

ample, none took a livelier interest in the literary successes of M. FROCHETTE, and came forward more heartily to do him honour than the English-speaking people of Montreal. The principal journals of Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec, St. John and Halifax, recorded their congratulations in appropriate articles. But this does not prevent us from understanding that our French people would only promote their usefulness by acquiring a proficiency in the English language and literature. The two languages do not clash; rather do they supplement each other. No one would be less a true Frenchman for being an accomplished English scholar. Furthermore, he would find the professions—legal, medical and notarial—more widely open to him, and his path in commercial careers would be greatly broadened and softened. With regard to alleged injustice in the distribution of patronage, and fancied neglect of the French language in official quarters, we repeat that the remedy can be easily applied whenever there is a real fault, and the more that we are positive that there is no intention to do an unfairness. Certainly, if we were so minded, we might retort by alleging several cases where the English people might complain of being slighted. Only the other day, General LEARD brought down upon himself a storm of indignation, by refusing to answer a letter addressed to him in English until it was written in French. The gallant General was clearly wrong and will not likely repeat the offence. Yet, we know of more cases than one where letters sent in English to Departments at Quebec were answered in French, which might be construed into a discourtesy as it was certainly an inconvenience when the party addressed did not know French. But these recriminations would be idle and puerile. Both sides must put up with a little friction, now and then, inseparable from our mixed origins, and the public prints which ought to be the exponents of the highest thought and feeling in the country should set the example in this respect. As we state in a paragraph elsewhere, it is to be hoped that the visit of the French delegates, who were so magnificently banquetted last week, will tend to lessen our estrangements and bind us all more closely together.

OUR FRENCH VISITORS.

We publish to-day the portraits of three of the French gentlemen who are on a mission to this country, in connection with the establishment of commercial and financial relations of the greatest importance between Canada and France. Their visit is one of the most important events of the year, and its results promise to be fruitful of the amplest benefit to the Dominion.

The principal of these is M. Joseph Henri Thors. He is a native of Amsterdam, and was born in 1839. From an early age he entered the banking career, and at once distinguished himself by the display of the most brilliant aptitudes. After the German war, he was placed at the head of the Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas, the largest institution of its kind on the continent of Europe, with a capital of 120,000,000 francs. Its transactions are on a colossal scale, and it enjoys universal confidence. M. Thors took up arms for his adopted country during the war, and has become a naturalized French citizen. Since his advent among us he has been received with all the consideration due to his talents and his mission, and it is gratifying to know that he expresses his entire satisfaction with what he has seen of Canada.

M. Gustave de Molinari is one of the most distinguished political economists of France, and the author of a large number of works which are cited and consulted as authorities. He was born at Liege in 1819, his father having been an Officer of the Empire. He has been connected with journalism from an early age, and his career on the *Journal des Debats* has given him an European reputation. His mission to Canada is to study our institutions from an economic point of view, and to make such a report as French financiers may use to enter into relations with us. M. de Molinari is well pleased with Canada, and there is no doubt that he will give a satisfactory account of us.

M. De Lalonde bears an official character, inasmuch as he has been sent by the French Government to visit our country, and satisfy himself how far it is a fit field for emigration and colonization. His journey to the Northwest has been so far favourable, that he has made overtures with the Government for the purchase of three entire townships, there, which he intends

to reserve for Alsatian and Lorraine settlers. M. De Lalonde is a gentleman of experience and keen observation, and his sympathy for us is likely to produce the most satisfactory results.

COLLIERY DISASTER AT STEEL-LARTON, NOVA SCOTIA.

