

NOTICE.

Our Agent, MR. W. STREET, who collected our accounts west of Toronto last year, is again visiting all the places on the Grand Trunk, Great Western, Canada Southern, Northern and Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railways. Subscribers are requested to settle with him all accounts due.

Subscribers are once more requested to take notice that the dates to which their subscriptions are paid are printed on their wrappers with each number sent from the office, thus: 1.78 would signify that subscriptions have been paid up to January, 1878; 7.77 up to July, 1877. This is worthy of particular attention, as a check upon collectors and a protection to customers who, not seeing their dates altered after settling with the collector, should after a reasonable time communicate with the office.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 17th, 1877.

A LIBERAL ON DEMOCRACY

In the last number of the *Fortnightly Review*, of which there is now a Canadian edition published by Belford Brothers, the leading paper on Electoral Reform is from the pen of no less an authority than the Hon. ROBERT LOWE. The contribution is mostly remarkable for the incidental views which the distinguished writer expresses on electoral equality and the distribution of political power. Mr. Lowe has never been classed as a Radical, but his later career has placed him among very advanced Liberals, and hence his opinions in the present article acquire the more importance. He appeals with the utmost confidence to all modern history to show a single instance where a Government resting on the basis of universal suffrage has been conducted, not in accordance with the opinions of the rich, but with the opinions of the educated and refined part of society. According to him, we owe the happiness and prosperity which we have enjoyed in so large a measure, not to the guidance of the poor and ignorant, but of the educated and experienced, and may not unreasonably ask whether we are to suppose that our welfare will be preserved by means exactly the reverse of those by which it has been obtained and hitherto preserved. But experience is not merely mute on this question; it not only has nothing to say in favour of democracy; it has much to say against it. The advocates of abstract rights may, for the purpose of their theory, treat and speak of men as individuals, but experience teaches that though you may invest them with political power as individuals, they use their power not as individuals, but in classes. The result is, that while you are dreaming of equality you are creating the grossest inequality, by placing the minority, in which are included the rich and the educated, absolutely at the mercy of those who live by daily labour; that is, in the hands of persons possessing the least knowledge of State affairs and the strongest interest, from the only point of view which they are able to take, to violate that very equality on the ground on which they are admitted. The question is not of the personal qualities of the man admitted to the franchise, but of the fitness of the class to which he belongs for the exercise of supreme power. Here also experience is our only guide, and she has not left us without sufficient warning. What she has taught us is contained in a single phrase: Democracy cannot govern. There are some questions on which democracy will hear no reason. It happily is not always able to rise to the consideration of anything so abstract as the principles of political economy, but when it attempts it, it is invariably wrong. England owes the repeal of the corn laws not to the appreciation by the working classes of the superiority of the claims of the consumer to those of the producer, but to the incredible folly of the advocates of protection in linking their cause with the odious imposition of a bread tax. Democracy is the enemy of

competition, and ever places its trust not in the increase of consumers, but in the compulsory diminution of producers. It drives away cheap labour in California and Australia, and imposes heavy duties on what can be produced at home, as in Canada and Victoria.

THE Earl of BEACONSFIELD has delivered his long-expected speech on the Eastern Question at Guildhall. He declared Government adhered to their declaration that British neutrality must cease if British interests were assailed or menaced. He believed the policy of remaining neutral, except in defence of England's interests, was the best policy both for England and Turkey, as it enabled Turkey to display a vigour which demonstrated her right to be recognized among the sovereign powers. With regard to peace, he did not take a desponding view; he was encouraged by the remembrance of the Czar having solemnly declared his only aim was the amelioration of the condition of the Christians, while the Sultan repeatedly expressed readiness to grant reforms; the theory that Russia must continue the war for the sake of prestige was combated. He then concluded: "The Government have both hope and patience with respect to the war, and I trust the time is not far distant when with the rest of the powers we may contribute to a settlement of the difficulties which may secure the peace and independence of Europe."

LAST Saturday Mr. DANA finished his argument before the Fishery Commission, closing the case for the United States. The American counsel have contended that these Provinces are entitled to no award, the advantages from the fishery clauses of Washington being mutual. They have laid great stress on the fact that the treaty admits our fish duty free into the United States markets. The Commission adjourned until Thursday last, when counsel for Great Britain commenced their arguments. It is expected the convention will close and the award be given before the end of the month.

ACCORDING to official reports \$305,150 worth of farm products was exported from the United States to England during the first eight months of the present year. Imports of American fresh meat reduced the price of beef in England one cent. It is anticipated that a considerable trade will develop in American watches, shoes and wines. In all these lines of exportation Canada can press the United States with a useful and healthy rivalry, and it is well that our manufacturers and agriculturists should be all alive to the situation.

