

"THE APPLES AT THE TOP OF THE TREE."

(The following verses were suggested by an incident that took place within the writer's knowledge.)

"Oh sister, you mustn't be angry, my dear,
But 'tis proper for girls more reserved to appear;
Your freedom will make the young gentlemen say,
That you're eager to marry Adolphus Rae."

"And what if they do? He's handsome and true,
And he's not a bit dearer to me than to you,
Then why not be natural, sister, and frank?
There are lilies as lovely that grow near the bank,
As any that flourish far out in the stream;
And you know that your feelings are not what they seem."

"Yes, darling, but know that the loveliest flowers
Some niche inaccessible always embowers;
That the purest of gems the veins ever enshrine,
Lie hidden the farthest, deep down in the mine;
And the rosiest apples, you surely must see,
Are hanging high up at the top of the tree."

"Your loveliest flowers their fragrance must waste,
And your gems in the veins lie for ever encased,
But the treasure that's nearest the soonest is bought,
And the fruit within reach is the earliest sought."

HARROW HALL.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JAN. 29, 1870.

SUNDAY, 23.—*Third Sunday after Epiphany.* Pitt died, 1806. Duke of Kent died, 1820. Castle of St. Louis, Quebec, burnt, 1834.

MONDAY, 24.—Beginning of Crusades, 1203. Frederick the Great born, 1712.

TUESDAY, 25.—*Conversion of St. Paul.* Robert Burns born, 1759. Throne of Poland declared vacant, 1831. Princess Royal married, 1858.

WEDNESDAY, 26.—Brazil discovered, 1498. Bernadotte, King of Sweden, born, 1734. Sunday Schools established in England, 1784. Dr. Jenner died, 1823. Post Office Money Order system introduced in Canada, 1855. Governor of Burgos, Spain, assassinated, 1869.

THURSDAY, 27.—Mozart born, 1756. Independence of Greece proclaimed, 1822. Queen's decision naming Ottawa as the seat of government announced, 1858. Prince Frederick of Prussia born, 1859. Ernest Jones died, 1869.

FRIDAY, 28.—Sir F. Drake died, 1596. Triple alliance, 1668. Admiral Byng shot, 1757. Battle of Frenchtown, 1813. Battle of Alwal, 1846.

SATURDAY, 29.—Swedenborg born, 1689. George III died, 1820. Victoria Cross instituted, 1856.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1870.

It is impossible to watch the events now transpiring in France without the deepest interest. Whatever may be said, or thought, of the third Napoleon, it cannot be denied that he has fostered commercial progress and political liberty; that he has taught the French people, as much as it was possible, in his position, to teach them, that authority is the foundation of order, and that upon this basis every license consistent with the safety of the State may be freely indulged. Whether rightly or wrongly, he has tried to bring back, under his dynastic rule, all the substantial attributes of freedom which the French nation ever enjoyed under its most democratic forms of government, and he has discountenanced and discarded the violence which disgraced the first Republic. He is now endeavouring to introduce what every British-born man understands as the constitutional form of government—i. e., the will of the people expressed through their representatives as to all matters of detail, without infringing on the prerogatives of the Crown, as to its right of initiation and the dispensation of favours. Though a creature of the Revolution, Napoleon the Third can scarcely be reproached with the preaching or the practice of revolutionary doctrine. He has aimed, throughout his career as the ruler of France, at the establishment of a system of free, strong government; and while consulting the people through the agency of the suffrage, and claiming to hold his power from them, has never conceded to the mob the right to displace the constituted authority. Every government, to be consistent with itself, must assert its right to rule; when it ceases to do that, it should cease to govern; and surely, even in this freest of the free spots of the earth, no sympathy can be entertained for such men as Rochefort, who, without wit, without genius, without capacity to build up, display only obscene tastes and vulgar passions; who excite the common people against all whose social position exalts them above the masses, and who have no idea of freedom or political liberty, save in the universal degradation of the human race to a dead level of brutality. Even the Republicans and Revolutionists of 1848 shrink from Rochefort as a creature of a meaner spawn than any which they wished their liberalistic doctrines to have given birth to, and should the French Government now, in its efforts to maintain a stable administration within one of the foremost nations of the

earth, find it necessary to crush him with a heavy hand, it will deserve and ought to receive the plaudits of the world.

