

SANITARY SCIENCE to be snubbed by the complaint of *Ignorance* after the folios upon folios of collected facts, which have been placed by an intelligent press before a stagnant public? What is the matter? Only typhoid fever!—an every day matter. The medical press will inform you that it is no respecter of persons—that it deprived the QUEEN OF ENGLAND of the best of husbands, and has chased the PRINCE OF WALES to the very borders of the grave. It is not only a fever of delirium and exhaustion, but in its secondary effect of ulceration of the intestines brings its subject down to a condition so low that during the patient's apparent recovery he is still the helpless subject of "a thousand ills that flesh is heir to."

What is the matter? Only the WATER! AND THE SEWERS!! Only the water such as is supplied to the public in Montreal! Only the sewers!! backed up by the floods now and again, which make MONTREAL a huge "LONDONDERRY LODGE."

But what is Londonderry Lodge? ask the *Times*. "Londonderry Lodge, (otherwise Montreal?) to all practical purposes, is nothing more nor less than a vessel inverted over the mouth of a pipe, through which rises continually, sometimes with violence, a deadly vapour. The effluvia of Avernus, which the poet says killed the very birds that tried to fly over it, could not be more deadly than those which must be almost always rising up the funnel leading," (say from the river openings to the drains and water closets and street sewers of the inhabitants of Montreal.) "The Commission observes that all trapping is illusory without due precautions, and is liable to be circumvented by very slight causes. There ought therefore to be ample provisions for securing the escape of the poisonous gas—NOT into the house, but out of it."

This has been said at the Natural History Society by Dr. Sterry Hunt, by Dr. Craik, by Dr. Fenwick, by Dr. Baker Edwards—but what became of it? A Society which never met again, to protect Property, PROPERTY, PROPERTY.

Let us turn again to the columns of that "Jupiter," the *Times*:—

"What a satire on the universal diffusion of knowledge, on the lectures of the Royal Society, on our hundreds of scientific and educational institutions, and all our inventions and discoveries! Here is the simplest thing in the whole world, which wanted only common sense, and nobody seems to have thought of it; nay, we are not sure that our architects and builders will be thinking of it next year. It is far too simple and too deadly an affair. But since we cannot expect veteran architects to depart from the beaten track, we may at least suggest the opportunity which offers itself to the young. Day after day, all who mix in the world or have a large acquaintance, and are credited with a little influence or knowledge, are asked to find something for a clever and promising young man to do."

What a chance for that "promising young man!" What will he meet with in Great Britain—"property!" "property!" How will he feel in Montreal, Toronto, or the "Lesser London," when we will encounter on every hand the adamantine walls of property, property, PROPERTY! Do you suppose, says "Alderman Cute," that we can afford to throw away filtered water upon fires? Let people drink worms and typhus—there are plenty of worm medicine and lots of doctors. Let 'em eat, drink, and die. Talk about science—take Darwin's theory—the weakest goes to the wall—s'rye 'em right—natural selection—and all that sort of thing. Talk about filtering water and ventilating sewers! what next? an angelic race, I suppose—above humanity altogether, "Ambrosial Dew," and all that sort of thing. Don't see it! Midnight meetings of a "Common Council" and cigars free—that's my ticket!

Now, my learned and eloquent Alderman, listen to the voice of PUBLIC OPINION, as expressed in this great commercial metropolis of Montreal, and tremble for your seat! Montreal says—"Just like those proud English, and serve them right. As for our sewers—well, rents are high, profits must accumulate, or we shall never rise to be Aldermen, and as for the worms and the fevers, they chiefly affect the poor children—and all the better for them, poor dears. No doubt to be so early taken away spares them a world of trouble—and the population's falling off, is it?—that's the trouble. Servants will be getting scarce. But let the Government pay handsomely to get emigrants out, and never mind the "childer."

Woe betide us! We never say "long life" in Montreal, (for we neglect the first conditions of it.)

