

THE HEATED TERM.

To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS:

DEAR SIR,—It may be considered presumptuous on my part to attempt to account for the exceptionally heated term, which has been so severely felt in various parts of the globe during the present month.

For some time past my attention has been directed during my leisure hours to the study of astronomy, and I have lately published a pamphlet in which I advocated the theory that the heat of the sun causes the motion of the orbs of heaven, and that the heat of each planet is the force which keeps the planets from falling, like the comets, towards the sun.

In following up this line of thought, I arrived at the conclusion that all the planets radiate outwards from them into space a certain amount of heat, and that by this means the temperature of each planet is affected by the others in proportion to their proximity.

On the 25th of the present month, the planet Jupiter, which, by the way, exceeds our earth in volume about 1,300 times, will be in opposition, that is to say, our earth will on that day occupy a position in line with Jupiter and the Sun.

During the heated term our globe has been gradually approaching this giant planet of our system, and, consequently, if it is true that the planets radiate outwards from them into space a certain amount of heat, it must necessarily follow that the temperature of our globe would be raised in consequence of its proximity to the planet in question.

Astronomers notice a striking resemblance between Jupiter and the Sun. It has been supposed that he is a self-luminous body of high temperature. If such is the case, the Earth in its present position is not only receiving her quantum of heat from the Sun, but also a certain amount from Jupiter. This may explain the reason of the recent excessive heat.

I am, dear sir, yours very respectfully,

DUGALD MACDONALD.

Montreal, July 22.

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

THE WEATHER—THE "LONG BRANCH" OF CANADA—AMUSEMENTS—GENERAL TOPICS.

"Goodness gracious! but it is hot!" is an exclamation one hears everywhere. For the last three weeks the mercury has been dilly-dallying up among the nineties, and, as if to show its contempt for the protest of mortals, to-day it stands at a hundred and three in the shade. The evenings, too, are close and sultry, and to sleep is almost impossible. Two terrific rain storms, on different days, drenched the parched earth, but did not cool the air to any extent. The oldest inhabitants have, of course, bestirred themselves to endeavour to hunt up some record of past seasons that might rival the present hot spell but they appear to have given up in disgust, as no announcement has been made of anything that can outdo the present, in duration. Yours truly has been busy in imparting to the public, a knowledge of a means discovered by him which will enable any one to feel chilly in the warmest weather. Simply procure a few of those pictures, representing life in Canada—which are so common in England,—displaying a stretch of bleak wilderness, shut in on all sides by immense snow banks. Hang the same up around your room, then dive into the latest account of somebody's explorations in the Arctic Regions. As the mind gradually endeavours to comprehend the vastness of the fields of ice, constantly being described, the imagination will easily convert the hum of the house fly into the distant howling of a terrific snow-storm, and, before you know it, you will begin to wrap yourself up for fear of catching cold. The simplicity of this remedy makes it unpopular with the masses, and the great bulk of our citizens, therefore, seek the cool and refreshing air of Burlington Beach, the

"LONG BRANCH OF CANADA."

This delightful summer resort is about five miles from the city. It is about four miles in length and separates the waters of Lake Ontario and Burlington Bay. In about the centre of this sandy beach, is the cutting known as the Burlington Canal, across which is one of the longest swing railway bridges in America. Four pleasure-steamers, of various sizes, ply hourly between the Beach and city, and the trains on the Hamilton and North Western Railway go back and forth as nearly as often. A few years ago, the Beach was scarcely thought of as a resort; the only occupants being a few fishermen and the light-house keeper. Now, however, the place is being rapidly built up with neat little summer cottages and the lots are held at a high premium. Near the canal is located the commodious summer hotel, the "Ocean House," which is now run in connection with the "Royal," of Hamilton, by the Messrs. Hood Bros. This hotel has been vastly improved this year. A number of large willow-trees afford shelter from the sun; and from the balcony, on one side of the hotel, you can fling a stone into Lake Ontario, and from the other, into Burlington Bay. This house is now being largely patronized, not only by the citizens of Hamilton, but various parts of Canada and the States as well. Near it is Fairchild's Hotel, another popular place, and a couple of miles farther up the Beach, near the village of Burlington, is the Brant House. This is a quiet and retired retreat, and takes its name from the celebrated Indian Chief, Joseph Brant,

whose homestead it formerly was. Many curious Indian, romantic stories are told about the place in days gone by. The road leading from the city to the Beach is a most delightful drive. The people of Hamilton are justly proud of their local summer resort, and on certain days, visitors at the Beach are counted by the thousands. The scene has none of the wild grandeur of Lake George, nor can it boast of the romantic and poetic scenery of Alexandria Bay, among the Thousand Islands, nor can it display the fashion of Long Branch, but it is without the questionable characteristics of "Coney Island," and is a most delightful inland summer resort.