At seven o'clock on the morning of November 12th, the community was startled by the report of another accident in the Ford pit of Albion mines. The facts are as follows:—Previous to six o'clock, the two night foremen, came to the surface and reported the pit all safe. At five o'clock, the men proceeded as usual to their respective bords, and other places of work. At twenty-five minutes to seven Charles Ross, driver on the fan, while performing his duties, heard a peculiar roar proceeding from the fan, like a heavy rush of wind, lasting two minutes, and a moment later the roof of the fan house, made of plank, was blown in the air, followed by a quantity of brick. He immediately reported the chief engineer, who ordered Ross to increase the velocity of the fan from forty to fifty revolutions per minute. Meanwhile, the great number of men working in the north side of the pit being warned of a disaster by an unusual concussion of air, escaped by way of the cage-pit, which communicates with the Ford by a tunnel. At this time James Hudson, manager, his son Joseph, and under-ground manager, and Robert Simpson, manager of the Drummond mines, had assembled at the pit head, and were holding a consultation. It was now too patent that a great calamity had occurred, and it was believed that thirty or thirty-five men working on the south side had been cut off from all means of escape. Volunteers were called for, but were slow in coming forward, which may in some measure be accounted for by the dread of the late disaster being in their minds. Finally, however, Messrs. Duncan Mackenzie, Fred. Schurman, Rory McDonald, descended and attempted to enter the south side of the working, but found the gas so strong that they could only get a few yards, so immediately returned to the surface. The first party to descend was Joseph Hudson, John McKay, Fred Schurman and a boy named Lewis. At the foot of the shaft they met John Dauber, and proceeded fifty yards to the southward to try to break in the south side. There they found a man named Johnson, unconscious but living. Schurman and Hudson carried him to the foot of the shaft and took him up. He was removed to his residence and will likely recover. Returning to the pit and proceeding to the same spot they found a man named McGillivray lying on his side, insensible, with his arm raised, so as to protect his face. Hudson says:—"I felt his hands which were still warm. I put my hand on his heart to make sure that he was dead. I believe he was, but just then I felt the charge of air, which is always the warning of approaching explosion, and had to rush to the shaft for my life." Hudson and his party then came to the surface, followed a few minutes later by Michael Breen, who came from the north break, and reported stumbling over a man, who was still living, in his (Breen's) effort to reach the shaft, but to have stayed to attempt to render him assistance would have been certain death to himself. The crowd surrounding the office noticed the pull-ways of the shaft in motion, and a rush was made for that spot, when a man was met, who informed Manager Hudson, that Daniel McLean, Rory D. McDonald, Michael Foley and John Foley had come up from the north side, bringing with them Matthew McPherson, who in some marvellous manner had travelled from the south working three hundred yards up the north break on the north side, and yet was ignorant of anything unusual having occurred, and this two hours and a half after the accident. Another exploring party descended, but only got up to where the previous parties reached. They succeeded after awhile in putting up brattices to convey the air in a proper course, but were compelled to return by the foul gas and fear of explosion. During this time the scenes on the surface can be better imagined than described. Work had ceased. Hundreds of people had arrived from New Glasgow, Westville and vicinity; the majority of the population surrounded the works, who knew that over fifty fathers, brothers and sons, who had gone to their work in the morning in the prime of life and enjoyment of perfect health, had met a terribly sudden death. There was no hope. Bereaved wives, mothers and sisters bore their terrible affliction with a heroism of which the oldest miners have no recollection in the previous history of mining disasters. Their grief was too deep for utterance. As the bodies came to the surface, covered with loose rags, the scene was indescribable. Old and middle-aged men cried like children. The bodies were quietly removed to a wagon shop 200 yards distant. The history of the mining on this seam has been one of disaster.

AN IMPRISONED RITUALIST.

THE REV. T. PELLHAM DALE'S EXPERIENCES IN HOLLOWAY GAOL.

The Rev. T. Pellham Dale, now in Holloway Prison, in accordance with the sentence of Lord Penzance for contumacy in disobeying the decision of the Court of Arches as to the alleged illegal ritual in his Church of St. Vedast, city of London, has been interviewed. He was found seated with his son, who acts as his amanuensis, in a large double cell, which he oc-

