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario, (called the "Huron and Ontario Ship Canal,") a canal to injure Canada but benefit Illinois and other Western States, and the expense of building this they also try to make England and Canada pay.

There is another canal scheme that would not cost one-fourth the estimated cost of the so-called "Huron and Ontario;" it too was sometimes called the "Georgian Bay Canal," but now the "Ottawa." It would commence at the mouth of French River, at the top of Georgian Bay, connect with the Ottawa river, would pass through and open up vast tracts of valuable Canadian lands, run in almost a direct line from Fort William, (the North-West Territories shipping port on Lake Superior,) to Montreal, and cut off 310 miles of navigation. This is an undertaking that will not only pay, but prove of immense benefit to England and Canada. But the Canada Pacific Railway is the immediate want, and cannot be completed one day too soon. When it is finished capitalists will find profitable employment for their money in completing the "Ottawa Canal."

To show how near these North-West Territories are as compared to Chicago—the water route distance from Chicago to Montreal, via Welland Canal, is 1,261 miles, whereas, from Fort William, on Lake Superior, to Montrea it is 1,276 miles, only a difference of 15 miles. When the Ottawa Canal is built the distance from Chicago to Montreal by that route will be 991 miles, and the distance from Fort William to Montreal 966 miles only.

Look through the vista of futurity, (and a near future at that if this policy is adopted), and we can discern not only Montreal and Quebec great cities, but other sister cities, one at or near "Fort William," and one at "York," on the Hudson Bay, not only rivaling but surpassing the great grain centres of the world.

There never was a people so deceived as the English have been as to what is to their interests as regards Canada. No nation on the earth has ever been so blinded and hoodwinked, and no ten nations put together have ever paid so much for folly, but it is not yet too late; a large proportion may be recovered by the adoption of this policy; and a transfer of England's admiration of America to a love for her own colonies and people would not be amiss. If America is great to-day she owes the whole of it to Great Britain and Ireland, and if Canada is poor and struggling, it has been England's fault working too long under a Free-trade policy that has proved itself rotten to the core, and has brought the country to the verge of ruin.

England's Colonies have heretofore been her best customers for her manufactures, but she has not in return encouraged purchases from them. Her policy has been to *sell* to her Colonies and *buy* from the United States, thereby depreciating the one, and building up the other.

For the past 15 years and more America's transactions with Great Britain and Ireland have been all "sell" and no "buy" as regards merchandise, and all "take" and no "give" as regards money.

DAVID E. MACLEAN.

Montreal, August, 1879.

OUR SPECIAL COLUMN.

LITERARY.

Mr. Richard Grant White, the famous American philologist, denounces the use of miss instead of mistress. The word mistress has been applied to both married and single women, as witness Shakespeare's "Mistress Anne Page," who was a mere girl, but being the daughter of a gentleman she was considered entitled to the honor of being called Mistress.

The celebrated Rosse telescope is to be thrown completely into the shade by the construction of one for Sir Henry Bessemer, which is to cost fifty thousand pounds. This gigantic instrument has recently been inspected by a number of scientific gentlemen, who proclaim it as a work of great ingenuity.

A great scholar has been lost in the death of Mr. Joseph Gurney, for a long time the short-hand writer to the House of Lords. He was also treasurer of the Tract Society, and an earnest Bible student. He had been engaged for thirty years on a revision of the authorized version of the Scriptures.

The death of the Rev. Mr. Gill is also announced. He was a missionary on the Pacific, and the author of several works.

Mr. Wilkie Collins is writing a new novel for the *Weekly Irish Times*, under the title of Jezebel's Daughter."

Algernon Swinburne, the gushing poet, has been ill, and has been spending some time at the seashore. He has done nothing of late to show that he is trying to keep up his reputation.

Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, who travelled with Lord Elgin in this country and China, and who afterwards joined a sect of ascetical people in the United States, has been travelling in Syria, and has contributed an article on the subject of his travels to *Blackwood's Magazine*. Mr. Oliphant is an able writer, as his numerous contributions to old "Maga" show.

In a history of Keith in Strathbogie, written by the Rev. Dr. Gordon, a biographical notice is given of the late James Gordon Bennett, editor and proprietor of the New York *Herald*. A life of Mr. Bennett is already in existence, but it is to be presumed that he is now brought into notice as a local worthy.

