

hope, no one can observe the dog watching for his master's step, as in Landseer's picture of "Expectation," without admitting that he knows the sentiment as well as we. Pride in a successful chase may be witnessed in every dog, and even felt in the quickened heartbeats of a greyhound when caressed and praised. That dogs have personal vanity appears from the fact that they are so manifestly dejected and demoralized when dirty and ragged by long exposure, and recover their self-respect immediately on being washed and combed. Chivalry and magnanimity may nearly always be calculated upon in dogs, and wife-beating is an offence to which the four-footed beast never descends. The stories are endless of big dogs generally overlooking the insults of small curs, or taking them into water and giving them a good ducking as a punishment for their impertinence, and then helping them mercifully back to land. Sense of property, bifurcating into both covetousness and avarice, is common to all dogs. The kennel, rug, collar, water basin, or bone once devoted to his use, no dog can see transferred to another without indignation. Frequently he "covets his neighbour's house," and attempts to ensconce himself in it surreptitiously; and almost universally he covets his neighbour's bone, and purloins it, if he dare. Even from avarice he cannot be wholly exonerated, observing his propensity to bury his treasures. Shame, after transgressing any of the arbitrary rules imposed on him, a dog displays with ludicrous simplicity; but of the deeper sense of violated modesty which in human beings accompanies the commission of sin, the dog evidently knows nothing whatever. Humour, so far as it can proceed without language, the dog catches readily from a humorous master, and also the enjoyment of such games as he can understand. As a baby crows with glee at "bo-peep," so a dog barks with delight at "go-fish." Make-believe runs and false starts, romps and ticklings, throwing a ball for him to catch on the grass, or a stick to fish out of a lake, all supply him with pleasure perfectly analogous to their nature to that which boys and men find in blind-man's-buff and prisoner's base, lordly cricket, and lady-like croquet. Lastly, faith in a beloved superior is perhaps the most beautiful and affecting of all the attributes of a dog.—*Quarterly Review*.

## Our Illustrations.

THE WRECK OF THE "REWARD."

Saturday, the 20th ult., will long be remembered in St. John, N. B., as one of the most stormy and disastrous days in the memory of the inhabitants. On the night before there had been little appearance of a gale, but about two in the morning the wind, which had been east-south-east, chopped round to the south-west and broke over the city and vicinity in a perfect tornado. When the day broke it was found that several vessels had gone ashore. Among these was the "Reward," a topsail schooner of 101 tons, bound from the neighbourhood of Windsor to Portland, Me., with a cargo of plaster. Off St. John she had been overtaken by the hurricane, and while endeavouring to make the harbour, had struck on the rocks to the east of the Beacon, where she was exposed to the full fury of the waves, which swept over her in a manner that threatened speedy dissolution. This was about five o'clock. The crew, six in number, at once took to the rigging for safety, where they hung for dear life, in spite of driving snow, piercing wind, and drenching spray, until the day broke. About seven their perilous situation was first observed from the land, but, surprising to say, for a full hour no steps were taken to rescue them. "Then," says the *Telegraph*, "was the time that a life-boat might have been expected to be in readiness to relieve the perishing men, had the Corporation of St. John possessed such a thing or a crew to man it. On an open shed on the ballast wharf there was a thing which some people out of courtesy called a life-boat. It was old-fashioned, leaky and utterly out of repair, according to the statement of several parties. There were no oars in it to row with, and no thole-pins to place oars in. His statement is contradicted by others, who assert that only one oar was wanting. There was a hole in the bottom of this precious piece of Anti-deluvian art, big enough to sink a ship, in a short time, let alone a boat, and that was what the City of St. John depended on for the saving of life." Finally, at about eight o'clock, the crazy life-boat was got out and, manned by seven brave volunteers, started for the wreck.

The following are the names of the crew:—John Thomas, captain; Charles Bridges, at helm; George Dooly, Robert Murray, Timothy Collins, oarsmen; and James O'Neill.