NOTES ABOUT HAMILTON.

A SACRED SPOT.

A narrow neck of land, stretching off from the western limits of the city, and separating the water of Burlington Bay from what is known as "Coot's Paradise," is the commencement of "Burlington Heights," famous in Canadian history.

This neck of land is from two to three hundred yards in width and rises to an even height of about a hundred feet above the level of the lake, having steep embankments on either side. The view from this peculiar elevation is strikingly picturesque. Away off in the northern foreground are the green slopes and rugged heights of Flamboro; from the eastern embankment stretches Burlington Bay, beyond which can be seen the beach of the same name, and the broad waters of Lake Ontario. Westward extends the great marsh, or "Paradise," and farther on, nestling cozily among the hills, can be seen the spires and chimneys and tin roofs of the old town of Dundas (poetically known as the "Valley City,") while, all along on the south, at a distance of a couple of miles, towers the unbroken ridge of the "Mountain."

This little Isthmus is about a mile in length, and, although it does not connect continents, yet, it unites two great states—the living and the dead—for upon it is situated the cemetery of the "Ambitious Little City."

The surrounding scene is indeed a most impressive one. The foliage upon the sides of the distant hills is now all tinted by the autumnal frost, and the variegated hues of the far off landscape appear like beautiful fields of an immense curtain of damask.

Passing into the cemetery at the southern entrance, one is immediately struck with the singular appropriateness of the location and the evident care with which the place is attended to. The sides are fringed about with evergreen trees and shrubs, and weeping willows are waving in every direction. The whole surface is a natural series of gentle elevations and prolonged slopes, and the well kept walks and drives, winding around circuitously, give an unconsciously pleasing effect to the place.

The southern portion was originally the whole of the cemetery, but, as the city increased in population, so were the boundaries of its burial place enlarged. This part is now a perfect forest of modern monuments, in granite, marble and freestone. Red and gray granite now largely predominates, and truly, many of the highly polished, artistic specimens are extremely handsome, but in my opinion, none of them equal, in harmonious effect, the beautiful white marble Corinthian column in the southwestern corner. Just beyond the latter is a magnificent private vault, and not far away can be seen two or three other sombre-looking entrances to family burial places. Nearly all of the little plots are hedged about with neat fences of iron, and many of the graves are decorated with appropriate flowers and vines and are evidently cared for by loving hands.

Some of the headstones bear names which figure in Canadian history, but the number is exceedingly limited. In yonder corner lie the remains of two millionaires, and doubtless their names will live until their handsome monuments have crumbled to dust, but how much longer I am not prepared to say.

Yonder half acre of closely arranged mounds was, years ago, filled up in a few short weeks, by that fell destroyer, Asiatic cholera. No stones are there to mark each individual grave.

Here is a prominent monument and upon it is inscribed a name associated with the early history of Hamilton. Within its enclosure are a number of graves and among them is one with a little marble headstone bearing the following inscription:

"To the memory of Mrs. ———, for thirty years a faithful servant in the family." Those simple words are in themselves a grand monument to the goodness of the head of that household. Passing along in a northerly direction among the innumerable graves, one is touched by the tender expressions of remembrance which everywhere meet the gaze. There is a tall marble slab, with a vine twining about a cross, carved in relief, upon which is the single word "Ada." Yonder is a substantial monument surmounted by a miniature locomotive, a memento of the Desjardine's Canal calamity. Here is a stone which marks the final resting place of an aged couple who were the first settlers in a neighboring township.

All this portion is filled up and the cemetery has been gradually extended northward.

In about the middle, and running from east to west, are the extensive remains of the formidable earthworks which were thrown up by the soldiers under Sir John Harvey, during the war of 1812. Hamilton, at that time, had no existence; the ground now covered by the city was then a howling wilderness. General Harvey wisely selected this narrow neck of land as the most advantageous place for his base of operations. He used every means in his power to make it sufficiently strong to check the advance of the invading army which was marching from the Niagara frontier on to the town of York (Toronto).

It was from this point that the famous night *sortie* was made which resulted in the battle of "Stoney Creek" seven miles east of the city. On that memorable occasion, the enemy under Generals Chandler and Winder, was completely vanquished by the prompt and gallant action of the Canadian forces.

Beyond this historical old remnant the cemetery is spreading with astonishing rapidity. Granite and marble columns and pillars, and obelisks and slabs, and monuments of all dimensions are being erected in every direction.

Farther on, outside the north-western corner, surrounded by a high and rough board fence, is the "Potter's Field." This also contains a large number of graves, but not one of them bears any evidence of ever having been visited by a friend. No flowers; no names; desolate—alone. The place sadly reminds one of Tom Hood's well known lines:

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath;
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death."