Another African explorer has taken the field, in the person of Dr. Wilhelm Junker, who was born in 1840 at Moscow, and is of German parentage. He has made one important expedition, and has started on another. He possesses many advantages over other African travellers, as he speaks the languages of the countries he will visit.

The death of Emmanuel Hermaun Fichte, son of the great philosopher of that name, is dead, in the eighty-second year of his age. He was the author of several works in German.

Dr. Brandt, a well known Russian Naturalist, is also dead, at the age of seventy-seven. He was the director of the Imperial Museum at St. Petersburg for many years, and wrote some important memoirs.

Toole, the great English Comedian, who visited this country some years since, is having a great run in Dublin. His great character is "Chawles" in "a Fool and his money"! Tool is unquestionably the best of the living comedians.

The following advertisement appeared, not long since in the *London Morning Standard*:—

"TWENTY POUNDS REWARD.—Left her home, in London, on the evening of the 22d, a young lady, 17 years of age, 5 feet 5 high, dark eyes, fair hair, curled in front, white skin rather freckled, slight figure, name Linda, and a cross tattooed on her right leg; dressed at the time in a serge dress, braided on collar and sleeve with gold braid; black hat lined with gold braid; navy-blue silk stockings; initials L. D., and coronet on linen; had a small black-and-tan toy terrier, diamond screw ear-rings, self-winding gold watch, with L. D.-and coronet, gold chain, heavy gold bracelet, diamond and ruby ring, opal and diamond ring, turquoise ring, silver and gold wedding ring. Whoever will give such information as will lead to the recovery of the young lady will receive the above reward on application to Messrs. Farrer, Ouvry & Co., Solicitors, No. 66 Lincoln's-inn-fields, W. C."

Capt. Wyatt Edgell, a week before he was killed fighting the Zulus, received a dispatch announcing that he had become the heir of Barony of Braye, by the death of his aunt who had left him all her real estate and $50,000 in gold. How different with Capt. James, who had put off his marriage to go to South Africa. He has come back the hero of Ulundi. It is said that the Duke of Connaught wanted to go out too, but the Queen advised him to stay at home.

Mr. Bancroft, the American historian, is nearly eighty years of age. He keeps writing, however, on his history of the United States, and takes daily exercise on horseback.

Madame Durand is the real name of the charming French novelist "Henry Greville." She spent many years in Russia, and thus became familiar with the country she describes so well in her novels. Her husband is a painter of considerable merit. The pair lead a happy life on the hillside of Montmartre, Paris, though some years ago they were bordering on starvation within the city.

Trollope thinks that Hawthorne's predominance was wierd imagination, and in that respect he resembled "Monk Lewis" whom Byron immortalized in the line,

"Wonder-working Lewis, monk or bard."

We have always thought there was less of the "weird" in Hawthorne than most other writers of his stamp. "The marble Faun" gives little evidence of Trollope's notion. America has not produced the equal of Hawthorne in the tender and pathetic; yet why his style should be called "weird" we know not. The writer who cannot appreciate the humor of "Tittlebat Titmarsh," can hardly be expected to applaud the best imaginative American writer except for his undoubted genius, and Trollope certainly does that in the fullest sense.

The Royal Library of Paris at present contains 2,000,000 volumes, 450,000 are devoted to French history, 20,000 to English history, and the rest—including 60,000 to natural science and philosophy. history—to theology, science and philosophy.

The following impromptu lines were sung at an amateur concert on a trip down the St. Lawrence, a short time since:

"Here's a health to the 'Dominion,' the dear old forest land,
Which for brave men and fair women against the world may stand;
Forever may she prosper, with warm heart and open hand,
As she goes marching on.

"Here's a health to Edward Hanlan, whom well the world doth know,
A real true Canadian as e'er a boat did row,
Let us hope that never, never, too fat for work he'll grow,
As he goes feasting on.

"Here's the fine old town of Barrie, with plank sidewalks all laid down,
Where three men and a basket make a market-day in town,
And with rowing in the sunshine our hands get toasted brown,
As we go pulling on."