It is easy to understand that the unfortunate rashness of the Prince Pierre Napoleon, the Emperor's cousin, in shooting the *Sans-culotte* Victor Noir, may have caused a great excitement. We cannot look upon the act in the way which our contemporary, the *New York Citizen*, has done, as one which deserves the applause of every journalist, in ridding the world of a man who was a disgrace to the profession; nor even in the milder form in which our youthful confrère, the *Courrier d'Ottawa*, views it, as the unfortunate unpremeditated consequence of a feeling of pardonable irritation. On the contrary, we hold that literary blackguards, like every other kind of blackguard, should be made, and held, amenable to the laws; and that the law should be made comprehensive enough to meet their every offence with suitable and severe punishment. It is only because in England, America and Canada, the people believe more in themselves and less in the press, than they do in France, that the literary burglars who attempt by violence to rob men of their characters, do so much less harm; and therefore it is that we, English speaking people, are disposed to regard French Press laws as unnecessarily severe. But when the turbulence of the mob is provoked by the efforts of such men as Rochefort and his abettors, surely we can all see that it is time for the French Government to assert itself; for it to be—as the Premier, M. Ollivier said it would be, if the occasion demanded it—"power." Judging by the latest despatches to hand, the French people are well disposed towards the support of the Government—the vote on what we may call the "impeachment" of Rochefort proves it—and what the Government has now to do in order to maintain its position and the peace of the country, is to assert its power with becoming firmness.

It was a true as well as a clever saying of Lord Brougham, that though the ocean was the highway of nations, it had no inns by the roadside. But this saying seems destined to be falsified in the near future. Ocean telegraph stations, so often thought of and discussed after submarine cables had become a reality, are now to be established on some of the main courses of navigation, and if they do not serve the precise purpose of inns at which the ocean traveller may put up for the night, or rest himself for a day or two in the middle of his journey, it is not at all difficult to conceive that, from being mere telegraph stations for the transmission of messages, they may become stations for the exchange of mails, the purchase or sale of provisions, and even for return hither or thither of sick or whimsical passengers, who, changing their minds after embarkation, may thus have the opportunity of altering the route of their passage. For the present, the project is simply to establish a floating electric telegraph station in the ocean on the fair-weather track of every Britain-ward home-bound vessel. The station chosen is about sixty miles off Penzance Harbour, at a spot named in the charts "Admiralty Patch," which is exposed to terrific weather during the winter months.

We learn from the *London Globe* that the Imperial Government has decided to grant to the "International Mid-Ocean Telegraph Company," at the head of which is a certain Captain Barlow, Her Majesty's ship *Brisk*, which is now being fitted up to form the first ocean telegraph station at the place already mentioned. Her engines and telegraphic machinery are to be supplemented with the latest improvements, the Board of Directors of the Company having ordered everything to make her complete for the service. She will probably be ready to take up her quarters by the end of this or the beginning of next month, and the success of the first experiment will no doubt be watched with interest. Whether successful or not, it is the beginning of a series of experiments which will no doubt be persevered in, until success is gained. If the *Brisk* should prove unsuited to permanent anchoring in mid-ocean, the weak points in her construction will be studied, and other vessels or floating stations built to answer the purpose. The whole problem to be solved appears to be the measure of the "slack" of the cable with the ship's power of resistance to the storms or other disturbing causes on the bosom of the ocean; and as in the service of laying the numerous submarine cables now in operation, it has been practically demonstrated that the slack can be, with comparative ease, regulated to the ship's capacity, there is little or no reason to fear that the experiment will prove other than a success. The *London Globe* says:—

"The advantages which the public are to derive from a system of floating telegraph stations are insignificant, compared with the benefits to be derived by the owners of over 40,000 British vessels and the mercantile community. This *Brisk* is to be in electrical communication with the Penzance Post Office, and a powerful steam-tug will act as her tender. She lies in the fair way of every homeward-bound vessel, and to Indian, Australian, and China clippers she can give their sailing orders, thus saving an immense expense which they

would necessarily entail by calling for the same at any port. A ship may report herself to the *Brisk*, and in twenty minutes afterwards her arrival would be known at the office of her owner in the city of London, and within an hour of her making the telegraph station, her destination can be altered at the pleasure of her owner."