This melancholy place is shut out from general observation.

Half a mile still farther on is the "Desjardine's Canal" where, in 1857, a whole train of passenger cars was precipitated into the yawning chasm. Many families throughout the land have sad occasion to remember that terrible disaster.

Returning through the cemetery, how interesting to read the names and inscriptions upon the various headstones.

Occasionally one comes across a curious specimen. For instance the following is upon the tombstone of a ten-year-old boy:

"Kind friends beware, as you pass by,
As you now are so once was I.
As I am now so you must be,
Prepare, then, for to follow me."

Had that lad lived, would he not have become a renowned philosopher? Upon another

stone, not far from the above, is also an amusing bit of philosophy which begins as follows:

"Affliction sore long time she bore,
Physicians were in vain."

Many of the epitaphs are, perhaps, instructive as well as amusing, but I will leave them for some *heartless* fellow to quote.

Hamilton has a beautiful burial place, and, in the delightful summer time, the friends of the departed flock to it in thousands. I have visited "Greenwood," at Brooklyn, as well as the magnificent necropolis at Montreal, in each of which has been expended a mine of wealth. Both of those are admired by visitors from all parts of the world, and deservedly so, but the quiet and naturally beautiful cemetery at Hamilton almost invites one to lie down and rest.

"O grave, where is thy victory?"

This subject gives rise to much speculation as to the democratic tendency of burial places in general, but as I have no intention of attempting to improve upon "Grey's Elegy," I had better bury the subject and have done with it.

W. F. McM.

Hamilton, Ont.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

SINCE Inverary Castle was burnt a good many owners of lordly mansions have awakened to the consciousness that they are quite unprovided with appliances against any conflagration. Many of these fine residences are situated in spots remote from a town, and even those which have clusters of inhabitants near have nothing but the most rudimentary appliances to depend upon. The Marquis of Lorne, warned by the misfortune which has befallen his father, is now having a service of water laid on in Kensington Palace.

IN Mr. Hankey's new house, that rises proudly to the south of St. James' Park, there are twelve stories, consisting of a series of flats let out in suites of ten rooms, whereof the highest and ariest is occupied by Mr. Hankey himself. He gets up to it by a lift. How he would get down in case of a fire, such as that which destroyed his first block of buildings, it is not easy to say. Every arrangement for comfort has been made. By means of a speaking tube each tenant can order his meals from the kitchen, which is common to all, and the food is supplied at cost price. The male servants are in liveries, the female servants wear a neat uniform; and one quarterly payment covers rent, rates, taxes, gas, water and fire insurance. Mr. Hankey has been his own architect, and is not a little proud that when his enormous pile came to be gauged, it was found to be not one inch out of the perpendicular.

THERE is a good story going the round of the papers about an ex-Captain of Bengal Cavalry, who is an inmate of the Chelsea Workhouse, and who was punished the other day because he either would not or could not break his allotted portion of stones. There is nothing astonishing in his fall, but he has not the philosophy to suit himself to his altered condition. There was not long since a dashing Captain of the Lancers with about £1,800 a year private fortune. Now he drives a hansom (his own), and is not bashful. Those who recognize him find he will condescend to return civilities. He is a philosopher. He lives in a mews, is a sober, hard-working fellow, is married to a respectable, good-looking girl, who was formerly housemaid in the lodgings where he lived; his home is clean and comfortable, and he has three as clean, nice-looking children as are to be found in London. In a word, he has, like a wise man, quite forgotten his Lancer existence and accepted that of a cabman, very thankful that his former follies have sunk him no lower in the social scale. He has only two antipathies in the world—old ladies and country parsons. He says that both these categories of the human species always endeavour to cheat him of his legal fare.

BEFORE the removal of the scaffolding surrounding the clock tower at the Houses of Parliament, the *employes* engaged on the works met in the clock tower and resolved to commemorate the regilding and decoration of the spire by depositing a number of the London daily papers containing a report of the stoppage of "Big Ben" in the brass receptacle which supports the ornamental vane red, at an altitude of over 240 feet. Accordingly, before the vessel—which is large enough to hold several gallons of water—was sealed, the men assembled on the top tier of the scaffolding and deposited in this curious receptacle copies of the *Times*, dated August 27, 1877, and other newspapers, a list of names of workmen engaged on the tower, a Guilders' Club book, a purse containing a small gilt cross, and the following coins:—Sixpence, fourpenny piece, threepenny piece, twopenny piece, penny, halfpenny, farthing, half-farthing, a Dutch coin, and a copy of the verse to which the chimes of Big Ben are set:—

"Lord, through this hour
Be Thou my guide;
Then, by Thy power,
No foot shall slide."

The receptacle was afterwards hermetically sealed and the scaffolding removed.