The extravagance of old corporations is proverbial, but that of the city of London outdoes all the rest. In 1872 it dined the Sultan of Turkey and the King of the Belgians at an expense of more than $150,000, in addition to $35,000 for an entertainment to the Viceroy of Egypt, another to the Shah of Persia at a cost of $79,000 and thanksgiving ceremonies costing $65,000. A banquet to the Czar of Russia in 1874 cost $66,000. The Duke of Edinburgh was presented with a piece of plate costing $15,750 and the banquet following it cost $25,000. The entertainment to all the mayors of England cost $61,745, and giving the freedom of the city to Prince Leopold cost $8,700, and in 1877 the Prince of Wales was given a banquet on his return from India, at a cost of $165,000.

The Rev. Mr. Boyd, best known as the author of a book called "The Recreations of a Country Parson," and also the writer of "Leisure Hours in Town," is out with a new book, entitled "From a Quiet Place." Few writers have gained the public ear so well as "The country parson."

A book anonymously published some time since, with the title of "How Two Girls Tried Farming," is said to have been written by Miss Dorothea Alice Shepherd. She is the editress of a New York journal called *Wide Awake*.

Mr. Anthony Trollope has taken a liking to American authors, and in a paper sent to the *North American Review*, he praises Nathaniel Hawthorne, though he could see nothing good in Thackeray, one of the greatest novelists of his day. Anthony is touchy, and, like his mother is easily persuaded against his will. Hawthorne was a clever romancer, no doubt, but he lacked the ability af Thackeray; perhaps he may have equalled his biographer, who is among the most prolific of fiction writers in Great Britain.

Mr. Black, a charming fictionist and a really clever writer, fails to receive appreciation at the hands of the English critics, the *Spectator* is severe on him and says his last work, "White Wings," is rather dull, and that the author's mannerisms grow tiresome. This is serious when it is considered that Mr. Black is the great novelist of the time. The critic objects to the would-be fun that is poked at revealed religion. We should be sorry to find that a favorite author has presumed so far as to try his hand at bringing religion into contempt. We shall see when the work appears here whether the accusation is merited.

It is nothing new for the ministers of the Gospel to denounce Shakespeare, yet why they do so is a mystery, seeing that there could not be a more perfect code of morals than the writings of the great Master Spirit of the drama contain. We have heard ministers denounce Shakespeare, and in the next breath quote from him. Of course they knew not where the quotations belonged. A minister once preached against Shakespeare and warned his hearers against the influence of his plays; "perhaps, he said, "you may think you are right in listening to the seductive influence he wields, but, my brethren," he exclaimed, "lay not the flattering unction to your souls." The poor man little thought he was using Shakepeare's own words. It may well be said that "this is a mad world, my masters." Dr. Talmage, who has been running rampant in England and trying to make people there believe that he alone is a Christian of the true faith, has fallen foul of Shakespeare, and actually says as he writes —"here is the chair in which Shakespere sat while presiding at the club forming habits of drinking which killed him at the last, his own life ending in a tragedy as terrible as any he ever wrote." Such a caluminator deserves to be driven from society. The wonder is that a man of his stamp is tolerated.

All the world knows the story of Burns love for his "bonnie Jean," but it is not so well known how he became acquainted with her. Jean Armour lived at Mossgiel, and about Whit Sunday 1784, races were held at Mauchline, and there he met Jean at a penny dance. A collie dog followed Burns and he was heard to remark to his partner—not Jean—that he wished he could get any of the lasses to like him as well as his dog did. Some weeks afterwards Burns passed through Mossgiel. Jean was washing clothes at the public green, as was the custom in Scotland then, and she met him with the question, "Have you na fa'n in wi' a lass yet to like you as weel as your dog?" Thus the intimacy began, and Jean Armour in due course became the wife of Robert Burns.

Few kings have been authors, and they are rare enough in these days. Louis Napoleon wrote an indifferent life of Julius Cæsar while Emperor of France; but now King Oscar of Sweden has come forth as a writer of great promise, and his first work is a life of that renowned monarch, statesman and soldier, Charles XII. That Charles was a great man cannot be doubted; yet though brave and daring he was considered rash and cruel. His kingly biographer does not say so much, for he seems to regard his great predecessor's name as one of the brightest in history. King Oscar says:

"Never was a man more thoroughly suited than Charles XII to inspire Swedish troops with courage or to lead them to victory. Noble, just, self-denying and brave as a lion, he seemed to them almost a supernatural being. Every victory he won made his soldiers more confident in him; every danger he shared with them spurred them on to increased exertion."