cupies as his sitting-room. A bright fire was burning on the hearth, two or three comfortable-looking chairs, a large table covered with books and papers, and a smaller one on which were refreshments, and a pretty bouquet. A doorway led into a small cell which Mr. Dale uses as his sleeping room. The rector's right hand was bandaged owing to an abscess having formed which prevents him writing. Through the courtesy of the prison officials, however, his son is allowed to be with him two hours daily, and thus enable him to attend to his voluminous correspondence. In reply to questions, Mr. Dale stated that he felt very well, and that his doctor had informed him that there was a slight improvement in his general condition, which had been far from strong for some time past. "How do you like your quarters, Mr. Dale, and are you fairly treated?" I asked the rector. "I have no cause to complain on either score, sir," said he. "The officers here are gentlemen, and Colonel Milman, the governor of the prison, is a very courteous and kind gentleman. As to this room," said he, looking round it, "why it is very like what my rooms were at Sidney College, Cambridge, of which I was a Fellow, and where I was lodged when a younger man. That little cupboard in the corner there with the door to it answers to what at college we called the 'gyp room,' the place we kept our provisions in." "Your cells are, I see, on the ground floor, and they are rather dark, and those sombre yew tree branches outside do not form what one would call a cheerful outlook," I remarked. "Oh," said Mr. Dale, "the room is as good as some of those that young men 'keep in' at college." "Are you permitted to see your friends occasionally?" I asked. "Yes, I have callers every day. Mrs. Dale comes to see me every morning, and one of my daughters accompanies her. They stay about one hour, and in the afternoon my son is with me for about two hours." "What course is it intended to adopt to obtain your release?" I inquired. "That I do not know," Mr. Dale replied. "I have put myself unreservedly in the hands of my lawyer. Of course I am anxious to be restored to my family and congregation, and would like to get out of prison as soon as possible. Indeed, my instructions to my lawyers were to get me out as quickly as I came here, for a certain purpose, but sooner than surrender one iota of principle for which I am kept here, I will stay all my life in prison. I have taken my stand in the interests of the Church of England and her liberties, and am resolved to abide all consequences. Yet we must see when the time comes what is best to be done. At present I do not know that even the writ of habeas corpus will ever be applied for." "Permit me," I said, "to ask you, for form's sake, in view of what you have already stated, if you intend submitting to Lord Penzance's judgment?" "No, certainly not," said Mr. Dale, stoutly, and with more emphasis than he had previously used. "I do not intend to submit to his judgment." "May I ask why?" "Because," said the rector. "I consider his an usurped jurisdiction, and I could not, as a benefited priest in the Church of England, acquiesce in it. I cannot permit a State-made Court to suspend me *ab officio*, but, as far as at present advised, should submit to be suspended *ab beneficio*. That is, the State may take away my temporalities or goods; but I will not allow that the civil power has any authority in spiritual matters. I am a priest in the Church of England, and I hold a benefice. If the State chooses to take away my benefice, justly or unjustly, I am bound as a citizen and a Christian man to submit, even to the spoliation of my goods; but I cannot allow the State to interfere with my spiritual authority, delegated to me by the Bishop at my ordination. What ulterior purposes were to be served in singling my church out I can only suspect, but am not permitted to say. The ostensible reason given is the Ritualistic practices, but I cannot help thinking matters which have no connection with church services have had something to do with it. What we wish to restore is historic Christianity, and that alone. We are Englishmen, and object as much as the majority of our fellow-countrymen to Papal supremacy.

Mr. Dale, who is 65 years of age, refuses to give up the key of his church to the nominee of the Bishop of London, standing on his legal right as to St. Vedast's being his freehold, of which he can only be deprived by force. The Church Association decided that he should be searched and the key taken from him. To this, however, the Governor of the prison refused to accede, unless on the production of a regular search warrant. The case of the rev. gentleman will be brought before the Courts for argument, unless he is set free in the meantime by order of the Home Secretary.

On the first Sunday after his imprisonment he had to put up with poor fare, a bowl of cocoa and dry bread for breakfast and supper, no spoon being supplied, and Irish stew for dinner. He has received the Holy Communion from a London clergyman from out side. In order to pay the costs of his trial, etc., all his books and nearly all his household goods have been seized. Still he does not lose heart.

The Workingmen's Protestant League, by resolution, rejoice that in the imprisonment of the Rev. T. P. Dale, the vicar of St. Vedast, Fosterlane, E.C., the law has with tardiness, to some extent, been vindicated. We have no sympathy with the sentiment that Mr. Dale is punished "for conscience sake" but most earnestly implore that such lawlessness may be put

down wherever it exists. The delay in putting the law in execution has greatly fostered the thought among the workmen that "there is one law for the rich and another for the poor," thus annulling the Scriptural injunction that the authority of the magistrate is a terror to evil-doers (law-breakers) and a praise to them that do well. Moreover, if Mr. Dale desires personal liberty and freedom of his conscience, he may at once secure both by relinquishing his position as a clergyman of the Church of England and proceeding to another place according with his erroneous teaching and idolatrous practices.