For a description of the scene we must again borrow the language of the local writer:—"They were cheered to the echo as they left the shore, and many a prayer was breathed for their safety and their success. But the sea was terrible. The whole line of the foul ground was a mass of foam, and the long rollers were breaking on the rocks with a noise like thunder. Even where the water was unbroken, the crested billows rose to a prodigious height, and the persistent fury with which the storm raged was simply awful. It was a sublime spectacle to see these daring men engage in a contest with the great forces of nature to rescue their drowning brothers in the "Reward." As the boat left the shore the six men who had hung on to the rigging for so many hours were still alive, and their joy at the prospect of deliverance may be conceived. But nature was nearly exhausted and every successive wave which swept over the luckless vessel was rapidly hastening her total dissolution. But the life-boat was now plunging through the waves towards the wreck. Sometimes for a few moments it would disappear, and the cry would be raised that she was lost! Then she would be seen on the crest of the wave, to the delight of the spectators, and then with a sudden plunge she would sink out of sight. But her progress was necessarily slow, in the teeth of so tremendous a sea. In the meantime the sufferings of the men were terrible, and some of them could hold out no longer. The vessel, too, was rapidly going to pieces. The main-mast was seen to topple over and sink into the sea. The same wave which bore down the main-mast carried with it Thomas Hill, the captain's son, a youth of about 16 years of age. He exclaimed, "Father, I'm going!" as he released his grasp and sank into the foam covered waves. The grief-stricken father forgot his own sufferings in his agony for the loss of his son. "Oh God," he exclaimed, "my son is gone!" Greenough, the mate, who was above him in the rigging, replied, "Well, Captain, I expect we are all going, and I'll bid you good-bye." The exclamation had scarcely passed his lips when the captain also sank to rise no more. Ryson was the next victim. In his hour of peril he remembered his bereaved and widowed mother, and as he felt himself going, cried to the mate, "O! Mr. Greenough, what will my poor widowed mother do?" Then he sank and the ruthless waves closed over him. By this time the life-boat was under the lee of the vessel, and three living men were hanging in the fore-rigging. Jackson, who felt his strength leaving him, cried loudly for the men in the boat to make haste, and as they, with the most heroic exertions, were striving to reach him, the mast

went and with it the three men! Jackson gave a wild, despairing cry as he fell into the sea, on the lee side of the wrecked vessel. In another moment the topsail had covered him and pressed him down—but for this he would have been saved! The other two men were struggling with the waves on the same side of the vessel. To approach the "Reward" and the struggling survivors of her crew was a work of extreme difficulty. Dismantled, plaster-laden, the more immovable she was, the more dangerous it was to come near her, even on the lee side, lest the boat should be dashed to pieces by collision. But after her spars had been swept away, to a portion of which the two survivors clung, the waves which dashed them about did the same with the life-boat, their motions however being in unison. As the spectators, on the shore, by aid of glasses, watched the scene of disaster and gallant rescue, their hopes were now excited and now blighted. At one moment they seemed close enough to lay hold on the struggling men; at another they were carried away from them, and seemed themselves in danger of being submerged in the waves—a most tantalising spectacle—causing the most profound excitement in the life-boat and equally profound suspense on shore. The crew continued their superhuman efforts, which were soon to be crowned with a measure of success. At a favourable moment the insensible survivors were neared, grasped and rescued! Davis was greatly exhausted and oblivious of everything, and Greenough was somewhat delirious. As soon as the life-boat got clear of the wreck the tug steamer "St. George" was seen approaching her, but unfortunately had no suitable line to throw to the life-boat, and the latter had no line at all. The tug "Dirigo" then went out and took the life-boat in tow, and she was rapidly brought to the shore amid the plaudits of all who saw the heroism of her crew."

We cannot refrain from expressing a hope that the darling self-devotion of the seven brave men who thus risked their lives in a wretched leaky tub of a boat to save their fellows from the horrors of a watery grave, will meet with the substantial reward it deserves. Seldom even in the annals of shipwreck, where deeds of heroism are to be found on every page, do we come across a case of such intrepidity as was displayed by Captain Thomas and his crew. They have already received a slight testimonial from the members of the St. John Board of Trade, but their case will, we trust, be duly reported to, and duly honoured by, the Royal Humane Society.

### THE CENTENARY CHURCH ORGAN, HAMILTON, ONT.

The illustration of this fine instrument, (perhaps the best of its kind in the Dominion,) given in another place, will convey to the reader a pretty correct idea of its magnitude and grandeur. The builder, Mr. T. W. White, of Hamilton, expended his whole skill upon it, studying every improvement, American, British, and foreign, and combined in this organ all that could add to its value. The best materials, the most skillful workmen, were employed, and the highest perfection of tone has been attained to make this a model instrument worthy of comparison with the large cathedral organs of Europe. The organ occupies a width of sixteen feet and a depth of twelve feet. It is about twenty-three feet in height, and is enclosed in a beautiful imitation of rosewood case, with richly burnished gilt speaking pipes in front, which give it a novel and beautiful appearance, with a dignity and stateliness becoming an instrument of such immense size and capacity.

