

horses and driving in fine carriages than ever before.

It is delightful to live amid all this splendor, and no one can enjoy it more than I; but now and then I stop to think. Then the skeleton of all this sensual beauty stalks before me, and this is what I say to myself:

A price is being paid for this wearing of purple and fine linen, and for the palaces we live in, and for faring sumptuously every day, that as yet we hardly understand. It may be that these splendid houses are robbing us of homes; it may be that, to sweep the streets with velvet, many are bidding farewell to all that brings Heaven near to earth. If so, give us rather the poorest shelter that ever covered Christian head, and let us clothe ourselves in hoddin gray.

Do not misunderstand me. A palace can be as happy a home as a cottage. The millionaire may live as he likes; but in this land, at least, what the rich man may do the poor man thinks he must, and there the evil creeps in. The housekeeper runs in debt for velvet sofas, and mirrors that reflect his own anxious countenance when he would rather not see it. His wife worries herself into a shadow over fripperies that only contrast drearily with her worn-out look, and his daughter puts it out of the power of any man to woo and win her who has not a little fortune at command, by dressing as though she were a duchess. As for the young men themselves, what with finery, drink and smoke, the largest salary that can be commanded is insufficient for their personal wants. They are just as bad as the girls, and worse.

The result is evident. Those above the mechanic class who yet have limited means, remain single, or marry from mercenary motives. Those who fall into Cupid's trap, and 'engage' themselves, drag the weary years along, waiting for means to live in style, each too utterly selfish to think of the least self-sacrifice, each half regretting the momentary impulse that led to a pledge to be fulfilled, if fulfilled at all, after youth and beauty and the first sweet longing for each other's love have faded utterly.

He won't do for me, says the girl of eighteen, as she thinks of the young lover with whom she has been flirting for a month or so. He has only a thousand dollars a year. I couldn't dress on that.

It won't do to propose, says the man to himself. The old gentleman won't be able to leave her anything.

And so it goes. Women of twenty five and men of forty and may often than those in their spring-time, now a-days; and though there may be a good deal of kindness and happiness in these autumn marriages, may I be forgiven for doubting that there is much romance or passion interwoven in the compact that gives one a housekeeper, and the other a banker. If she had married the boy she loved when she was seventeen, if he had won the woman he chose before he could afford to marry, life would have been a different thing to both.

Perhaps it is better than nothing; who knows? But better to have fought the fight with poverty under Love's banner. It used to be the old folks who drove away Cupid once. The old gentleman of the play, who stamps about the stage because the young soldier, with no fortune but his sword, has offered to the old gentleman's daughter, and the old lady who will marry her daughter to a gouty old nobleman, are well known; but now a-days the young folks themselves are the prudent ones. Old people stand amazed at their ideas of marriageable incomes. Kid gloves are more to them than kisses, and a diamond necklace a better thing to twine around the neck than the most loving arms. To wiggle down the street with a silken train sweeping the mud; to be as thoroughly on exhibition as any member of the *demi monde*, whenever she appears in public; to look so much like her that, at a distance, it is hard to tell them apart—this is the ambition of the New York girl of to-day. The young men admire her. They also, attired in a fashionable promenade and flirt, call on her, and dance with her at entertainments.

They don't mean to marry. The girls know it. They can't afford to marry. It costs too much to dress, to eat, to drink, to live generally. Get a man up to the position of clerk in a large retail dry goods store, and he becomes so intensely genteel, that if his home cannot be a whole brown stone house, he will have none at all.

The mechanic can marry his pretty milliner, for he can live "on a floor" and be happy; but on less than good mechanic's wages, your clerk must outdress his employer, and be as expensively dissipated as his employer's son and heir, if possible. After this the poor young man pays his board now and then, what more can be expected of him? Certainly he cannot marry. And in view of what he is fast becoming—a fashion plate that smells of whiskey and cigar smoke—it would not be so bad a thing perhaps, though to my mind love and wedded happiness are life's purest blessings. It would not be so bad, if the result were merely lonely old bachelorhood and dreary spinsterhood—men lounging at clubs in their old age, and women lecturing to other single women on the brutality of man regarded as a husband. But I fear this is not the worst.

