

Summary of observations taken by T. D. King in Montreal. Barometer and Thermometer observed at 9 A.M., 3 P.M., and 9 P.M. Lat. 45.31 N., lon. 4h. 54m. 17s. W.; 100 ft. above mean sea level. January, 1874.

Date.	Thermometer.				Bar. Mean 9.3.9.	Precipitation		Remarks.
	Mean 9.3.9.	Max.	Min.	R'ange		Rain.	Snow	
1	31.6	3.3	25.2	10.1	30.135			
2	24.9	29.2	16.8	12.4	.195			
3	38.9	40.5	29.2	11.3	.081			
4	45.4	47.2	38.2	9.0	29.817	inapp		
5	21.5	24.5	20.0	4.5	30.569			Maximum temperature, 47.2
6	17.5	22.2	10.4	11.8	.387		0.42	Highest bar., 30.656
7	32.7	33.5	21.0	12.5	29.875			Trees covered with ice.
8	35.4	40.3	31.2	9.1	.428		0.71	Lowest bar., 29.332.
9	33.9	38.8	30.0	8.8	.346			
10	33.8	36.5	29.2	7.3	.489			Mean temperature to this day, 31.56.
11	28.5	34.5	29.8	4.7	.660			
12	13.0	17.0	9.2	7.8	30.255			
13	11.2	14.8	7.0	7.8	.433			
14	11.5	15.3	7.8	7.5	29.888			
15	8.6	11.5	8.5	3.0	.950			Least range of thermometer, 3.0.
16	3.6	6.5	0.9	5.6	.910			
17	7.7	12.5	-3.6	16.0	30.415			
18	25.2	32.9	10.8	22.1	.288			Partly rain, sleet, and snow during night of 18th.
19	32.2	37.9	22.8	15.1	29.972		0.46	Mean temperature 10th to this day, 14.89.
20	7.4	12.2	2.8	9.4	30.606			
21	23.3	29.5	-1.0	30.5	.173		0.28	Greatest range of thermometer, 30.5
22	36.4	39.8	21.8	18.0	29.729			
23	35.3	42.0	37.7	4.3	.733		0.28	Partly rain on 22d, fog on river.
24	17.3	24.5	14.0	10.5	30.099			
25	-2.0	4.5	-6.0	10.5	.499			
26	-11.0	-8.3	-18.8	10.5	.505			Min. temp., 18.8.
27	-2.5	2.8	-12.0	14.8	29.954			
28	11.8	15.0	3.2	11.8	.782		0.7	Partly on the 27th.
29	4.2	6.0	1.0	5.0	30.141		0.33	
30	-9.0	-4.1	-12.5	8.4	.58-			Lunar Halo.
31	-4.7	0.0	-17.0	17.0	.411		0.05	Mean temperature 20th to this day, 8.92.
Mean	18.46	22.70	11.89		30.043			Bar. reduced to 32° and to sea level.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1874.

THE DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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The news from England is of the highest importance. Parliament was suddenly dissolved, new elections were immediately thereafter ordered, and in a little more than a week's time the general result was made known. The Conservatives

have carried the country and Mr. Gladstone finds himself forced to resign the seals of office. Notwithstanding that British politics are followed with much attention in this country, there was nothing in recent events which prepared us for this very striking revulsion of popular feeling. We were aware, indeed, that Mr. Gladstone had lost considerable ground, but had no idea than on his distinct appeal to the country, he would meet with a decided negative answer. Our eyes naturally turn to Mr. Disraeli and the question uppermost in all minds is—whether he will have a sufficiently substantial majority to carry on the Government? On this point we find that the English press is by no means agreed, and, in consequence, we apprehend that the Parliamentary crisis is more serious than appears at first view. It seems clear that many of the Liberals who have seceded from Mr. Gladstone, are not pledged to give Mr. Disraeli their unqualified support. In the next place, the Home Rulers of Ireland, who have been returned in pretty large numbers and who may be said to hold a certain balance of power, cannot remarkably expect any thing from a Conservative Administration, and will therefore be found among the most strenuous of its opponents. On the other hand, however, there is not that keenness and unscrupulousness of party spirit in England, which prevails here, and we may be sure that Mr. Disraeli will meet with fair play from the large majority of Liberals. In the beginning, more especially, much will depend upon the skill of his own management, and judging from the successful management of his former administration, there need be no misgiving on that score. What may be the main elements of Mr. Disraeli, should he succeed to the government, it is of course impossible at present to foresee, but there are three points upon which he will certainly be called to take an immediate action. These are the concession of household suffrage to householders in counties, the overhauling of the land laws and the abolition of the income tax. Considering the tactics which Mr. Disraeli exhibited on the passage of the Reform Bill in 1868, it would not surprise us to find him favourable to the first, of the above-named measures. It is equally possible, that he will postpone, as far as possible any modification of the existing land-laws, when we know from a recent utterance of his that he will oppose the abolition of the income tax. This last is the most thorny point of all, and the fact that he made known his opposition to it, just before the elections, may go far towards inducing him to interpret the favourable result of these elections, as a popular endorsement of his views. The new Parliament meets on the 5th of next month. There will, therefore, be full time for both parties to mature their plans, and when the session opens, we may look out for interesting proceedings.

