

PERSONAL.

The Hon. Eugene PANET has been appointed Deputy Minister of Militia, vice Mr. FUTVOYE, who is placed on the superannuated list.

Hon. Mr. HOWELLS, Consul for the United States, kindly consented to deliver a lecture early this week, on behalf of the Ladies' Protestant Home, Quebec, on the subject of "Camp Meetings in the West."

Hon. H. BLANCHARD, of Nova Scotia, who has been ill for some days, is very low, and his friends fear he cannot survive many days.

Dr. SCHULTZ, M.P. for Lisgar, has been committed by Judge BETOURNAY, to stand his trial at the next Court, for perjury. Mr. CORNISH was for the prosecution; Dr. SCHULTZ defended himself. Bail was accepted. Considerable interest is manifested in the case.

Marshal SERRANO has visited the headquarters at Logrono, and has had a conference with Generals Lazerna and Moriones.

EXPERIENCES OF A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

BY "ONE OF THEM."

BRANTFORD, Dec. 5th, 1874.—Archie did wake me—woke me with a series of sounding rat-tats at the door, that at first dimly mingled themselves with my dreams, shaping them in swift rotation into a hundred gliding fancies, but all terminating in some odd way with the rapping reality, and all attributing it to some different cause than the right one, as if the half-roused consciousness tacitly acknowledged the real source, but wilfully misunderstood it. It rises now into a perfect storm of knocks, a devil's tattoo, that threatens to demolish the door, and will not be denied. My dreams of rapping are dreams no longer. Thoroughly aroused, I crawl regretfully out of bed, and grumblingly announce the fact to the impatient knocker, who now retires in triumph. Ugh! the misery of early rising on a winter morning; it is one of the greatest hardships we have to endure. The room is dark, and you can't divest yourself of the idea that you have been imposed upon and rudely aroused in the middle of the night, and before you had fairly fallen asleep. You can't for the life of you remember where you left the matches, and you are in the same predicament with regard to your clothes. Very likely in your stupid stumblings you knock the lamp off the chair where you blew it out the night before, after your customary perusal of a favourite book. The air is biting cold, everything you touch is cold, and you feel that you will speedily turn into a congealed man unless you can by some stroke of good fortune very soon find your clothes and huddle them on.

Dressed at last, but sensible of being in a half-washed, half-combed condition, I discontentedly groped my way downstairs, passing dim, ghostly figures of other early risers, all as silent, as sullen, and apparently as miserable as myself. Congregated at the foot of the stairs, and in all the approaches to the bar-room, I find other groups of cold, torpid-looking men, and derive a selfish comfort from thinking that I can't look any worse than these companions in the miseries of early rising.

That infernal modern contrivance, the hotel gong, is struck, and sounds in my ears like the discordant combination of all the instruments in a villainously bad brass band, and I join the throng trooping in to breakfast. The tables required for us are lighted up by flaring oil-lamps, the glare of which in some parts of the room are turned into a sickly yellow by the grey light of the coming day slanting through the blinds, while all the corners are in deepest shade, and in these corners common-place articles of furniture, half seen in the dim light, twist themselves into all sorts of odd, fantastic shapes. I can't eat much, and almost hate those exceptional monsters who devour enormous plates of beef-steak and pork-chops, and who monopolise the potatoes and deluge everything with gravy, and call, unsatisfied, for more. From the girls are cross, a circumstance from which I derive a grim satisfaction, as for them to be gracious and smiling under such circumstances would be an implied insult to my wretchedness.

But now the lusty "All aboard!" of the "buss" sounds through the house, and everybody gets up from the meal—commercial travellers—all the members of the "only original" troupe who performed in Owen Sound the night previous, from the frowsy "supe" to the frilled-shirted, diamond-ringed proprietor and the gorgeously-hued female who accompanies him, and the relations between himself and whom are not necessarily matrimonial—then the mail clerk, the train expressman, the conductor and his satellites, and all the other human complements who go to make up an early train, but the reasons for whose early rambling by rail are not always so easily seen as those whom I have named. The baggage-waggon with its pyramid of iron-bound trunks has preceded us. There is a clinking of change from the till as bills are paid, a tremendous lot of running up and down stairs, a universal donning of overcoats by the males, and a variety of little bursts of petulance from the frail sex, caused by the provoking ignorance which their well-meaning but awkward protectors display in wrapping their cloaks, clouds, and other feminine appurtenances about them, the landlord's hand is shaken again and again,

till one would almost suppose the jar would communicate itself to his body, and he would be left standing on the door-step quivering like an animated *blanc-mange*—an indistinguishable clambering into the "buss," succeeded by a perfect volley of thuds and bumps on its roof by the projection of missiles on it in the form of variously-shaped and weighted bundles and valises, a chorus of good-byes, a cracking of whips, a "g'long, now, will ye?" from the driver, and we are off.