Do girl's faces look as pure to you as they did ten years ago? Do you meet a brazen stare and a suspicious ogle oftener than a modest blush? And do you ever shudder a little and ask yourselves whether those men who "can't afford to marry" are as safe companions for young and attractive girls, as men who are looking for pure wives who will never disgrace them might be? I candidly confess I do not think they are.—AN AMERICAN LADY.

**Reading in the Cars.**

A distinguished oculist says, in reference to the habit of reading in the cars, the constant motion and oscillations of

the car render it impossible to hold the book in one position—its distance from the eye is constantly varying, and no matter how slight this variation may be, it is instantly compensated for by the eye, thus keeping the organ constantly employed accommodating itself to distance. This becomes fatiguing, the eyes have a sort of weary, heavy feeling, and if the reading is persisted in, soon becomes "bloodshot" and painful. We have often observed young misses, intently engaged in the perusal of some romance while upon a rapidly moving railway train, who have only been able to finish their story with perceptible discomfort. We have noticed them rubbing their eyes, shifting their position, and holding their books at various distances from the eye, making the greatest efforts to see with eyes that have already been fatigued beyond endurance. Such practices lead to serious injury to the eyes; and it is not un frequently the case that the oculist is called upon to prescribe for a patient who has paralysis of the visual powers of the eyes produced by reading in railway cars.

**Telegraph Round the World.**

THE MISSING LINK.

A communication dated from the Forks of the Saskatchewan, from Captain W. F. Butler, author of the "Great Lone Land," urges a plan for the establishment of telegraphic communications between Europe and Asia, via Behring Straits. Looking at the points now reached by telegraphic enterprise in Asia and America, it divides the intervening distance into two portions—Fort Garry, in the new Canadian province of Manitoba and Nicolaevsk, at the mouth of the Amoor River, in Eastern Asiatic Russia. These are distant along the route about 5000 miles. The first portion of this distance from Fort Garry to Behring Straits to the Amoor, is about 2000 miles. Almost in a direct line from Fort Garry to the Straits of Behring, three great river systems and four large lakes lay their lengths towards the north-west for 3000 miles. These are the Saskatchewan, the Mackenzie, and the Yukon Rivers, and the Lakes Manitoba, Winnipegosis, Athabaska, and Great Slave. Captain Butler proposes to take advantage of this immense system of inland water by laying a river cable throughout such portions as come within the required line.

After an examination of the details of the route on the American side, it is stated:—1. The advantages to be derived from this plan of utilizing the river systems of the north-west are many—1. The facility with which a cable could be laid by the boats which at present navigate these rivers. 2. The cable would require to be only half the thickness and one quarter the weight of an ocean cable. 3. Security from fire and from the accidents caused by falling trees. 4. Ease with which a river cable could be underrun, and facility for travel along its route, by canoe in summer, by dog train in winter. 5. Safety from ice by reason of depth of rivers, ice never exceeding five feet in thickness. 6. Absence of all disposed Indians along the route. 7. The fact of Hudson Bay stations already existing along the entire route, at intervals of about 100 to 150 miles apart, rendering unnecessary the establishment of additional stations on the American continent. 8. All the rivers, except the Saskatchewan, for 300 miles, having their currents running towards the Straits of Behring. 9. The rivers are deep, free from rapids, and being useless for commerce, from the ice locked oceans which they seek, a cable would not be liable to accident from anchoring of ships. These rivers must, in fact, for ever remain as they are at present—closed against commerce. The second section of the route is that between the Straits of Behring and the mouth of the Amoor River, about 2000 miles. This distance may be divided into the Sea of Behring (200 miles), the River Anadyr (300 miles), the River Myan (150 miles), a Portage (50 miles), the River Penjina (150 miles), and the Sea of Okhotsk (700 miles); total, 1600 miles to the mouth of the Amoor. The Sea of Behring is at all times free from icebergs, the currents setting into not out of the Polar Ocean, its average depth is only 20 fathoms, and its bottom is composed of soft clay and mud. Telegraphic communication at present stops on the shores of the Pacific. Five thousand miles of ocean still forbid the laying of a cable between San Francisco and Japan. Nevertheless, the task is easy of fulfillment by the route and means here indicated."