He holds that with the death of Charles XII Sweden ceased to be a great power. That her fortunes were bravely upheld by the last of the Northern Vikings is true. No man exhibited greater daring. Coming to the throne at the age of fifteen he displayed the spirit of one much older. At his coronation he snatched the crown from the hands of the Archbishop of Upsal, and placed it on his own head. He made war in all directions, defeated the Russians at Narva, changed the dynasty of Poland, and then sought to humble Peter the Great, but in the field of Pultowa he was utterly defeated, leaving 9,000 dead to attest the superiority of the army he had attacked. History records the death of Charles by assassination, but King Oscar thus settles the point:

"On the 31st of August, 1859, another King Charles, surrounded by some of the chief scientific men of the country, stood beside the opened sarcophagus of his illustrious namesake, in the vault of the Charleses in the Riddarholm Church. A careful examination has proved how utterly unfounded were the suspicions that the hero had fallen by an assassin's hand."

THE BUTTER AND CHEESE TRADE.

Low Prices Followed by a Sudden Rise.

(New York Tribune.)

The past month has witnessed a sudden and unexpected advance in the butter and cheese market, and shipments have been decidedly active. Buyers have all seemed excited, especially in the cheese market, in which there has been the greatest advance. From George S. Hart & Co. and D. E. Manten & Co. the following particulars were obtained:

During June, July and August the price of cheese was only from 5½ to 6 cents a pound, while yesterday at the close 10½ cents was asked for September make. While a steady market is looked for at firm prices, exporters are cautious and home buyers buy moderately. The year has witnessed low prices with a scanty production, the latter being attributed to the pasturage in this State being at least three weeks later than last year, and to the fact that many farmers in England have been discouraged by the low prices resulting from the American supply last year; and are making most of their milk into butter. There is not as much Ohio cheese this year as last, and instances are noted of shipments from this State West. The fall in prices of cheese this year was due to the prevalence of hard times in England, and because of a surplus of cheese last year. The exports of cheese from this port from January 1 to October 3 were 120,514,628 pounds, against 119,739,614 pounds during the same period in 1878.

The advance in butter has also been quite strong, though the prices still range lower than at this season last year. Fine creamery butter, which sold early in the season at 16 cents, went up to 30 cents ten days ago, but the extreme warm weather this week and high rates of freight have prevented exporters from operating largely, while receipts continue heavy. It is believed that present prices, which are from two to three cents lower on all grades than a week ago, will be sustained, and, unless prices are kept within reach of exporters, stocks will accumulate and prices decline. The exports from January 1 to October 3 are given as 30,628,395 pounds, against 19,679,745 pounds during the same period last year.

—In a new budget of anecdotes about Bismarck, Dr. Moritz Busch says that one evening the Prince complained that his political achievements had given him but little joy or satisfaction. "They did not make any one happy," he continued; "either myself my family, or any one else; and they made many unhappy. Without me three great wars would not have taken place, eighty thousand men would not have perished, and parents, brothers, sisters, and widows would not have mourned."

—The *Oil City Derrick* defines a free-thinker—"One who disregards the laws of marriage."

AROUND THE WORLD.

—And now even Spain talks seriously of an international exhibition.

—During a third of the year the sun is never visible at Balmoral Castle.

—Japan has fine macadamized roads, on which the bicycle is coming into high favor.

The Sheriff of Blair County, Pa., levied upon a graveyard, and has advertised it for sale.

—A Hindoo baker in Calcutta, proud of the English he has acquired, displays the sign, "European Loafer" over his door.

—There are still nearly 6,000 women and girls employed about the coal mines of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

—At the solicitation of Dr. Kenealy, the Tichborne Claimant has consented to contest the representation of Nottingham at the next election.

—Eighteen new Austrian peers have just been gazetted, but only a few of them are known outside of Austria. The title of one is Baron Max Washington.

—Recent income tax returns show that 90 persons in Great Britian, exercising trades and professions, have incomes over $250,000, and 994 between $50,000 and $250,000.

—The daughter of Stonewall Jackson is in her 16th year, and is a tall, fair-haired girl. She has large gray eyes, gentle disposition and makes friends readily. She is in Baltimore at school.

