

which to other portions going on, perhaps, in the same establishment, never once enters into his mind as a point upon which he should expend a thought. Though the skilled workmen in Canada are very largely recruited, if not mainly drawn, from the workshops of Europe, they too frequently find that their excellence in one particular branch is more than marred by their want of that "jack-of-all-trades" turn so frequently met with on this continent; while the native artisan finds that his little smattering of everything might perhaps be advantageously parted with for a more thorough knowledge of one.

The remedy both for Great Britain and Canada, is to give their people a practical education; to train the senses as well as the intellect. What, for instance, is the education ordinarily bestowed on the *hand* in the common schools of the country? Is there any effort made to train its muscular action, to improve its "cunning" and refine its touch? to make its every nerve and fibre obedient to the will? Is it not true that intelligent aspiring young men, some of whom have now risen, or may yet rise to distinction, have entered the Counting House incapable of neatly ruling off a ledger account, though familiar with the principles of book-keeping and their practical application? And, how such a young man bungles with his clumsy fists while handling the wares, by dealing in which he hopes to make his fortune! He enters on a course of severe education, when he enters on the duties of life; on an education involving a discipline of the mind, an education of the eye, and a training of the hand, the main burthen of which might have been long ago discharged had he received a well devised industrial training. In the mechanic arts the general want of a special instruction with the view to qualify the pupil for his state of life is still more severely felt. As an instance of what is doing in Germany for the art education of the common people, we quote the following, which appeared in a letter written from Stuttgart, and published with the view of directing public attention in England more particularly to this subject, on which depends, to a great degree, the future of British industry and commerce:—

"In Stuttgart there is a central establishment, with a Museum of Arts and Industry, and a Manufactory of Models, and copies of Works of Art, having schools for drawing, modelling, and design carried on under the same roof. There is also a Polytechnic Institution, in which various branches of Art and Science are taught by eminent Professors at a very trifling cost to the students. This Institution contains spacious lecture and class rooms, and possesses collections of models and drawings for the various schools of engineering, design, architecture, and mechanics; also an excellent chemical laboratory. It is supported almost entirely by the State."

The letter also mentions the existence of schools for particular branches of trade followed in the localities: thus at Reutlingen there is a weaving school; at Rottenburg a school for wood-carving, and at Gmund, a teacher of chasing and engraving gives instruction in the artistic branches of their trade to the boys engaged in the extensive brass, gold, silver, and jewellery manufactories carried on in that place. These schools are nearly all sustained by State and Municipal aid; and it may readily be understood that employers will give the preference to the most promising pupils, so that in a country where there is a keen competition in labour, this general system of instruction in Art has become a necessity for the maintenance of the industries of the people. Now, though there is no present pressing necessity in this country created by the pressure of industrial languor, there is no less a favourable field for the adoption of a similar system on a wider plan than now prevails amongst us. Nor is there reason to fear that the establishment of such a system would be less productive, or less beneficial in results, either to the individual or the community at large.

The latest information from the Red River fully confirms what we have elsewhere assumed, that the insurgents have no present intention of surrendering to the legally constituted authorities, though all but fifty or sixty of them had left Fort Garry. The guard at the fort appears quite strong enough for their purposes. In a private letter from Pembina, received at St. Paul, Minn., on Wednesday last, the 15th inst., it is stated that the rebels have placed Governor McTavish under close guard, on account of the recent proclamation advising them to lay down their arms and submit to the Government. In the meantime they continue to serve out rations with a regularity which is making serious inroads on the Hudson's Bay goods at Fort Garry and other posts. Capt. Campbell, of Governor McDougall's party, attempted to go into Fort Garry, but he was confronted at the gates by a sentinel, who, with the assistance of a sergeant, forced him back upon American soil, and upon pain of being shot was forbidden to re-enter the lines.

Two new evening papers are about to be published in Ottawa; one, the *Ottawa Free Press*, by Messrs. Mitchell and Carrier, late *attachés* of the *Ottawa Times*; the other, the *Evening Mail*, by Messrs. Moss & Ryan, the former late of the *Citizen* staff, the latter, for some time, Editor of the *Volunteer Review*. All the gentlemen named are practical men, well qualified in their respective departments; and if the field is large enough to make success possible, they will, doubtless, achieve it.

TEMPERATURE in the shade for the week ending December 15, observed by John Underhill, Consulting and Practical Optician, 387, Notre Dame Street, next to Charles Alexander & Son:

	Max.	Min.	MEAN.
Thursday, Dec. 9.....	26°	10°	18°
Friday, " 10.....	35°	18°	26° 5
Saturday, " 11.....	41°	28°	34° 5
Sunday, " 12.....	26°	16°	21°
Monday, " 13.....	26°	16°	21°
Tuesday, " 14.....	22°	10°	16°
Wednesday, " 15.....	16°	4°	10°

The annual return of insane paupers in England and Wales shows that there were, on January 1, 1869, 1,046,569 persons chargeable to the poor rates, and that 45,153 of them, or 4-31 per cent were insane persons, 20,045 males and 25,108 females. On January 1, 1866, the insane paupers were 4-31 per cent on the whole number of paupers. On January 1, 1867, they were 4-28. On January 1, 1868 (when there was a large increase of the whole number of paupers), 4-15. On January 1, 1869, 4-31 per cent.