The builder furnishes us with the following specification, which may be found of interest:

Compass of Manuals from C to G.....56 notes.  
Compass of Pedals from C to C.....25 notes.

#### Great Manual.

NO. FEET.		PIPER.
1.	16 Bourdon.....	56
2.	8 Open Diapason.....	56
3.	8 Dulciana.....	56
4.	8 Stop Diapason Bass.....	56
5.	8 Melodia.....	56
6.	8 Gamba.....	56
7.	4 Principal.....	56
8.	4 Flute D'Amour.....	56
9.	4 Gemshorn.....	56
10.	2 Twelfth.....	56
11.	2 Fifteenth.....	56
12.	3 Banks Sesquialter.....	168
13.	8 Trumpet Bass.....	56
14.	8 Trumpet Treble.....	56
15.	4 Clarion.....	56
Total.....		810

#### Small Manual.

16.	8 Open Diapason.....	56
17.	8 Clarabella.....	56
18.	8 Stop Diapason Bass.....	56
19.	8 Stop Diapason Treble.....	56
20.	4 Principal.....	56
21.	4 Flute Harmonique.....	56
22.	2 Piccolo.....	56
23.	3 Banks Cornet.....	168
24.	8 Hautboy.....	56
25.	4 Tremulant.....	56
26.	4 Tremulant.....	—
Total.....		616

#### Pedal.

27.	16 Open Diapason.....	25
28.	16 Bourdon.....	25
29.	8 Principal.....	25
30.	8 Viol D'Amour.....	25
Total.....		100

Grand Total.....1,556

#### Mechanical Registers.

31.	Swell to Great.	32.	Great to Pedal.
33.	Swell to Pedal.	34.	Bellows Signal.

#### VIEW UP THE MIRAMICHI FROM NEWCASTLE, N.B.

The scenery along the line of the river Miramichi has already furnished some charming subjects for illustration in this paper. The view in this issue is no exception to the rule. The banks of the river in the neighbourhood of Newcastle are dotted with saw-mills, while the stream is covered with shipping waiting to load with lumber. At this point is the head of navigation for large vessels, but small craft can proceed several miles farther up the river.

#### THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE RIMOUSKI RIVER.

The photograph of this bridge from which our illustration is copied was taken some five months ago by M. F. X. Labelle, of Rimouski, when the structure was in a different condition to that which it now presents. The bridge crosses the river about a quarter of a mile to the south-west of the town. It is composed of four piers and two abutments, making five spans of 50

feet each. The piers stand 33 feet above low water mark, and are built with a bluish grey sandstone brought from the Murray Bay quarries. Great difficulty was experienced in getting down to the rock in consequence of the gravelly nature of the bed of the river. Steam pumps were used to pump out the water while the necessary excavations were being made. All the piers are founded on the solid rock, which averages some ten feet from the bed of the river. The bridge is in Section 5, and consequently forms part of the contract of Alex. McDonnell & Co. The masonry was built under sub-contract by Mr. Robert Gibson, of Grimsby, Ont.

## Miscellaneous.

The costs of trying 23,000 of the French Communists have been 11,539,021 francs.

Upwards of \$1,500,000 is the average annual sum paid in Great Britain for foreign artificial flowers.

Models of the Tabernacle and the Temple of Solomon will be among the objects of interest at the Grand Exposition at Vienna. In the model Tabernacle every object is executed in its proper tissue—the textile reeds, cedar boards, the silver and brazen sockets, all being faithfully reproduced.

It is reported that a pilgrimage to Rome, in the course of the winter, is being organized in France, to consist of 2,000 persons. The pilgrims are to pay 120 francs a head for journey, food, and lodging, so they must make up their minds to pilgrims' fare and shelter indeed in that most expensive city.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* was lately shown a rare curiosity, in the shape of an old almanac, printed in Nuremberg, in the year 1500, in the German language, edited by D. Mauritio Knauren, in which it is stated that at that time there was raging in portions of Germany and throughout the Holy Roman States an epizootic of horses and cattle. The good abbé then proceeds to predict that under the influence of the planet Mercury, which then reigned, there would be recurrences of this disease in the years 1572, 1579, 1586, 1492, and 1600.