**Another Fasting Girl.**

A correspondent of the *Birmingham Post* writes—"Being in the neighbourhood of Feckenham about a month back, a report reached me of a girl who, it was alleged, had taken no food for a long period, and had lain many weeks in an unconscious state. I accordingly went to a farmhouse about a mile on the Droitwich road, and saw the girl. She appeared greatly emaciated, her breathing inaudible, pulse scarcely perceptible, and her hands cold. She appeared to be about 15 years old, and was brought up a Protestant. Her parents (who, by the way, are respectable farming people) stated that she had taken scarcely any food since last February, when she was first taken ill. The greater part of this time she has lain unconscious, except for a few hours at a time, when she has been restored to her normal condition by applying a current of electricity from a magneto-electric machine. At times she becomes ecstatic, and describes to her attendants visions she sees of Jesus, angels, &c. It is said she lay for about twelve weeks without taking anything—not even water. At other times, when food has been forced upon her, her stomach has rejected it. She now takes about a quarter of a soaked fig, which lasts her a week. For the benefit of "miracle mongers," I will state that the "visions" recur at irregular intervals, and as often

on one day as on another. The foregoing statements are given just as I had them from the parents of the girl, and were corroborated by many persons I met with while in the locality. The parents have neither asked nor refused any one seeing the girl. They state what they believe to be the facts of the case freely, and appear anxious to have the matter investigated by some fully-competent person. I was told her medical attendant was a Dr. Buck, of Inkberrow; and throughout her illness she has been visited by the Rev. Mr. Home, rector of Bradley Green."

**A Menagerie in a Sto m.**

A correspondent of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, writing from Davenport, Iowa, describes a terrible scene caused by a menagerie being attacked by a heavy thunder storm in the dead of night. Mr. Forepaugh's establishment, consisting of a menagerie, museum, and circus, exhibited at De Wit, Ohio, on August 17, and at mid-night started for Davenport. At Pleasant Hill, a small village, it encountered one of the most terrific storms of thunder, lightning, and rain ever experienced in that part of the country. It was about two o'clock on Monday morning when the storm broke upon the caravan. There were 175 dens or cages of wild beasts and birds, a museum equipage, baggage wagons, &c., drawn by 500 horses, and following the great chariot. This, in turn, was preceded by a dozen camels and the elephant Romeo Jun. As the storm increased in fury the chariot horses became unmanageable, and started off at a fearful speed. The camels, unable to stand, crouched down by the roadside, trembling with fear; and the elephant lay down in the middle of the road, and stubbornly refused to rise, completely preventing the further progress of the long train of cages, which were scattered along the road for nearly two miles. The animals, thoroughly frightened, mingled their yells and roars with the deafening thunder, and bounded from side to side of their narrow cages with tremendous force. This caused many of the horses to follow the example of those before the chariot, and, as no further progress could be made, the whole train soon became inextricably confused. The driver of the lion cage was hurled from his seat by the falling of the wheel horses, and over went the cage containing four large lions. The museum wagon was struck by lightning. The terror of the scene demoralised about 20 drivers, who deserted their horses and fled to the woods. One of the cages left driverless contained a gnu, or horned horse, a vicious brute, and the horses plunging from one side of the road to the other overturned the cage, causing the top to break open. Instantly the brute leaped into the road, and overturning a cage filled with monkeys, dated into the woods. The situation of the caravan at this juncture was very critical. Ten horses had been killed by lightning, four drivers were injured seriously, and one killed. With the assistance of the farmers in the vicinity matters were soon put in a presentable shape.