It is now broad daylight—a bright, crisp, sparkling winter's morning, and what with the brisk vigour in the clear, bracing air and the jolting of the "buss" (for we are still on wheels), we all become thoroughly awake. The station is a considerable distance from the town, but we soon near it, and the majority of us gaze for the first time on a narrow-gauge station. As we approach it from a slight elevation, our first view is a bird's-eye view, and I have frequently observed that even a familiar building or locality seen from a high stand-point seems small and insignificant, so that this morning on my first sight of a narrow-gauge station, I was immediately and irresistibly reminded of the toy railways that delighted me in my boyish days. The "buss" when contrasted with this railroad's toy cars, it seemed to me as if my boyish days had returned, and I was going to play at railroad. Nor did it dispel this illusion when a young lady in the company clapped her hands in feminine delight and cried, "Oh, what dear little cars!" When I got out and walked into the diminutive station waiting-room, it required no mental effort to imagine that this was a modern sequel to the travels of the renowned Mr. Gulliver, and that I was this same Mr. Gulliver, about to take a journey on a Lilliputian railroad, or that, like that other equally celebrated gentleman, Mr. Rip Van Winkle; I had fallen asleep (as I supposed, last night), but in reality a quarter of a century ago, and woke up this morning, not much older apparently, but immensely increased in breadth and stature, and all surrounding objects relatively diminished. The very whistle of the locomotive has a puny sound, as if the engineer wished his whistle to be in keeping with his train. But all such absurd fancies are not for me—I am only a commercial traveller—my sole business is with dollars and cents, and samples and terms, and freights and prices, and all the other coffee-mill routine of a business life.

The whistle, or rather chirp of the engine is a signal for us to be off, and off we are, in an under-sized car that looks as if it had promised well at one time, but had been prematurely stopped in his growth. Until we reach Chatsworth, the first station worth mentioning, we seem to be climbing up a hill by slow and devious approaches. The engine puffs and grunts, and the exertion apparently taxes all the poor little wretch's energies, if we can judge by the immense quantities of steam and smoke it vomits. From Chatsworth (or Johtown), for it is known by either name, and everyone calls it according to his own sweet will, the road is tolerably straight to Orangeville, although its builders have not been very particular in grading it, as it indulges in a series of prairie-like undulations.

But no one knows anything of the devious sinuosities of the narrow gauge till they have ridden on it between Orangeville and Toronto, or vice versa. A whole mountain, the Caledon range, has to be descended in the one case and surmounted in the other. I had to descend it, and by the time I was fifteen miles or less from Orangeville I had not the remotest idea of the relative points of the compass. In fact, it would not have surprised me in the least if I had suddenly discovered that, like a man lost in a dense wood, we had been travelling in a circle, and were entering Orangeville again. The train twisted in and out, and described so many segments of circles, and doubled on its tracks so often, that I could not divest myself of the idea that the engine had lost the road, and was running frantically hither and thither to find it. At one particular place on the way down we did what it has puzzled many skaters to perform—we described a perfect letter S. There is a story connected with this part of the road which the reader can take for what it is worth, as I dare not vouch for the truth of it. Shortly after the opening of the road, a very long train of empty cars passed over this portion of it. The brakeman on the last car was new on the road, and was busily occupied with his brakes, when he heard a voice close to his ear asking for a "chaw of tobacco." Puzzled to think where the voice came from, he glanced hastily round to find the locomotive nearly abreast of him, and the engineer holding out his hand for the desired "chaw." The "chaw" was, of course, forthcoming, and the legend goes on to say that when the train arrived on the other half of the S, the engineer reciprocated by passing the brakeman his pipe for a smoke.

But this yarn is only one of many, and there is no disguising the fact that the narrow gauge is of incalculable benefit to the country it passes through, and, as a means of passenger conveyance, an immense improvement on what are cantingly known as the "good old stage-coaching days."

My reflections are brought to an abrupt and not unpleasant conclusion by the arrival of our train at the great Union depot in the Queen City of the West, and I find my journey ended. A pleasant journey it has been through the hospitable northern country, where the bitter, biting cold, and driving snow without seem to kindle additional warmth in the honest heart within; a journey I always undertake with pleasure, and return from with regret.

WAYFARRER.

A NEW NATIONAL SONG.