The reception of the remains of the late Mr. Peabody on board the iron-clad "Monarch," took place on Saturday last. Although it was intended that the proceedings should be privately conducted, they were attended by interesting demonstrations of respect. The remains were accompanied to the place of embarkation by Sir Curtis Lampson, Charles Reade, Minister Motley, J. S. Morgan, and H. Somerly. They were received at the dock by the municipal authorities of Portsmouth, and the officers and marines of the "Monarch," and the United States steamer "Plymouth." The steamer "Duke of Wellington" fired minute guns during the embarkation, the ships in the harbour displayed their flags at half-mast, and dipped their ensigns as the "Monarch" steamed out. On the arrival of the coffin on board the "Monarch," Mr. Motley addressed Captain Commerell, Commander of the ship, as follows:—"Sir, the President of the United States having been informed of the death of the great philanthropist, the lamented Mr. Peabody, at once ordered a ship from the European squadron of the United States to proceed to this country, in order to convey his remains to America. Simultaneously, Her Majesty the Queen being apprised of the sad event, gave orders that one of Her Majesty's ships should be appointed to perform the same office. This double honour from the heads of two great nations to a simple American citizen was, like his bounty to the poor of both nations, quite unprecedented. The President has yielded most cordially to the wish of the Queen, and the remains of Mr. Peabody are now to be conveyed across the Atlantic in a British vessel to his native country, to be buried with his kindred, while an American national vessel will accompany her as a consort on the voyage. All that was mortal, therefore, of our lamented friend, was taken this morning from Westminster Abbey, where very rarely before in history did a foreigner of any nation find a sepulchre, whether temporarily or permanently, and has been brought to this port. As Minister of the Republic at the Court of Her Majesty, I have been requested by the relatives and executors of Mr. Peabody, who are now present, to confide these, his revered remains, to your keeping. This duty I have now the honour of fulfilling."

Captain Commerell replied to Mr. Motley:—"I accept this sacred trust, sir, in the same spirit in which you have confided it to my care, and I assure you that these remains shall be cared for and guarded by me, and those around me, with jealous interest, as sacred relics of one whose memory will ever be held dear by the people of my country."

They appear to be unearthing a considerable number of horrors just now in France. Besides the body of the elder Kinck, the corpse of a man has been discovered at Levallois-Perret with one leg frightfully mangled, which appears to have been sawn with a hand-saw. It is also stated in one of the Paris papers that during the works of demolition rendered necessary by the construction of a new street in the Quartier Saint-Marcel, a cemetery used in the days of the first revolution has been uncovered. Among other human remains was found a remarkably beautiful head of a woman in a wonderful state of preservation. The fair hair still adhering to the skull bears the coiffure in fashion in 1793-4, with twisted and powdered tresses. There is no doubt that the head belonged to one of the victims of the revolutionary tribunal, but it is a singular circumstance that the eyes are covered with a black frontlet. As no mention is made in the chronicles of the time of any one among those executed being blindfolded before mounting the scaffold, this discovery has much puzzled the workmen who have been conducting the excavations. *Le Réveil* says they have sent the head to M. Jules Claretie, who has made the customs and particulars of the Revolution his especial study, on the chance of his being able to solve the mystery which at present envelopes this accidental discovery.

In a series of interesting articles published in *Le Correspondant*, M. Topin professes to reveal the mystery of the Man with the Iron Mask, and the secret, as Louis XV. assured the Dauphin, seems to have been one of little importance. In the archives of the ministry of Foreign Affairs, M. Topin has found documents which prove, as he thinks, beyond a doubt that the mysterious person was an agent of the Duke of Mantua of the name of Matthioli, who betrayed Louis XIV. in a negotiation touching the surrender to that monarch of the fortress of Casal. This hypothesis had already been suggested, but Fouquet was more generally supposed to be the victim. M. Topin, however, proves that the famous Surintendant des Finances died at Pignerol, and that his body was delivered up to his family. One of the most conclusive documents quoted is a letter from Louis XIV., written in 1679, authorizing the Abbé de l'Astrade to carry off Matthioli, and remarking that it was important that his fate should remain unknown. At this moment Matthioli disappears, and the author identifies him with a prisoner who was committed at the same time to the charge of Cinq Mars and conveyed successively to St. Marguerite, Pignerol, and the Bastille. He entered the latter fortress masked, and there were good reasons for this precaution. The Duke of Mantua, reconciled with the King, was at Paris, and many of his followers might have recognized this unfortunate victim to Court intrigue and his own treachery. Whether he always wore a mask, and whether that mask was of iron, is uncertain. It appears that he died at the age of sixty-three, after an imprisonment of twenty years, and was buried under the transparent pseudonym of Marchiali.