AMUSEMENTS

of a superior character have been most remarkably rare, of late. Anything of a high order, in the way of an intellectual, musical, or theatrical treat, seems to be a thing of the past. Indeed, it is a little strange that a place noted for the refinement of its taste, in these respects, should be so seldom favoured with an opportunity to enjoy those accomplishments. It may be said of the city that its soul yearns for grand music and pleads for the sympathy which beams out of exquisite art. It grieves over the paucity of means which can minister to its higher nature, and longs for—no matter what. Our country is young yet, and not one of her sons could have the heart to chide her for the apparent lack of interest she displays in the matter of artistic development.

Of general news, it may be said the 12th of July disturbance in Montreal excites the most comment. A portion of our citizens approve of the course taken by His Worship the Mayor, and others do not. Some are of opinion that serious trouble is brewing in the Province of Quebec, which may extend to some of the other Provinces, and ultimately shake the constitution of the Dominion.

But your readers are, no doubt, somewhat indifferent as to what some of our citizens may think in regard to that, or any other question; therefore, in conclusion, permit me to ask their attention to the universal and ever popular question, "What shall we do with our girls?"

Adieu.

July, 1878.

W. F. McMAHON.

VARIETIES.

THE LANGUAGE OF DIPLOMACY.—Although French is the language of diplomacy, there is more English than French spoken at the Berlin Congress. Prince Bismarck, Herr von Bulow, Count Andrassy, Count Schouvaloff and M. Waddington speak English fluently. It happens that, of the seventeen plenipotentiaries, only five besides the two representatives from Paris speak French to perfection. These are Prince Gortschakoff and Count Schouvaloff, Count de Launay, the Italian ambassador at Berlin, who is half a Frenchman, and the two Turkish statesmen, Carathelori Pasha, who is a Greek, educated in Paris, and Mahomet Ali Pasha, who was born in Prussia, of French parents named Deniot, and is only a Mussulman by conversion. Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury of course understand French thoroughly, but they have perhaps been wanting in practice. Prince Bismarck speaks French somewhat hesitatingly, but very correctly, and with a fair accent.

THE BEAUTY OF WOMEN.—Alma Tadeima, the distinguished Dutch artist, thus expresses himself in regard to female form:—"I do not agree with you that Nature is harmonious and truthful. Nature seems to me rather to follow the principle of surprises and compensations. Handsomely shaped models nearly always have ugly—or, if not ugly, ignoble, commonplace, vulgar—faces, such as could not be introduced into any composition of an elevated kind; and pretty girls are often ill-shaped, and still oftener deformed by compressing their form to suit the exigencies of modern dress. This is a perfectly natural sequence of the conditions of costume. A beautifully-formed woman shows to poor advantage in modern drapery. She appears to eyes trained to admire a purely artificial outline, thick-waisted, and straight up and down. The reason is not remote. A modern costume is made, not to reveal beauty, but to conceal defects. The waist, or cincture, is far too low, and divides the body into two parts, hideously and artificially, beside weakening the muscles on which a beautiful waist depends by supporting them instead of letting them support themselves.

THE ARTIST GLEYRE.—Switzerland has never been wanting in artists of ability. Unfortunately the best of them, like those of many other countries, leave their native land to settle either at Paris or Munich, a step as detrimental to their own lasting reputation as it is injurious to the school which ought to have the first claim to their allegiance. The late Ch. Gleyre was an illustration of this. He was gifted with rare imagination, fine taste, and was a thorough master of art; yet, from his working at Paris, his genius was next to wasted. He devoted himself to classical themes, a style of art which perhaps it may be said in any case to be nothing but conventional; certainly it must be more so to a Switzer than a man who has gone through several generations of classical tradition. Though he died so lately, his name is even now, perhaps, only remembered by few. Had he worked among his own people, drawn his inspiration from their history, kept himself in contact with their every-day life, there can be no

doubt his would have been one of the highest reputations of the present time.