A new national song, from the pen of so excellent a musician as Henry Smart, will be heartily welcomed. The music is bold and stirring, as befits a national air. The conductors of our military bands may be trusted to avail themselves of so martial an air as a welcome addition to their good marching tunes. The amateur vocalist will meet with no difficulties, and as it may be had set in G or B, he can suit the pitch to the quality of his voice. The words, which are by W. Clark Russell, are as follows:—

"Victoria! Victoria!
The sceptre that she wields
Hath won for us more victories
Than our hundred battle fields.
Our homes are pure, our altars white.
Our annals without stain.
Gather around, then, Britons all,
And praise our good Queen's reign.
Her's is a nobly acted part,
And the little babes that creep,
Shall bless, years hence, Victoria's life
When the sirens that love her sleep.
Victoria! Victoria!
The sceptre that she wields, &c.
"Victoria! Victoria!
Our love is all her own:
It crowns with light her queenly brow,
It makes our hearts her throne.
'Tis thus she wears a diadem
Death's hand shall not remove!
'Tis not the crown she wept to wear.
But the crown of a nation's love.
So let us praise this faithful friend—
Since faithful she has been—
A noble Englishwoman, she!
True mother, wife, and Queen!
Victoria! Victoria!
The sceptre that she wields," &c.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S HOUSE.

A Florence correspondent of the *Detroit Tribune* writes: "The house of Michael Angelo has remained as nearly as possible in the condition in which he occupied it. You may enter all the rooms, and see the furniture, bed clothes, tapestry, dishes, pictures, statuettes, and some books, most of which he probably selected, purchased, and ordered sent home, three hundred years ago, just as we do, and all of which he used and enjoyed. The rooms, small but many, show numerous pieces of sculpture, various forms and devices of artistic beauty, and sketches from the hand of that incomparable genius. You would be much surprised at finding the whole interior of his abode so lavish with the coquetry of his taste and handiwork. You feel that the house is filled, in a beautiful sense, with his life. Besides these things, however, are a number of pictures representing scenes in his life, contributed to his abode by some of his renowned pupils who adored him, and these are, therefore, rather too expressive of deification to accord pleasantly with the familiar things of his home life. In one small room you see his portrait, painted by himself, and his bust, from a mask taken directly after he died. The nose is too broad and too nearly flat, and the lips too compressed, to make a fine-looking countenance; but you read a rough, native strength in the lines of his face, quite in consonance with what we may suppose his character to have been. The tone of his art was militant enough, and many were the fierce and bitter strifes of his career. Yet he combined with his majestic powers of shaping into life his godlike ideals, lofty and tender sensibilities of love for his country and for Vittoria Colonna, a noble and most beautiful woman and poetess. His sonnets to her show his fire as a poet in its most attractive vein. The dining-room is usually the most attractive part of a house to me, and so I found it in Michael Angelo's house. Oh, but he painted some spirited and all-glorious frescoes on its walls! On one side of the room are men of science, among them 'the starry Galileo' starting back in joy from gazing through his telescope. On another side are philosophers, Aristotle and Plato among them. Another wall shows men of the church. The other, poets and romance writers, standing or reclining among palm trees, and fountains playing about them. Dante and Petrarch are among the foremost, and, standing apart from the rest, you see the pure and fiery Christian hero Savonarola, the Reformer who preceded Luther forty years, and laboured almost under the face of the Pope. He was quickly bound and thrown into the flames, on the Piazza del Gran Duca, here in Florence. Much loftier houses than Michael Angelo's, built closely around it, probably since its great occupant lived, make the rooms rather dark, but that most companionable dining-room is lighted from a rear court."

STREET-CLEANING IN PARIS.

The superficial area of public way which has to be swept daily amounts to eleven million metres (a metre is a yard and one ninth), and the work must be finished before the hour at which general traffic begins. To accomplish this, the operation has to be begun at about three o'clock in the morning. The hands employed muster by brigades at certain points in each district; thence they are subdivided into bands, and proceed at once to their early task. Whatever the weather, whatever the temperature, the street-cleaners must be at their post and at work. These toilers of the small hours are to be counted by thousands. They are, as it were, the chanticleers of the great city. Long before Aurora peeps from the east, the tramp of their *sabots*, or wooden shoes, and the harsh noise of their stiff brooms, are to be heard upon the pavement. At that matutinal hour, when the stately sweepers of Paris are under the dominion of the sweeps, you will meet,

side by side with them, those nocturnal philosophers who explore the heaps of rubbish and refuse which incubate the road-side. These two classes get on together in the most fraternal manner. The sweeper, or the sweepress, is ever ready to lend a willing hand to the *chiffonnier's*, or rag-picker's, investigations, and to contribute to his reaping a good harvest. Your sweeper is, for the most part, both steady and thrifty, and he is rarely to be seen at the public-house. Indeed, he is too glad to get home and to bed as soon as he has got through his fatiguing work. Besides the hand-broom, there is the machine sweeping. More than forty machines for the latter purpose are employed upon the Paris pavements. They require only one man each. This is the driver, who, while attending to his horse, manages a spring, from the box where he sits, by means of which he lifts and lets down the sweeping-cylinder at will. These machines are chiefly used on the boulevards, the avenues, squares, and broader thoroughfares, where they are to be seen at work the greater part of the day. In bad weather, more especially, they ply their way along the most crowded highways, dissipating the mud, half-melted snow, etc.

