

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,  
MARCH 29, 1873.

SUNDAY, March 23.—	Fourth Sunday in Lent. Aug. F. Ferd. von Kotzebue, German writer, born, 1761; died, 1819. Author of "The Stranger," "Pizarro," and other dramas.
MONDAY, " 24.—	Thorvaldsen died, 1841.
TUESDAY, " 25.—	Fr. von Hardenberg "Novalis," German writer, born 1772; died, 1801. Author of "Hymns to the Night," "Disciples at Saïs," etc.
WEDNESDAY, " 26.—	Sir John Vanbrugh, Architect and Dramatist, born, 1679; died, 1726. Architect of Blenheim Castle; author of "The Provoked Wife," etc.
THURSDAY, " 27.—	Communists in possession of Paris, 1871.
FRIDAY, " 28.—	War declared with Russia, 1854.
SATURDAY, " 29.—	Rev. John Kells died, 1866. Author of "The Christian Year."

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The negligence of some subscribers to pay arrears and current accounts necessitates the adoption of severe measures. We have placed in our lawyer's hands a large number of overdue accounts. Those for the current year, if unpaid by 1st April, will share the same fate, and all unpaid names will on that date be struck off the list. We trust that our subscribers will not misunderstand our action in the matter. We have waited so long that in our case patience has ceased to be a virtue, and we are now compelled to use stringent measures.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS OFFICE,  
Montreal, March 22nd, 1873.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters on business matters should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to The Editor of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, and marked "Communication."

Rejected contributions are not returned unless stamps for return postage have been forwarded.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1873.

It is to be hoped that the recent disastrous fire in the city will have the effect of awakening discussion as to the best means of saving human life during conflagrations. In the case of the St. James Hotel, two lives have been sacrificed owing to the insufficient equipment of the city fire-brigade. Had the disaster occurred in summer when the city is thronged by tourists and all the local accommodation is occupied, the loss of life would infallibly have been something frightful to contemplate. In another column we have given a description of the heart-rending scenes which occurred on Tuesday morning—scenes which drew the tears from the eyes of strong men witnessing them; and on our front page our artist has depicted one of the most distressing episodes of that fearful morning. The fire, it will be seen by referring to the report, almost immediately after breaking out attacked the staircase leading from the fourth to the fifth flat, and thus cut off the escape of the unfortunate beings above. Some of these were after a noble display of devotion by the firemen rescued in safety, others fared worse. One gentleman let himself down from his window by a rope of sheets hastily knotted together. The rope broke as he was in the act of descending, and he fell on the stone pavement below to be picked up a mass of bruised flesh and broken bones. Another threw himself from his window with a result that may be better imagined than described, and a third clambered from window to window only to slip at last and fall senseless and bleeding at the feet of the bystanders. On another side of the building a woman, clad only in her night-clothes, hung with mangled bleeding fingers from the icy ledge of a fifth story window, with her feet resting on a projecting moulding an inch in depth. For twenty minutes did this poor creature, nerved by the intensity of despair, hang in mid-air, clinging to the shattered window-sash for dear life and shrieking for help where there was none. Why? This is the account a contemporary gives: "The firemen have no means of reaching her, but by some primitive ladders, and putting up one it is found to be only thirty feet short. An immense multitude of shining eyes are turned upwards to the black form, and as the ladder falls short curses loud and deep are heaped on somebody's head." Finally the poor girl is rescued by two heroic men.

It is then a fact that in this city of Montreal, the largest and richest in British North America, we have no appliances for saving life at fires. We are famed for our lofty buildings, of which we are so justly proud; and we are disgraced by the fact that we shut up our fellow-creatures in these combustible piles without taking any measures for providing for their safety in the case of a conflagration. The case of poor Hill-atch, now lying dead in the General Hospital—for whose death those who are entrusted with the safety of the citizen are responsible—might to-morrow be the case of any resident of Montreal who happens to live in a large building like the St. James. Is it any wonder that at the sight of the poor girl swinging in mid-air "curses loud and deep were heaped on somebody's head?" Is it any wonder that intense indig-

nation is expressed throughout the city; that a general feeling has been manifested in favour of making somebody responsible for the loss of life on Tuesday, and that the citizens are determined to put up with this state of things no longer? It is only a source of wonder to us that things have been allowed to go on as they are so long, and we sincerely trust that the popular agitation will have the effect of bringing home to the proper quarter the sad occurrences of Tuesday last.

The fire at the St. James has had the effect of bringing out one very valuable suggestion for a life-saving apparatus, which we trust will be duly acted upon. The author is a well-known citizen of Montreal, and a fireman of great experience. The method he proposes possesses the merit of extreme simplicity, and will no doubt be adopted with alacrity—at all events until our Corporation think fit to provide us with life-escapes and fire-ladders. We quote at length from the *Gazette*:—

"1st. To have rope-ladders in every bed-room. This could be done by bolting a roller to the floor, the rope-ladder to be the exact length of the distance from the window to the street, with a round ball of sufficient weight attached to propel it down and prevent it from swinging to and fro in the wind.