"THO' LOST TO SIGHT, TO MEM'RY DEAR."—Many inquiries have been made and peculiar pains taken to ascertain the origin of the line above, but without result. In a printed slip just received from Mr. John Bartlett, author of "Familiar Quotations," containing the poem given below, he says, "The following song was composed for and sung by Mr. Augustus Braham. The words and music are by George Linley (a song writer and composer), who was born in 1798, and died in 1865. It is not known when the song was written. It was set to music and published by Cramer, Beale & Co., London, about 1848." This information is interesting, so far as it goes, but does not the quotation date further back?

Tho' lost to sight, to mem'ry dear,
Thou ever wilt remain;
One only hope my heart can cheer,
The hope to meet again.

Oh! fondly on the past I dwell,
And oft recall the hours
When, wand'ring down the shady dell,
We gathered the wild-flowers.

Yes, life then seemed one pure delight,
Tho' now each spot looks drear;
Yet, tho' thy smile be lost to sight,
To mem'ry thou art dear.

Oft in the tranquil hour of night,
When stars illumine the sky,
I gaze upon each orb of light,
And wish that thou wert by.

I think upon that happy time,
That time so fondly loved,
When last we heard the sweet bells chime,
As thro' the fields we roved.

Yes, life then seemed one pure delight,
Tho' now each spot looks drear;
Yet, tho' thy smile be lost to sight,
To mem'ry thou art dear.

A FRENCH STORY ON DISRAELI.—The *Figaro* publishes the following amusing incident, which is said to have taken place during one of the State dinners at Berlin. The wonderful presence d'esprit of Lord Beaconsfield has just prevented a most embarrassing affair. Prince Bismarck, who is well known to be a great eater, filled his plate with cherries; the Marquis of Salisbury observed it. "Prince," said he, suddenly, "what you are doing is very unhealthy." "What?" said Bismarck, in astonishment. "You have just swallowed two cherry-stones." "You are mistaken," said the Prince, with marked coldness. "Never!" replied Salisbury, with that hauteur which characterizes the proud English aristocracy. "Monsieur le Marquis," said Bismarck, his eyes shooting fire. It is at this moment that Lord Beaconsfield came to the rescue. "Perhaps," he insinuated, in his softest voice, "you are both right; your Highness must be so occupied with serious thoughts that you might inadvertently have swallowed a tiny stone." "Two?" interrupted Salisbury, in a decided tone. "Or two," continued Lord Beaconsfield, as calmly as possible: "and you, my dear Lord and colleague, enjoy such good sight that nothing escapes you. Now, Prince and Marquis, will you allow me to decide this difficult question?" "How?" murmured Bismarck, in his white beard. "Your plate, Highness, if you please." This last was in English, the correspondent adding that Lord Beaconsfield is the only diplomatist at Berlin who never talks French. The plate was sent to Lord Beaconsfield, who at once emptied the contents on the table; all eyes were now fixed on him. With his long, bony, agile fingers, covered with precious stones, he began to arrange what looked more like a child's game than an occupation worthy of such a distinguished Minister. He put all the stones in a line, and placed a stem on each stone. Then in that clear, piercing voice that has so often moved the House of Commons, the English Prime Minister began to count one, two, three, and so on to 47 stones, and likewise with the stems, till he had counted 49. The proof was there, two stones were wanting. Bismarck rose and said in an agitated voice, "Marquis, you are right;" then turning, said in a loud voice, "Lord Beaconsfield, you are a great man."

LITERARY.

BRYANT never read Swinburne, because he thought his works indecent.

MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE has returned from California very much improved in health.

JOSH BILLINGS is at the Glen House, White Mountains, where he will spend most of the summer.

THE mid-summer number of *Scribner's* is to contain an illustrated article on Bryant's home and haunts.

MRS. BURNETT'S "Lass O' Lowries" sold to the extent of 50,000 copies in England, and she did not get a cent for it.

MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD is said to have thought of the good Whittier in writing her poem, "Our Neighbour," in the last *Atlantic*.

MR. ARMSTRONG, of the firm of Scribner, Armstrong & Co., was paid \$100,000 to retire from the firm, besides taking out his capital and profits.

ABBY SAGE RICHARDSON, the celebrated bride and widow, is quite a successful lecturer. She has a new subject, on which she will discourse next season, entitled "Very Hard Times."

It is shrewdly suspected that as Scott wrote the most of his novels before breakfast, the many and fine descriptions of good eating and drinking to be found in them are due to his good appetite.