—At La Grange, Texas, a saloon keeper evades a Sunday law by assembling drinkers in his saloon, when a chapter or two of the Bible is read and discussed between the copious libations of beer.

—A visitor to Hampstead Church, Eng., where Circulation of the Blood Harvey lies buried, found his tomb decaying, and writes that his family is extinct in the male line, as is usual with great men.

—Moltke's sister married an Englishman named Burt, whose daughter, by a former wife, became the Marshal's wife. She was 16, he 39. It was a thorough love match. Moltke has a fine estate in Silesia, to which he is greatly attached.

—The area of British India, exclusive of native States, is 899,341 square miles, the number of inhabited houses 37,043,524, and the population 191,090,603. The area of the native States is stated at 575,265 square miles, and the population at 49,161,540.

—Oscar Jaqueth defaced the white exterior of a church at Bernardston, Mass., with big pictures of devils in red paint. At this time he was an unrepentant sinner; but before his arrest he was converted, and on that account the church officers secured his release without punishment.

—The Paris *Univers* asserts that the Emperor and Crown Prince of Germany have seceded from the Free Masons on account of their resistance to an inspection into their archives by Dr. Schiffman, whom the Crown Prince wished to inquire into the origin and secret tendencies of Masonry.

—It was observed that the Widow Taylor, while in a Greenville (Miss.) court as plaintiff in a lawsuit, kept one hand in her pocket while the defendant was testifying. An investigation showed that she had hold of a pistol, which she intended to use is the witness made any departure from the truth.

—An American engineer has been studying the great wall of China. It is 1,728 miles long, and, being built without the slightest regard to the configuration of the ground, is sometimes carried 1,000 feet down into abysses. Brooks and small rivers are bridged over by it and strong towers on both sides protect large rivers.

—We have called on the Great Father at Washington for redress, and he told us to "brace up." Are those the words of a kind father to his children? We asked again, and he told us to "cheese it." Is that the talk of a great chief? No! We are dropping off like autumn leaves. The toes of the red men are turning up on every side.—*Sitting Bull.*

—The wealthiest man in Kalamazoo, Mich., was approached in the street by an excited little boy, who said: "Mister, my sister is in the flume, over there; if you'll get her out I'll give you a dollar." The man rescued the imperilled child. A few days afterward the boy entered his office and put on his desk a dollar in small coin, having broken open a toy bank and sold a hobby horse to raise the amount.

—The President of the Wesleyan Female Conference in England has issued a circular to the superintendents of circuits suggesting that a day should be set apart for "humiliation and supplication before Almighty God on account of our national sins, and with especial reference to the depression of our agricultural and our various manufacturing interests, and the lamentable wars in which we are engaged, as well as to the decrease in the number of members in our societies."

—The priest of a Roman Catholic church at Lincoln, Neb., requested the men of the congregation to draw some broken rocks from a ledge near by with which to repair the foundation of the edifice, but they failed to do it. A high mass was announced a few days later, but the people found the church closed at the time appointed. After they had waited an hour, the priest put his head out of the door and cried: "No rocks, no mass." They knew him to be a man of his word, and the rocks were soon drawn.

—Although John Frederick Will's wife was 55 years old, and he only 30, he loved her better than any thing else in the world except rum. She told him that he must give up one or the other, and, as he would not deprive himself of the liquor, she deprived him of the wife by getting a divorce. During six months he dogged her everywhere she went, constantly entreating her to take him back, but never able to comply with the condition of total abstinence that she imposed. This was in Indianapolis, and that city is horrified with the wife murder and suicide with which Will closed his career.

—A curious piece of brutality was enacted on Sept. 20, in front of a wine shop at the Boulevard de l'Hopital, in Paris. Two horse dealers had been drinking within, and one of them proposed that they should play for their horses, which were waiting outside. The other agreed, and the loser, determined that his adversary should not gain much by his luck, stabbed his poor animal as it stood in the street, and it instantly dropped dead. The spectators were so enraged that they would have lynched the ruffian had not the police interfered.

—Charles F. Tiffany was convicted of bigamy at Dearborn, Ind., and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. He was pleased with the lightness of the penalty, and remained in high spirits until, in answer to the question whether or not this conviction was a bar to prosecution for previous bigamies, his lawyer told him that he could be punished separately for every such offence. Then he retired to his cell and killed himself. It was afterward ascertained that he had five wives, and his disappointment at not being able to make entire expiation by one short term in prison drove him to suicide.