#### THE FIRST SNOW.

Now starry snow-flakes glisten in the air  
And spread a pearly carpet o'er the ground,  
And happy hearts for mirth and sport prepare,  
For hark! we hear the merry sleigh bells sound.  
Though cold thy breath that makes the branches bare,  
Yet many pleasures in thy reign are found;  
Come then, old Winter, chilly though thou be,  
Thou bring'st us much to love of merriment and glee.

What joy, assembled in the fire-lit hall,  
To sit in converse gay our friends among,  
And watch the flickering shadows on the wall,  
Cheered by the music of some good old song  
And the glad memories its notes recall;  
To hear the scattering snow-storm sweep along,  
Or join the drive beneath the star-lit sky,  
Or see the circling drift in giddy whirlwinds fly.

But ye, whom ease and luxury caress,  
Whose steps have never trod the paths of care,  
Oh! turn a pitying eye where woes oppress,  
And cheer the hearts now sinking in despair.  
Come, with prompt hand, to lighten their distress,  
And learn, oh! learn another's pangs to share;  
For the bright snow drops falling round your door  
Are messengers of grief and sorrow to the poor.

See on this pallet, tattered, hard and low,  
A pining sister languishing and weak.  
To her, the feathery flakes of falling snow  
No word of fireside happiness can speak;  
When through the shattered window panes they blow  
And fall, but cannot melt, upon her cheek;  
There, keen Adversity's cold hand we trace,  
And toil and misery long have seamed the pallid face.

Too late has Pity's footstep sought the door;  
Those ears are deaf to every earth-born sound,  
Those hands have toiled, their toiling now is o'er,  
Those eye-lids slumber in a sleep profound;  
The sun can scorch, the frost can chill no more:  
Then lay her gently, gently in the ground,  
While, far away beyond the shining skies,  
To gain its long-sought rest the wearied spirit flies.

And e'en within the busy, crowded street,  
How many claim compassion of the kind;  
Here, the snow chills a child's ill-covered feet  
And little hands too bare to meet the wind.  
The storm grows colder, and the cutting sleet  
Comes hissing in his eyes; oh! could he find  
A crust of bread, a home, a fireside warm—  
Alas! no home has he to shield him from the storm.

See where an aged man comes tottering past,  
Affliction written on his furrowed brow,  
His scanty cloak invaded by the blast,  
His footsteps frail upon the slippery snow,  
Perhaps his weary wanderings may not last  
Till Winter shrinks before the Spring-time's glow;  
Then help the aged from your bounteous store,  
Their journeyings soon will cease, their pilgrimage be o'er.

Oh! happy, happy is the gentle breast,  
Whose heart the throb of sympathy can feel,  
To bind the wounds of aged and distressed,  
The wounds, too oft, the grave alone can heal.  
To smooth the brow where Time too rudely pressed,  
And lead the blind and spread the poor man's meal,  
For, on each act in generous kindness given,  
A blessing bright is sent that brings us nearer Heaven.

E. L.

BURIED ALIVE.—The disposition manifested among Americans (who do everything fast) to hurry people to their graves, almost as soon as the spirit is supposed to have taken its flight, sometimes leads to very shocking consequences. Such cases as the following are by no means uncommon: Only a few weeks ago a little girl in Cleveland was attacked with lockjaw, pronounced dead by the physician, and twenty-four hours thereafter buried. The mother, however, so distrusted the doctor's judgment that she visited the grave of her child on the eve of its burial, and, pressing her ear close to the ground, thought she heard it move in its coffin. She procured a spade, threw off the earth from the coffin, and upon opening it discovered the body lying upon its side, quite warm, the child having evidently revived after interment only to perish of suffocation. In Baltimore another case was reported of a young lady whose body was committed to a vault, under the belief that she was dead, but, when shortly after the vault was opened, the corpse was found stretched upon the steps leading to the door, with the flesh gnawed from the arms and legs, as if the miserable woman had eaten her own flesh to appease the cravings of hunger. Would not the old system of burning bodies be infinitely preferable to a practice which admits of such horrible consequences as these? The question is attracting considerable attention in France, where developments fully as revolting as the instances we have quoted are brought forward to justify the authorities in any case where there is the slightest suspicion that death had not supervened, and that the patient is simply in a state of suspended animation. The plan adopted in portions of New England, of having vaults erected above ground, with a bell attached, so that in the event of returning consciousness of one prematurely buried, the alarm could be given, is a good one. The only wonder is that the safeguards thus secured have not been adopted in other parts of the country.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

General Benjamin F. Butler has been sued in the Superior Court, in New York, by Miss Rowena Florence, of New Orleans, niece of the late General Twiggs, for the recovery of the value of "spoons," and other silverware, and table furniture, appropriated by Butler while in command in New Orleans, in the spring of 1862, together with the three splendid swords presented to General Twiggs by the United States government, and the States of Texas and Georgia. Miss Florence lays her damages at £37,000, and Judge Jones has granted an order of arrest against Butler, fixing the amount of bail at \$15,000.