Is there no sanitary association in Montreal—or is it in a state of insubriety?

Is there no public opinion in Montreal to control the avarice of landlords or of Corporations?

Is health or wealth the best blessing,—and which may be best distributed amongst the community in equal shares for the common weal?

Give us health. Give us pure water and fresh air, unpolluted with the germs of typhus or scarlet fever. Give us the true *Rus in Urbe*, and we are content to pay the price.

J. BAKER EDWARDS, Ph. D., D.C.L.

"Poor Henriette is dead." Henriette has regularly attended at the terminus of the Orleans railway for months past, expecting the return of her lover, killed a year ago at one of the battles before Orleans. The railway people humoured the harmless lunatic, and gave her a seat on the platform, where she might be seen in her Sunday dress, with a bouquet of flowers and a packet of cakes. A few days ago, when her friends came to take her away—she was dead.

#### KNOX CHURCH.

This church is in the early English style of Gothic architecture, and consists of a nave and side aisles and pulpit recess. The principal entrance is through a large, open porch, and there are two side entrances giving access to the galleries and basement. The nave, arches and roof are supported on light piers, which also carry the galleries, and these latter are made to project octagonally between the piers, thus relieving their usually stiff and formal appearance. The ceilings are plastered, and the roof timbers formed so as to divide them into panels; the ceiling over the pulpit recess is groined and forms, as it were, a sounding board for the speaker. The pulpit itself is a spacious platform, having a handsome Gothic balustrade in front, worked in black walnut wood. The windows are filled with glass of diaper pattern, with a stained margin round the different compartments; the rose window over the south gallery is filled entirely with stained glass, and with its rich and varied colours, produces a beautiful effect. The piers on the ground floor are arranged on a circular plan, and with the galleries, afford accommodation for 700 persons; and 100 sittings might be added if thought desirable. The basement is large and lofty, well lighted, and provided with two entrances at each end. It consists of a large lecture room, vestry, library, minister's room, &c. The building over all is 110 by 58, and 57 feet to the apex of the roof.

The church is built with Montreal stone; the ashlar work in small, even, courses of natural faced stone, the quoins, strings, weatherings, &c., being dressed. The columns of the porch are of similar stone, highly polished, producing very much the effect of Purbeck marble.

The whole was carried out under the supervision of Messrs. Lawford & Nelson, architects.

Knox's Church congregation are the retiring members of St. Gabriel Street Church, whose history, as taken from Mr. Kemp's "Digest of the Minutes of Synod," is most interesting and instructive. At the organization of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in 1844, this congregation retired from fellowship with the Church of Scotland, and continued to worship in St. Gabriel Street till Sabbath, 3rd Dec., 1865, when their present place of worship was dedicated. This is the oldest Protestant Church of any denomination in Canada. About the year 1790, the Presbyterians of Montreal of all denominations, both British and American, organized themselves into a church, and in the following year secured the permanent services of the Rev. John Young. At this time they met in the Recollet Roman Catholic Church—but in the year following they erected the edifice which is now known as St. Gabriel Street Church—the oldest Protestant Church in the Province. In the early minutes we find the following acknowledgment of the kindness of the Recollet Fathers, the Kirk Session presenting them (the Fathers) with "one box of candles, 56 lbs., at 8d.; one hhd. of Spanish wine, at £6 0s. 5d."

Mr. Young, though a Licentiate of the Presbytery of Irvine, in Scotland, was ordained by the Presbytery of New York prior to 1790, and being placed over the Church of Schenectady, became a member of the Presbytery of Albany when it was organized in the above year.

In 1791 we find him petitioning the Presbytery to be received with the congregation of St. Gabriel Street Church, under the care of that Court, with which Presbytery the congregation remained connected till 1793, when the Presbytery of Montreal was organized.

The site of the old St. Gabriel Street Church was purchased from Mr. Hypolite Hertel; with the exception of 12 feet in breadth granted by the British Government from the Champ de Mars, in 1782, the year in which the building was erected.