There are so many other places in the ocean as well as "Admiralty Patch" where a telegraph station would render immense service to the commerce of the world, that the success of this effort will doubtless be followed by an extension of the system; and, as already remarked, it will be no longer true that there are no wayside inns on the highway of nations. This will be a most important step towards increasing the security of ocean travel, as well as rendering commercial transactions easier of accomplishment on a more certain basis. And after floating telegraph stations, why not a mid-ocean hotel?

The body of the "Welsh factory girl," who died under the surveillance of the doctors and the nurses sent from Gray's Hospital, has been the subject of a Coroner's inquest; and the Coroner, with more regard to exterior decorum than justice, charged the jury strongly against the father of the victim for not having pressed her to take food, and exculpated the nurses and the medical men, who, in obedience to a prurient curiosity, were sent from London for the express purpose of seeing that the unfortunate girl should not receive any! The jury accordingly found the father guilty of manslaughter, and he was committed for trial. If this is English justice, we confess we cannot understand it. The father of the girl certainly practised a gross imposition, but the real murderers of his child were the guards who prevented him from clandestinely feeding her, as undoubtedly had been his custom before their appointment. The whole case is one over which the English people ought to blush. There is no doubt that the story of the girl's living without food for so long a time—more than a year, according to her father's testimony—was a gross lie, nor is there any reason to question that the small quantity of nourishment her system actually required, under her peculiar sickness, gave her friends ample facility for imposing on the public; but, that men of education and intelligence should have been so far duped by such a fraud as to attempt to put it to a practical test, is almost beyond belief; that they should have allowed the victim to die, or rather have been her murderers, is positively astounding. It shows, however, how nearly science and superstition are allied.

Medora Leigh; a history and an autobiography. Edited by Charles Mackay. With an introduction and a commentary on the charges brought against Lord Byron by Mrs. Beecher Stowe. New York: Harper & Bros.; Montreal: Dawson Bros., 23, Great St. James street.

Ex fumo dare lucem is the motto selected by the editor,—or, properly speaking, the author; for, in the book before us, the "autobiography" occupies but twelve of the sixty-three pages,—and certainly never did more noxious vapour offend the nostrils of the reading public than that exhaled from the prurient and disgusting fiction mis-called "The True Story of Lady Byron's Wedded Life," published to the world by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. How much of "light" there may yet be under this nasty smoke the volume before us hardly proves, for it throws a dark cloud over the history of the characters chiefly concerned, and though it satisfactorily disproves the truth of Mrs. Stowe's narrative, leaves somebody else's story to be told to clear up the mystery yet surrounding the quarrel between Lord and Lady Byron which led to their final separation. The first part of Dr. Mackay's contribution to the Stowe-Byron scandal literature of the day consists of an "introduction," in which Mrs. Stowe's first "true story," differing materially from her second, is critically discussed, and the overwhelming evidence against its correctness clearly set forth. After describing Mrs. Stowe's highly exaggerated estimate of Lady Byron's character, Mackay quotes nine distinct charges made by the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" against Lord Byron, on the authority of his wife, as given in Mrs. Stowe's first narrative, to which he replies mainly by extracts from the letters and articles previously published in the English press. The most conclusive refutation of Mrs. Stowe's pretended "true story" is to be found in Lady Byron's own letters to Mrs. Leigh; besides which are letters from Lord Wentworth, Lord Lindsay, and Messrs. Wharton and Fords, the solicitors of the descendants and representatives of Lady Byron. These letters prove two things: first, that Mrs. Stowe's narrative is not true; secondly, that in making it public, even if true, Mrs. Stowe perpetrated a gross breach of confidence, according to the tenor of Lady Byron's will, by which her written statement, whatever it may contain, was consigned to the safe keeping of three individuals—of whom Mrs. Stowe was not one—and by them to be used according to their discretion. The second and most melancholy part of the book is *Medora Leigh's* autobiography, in which her seduction by her brother-in-law, Trevanion, her subsequent flight with him to France, her abandonment by her friends, &c., are set forth. By this narrative it appears that after her ruin, her sister, Mrs. Trevanion, and Mr. Trevanion, persuaded her that she was not the daughter of Col. Leigh; subsequently Lady Byron told her that Lord Byron was her father, thus making her the "child