SCIENTIFIC.

When a screw hole becomes so worn that the screw will not stay in, it is not always thought worth while to send to the carpenter. In such a case the best way is to cut narrow strips of cork and fill the hole completely. Then force the screw as tight as if driven into an entirely new hole.

Deraiment is of so frequent occurrence on American railways that a safety shoe was invented about two years ago and has recently been tried on one of the Massachusetts lines. The shoe consists of a plate of iron supported from the frame of the carriage with slots cut in it, for the wheels. The plate has a flange on each side hanging slightly below the level of the rails, so that if the wheels slip off, the shoe catches the rail and supports the carriage, acting as a brake, and preventing the train from leaving the metals. The invention has been severely tested, and has given satisfaction. At forty miles an hour, and even when a length of rail was removed, the train was kept on the track by the shoes.

There are, truly, physiological means of securing sleep, which should ever be steadily tried ere forming the hypothesis that sleep is unattainable without hypnotics. These are a good long walk, which will tire the muscles; a light and easily digestible supper, chiefly of farinaceous material, with or without, but better with some malt liquor of fair body and in good, sound condition. The bed may be essayed with a better chance of success than after the ordinary evening; if sleep hangs off, some alcohol, in a concentrated form, may be taken just on getting into bed; and if the weather is cold, the alcohol may be rendered more efficient by giving it in hot water. If the person be elderly, the bed may even be warmed with advantage.

LITERARY.

M. VICTOR OGER is translating into French, with Mr. Gladstone's permission, the pamphlet on "The Vatican Decrees."

Dr. WARD, the editor and proprietor of the *Dublin Review*, is preparing a reply to the Gladstone "Exposition."

The position of "largest newspaper in the world without supplement," hitherto claimed by the *London Standard*, was lately taken up by the *Daily News*, which stated that one of its recent issues was the largest newspaper "ever published."

MR. THOMAS TYLER will shortly publish "The Philosophy of 'Hamlet.'" New solutions of the more important problems presented by the character and conduct of Hamlet will be given, based, in part, on a comparison of the later text with that of the quarto of 1623.

"LOTUS LEAVES" is the title of a new book published in New York. It contains original contributions by Wilkie Collins, Mark Twain, Whitelaw Reid, John Brougham, and other members of the Lotus Club, and is illustrated by Fredericks, Lafarge, Lumley and Burling.

LORD ROBERT MONTAGU, M.P., has published a complete and exhaustive reply to Gladstone's pamphlet on the Vatican decrees. It is called "Exposition in Extremis." The Rev. Father Hamilton, O.S.B., of St. Augustine's, Ramsgate, has likewise in the press a pamphlet on the same subject.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

M. HALANZIER has just engaged, for the French Opera, M. Bourbouze, a bass singer, who has had a great success at Marseilles.

M. SERPETTE, the composer of "La Branche Cassée," is composing a three-act opera for London, the libretto by M. Federman, and the English version by Mr. Farnie.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA has sanctioned, on the report of the Minister of Religion in Hungary, the formation of an Academy of Music and of Declamation at Pesth, of which Dr. Liszt will be the principal.

A NEW play by Mr. Dominick Murray, who appeared in the leading character, was produced at Wood's Museum, N. Y., last week, and won favour by its brisk dialogue and abundant incident. Mr. Murray has shaped the role of "Leonard Ashton" to his capabilities.

MR. LENNOX HORNE, the dramatic author, died on the 29th inst., from inflammation of the lungs, aged 67. He was the author of "Two Heads are Better than One," and one of his last productions was the "Tale (Tail) of a Comet," which was played at Drury Lane Theatre about two years ago.

REV. JOHN WEISS, whose course of Shakespearean lectures was received with great acceptance by the cultivated classes of New York, has been invited by a number of distinguished gentlemen to deliver a second course. He accepted the invitation, and the first lecture of the course, on "Shakespeare's Women," was given at the Union League Theatre last week.

M. OFFENBACH completed the score of his spectacular opera-bouffe, "Whittington and his Cat," five days before the time agreed upon with Mr. Wood, the London publisher; and in forwarding the MS. to him, the composer endorsed it with the words, "Good-bye, Master Wood, 10 November, 1873, minut. Jacques Offenbach." £3,000 (!) has been the price paid for the copyright. The work is to be produced at Christmas at the Alhambra.

MONTREAL has done itself no credit by neglecting to attend the representations of Neil Warner, at the Theatre Royal, during this and last week. As a truthful, natural, and graceful tragedian, Mr. Warner stands among the highest of his profession. There is no coarseness, no straining, no ranting in his performance. His renderings of Shakespeare are an intellectual treat which ought to be enjoyed, because they are so rare in a city like ours.