Statistics of maritime disasters for the month of October of the present year, from the *International Register of Shipping*, dated November 13, show that during October 240 sailing vessels and 18 steamers of all flags have been reported lost. Among the former, the number lost, above ten, are as follows: 113 English, 21 Norwegian, 15 Dutch, 17 German, and 11 French. The American loss of vessels was 9. Of the steamers lost 9 were English, 3 Dutch, and 1 each belonging to the United States, France, Brazil, Norway, and Sweden. Among the sailing vessels are 5 and among the steamers 1 reported missing.

The Diorama of the Champs Elysées (in Paris, of course,) will be shortly re-opened, after having been closed since the beginning of the war. The "Battle of Solferino" was the picture formerly shown, but this has been replaced by a representation of the "Siege of Paris." The painting is executed in masterly style, and the illusion is complete. The spectator is supposed to be standing upon a platform in the middle of the Fort d'Issy, and the bombardment is going on furiously. The proportions of this gigantic view can be guessed when it is stated that real field-pieces and real fascines form part of the foreground.

A new advertising dodge has just been invented in Paris. Of late a large number of bank bills have been seen in circulation with slips of paper pasted upon the back. At first it was supposed that the bill had been torn and mended, but as the same thing was seen on new bills, a more careful examination was made. It was found that an enterprising tradesman had pasted his advertisements upon the back of the currency of the realm, and had taken this novel way of getting his business cards into circulation. A complaint has been made to the Government, and the question of right will be decided in the French courts.

A very singular ceremony is described in a French paper—a peace-making between twenty-nine families of Anglona, between whom hostilities had existed for ten years. The bishop of the diocese, priests, and country authorities assisted at the ceremony. The offenders, and those offended by the assassinations committed or the wounds inflicted by vendetta, formed themselves into separate rows in the open field; then they embraced each other, two by two, at first with a certain reluctance, but soon with the greatest cordiality. The twenty-nine families who, with their relations, exchanged the kiss of peace numbered in all 1,200 persons. And a crowd of 2,000 persons witnessed the strange and interesting scene.

The London *Spectator* has compiled a list of the wealthy Englishmen who have died during the last ten years. From this, it appears that between 1863 and 1872, ten persons have expired in Great Britain leaving to their heirs more than a million sterling. During the same period, fifty-three people have died worth half a million, and one hundred and sixty-one leaving more than a quarter of a million sterling. These figures refer solely to what is called "personality" in English probate records, i.e., actual hard cash, or its equivalent in bonds, stock, business interests, furniture, pictures, &c. The fortunes represented by the great and small landed estates transmitted during the same period are not included in the statistics referred to.

Most newspaper readers will remember the Zouave Jacob, whose wonderful cures were the subject of general attention a few years ago. He had but to speak the word of command and the paralyzed patient immediately performed feats of activity that would not have disgraced an acrobat. For some years nothing has been heard of Jacob, and many people imagined he was dead; but the *Arenar National* announces that he still lives and continues to work cures in a house in the Rue Ramponeau, Paris. He occupies a small room meanly furnished and ill-lighted by two windows of unpolished glass. He is visited every day by a number of persons who cannot get relief from the general practitioners. With an aspect of profound conviction he lays his hands on the sick and paralytic and tells them to walk, upon which they depart with a persuasion that there is an improvement in their condition. Jacob, however, admits that magnetism without another occupation is not a lucrative business; he therefore depends partly on his skill as a hatter for subsistence, and between the two manages to make a living.

OUR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.—The result of much scientific research and experiment has within the last few years enabled the medical profession to supply to the human system, where impaired or inactive, the power which assimilates our food. This is now known as "Morson's Pepsine," and is prescribed as wine, globules, and lozenges, with full directions. The careful and regular use of this valuable medicine restores the natural functions of the stomach, giving once more strength to the body. There are many imitations, but Morson and Son, the original manufacturers, are practical chemists, and the "Pepsine" prepared by them is warranted, and bears their labels and trade-mark. It is sold by all chemists in bottles 3s., and boxes from 2s. 6d., but purchasers should see the name

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