The successor of Mr. Young, in 1802, was the Rev. James Sommerville, who held the pastorate for twenty years, and resigned from enfeebled health. The Rev. Henry Esson succeeded him in 1822, and continued to officiate until called to the chair of Ethics and Evidences of Christianity in Knox's College, Toronto. The Rev. Messrs. Leishman, Rintoul and Inglis (now of Hamilton), each held the pastoral charge of St. Gabriel Street Church until 1857, when the Rev. A. F. Kemp, A.M., was called, and settled over the congregation, holding the pastorate till June, 1865.

After remaining without a pastor till the December of the same year, the congregation gave a unanimous call to the Rev. R. Irvine, D.D., who held the pastorate until the beginning of last year, when, having accepted a call to Philadelphia, he was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Thornton, the present Minister.

#### ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

(CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.)

The Church of St. Paul's, Montreal, was founded by the late Rev. Edward Black, D.D., previously Assistant Minister of St. Gabriel's Church. Dr. Black collected a congregation which worshipped in the Baptist Church, St. Helen Street, until their new church (St. Paul's), situated at the corner of St. Helen and Recollet streets, was built. In the founding and construction of the church, the reverend minister was efficiently aided by several prominent citizens of Montreal, among whom may be mentioned the late Hon. Peter McGill, John Redpath, Esq., Philip Ross, Esq., Robert Armour, Esq., and John Greenshields, Esq.; not to name others who are still living. The church was dedicated to the public worship of God on the 24th day of August, 1834, by Dr. Black, the late Rev. Wm. Roach, of Beauharnois, and the Rev. Montgomery Walker, now minister of the parish of Ochiltree, Scotland. Dr. Black's self-denying services in promoting the erection of the new church, and in discharging his ministerial and pastoral functions, were greatly appreciated by his congregation. Dr. Black, after a ten years' pastorate, died deeply and justly regretted by all classes of the community.

Dr. Black's successor was the late Rev. Robert McGill, D.D., and a worthy successor he proved himself to be. No clergyman in Montreal has ever enjoyed to a larger extent the regard and confidence of his people than Dr. McGill. His services in the cause of education, as Chairman of the Protestant Board of School Commissioners, deserve to be mentioned in this connection. Dr. McGill continued minister of St. Paul's ten years; he died comparatively suddenly.

The successor of Dr. McGill was Mr. Snodgrass, now the Very Reverend Dr. Snodgrass, Principal of Queen's University, Kingston, Ont. During his incumbency the congregation prospered, and the number of communicants largely increased. Dr. Snodgrass resigned the charge in 1864, at the

close of which year the present incumbent, the Rev. John Jenkins, D.D., arrived from London, England, having received from the congregation an earnest call to become Dr. Snodgrass's successor. Dr. Jenkins had been for ten years minister of Calvary Church, Philadelphia.

Dr. Jenkins commenced his labours on the 8th of January, 1865, now seven years ago. His formal induction into the pastorate took place in the following June. At the end of eighteen months the Kirk Session, trustees, and congregation resolved upon leaving the church in St. Helen Street, and building a new church nearer the centre of the congregation than the old church had come to be. The site of the present church was chosen as the most eligible that offered, and during the Synod of 1867 the corner-stone was laid by Dr. Jenkins, in the presence of the Venerable Court. The new church was dedicated in the autumn of 1868, the officiating ministers being the pastor, the late Rev. Dr. Alexander Mathieson, and Principal Snodgrass.

It is a somewhat remarkable coincidence that Dr. McGill, Dr. Snodgrass, and Dr. Jenkins have been successively chairmen of the Protestant Board of School Commissioners for Montreal.

In the interests of architectural art in the city, and of architectural effect, it may be permitted us to express the hope that, ere long, the wealthy and influential congregation of St. Paul's Church will complete the tower of their very beautiful edifice. The present appearance of this part of the structure is an eyesore which every inhabitant of Montreal would rejoice to have removed.

