

done so he must have seen that when the landowners were described as humane, chivalrous and honourable, loyal to their Sovereign and country, and in purity of life quite the equals of any other class, no other class was intended to be disparaged, as we do not forget that "things that are equal to the same are equal to one another," and we would like to convince him that landlords are not more "loyal to their land" than shipowners are to their ships or merchants to their warehouses. Of course the liberality of the Liberal party in their willingness to give away what did not belong to them; and the utter unselfishness of the lack-landers, who had nothing to lose, are extremely remarkable, if not laudable. Useless and cruel evictions it may have been their wish to prevent, although "the wonderful oratory of Mr. Gladstone" went to show that the Disturbance Bill was rather intended to avert anarchy and confusion; but the peculiar form of their philanthropy is, we repeat, remarkable. Touching "the title to a piece of land," we have said, and at present intend to say nothing; our writing was on the subject of rent, from the payment of which it was sought to relieve certain "worthy (!) inhabitants," who, not being relieved, have taken to shooting "within the domain of practical politics." We might show that the evictions need not be either useless or cruel, and think that "the people's William"—that first of financiers—might devise some scheme for the relief of landlord and tenant, that would less resemble robbing one class merely to prevent another class from coming within "measurable distance" of houghing and murder. When "Erin" shall have endeavoured to comprehend some portion of the many-sided land question, and tried how it looks even a little way under the surface, we should be glad to have his sentiments in a style not quite so suggestive of the weakest "bohea." *Saxon.*

FOSSILS IN MONTREAL.

DEDICATED TO PRINCIPAL DAWSON.

One would naturally suppose, from the high and deserved reputation of Principal Dawson, that any and every work from his pen would be of an exhaustive character. In reading his late work entitled "Fossil Men," I noticed that he laid particular stress upon the Indian remains found in Montreal; but there remain many more fossils here at the present day, and I regret that he should have neglected to notice them. Perhaps he thought it his duty to pass on to weightier matters, so he did not weight. Be it my task then, in a humble way, to follow in his footsteps and dilate upon a few fossils which have come under my notice.

In the first place, I would tender my thanks to the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society for having drawn my attention to the most curious and valuable fossil in existence—namely, itself. As nothing whatever is known of this fossil by outsiders, as minute a description as possible will be necessary. I am sorry to say that I cannot tell how it came into existence; it is involved in obscurity, and like the Eozoon Canadense, many still doubt the fact of its existence. That it is a fossil cannot be doubted, as it is in a state of petrification, and is even yet so hard to discover, that it was only by the fortunate finding of one of its tracks (tracts) called the "Antiquarian Magazine" that I am enabled to assert positively that it exists. As it is only by means of this "Magazine" I can give any particulars, I will tell what I observed. This track (or "Magazine") appears at intervals of six months, and are very imperfect—in ancient days it is presumable that it appeared at intervals of three months, but during the glacial period, it must have lost much of its strength. It evidently lived here when the temperature was at a different degree than it is now, as the articles composing it evidently do not refer to Canada, hence it might be inferred that they were not original. I have surmised that it once appeared to the ancient natives on the advertised date, and as they were doubtless petrified with astonishment, it may have re-acted upon the "Magazine." It is very sad and disheartening that I have been able to find out so little about this fossil, and though I have searched for information through many large volumes, I must admit I am not a tome on the subject. I forgot to tell you I was, as you will no doubt admit, very much astonished to find a second "Magazine" in an old ash-barrel with a lot of old plates and dishcovers—truly a valuable dishcovery. In order to increase the cultivation of the taste for the fine arts, these plates and dishes will be given to those desiring them—for a consideration. The "Numismatic" portion of the fossil I have not yet referred to; the word "numismatic" is one that was coined many years ago, and has now, on account of the hard times, become nearly obsolete. This fossil is, however, not so rare as the "Antiquarian." Many of you have heard of the "Copperheads" in U. S. politics, and they were doubtless very curious; and doubtless the fossil Indians described by Principal Dawson were copper-coloured. You can get more information about this "numismatic" fossil at the Natural History Society's Museum, and I need not dilate upon it, wasting your valuable time.