—A desperate encounter occurred about four miles from Springfield, Mo., night before last, between the Rev. Geo. Long, a Baptist preacher, and Frank Gaddy, in which the latter had his abdomen ripped open with a pocket knife in the hands of the minister, and died several hours later. Both men were driving heavy laden wagons in opposite directions, and neither would give way to let the other pass. Both got into a desperate rage, leaped from their wagons, and joined in a fierce fight with the above-mentioned fatal result. Long was arrested in Springfield yesterday.

—Several of the society journals of London state, on the authority of the Duke of Beaufort, that a misunderstanding occurred between him and Mr. Sothern, previous to his departure from New York, which has occasioned a temporary severance of their friendship, and may prevent Mr. Sothern's contemplated visit to Badminton next year. It arose, it is said, from Mr. Sothern, at a party at Kester and Bial's beer garden one evening, hit the Duke on his rather prominent nose with a piece of cake which was thrown in playfulness at the handsome young actress, Miss Maud Granger, but missed its aim. This unpleasant feeling does not extend to Mr. and Mrs. Florence, Mrs. Florence having received an autograph letter from the Duchess inviting her to her seat.

—Besides his achievements as a political novelist and a delineator of modern manners, Lord Beaconsfield has made at least one excursion into the field of mediæval romance. The "Carrier Pigeon" is the title of a short story contributed by the author of "Vivian Grey" to "Heath's Book of beauty" for 1835, where it forms one of the articles from Walter Savage Landor, Tom Moore, Barry Cornwall, Mrs. Shelley and others of note. Instead of the entrance of the "two horsemen enveloped in ample cloaks," D'Israeli opens with a "musical bell," at "whose first chime came forth a lovely maiden from the postern of Charolois—the lady Imogene —the only remaining child of the bereaved Count, attended by her page bearing her book of prayers. She took her way along the undulating heights until she reached the sanctuary."

—Two artists in conversation: "He's going to marry Mlle. T.?" "Yes." "Is she rich?" "No." "Pretty?" "Scarcely—why, she writes!" "That's no reason why she shouldn't be pretty." "Yes, it is, though, generally speaking. Women, my dear boy, never put on blue stockings until there is no longer any curiosity to know the color of their garters."

—O earth! give ear; O heavens! hear,
The Lord your God hath spoken;
Your sacrifices he disdains,
Your idols shall be broken.
CHORUS.
The Mighty One exalt ye
O'er Jerusalem and Judah,
And floods and fields and isles afar
Shout glory! Hallelujah!

—A young man dressed in the height of fashion and with a poetic turn of mind, was driving along a country road, and, upon gazing at the pond which skirted the highway, said, "Oh, how I would like to lave my heated head in those cooling waters!" An Irishman, overhearing the exclamation, immediately replied, "Bedad, you might lave it there and it wouldn't sink."

—Now, while the clouds grow murky
And the leaflets all turn red,
The average human being
With a bad cold in the head
Is afflicted.

and then it goes on to tell how the luckless wight fell in the mud and lost the race. That was punishment enough for him, and now the fellow who wrote the poetry ought to get "six months at hard labor."

—Two lovers stroll in the glinting gloam—
His hand in her'n and her'n in his;
She blushes deep, he is talking biz;
They hug and pop as they listless roam—
They roam—
'Tis late when they get back home.
Down by the little wicket gate,
Down where the creeping ivy crows,
Down where the sweet nasturtium blows,
A box-toed parent lies in wait—
In wait—
For the maiden and her mate.

—Detroit *Free Press*: The Utes were supplied a month ago with repeating rifles and the best of fixed ammunition, and this by traders holding permits from the Government. Who says this isn't a strange country?

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L. O. L. NO. 617. The members of this Lodge meet in their Lodge Room, on Raglan street, on the 1st Thursday of every month, at 7.30 p.m. Brethren from other lodges are cordially invited to visit us whenever convenient.
A. M. MORROW,
Master.

RED CROSS TEMPLE Royal Black Preceptory, Royal Black Knights of Ireland, encamped at Listowel. Regular night of meeting last Friday in each month.
T. G. FENNELL,
Registrar.