**LOSS OF A SCHOONER IN TRINITY BAY.**

In the gale of Sunday night last, a fore-and-aft schooner, while on a run from St. John's to New Harbor, Trinity Bay, with a cargo of provisions, went ashore at Chapel Head and became a total wreck. Fortunately no lives were lost; but of the cargo, only five barrels of flour were recovered. The craft was owned by Mr. Thomas Newhook of New Harbor, and, we believe, was uninsured.



**UPROAR AT CARBONEAR.**

**Challenging the Police.**

ON Wednesday last, Henry Ryan, of St. John's, a seaman, thought to create a sensation in the usually quiet town of Carbonear. To effect that end he got "gloriously drunk", and, arming himself with a picket, staggered about as if monarch of all he surveyed, and to impress that idea on the minds of those near, challenged the police in a masterly manner. The police force at once endeavored to secure him, but he meant fighting, and swung the picket heavily and surely, injuring the constables badly—Sergeant McGee being seriously cut about the face and hands. Some of the onlookers (to their shame be it said) were for rescuing the offender, thus hindering those empowered to prevent disturbances from executing their duty with facility. The rowdy was brought here yesterday morning, tried and sentenced to two months' imprisonment, so that ample time is given him to calculate whether "a little spree" with a picket or two months' earnings is of most value. The police force at Carbonear is too small, and of the Harbor Grace police force the same can be said. We would suggest that the latter be increased, say to fifteen men, thus giving a stronger body to each beat. We hope, however, that no serious disturbance will take place, and that by-and-by we will be able to record the good conduct of the liegcs.

**THEATRICAL.**

THE Boston Theatrical Company continues to give nightly entertainments at the British Hall. The plays are ever varied, and appreciative audiences spread the talent of the Company far and wide; so much so that the theatre has become the popular place of amusement. To-night the entire Company will appear in the thrilling drama, entitled, "Ireland as it was."

**What is Slate and How is it Formed.**

That slate may have been once mud is made probable by the simple fact that it can be turned into mud again. If you grind up slate, analyse it you will find its mineral constituents to be exactly those of a fine, rich, and tenacious clay. The slate districts—at least in Snowdon—carry such a rich clay on them wherever it is not masked by the ruins of other rocks. At Ilfracombe, in North Devon, the passage from slate below to clay above may be clearly seen. Wherever the top of the slate beds and the soil upon it is laid bare, the black layers of slate may be seen gradually melting, if I may use the word, under the influence of rain and frost, into a rich tenacious clay, which is now not black like its parent slate, but red, from the oxidation of the iron which it contains. But granting this, how did the first change take place? It must be allowed at starting that time enough has elapsed, and events enough have happened, since our supposed mud began first to become slate to allow of many and strange transformations. For these slates are found in the oldest beds of rocks, save one series, in the known world; and it is notorious that the older and lower the beds in which the slates are found the better—that is, the more perfectly elaborated—is the slate. The best slates of Snowdon (I must confine myself to the districts which I know personally) are found in the so-called "Cambrian" beds. Below these beds but one series of beds is as yet known in the world, called the "Laurentian." They occur to a thickness of some 80,000 feet, in Labrador, Canada, and the Adirondack mountains of New York; but their representatives in Europe are, as far as is known, only to be found in the north-west high-lands of Scotland and in the island of Lewis, which consists entirely of them. And it is to be remembered, as a proof of their inconceivable antiquity, that they have been upheaved and shifted long before the Cambrian rocks were laid down "uncomfortably" on their worn and broken edges.

**A GRAND CANAL.—A Canal across the Isthmus of Darien is seriously contemplated.**

A recent despatch says: There is a prospect that the long talked of inter-oceanic canal uniting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, will be made a fixed fact, and the route of the canal will be that known as the 'Napipi Route,' so thoroughly surveyed by Commander Thomas O. Selfridge in 1871. The profile and estimates of this route have been submitted to the inspection of some of the most eminent engineers in this country, all of whom endorse the project.

**IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—It is announced by the Windsor "Mail," that Mr. William Fish, blacksmith, of Eilers-house, had discovered a method of making steel from the quartz rock amalgamated with iron, and has obtained a patent therefor at Ottawa, dated 9th day of August last.**

**ONE OF THE MANY.—A schooner trading between St. Pierre and ports in Cape Breton has been seized, for breach of the revenue laws, by one of the Dominion Revenue Cutters, and taken into Sydney. The schooner belongs to an "M. P."**



**Latest Despatches.**

**ONTARIO, Oct. 26.**

Hon Mr. Monat has formed the new Ontario Cabinet as follows: O. P. Monat, Premier and Attorney General, Adam Brooks, Treasurer; T. B. Harde, Secretary of State; A. McKellar, Minister of Public Works, and R. W. Scott, Commissioner of Crown lands.

**LONDON, 25.**

The Spanish Cortes refuse to abolish capital punishment for political offences. The opposition meetings to the army conscription continues in the provinces. Prince Napoleon's protest against his expulsion from France is to be presented to the National Assembly. Memner's celebrated chocolate factory in France was damaged to the extent of 300,000 francs.

**LONDON, 26.**

The weather to-day in England, and on the coast is tempestuous. The German referees, handed their reports to the Emperor four weeks ago. The reports will not be published. They charge England with vagueness in wording the treaty of 1846, and state that the word southerly means the shortest channel to the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Cross & Company's Cotton Mills at Bolton, were burnt last night. They employed 41,000 spindles. An alarming number of operatives are thrown out of employment.

**NEW YORK, 26.**

The unfavorable weather has aggravated the horse distemper. Grocery and provision dealers suffer heavily. It is probable that some of the European steamers will be detained to-day on account of their cargo not being ready for want of horses for draggage. Nearly all the horse cars stopped running in Boston.

**LONDON, 25.**

A section of the Cortes has authorized a resolution for the impeachment of Senor Sagasta, and his ministry. The Spaniards have petitioned for the establishment of an Anglo-Spanish bank in London. The evacuation of Marne and Upper Marne, by the German troops, will be completed on Nov. 4th.

**LONDON, 25.**

The organ of the Compte de Charrbord appeals to the Orleansists to unite with Legitimists and aid the rightful heir to the throne, with heart and soul and swords. The Paris Tribunal of Commerce has decided that the Suez Canal company cannot alter the tonnage dues on vessels passing through the canal.

**LONDON, 28.**

The licensing act requiring drinking saloons in Liverpool to close at 9 o'clock on Sunday nights was enforced for the first time yesterday, and gave rise to considerable excitement, in some cases calling for police interference. Stanley, of the Livingstone fame, will leave for America on Nov. 9th. Consols 92 1-2.

**PARIS, 28.**

A despatch has been received by President Thiers from President Grant, congratulating him on the progress of Republicanism in France as shown by the recent elections for vacancies in the National Assembly.

**NEW YORK, 28.**

The steamer "Guatlamala," of the Panama and Acajapa line, was wrecked on Santa Chiapas bar on the 16th inst. Twenty-three lives were lost. The saved are at Tehuantepec waiting transportation. Indictments have been found against four Aldermen of New York for frauds, in ceding property for railroad purposes. A land slide on the Northern Central road, threw engine and express cars from the track, killing the engineer and badly wounding a fireman.

**MONTREAL, 28.**

It is believed the horse malady has reached its climax, and the resumption of business is hoped for in a few days. Meanwhile, oxen, mules, and hand carts and every other substitute for horse-power is being used. The malady has spread east to Bangor. Gold 113; Exchange 10 1-4; Money seven per cent.

**OTTAWA, 29.**

Flour very heavy. Extra \$6.50c. to \$7.00c.; Fancy \$6.25c. to \$6.30c. Sir Francis Hinks has placed his re-

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