Another fossil, or rather series of fossils, of which you have never had any description, is the Montreal Press. You all know the wonderful influence of the Press, and have perhaps heard the remark made by a young lady when embraced that she rather liked the "freedom of the press," so a few remarks upon it will not be out of place. As I have said before there is a series of

fossil press of which one is so peculiar that many have thought it Star-ling, and say that it blackguarded, no, I mean placarded, a certain exhibition formation to such an extent that nothing now remains but these startling fossils. This exhibition formation was composed of many and various objects, all of which were much prized, and gave a name to certain bodies, viz.: "committee;" this we have changed into "syndicate," which is more pacific and answers quite as well. There was another fossil which was a *bonne* venture, we may be sure, as we have a "witness" to the fact. But some have asserted that this is not a "true witness," but this assertion carries little weight as the "true witness" is weakly. The last of these fossil papers, of which I have any record, is of a different formation and is made up of two, which, though both may be called political, yet differ materially. These are what we now know as political, and exercised in their day a terrible power; they changed the current of events, and were constantly engaged in bitter warfare. When one was successful, it was called the Government organ and the other was the Opposition organ. Why they were called organs would be hard to discover at this day, but it is possible that it was because the Opposition's organ's mewsic was loudest before a political cat-astrophe. During the exhibition formation both appeared in eight pages, but afterwards only one had eight, while the other went back to the four it had before. But this makes no matter, they are both very uninteresting fossils; they are both backward in procuring news, many fossils are getting newswed to it. They are very dreary papers—they are called mourning papers.

In my next I shall ask your attention to a fossil the tracks of which sometimes, even in our day, appear through the mud,—I mean the City Passenger Railway. *Sappho.*

FROM WINTER INTO SUMMER BY SEA AND LAND.

No. IV.

"The most magnificent city on the Continent of America." The place that can merit such a peerless title deserves to be written about, and is worth travelling a long distance to see. New York, to the ordinary American mind, furnishes the utilitarian ideal of a grand metropolis, and no doubt in commercial importance it may take first rank. Chicago, for its almost incredible growth and vivacity,—the cradle of those fabulous schemes of Western enterprise which for some years past have amazed the world for their audacity and success,—is to many the crowned queen of all cities. Philadelphia presents a unique and unequalled spectacle for the solidity and strength of its commercial institutions. When you have seen the Quaker city, some people think that you have seen about all that is worth seeing on this Continent. But we have to travel further yet for the city of our deeper wonder and admiration, far away southward beyond the bounds of the eight-and-thirty stars of the spangled banner, to the sunny plains of romantic Mexico. The city of Cortez stands to-day, as three hundred years ago, when the Aztec civilization was crushed out by the iron heel of the brutal Spanish soldiery, sublime and beautiful in its loneliness. But it is the beauty of romance, a joy only of the eye, for in point of circulation of dollars and cents, and of general commercial matter, neither the city of Mexico nor the Republic of which it is the capital can hold a candle to the meanest territory of half the latter's size in the domains of its northern neighbour.

But in the snug comfort of the hotel "Iterbide" I felt not over-disposed to criticize the shortcomings of a place that now flashed across my pleased vision like an oasis amid the desert of my wanderings. Having slept off the fatigues of that memorable railway ride, I despatched an excellent breakfast, had a short conversation with my very affable and civil host, and sauntered out to see whatever sights might present themselves at this early hour of the morning. What beautifully laid-out streets! As my eye wanders dreamily over the thick well-trimmed trees and profusion of gay flowers that greet one with a cool and refreshing welcome throughout the city, I ransacked my brain to find what European capital I was so forcibly reminded of by Mexico, and finally came to the conclusion it was Brussels. Whilst modern architectural improvement is by no means neglected, there still hangs over all a semi-medieval air, a grateful sense of age and solidity which but few American cities afford. To my mind an abundance of flowers and fruit covers a multitude of sins, and here for a few cents you can procure your fill of both,—a sweet solace in these tropical latitudes.

From the old historic streets into the Picture Gallery was a very natural transition, and the Secretary kindly furnishing me with a permit, I was soon immersed in the works of the old Spanish masters, and the later Mexican pupils. Ah, Spain, how greatly art thou fallen! Where are now thy giants of literature and of art, such as once shone so brightly that the world was illumined by their light? Where are Velasquez and Murillo, Cervantes and Calderon de la Barca? From the middle of the seventeenth century down to very recent years, Spanish history presents a dreary blank. There is little or no intellectual effort visible in her history from the accession of Philip the Fifth to the deposition of Isabel the Second. It may be, perhaps, that her