"2nd. The usual sofas, that are in almost every bed-room, could be arranged so as to hide it when not required; that the waiter conducting parties to their rooms should point out and explain the simple manner of working it; also, that instructions be printed on the usual notices that are posted up in the rooms.

"3rd. The cost of fitting up these ladders would amount to a paltry sum, and I am convinced that parties occupying rooms in a crowded hotel, with its complicated passages and winding stairs, would be willing to be taxed a small sum for the maintenance of the same.

"4th. I am also convinced that they would materially aid the Fire Brigade in the execution of their duty. Picture to yourself, Mr. Editor, the shouts of joy that would have burst from the firemen and the hundreds of spectators, who lined the streets, had they seen even two or three rope-ladders dangling from the fourth and fifth storeys of the St. James Hotel on the morning of the 18th; how nimbly would our firemen have run up the ladders, vying with one another who would be first, and the heart-rending scenes that were witnessed would have been avoided.

"5th. These ladders would be of still greater use in rooms where there are women and helpless children. A fireman could mount the ladder with a rope and wide belt attached to his body, strap the belt under their armpits and lower them down. He could also, if the state of the building permitted, haul up the hose, make it fast to the roller on the floor, and keep the fire in check, and he would be more likely to perform his duty well, knowing that, in case of danger, he has an easy means of escape.

"This not only applies to hotels, but should be adopted by the tenants of every large building or tenement."

The result of the defeat of the Gladstone Ministry is, so far as has yet been learnt, undecided. There can be very little doubt, however, as to the course matters will ultimately take. It is pretty evident, from what we can learn from the meagre news received by cable, that the return of the defeated Ministry to power is assured, though it appears more than doubtful whether it will remain under its old leadership. Recent despatches announce that Mr. Gladstone entertains serious thoughts of withdrawing from public life, and that a scratch Ministry will be formed with Earl Granville at its head, and Mr. Cardwell as Chancellor of the Exchequer. That Mr. Gladstone's retirement would prove a serious loss to the country will be universally admitted. Notwithstanding the many unpopular measures with which his name has been associated—measures, many of them, which have had the effect of estranging some of his adherents—it cannot be denied that his term of office has been marked by much improvement and much careful administration, for which the Liberal leader deserves the gratitude of all his countrymen, independently of party, colour or creed. Furthermore, able men are not so numerous in the Imperial House of Commons that the nation can afford to dispense with the services of men of such calibre as his. Should he, therefore, decide upon retiring into private life, he will be followed by the regrets of thousands of all shades of party feeling, who have respected him as a man of the highest intellectual order, and looked up to him as a giant in the political arena. What the fate will be of a Liberal Ministry under the guidance of Lord Granville it is difficult to say. The absence of the late Premier from the Cabinet will be a loss of prestige quite as much as a loss of ability, and we cannot but suppose that this will have a marked effect upon the measure of its success. True, the Liberals have, for the moment, but little to fear from their opponents, who are in by far too small a minority to attempt to lead the House. Mr. Disraeli's unwillingness to accept the responsibility of forming a Ministry was hardly needed to establish this. But, on the other hand, should Lord Granville undertake to form a scratch Cabinet for present purposes of legislation and then make an appeal to the country, there is a chance—and something more than a mere chance, we are inclined to believe—that the Conservatives might achieve a victory. As matters stand at present, however, the Liberals have their fate pretty much in their own hands; and could Mr. Gladstone be induced to relinquish his intention of quitting public life, there is every prospect of their remaining in power for some time to come. Should this so happen the recent defeat will have a most salutary effect in acting as a check upon the motions of the Government. It proves that the days of political subservience, in so far as the British House of Commons is con-

cerned, are gone by; that blind attachment to a party is a thing of the past; and that the Minister who will remain in power must study the welfare and the interests of the country at large without depending too much upon his adherents for carrying him through.

Notes and Queries.

All Communications intended for this Column must be addressed to the Editor, and endorsed "Notes and Queries."

ST. FILLAN'S QUIRICH.—Sir, *St. Fillan's Quirich* is a positive fact, as the writer had it in his hands and examined it carefully during the late Earl of Elgin's visit to Sarnia, after the burning of the Parliament Buildings in Montreal. It is a beautiful piece of antique workmanship and belongs or did belong to an ancient Highland Scotch family by the name of Dewar, who live in the township of Plympton, in the county of Lambton, Ontario, and who have, or had, also in their possession authentic records of its genuineness.