AN English book-worm recently made a lucky "find" in an old book purchased for a shilling. Between its leaves was found a marriage certificate of the Earl of

Berkeley, for which the finder has been promised £1,000 by Lord Fitzhardinge, should the document prove genuine.

MR. JOAQUIN MILLER, the erratic poet and romancer of the Far West, appears to contemplate residing a good deal in London for the future. His name is down for election to the Athenaeum Club.

WILLIAM BLACK'S next novel will be on the subject of London life. He is about to start on a yachting expedition which will last several months, and of which the waters around the Hebrides will be the principal scene.

MISS ELIZA DOWN, the author of "Messeria," will shortly publish by subscription another volume of verse, entitled *Kenwith*. The Queen, who has spoken in terms of admiration of "Messeria," takes two copies of "Kenwith."

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE & SONS are about to issue a new uniform edition of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's novels in monthly volumes, with the original steel plates by Cruikshank. The same firm announces a shilling edition of Lord Lytton's novels.

IN connection with the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Nottingham, an historical and traditional ode by Mr. P. J. Bailey, the author of "Festus" and a native of Nottingham, has been written at the request of the Mayor and Corporation, and has been widely distributed by them.

CAPTAIN BURTON is engaged on a new and full translation of the *Arabian Nights*, and that he will render the verses scattered through the stories in the assonance of the original. Some of the verses quoted in the *Arabian Nights* are by the poet Zohair, who in the twelfth century had a long sojourn in Egypt as secretary.

PROF. J. W. CEBIG, of Dresden, has just issued his second and enlarged edition of his *History and Literature of the Art of Shorthand*, in which the progress of the art in this country receives more ample treatment than any native historian has yet given to it.

THE sale of the Didot library in Paris, in June, proved to what length bibliomania will go for the possession of rare volumes. The MS. Chroniques de Normandie, with fifteen coloured plates, brought 51,000*fr.* Among printed books, the Baron James de Rothschild bought "L'esteil de la Fortune" for 21,500*fr.*, and "Olivier de Castille" for 20,000*fr.*, both printed prior to 1500.

AN OLD-TIME ADVERTISEMENT.

To be sold at the store opposite the Arch Over Milton Bridge, the following articles, viz:

Salt Pork and Powder, Shot and Flints, Cheese, Sugar, Rum & Peppermints.

Tobacco, Raisins, Flour & Spice, Flax, Cotton, Wool and sometimes Rice.

Old Holland Gin and Gingerbread, Brandy & Wine, all sorts of Thread.

Segars I keep, sometimes one bunch; Materials all for making Punch.

Biscuit and Butter, Eggs and Fishes, Molasses, Beer and Earthen Dishes.

Books on such subjects as you'll find A proper food to feast the mind.

Hard Soap & Candles, Tea and Snuff, Tobacco Pipes perhaps enough:

Shells, Chocolate & Stetson's Hoes As good as can be (I suppose).

Straw Hats, Oat Baskets, Oxen Muzzles, A thing which many people puzzles.

Knives, Forks, Spoons, Plates, Mugs, Pitchers, Platters, A Gun with Shot wild geese bespatters.

Spades, Shovels, Whetstones, Seythes, & Rakes As good as any person makes.

Shirts, Frocks, Shoes, Mittens, also Hose, And many other kinds of Clothes.

Shears, Scissors, Awls, Wire, Bonnet Paper, Old Violin and Cat Gut Scraper.

Tubs, Buckets, Pails and Pudding Pans, Bandanna Handkerchiefs & Fans.

Shagbarks and Almonds, Woollen Boxes, Steel Traps (not stout enough for Foxes).

But excellent for holding Rats When they elude the Paws of Cats).

I've more than Forty kinds of Drugs, Some good for Worms and some for Bugs: Lee's, Anderson's & Dexter Pills Which cure at least a hundred Ills.

Astringents, Laxatives, Emetics, Cathartics, Cordials, Diuretics.

Narcotics, Stimulants & Purgents With half a dozen kinds of Unguents.

Perfumes most grateful to the Nose When mixed with Snuff or drop'd on clothes.

One Medicine more (not much in fame), Prevention is its real name; An ounce of which (an author says) Outweighs a Ton of Remedies.

I've many things I shall not mention, To sell them cheap's my intention, Lay out a dollar when you come And you shall have a glass of Rum.

N. B. Since man to man is so unjust, 'Tis hard to say whom I can trust; I've trusted many to my sorrow, Pay me to-day, I'll trust to-morrow.

DORCHESTER, June, 1865.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.