A great deal has lately been said and written respecting the relations between France and Germany. Fears have been expressed that the religious war which is going on in Germany will have its echo in France, by the sympathies which it has naturally excited among the Ultramontanes of the latter country. Recent events certainly show that the Government of Versailles is sorely perplexed as to the proper manner of acting under the circumstances. The suppression of the *Univers*, brought about, it is boldly asserted, by the intervention of Bismarck, is the latest phase of the crisis. It is to be feared that the exigencies of the situation really forced the Duke de Broglie into the step, and, indeed, he had the courage to state plainly in the decree of suppression that "the policy of the journal was calculated to create diplomatic complications." It is better to let the country know the truth, than to beguile it with specious and delusive explanations. It is right to make Frenchmen understand their real state of weakness. They cannot embark on any adventures. They cannot afford to awaken foreign jealousies, or break with the new allies which they are gradually forming. When France has recovered her strength, she will make such use of it as her interest may direct, but in the present conjuncture, she is not in a position to defy any one and she may admit this with dignity, for true dignity implies common sense and an accurate appreciation of circumstances. On the other hand, we are sorry to see that the German press is lacking in that calm lofty forbearance which is a proof of strength and a manly outcome of generosity. They seize upon every occasion to taunt their fallen adversary and utter vulgar threats. It is true that the religious warfare in which their government is engaged excites their passions much more than mere political troubles would do, and it is perhaps also natural that they should regard the French nation as the supporters of the Ultramontanes whom they are battling against. They defiantly assert that a France subject to Papal theocracy is irreconcilable with the peace of the world and they demand the rupture of the French Government with the cause of Ultramontanism as the surest guarantee of the peace of Europe. This is strong language. To a large number of the French people it will be very painful language. But they will have to make a virtue of necessity. With time, their position will be ameliorated and their patience may yet germinate into triumph. Germany herself is far from having achieved the strength and unity which she inaugurated three years ago. Of the 366 representatives lately elected to the Reichstag, there are 184 Government supporters—namely, 127 National Liberal, 12 Liberal Imperialists, 29 German Imperialists and 16 Conservatives; the Progressists, to the number of 36, will vote part-

ly against the Ministry on such important questions as those of the war budget, the maintenance of the jury and of liberty of the press and of public meetings; finally, the Opposition will have 116 votes—namely, 92 Ultramontanes, 12 Soles, 4 Particularists and 8 Democratic Socialistic. With such an opposing force, it is no wonder the German authorities should feel restive under the lash of foreign interference.

The *Canadian News*, a paper published in London in the interest of Canadians, gravely informs its readers that "It is rumored that the Government intend to appoint Mr. E. G. Penny, of the *Ottawa Herald*, to fill the position rendered vacant by the death of Senator Leslie." As the distance between Ottawa and Montreal—where the *Herald*, whereof Mr. Penny is editor, is published—is something like a hundred miles, we must congratulate the readers of the *Canadian News* upon the reliability of the information respecting Canada with which they are weekly furnished. After such a specimen no one will wonder at the astonishing ignorance of Canadian affairs displayed by Englishmen in general.

THE FLANEUR.

There is a discussion going on in the United States regarding the propriety of introducing into verse the slang phrases, dialectic peculiarities, and social idiosyncrasies of the lower orders, such as the Western bushwhackers, the Southern negroes, and the California bushwhackers. The discussion is, at best, an idle one. If a poet of real merit, such as Hay and Harte, chooses to take up these subjects, and succeeds in tarowing into them some of these touches of nature which make the whole world kin, they will be read and admired by the majority of the people, spite of the critics. These critics may deny realism as much as they like, but if it is invested with the charms of real talent, and studiously kept from lapsing into the mere grotesque, it is bound to find responsive echoes in the breasts of true men and women.