#### THE MYSTIC MARRIAGE.

It is one of the features of modern discovery and invention in art that very faithful representations of the works of the great masters may be produced at a trifling cost, and thus placed within the reach of all. We have from time to time laid before our readers copies from engravings the prints of which could not be bought for less than ten dollars each, and yet our readers could from our reproduction derive an idea of the original as truly as if they had studied the steel engraving. In the present issue we reproduce from an engraving by Dupont a copy of the celebrated painting by Correggio, the original of which is in the gallery of the Louvre. Correggio drew his inspiration for the artistic realization of the "Mystic Marriage" from a passage in the writings of the ecstatic St. Catharine of Sienna.

#### HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

Professor Bohuslav Kroupa, the teacher of drawing at Hellmuth College, London, Ont., contributes this week an illustration from his water colour drawing of the "Happy days of Childhood." Mr. Kroupa's conception of one scene among the many which furnish the pleasures of infancy is admirable, and so plainly sketched that any attempt at description would be quite superfluous.

INTERNATIONAL TELEGRAPHIC CONFERENCE.—We understand that the sittings of the International Telegraphic Conference, now meeting at Rome, are likely to be prolonged for seven or eight weeks. The Conference is one of the most important ever held in the history of telegraphic enterprise. Its members include official representatives of every State in Europe, and also delegates from the principal submarine cables of the world. Mr. Cyrus Field represents the United States—the only country, we believe, in which the telegraphs continue to be the property of private corporations. It would be premature to attempt to indicate the probable issue of this remarkable Conference, but it will probably determine the principles upon which international telegraph intercourse shall be regulated, both in peace and in war. It is also likely that the question of expediency of making concessions which have the character of a monopoly will be settled by the delegates at Rome.

THE BRAVEST MAN IN THE BRITISH ARMY.—Many years ago an eccentric gentleman in England left a bequest to the "Bravest man in the British army." The executors not knowing how to dispose of it otherwise offered it to the Duke of Wellington. He refused it, saying he had no claim to such a title, but if it would be of any service to them to know the man who had, he thought, performed the bravest action under his command, he would point them to Colonel James McDonell, of the Highland regiment, who defended the Chateau of Hougoumont, and shut the gate of the courtyard, driving out the French, and subsequently defending it against the furious attacks of Napoleon to carry the position. When the bequest was offered he at first refused to accept it; but on being informed of what the Duke had said concerning his conduct at Waterloo, "That alters the case," said he, "if he says so, and if shutting the gate and defending it was the action that merited such a high distinction, then Sergeant Frazer is entitled to the half of it;" so it was divided between them. During the Canadian rebellion of 1837-38, the British Government appreciating the services of so brave a man, appointed now General Sir James McDonell commandant of the citadel of Quebec. Thus he served his country faithfully in his youth and old age. He was brother of Bishop McDonell of Glengary, the first Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada. Towards the close of his useful life the Rev. Father had a great longing to visit the land of his birth (Scotland); and retiring for the night to the bed-room of his boyhood, was found next morning in the sleep of death.

The New York *Commercial* tells the following:—Here is something reliable and fresh from an eye-witness of the incident. Shortly after Horace Greeley had registered his name at the Head House, Nashua, (whither the great philosopher's lecturing tour took him this fall), a rather aged countryman came into the office, and after examining asked the register if Doctor B— were in. "There is no such person here," said the gentlemanly clerk. "No such person here!" echoed the venerable rustic, and gazing into the face of the clerk with much incredulity and astonishment. "No such person here!" firmly re-echoed the clerk. "Young man," exclaimed the other, with a solemn expression of countenance, "young man, don't lie to me. It won't do. You can't fool old Gil Parks. Dr. B—'s been here as sure as guns, and pretty drunk, too, I reckon, for he has left one of them air Latin prescriptions of his on the register." And the Doctor's friend gazed down on Horace's improved Arabic with a look of triumphant recognition.