If I mistake not, the Hon. Malcolm Cameron, who knows the family well, was deputed by the Dewars to dispose of it to the Earl of Elgin as a descendant of Bruce. His reasons for refusing the possession of such a relic, I can not say. Hon. Malcolm Cameron may perhaps remember as his memory is good.

If it has fallen into possession of his Grace Archbishop Lynch of Toronto, whose family and himself the writer knew in his younger days, I am satisfied it would not be in his hands without certainty of its being genuine.

Sarnia, Ont.

T. W. J.

The Hon. Mr. Vidal says on the same subject:—"This interesting relic was in my custody for a few months, many years ago (15 I think), but since that time I have neither seen nor heard of it, it was returned to the owner. Alex. Dewar, Jr., a farmer in the township of Plympton (his address I think is "Wanstead P. O., Ontario") and I believe he still has it. You will find a good picture of it and a full account of its history and the high reputation it once enjoyed, in volume No. 4 of the "Canadian Journal of Industry, Science and Art," published in Toronto, the November number, page 429, for the year 1859.

"COPERNICUS" OR "KOPERNICKS."—The *Cologne Gazette*, referring to the dispute between the Germans and the Poles as to the nationality of Copernicus, says that he always spelt his name with a *c*, and that this is a proof of his German origin, as in Polish his name is spelt with a *k*. We should rather have thought says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that the inference for a man's spelling his name with a *c* before an *a* or *o* would be that he was not a German, for most German names begin with a *k* when those vowels follow; e.g. Kaulbach, Kopp, Karloff, Kolb, Koller, Kant, Körner. But the real reason why Copernicus spelt his name with a *c* was that, like all Polish scientific men of that time, he wrote in Latin. *C* with the sound of *k* is no more a German letter than it is a Polish one; it is used in the German language, no doubt, but only in words derived from the Latin tongue, as in candid, caution, capacitat, captain, copist. We doubt whether there is a single really German word (i.e. not derived from some other language) that begins with *ca* or *co*.

THE VEILED PROPHET OF BOKHARA.—It may be of interest to readers of "Lalla Rookh" to learn that the followers of Mokanna, the Veiled Prophet, undecieved by the defeat and the terrible end of their leader, still secretly existed as late as A. D. 1123—nearly four hundred years after the death of the impostor. An interesting account of the history of Mokanna is given in a recently published work by Arminius Vambéry, entitled "The History of Bokhara."

SIZE OF ANCIENT AND MODERN MEN.—A correspondent writes as follows to the Editor of *Land and Water*: Sir,—The heroes of antiquity, esteemed godlike in their attributes, were naturally represented as being also godlike in stature. So poets sang of them, so sculptors gave them form in marble. Thus the tradition of the antique magnificence of form to which man attained, was handed down from the remote centuries and was accepted without question. But the notion thus accounted for is ruined and wholly dispelled—as far at least as historic times, with which alone we have to do, are concerned—by facts recently ascertained. In every exhibition of arms and armour thrown open to the observer, from the Tower of London to that collection exhibited in Somerset House by the Society of Antiquaries, and which has just been closed, abundant evidence is afforded that the men of the earliest times were smaller in limb and shorter in stature than the men of the present day. The ancient British and Roman Arms exhibited in Somerset House could have been effectively wielded only by a smaller race of men than that of our time. The handles of the swords and daggers were too small to afford a firm grasp to the hand of a modern Englishman, and even few women's hands would have fitted in between the guard and the extreme end of the hilt. In armour, again, it is a remarkable fact that none but the smallest and slimmest men amongst us could squeeze ourselves into the corselets worn by such heroes as "flattered the Volscians" at Cressy and Poitiers. Darnley's cuirass at Holyrood Palace cannot be got outside of a man of five feet eight and of proportionate build. Wallace's sword, a huge iron contrivance which few of us could swing, and which it is certain the hero of Scotland never wielded, has been found to be no more genuine than the poker still shown as Balth Nicol Jarvie's at the Clachan of Aberfoyle, and has been withdrawn from exhibition at Dumbarton Castle; and the armour of the Black Prince is too small for an average guardsman. It seems, then, that England, instead of producing a race inferior to that which flourished in the early heroic times, now breeds men of clearly grander and more athletic frame than she has hitherto done. In the light of this fact we must revise our early historic impressions. Richard Cour de Lion, the Prince of Crusaders, and the fear of Saladin, we must now be compelled to regard as, after all, only a light weight; Edward the First, that Longshanks who was the "Hammer of the Scottish nation," as being considerably short of the standard of our own Horse Guards, and the famous and splendid Black Prince as a hero of infinite more skill and energy, but of very ordinary form, and with a constitution so delicate that after a few years' campaigning in France, and a disastrous raid into Spain (where he suffered severely from the heat), he pined and faded and dropped into an early and premature grave. So much for mediæval giants.