In this species of literature there is only one thing to be remembered. It is, of its own nature, ephemeral. It will not long survive the type which it represents. We of the present day enjoy them, because we know these types; but those of another age will not have that advantage. Hence, it is truly a pity that Bret Harte should think fit to confine himself to the delineations of wild California life. If he cannot do anything else, then his genius is necessarily a narrow one. If he can do anything else, it is high time he should attempt it, for the years are passing, and the public are getting more exacting towards him.

I give below the latest of his pieces, contributed to *Frank Leslie's*. As a poem, it is little to speak of, but as a *genre* picture, I consider it a gem worthy to be framed. Of course, if Bret Harte does not choose to rise above a Meissonier or a Kerchove, he is welcome to his choice, and he may aptly retort that it is better to paint miniatures with perfection than to daub heroic canvasses.

"THE BABES IN THE WOODS."  
 BIG PINE FLAT, 1871.

"Something characteristic," eh?  
 Humph! I reckon you mean by that,  
 Something that happened in our way,  
 Here at the crossin' of Big Pine Flat.  
 Times aren't now as they used to be,  
 When gold was flush and the boys were frisky,  
 When a man would pull out his battery  
 For anything—maybe the price of whiskey.  
 Nothing of that sort, eh? That's strange.  
 Why, I thought you might be diverted,  
 Hearing how Jones, of Red Rock Range,  
 Drawed his "Hint to the Unconverted,"  
 And saying, "What will you have it?" shot  
 Cherokee Bob at the last Debating!  
 What was the question? I forgot—  
 But Jones didn't like Bob's way of stating.  
 Nothing of that kind, eh? You mean  
 Something milder? Let's see—Oh, Joe!  
 Tell to the stranger that little spene  
 Out of the "Babes in the Woods." You know,  
 "Babes" was the name that we gave 'em, sir,  
 Two lean lads in their teens, and greener  
 Than even the belt of spruce and fir,  
 Where they built their nest, and each day grew leaner.  
 No one knew where they came from. None  
 Cared to ask if they had a mother.  
 Runaway schoolboys, maybe. One  
 Tall and dark as a spruce; the other  
 Blue and gold in the eyes and hair,  
 Soft and low in his speech, but rarely  
 Talking with us; and we didn't care  
 To get at their secret at all unfairly.  
 For they were so quiet, so sad and shy,  
 Content to trust each other solely,  
 That somehow we'd always shut our eyes,  
 And never seem to observe them wholly,  
 As they passed to their work. 'Twas a wornout claim,  
 And it paid them grub. They could live without it,  
 For the boys had a way of leaving game  
 In their tent, and forgetting all about it.  
 Yet no one asked for their secret. Dumb  
 It lay in their big eyes' heavy hollows.  
 It was understood that no one should come  
 To their tent unawares, save the bees and swallows.  
 So they lived alone. Until one warm night  
 I was sitting here at the tent-door, so, sir,  
 When out of the sunset's rosy light  
 Up rose the sheriff of Mariposa.  
 I knew at once there was something wrong,  
 For his hand and his voice shook just a little,  
 And there isn't much you can fetch along  
 To make the sinews of Jack Hill brittle.  
 "Go warn the Babes!" he whispered, hoarse;  
 "Tell 'em coming—to get and scurry,  
 For I've got a story that's bad, and worse,  
 I've got a warrant: G-d-d-n it, hurry."  
 Too late! they had seen him cross the hill;  
 I ran to their tent and found them lying  
 Dead in each other's arms, and still  
 Claspin' the drug they had 'aken flyin'.  
 And there lay their secret cold and bare,  
 Their life, their trial—the old, old story!  
 For the sweet blue eyes, and the golden hair,  
 Was a woman's shame and a woman's glory.  
 "Who were they?" Ask no more, or ask  
 The sun that visits their grave so lightly;  
 Ask of the whispering reeds, or task  
 The mourning crickets that chirrup nightly.  
 All of their life but its Love forgot!  
 Everything tender and soft and mystic,  
 These are our Babes in the Woods, you've got,  
 Well—Human Nature—that's characteristic.