THE SEAMY SIDE OF LETTERS.

Minerva, said an old etymologist, is called, *quia minuat nervos*. Excess of study is, of course, like any other excess, prejudicial to the system. The pursuit of letters, if carried beyond a certain point, is, like other pursuits, attended by physical inconveniences. These, which have been greatly magnified, ultimately result from one of two causes—too much exercise of the mind, or too little exercise of the body. Insanity or indigestion, a disordered head or a disordered stomach, are the avenging Erinyes of the lucubrations of literary libertinism. But the belly suffers far more often than the brain. How many men sit before their books day after day, immovable as the unhappy Indian Fakirs before their gods, deranging their animal economy without any advantage to themselves or society! How many of these sedentary victims lose their appetite without increasing their intelligence! How many, without improving their discernment, destroy their digestion! These are they whom Melancholy follows like a shadow, having marked them for her own. No need for them to drink the bloodless cumin. The least intemperate of them from excessive sensibility serves as a living barometer, and is purged of bile at much less seldom intervals than Horace. The most intemperate is a martyr, if we may believe physicians, to sleeplessness and somnambulism, to convulsions and catalepsy. These men have been known to sink, in a comparative short period, from a voluminous constitution to monogamian caducity. Now, they will even die away like a lamp, from wasting their light of life solely in the service of an ungrateful public. From time to time learned receipts have been given regarding a scholar's diet. But these bookworms will have none of them. They will not even follow the example of Aristotle, and bear about constantly on their belly, in order to assist digestion, a bladder of aromatic oil. They will not confine their food to milk and rice, eggs and oysters, fruit and farina. Illustrious examples are theirs, if they would but follow them. Anacreon is said, during his latter years, to have lived on a regimen of raisins, Newton on bread and water, with wine and boiled chicken on some infrequent opportunity of festal cheer. But at least let the student beware of bacon, and cream, and cider. Nor are sheep's trotters ordinarily adapted to his digestive powers. Tea is little likely to lengthen literary days; and a sucking pig, especially with mustard and pepper, is a very Pandora's box of ills, in which not even Hope remains behind. The literary constitution seems by nature surcharged with black bile. For one fellow of infinite jest, you will find more than fourscore men of sorrows—in their books. But we know by experience that the printed versions of their own wretchedness are not always true. Some of their Complaints, their Epicedia, their In Memoriams, their Elegies, their mournful rhymes would go near to break our hearts for very sympathy's sake, were it not for nature's suggestion that there can be but little suffering in so loud a symphony, and the recollection that our rhymers, like the old shepherd in the ballad, must sometimes feign themselves wretched to show they have wit. When Young, from whom had he been made a bishop the world would probably have had no "Complaint," on the occasion of a family bereavement common to human kind, observed that midnight was sunshine compared to the colour of his fate, the exaggeration of his expression cast a doubt on the sincerity of his sentiment. We look upon it as a mere stratagem of speech, and we are inclined to estimate ninetenths of the wailing burden of his song at little more value than the chattering of a swallow on a barn. Young, however, was able to suffer in silence. He wrote an epitaph for his footman, describing him as a person of perfect piety, and lamb-like patience, but we have from him no obituary evidence of the virtues of his wife. Poets have, of all literary personages, probably suffered the most, which is indeed only natural, as they are least wanted by a world which professes to honour them so highly. But if it is their vanity which makes the sentence of public opinion press hot and heavy upon them, like a tailor's goose, it is also their vanity which prevents that iron instrument uncurling a single hair of their self-satisfaction. A little more of censure, which another might easily ford, would indeed drown them, were they not sustained by an airy opinion of their own merits. Herrick was doubtless made miserable by the slow sale of his "Hesperides," and mourned the meagre revenue of his rhymes; but, on the other hand, he consoled himself with his vast superiority to his fellow-citizens of Devonshire, boors, rocky, enrish, and churlish as their seas. What a crowd of indignant versifiers, who have supplied fuel for many a kitchen fire, have refreshed themselves with reflections on the gross stupidity of their age!