

ANALYSIS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS BY T. D. KING, FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY, 1874.

Mean temperature of the month, 17.47; mean of the maxima and minima temperatures, 17.37; greatest heat on the 20th, 41.2; greatest cold on the 2nd, 18 below zero—giving a range of temperature of 59 deg. Greatest range of the thermometer on the 13th, 36.5; lowest range on the 14th, 1.0. Eight nights below zero—(note minus sign—)  
 Mean height of the barometer corrected for temperature 32o, and reduced to sea level (constant applied + 0.100) 30.012; highest reading of barometer on the 1st, 30.814; lowest reading on the 16th, 29.425—giving a range of 1.389 inches.  
 Rain and snow fell on nine days; amount of precipitation when the snow was reduced to its equivalent of water, 2.28 inches. Reckoning 9 inches of snow to be equivalent to 1 inch of rain water, the depth of the snow fall may be estimated at 1 foot 2 inches.

Date.	Thermometer.				Bar.	Rain and Sleet	Snow Melt'd	Remarks.
	Mean	Max.	Min.	Range				
1	-4.7	1.0	-7.5	8.5	30.796			Highest Bar.
2	-6.4	-1.3	-18.0	16.7	.652			Min. of month, 18.0.
3	12.2	15.2	-2.4	17.6	.047	0.32		Partly 2nd and 3rd.
4	17.1	21.8	13.7	8.1	.103			
5	1.8	6.0	-7.5	13.5	.412			
6	1.5	6.5	-4.0	10.5	.377			
7	3.2	7.5	-4.5	12.0	.130			
8	15.0	20.5	-1.5	22.0	.367			
9	16.2	20.8	5.0	15.8	.029			
10	21.5	28.5	13.1	15.4	29.783		inapp	
11	15.1	19.1	9.0	10.1	.778			
12	9.7	14.5	3.5	10.5	39.118			
13	39.5	43.0	7.5	36.5	29.643	0.75		Greatest range of Ther; rap. thaw.
14	28.8	33.0	32.0	1.0	30.034		inapp	Lowest range of Ther. on 14th.
15	32.3	37.0	17.5	17.5	.040			
16	29.9	38.0	28.0	5.0	29.465		0.37	Low't Bar. on 16th.
17	14.1	21.5	12.0	9.5	.976			
18	11.5	18.5	4.0	14.5	30.373			
19	32.1	31.0	-0.5	31.5	.043		0.10	
20	4.6	41.2	30.0	11.2	29.901		0.26	Max. of month. 41.2. Rapid thaw.
21	20.1	24.0	14.0	10.0	30.147			
22	22.0	26.8	14.5	12.3	.325			
23	31.2	38.0	19.0	19.0	29.592		0.25	Greatest range of Barometer.
24	10.5	15.2	5.5	9.7	30.475			
25	19.3							
26	20.0							
27	22.8							
28	21.3							
Sums						1.01	1.27	
Mean	17.47	26.0	8.74		30.012			

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1874.

The United States have sustained a double loss in the deaths of ex-President Fillmore and Senator Sumner. The lives of these two public men represent two distinct epochs in the national history of the Union. The former's administration will remain memorable for the supreme effort which it made to reconcile the contending parties of the North and South, on the irreconcilable question of slavery; while the latter's career is identified with relentless war against and final victory over the "nation's curse." The strict retirement to which Mr. Fillmore withdrew after his Presidential term, and the stirring incidents of the civil war, have caused that statesman to be almost forgotten by his countrymen, but in his day he was a shining figure, with administrative talents of a high order and patriotism devoted exclusively to the welfare of his native land. The successes of the war render the discussion an idle one to-day, but it will ever remain a problem whether the gradual solution of the great slavery issue which Fillmore advocated, along with such intellectual giants as Clay and Webster, would not have resulted in effects more enduring to the United States than the violent and precipitate course urged by Garrison, Phillips, Seward and Sumner. The present generation is too much dazzled by the stupendous material results of the war to judge dispassionately of its probable or possible effect on the ultimate stability of the American Union. But of whatever nature this future effect may be, there can be no question that chief among those who battled with force of word and strength of character in the "irrepressible conflict," stands Charles Sumner. In the phalanx of those who led the charge against the South, his position is clearly marked. He had not the massive power of Chase, nor the tactical skill of Seward, nor the popular magnetism of Greeley, but he soared far above the demagoguism of William Lloyd Garrison, the charlatanism of Wendell Phillips, and the petty malignity of Gerritt Smith. Sumner was an Aristocrat by scholarship and too much of a recluse to be a leader of the people. He lacked the higher qualities of a statesman and his name is associated with no great Congressional measure. Still he had the courage of his opinions, and suffered for them, both phy-

sically, mentally and socially. He was pre-eminently a speaker—not an orator in the full sense of the term. His discourses were written essays, declaimed with rare elocutionary elegance. Their quality was more than rhetorical, but less than a philosophical, and they were never exhaustive. Some of them are superb models of oratory; others, as often happens with much greater men, are commonplace indeed, and notably the harangue against Great Britain, in respect of the Alabama claims and the Washington Conference, is little better than ridiculous. The real services rendered to his country, the dignified bearing, the fine literary tastes, and the long congressional career of Senator Sumner make of his death a marked event, but we opine that his place will be easily filled and that twenty years hence—when who knows what the United States may have passed through?—his name will not stir stronger emotions than has that of Millard Fillmore.

Men are very much like children. When something new is presented to them they wish to try and test it to the full. We have an almost amusing proof of this tendency in the numerous cases about to be brought up under the recently enacted Controverted Elections Act. While it is certain that the late elections were conducted with no more bribery or corruption than usual, the number of appeals is greater than it has ever been on any previous occasion. Doubtless it is well to make a trial of the new Act, but in many instances there is *prima facie* evidence that this otherwise innocent curiosity is indulged in at the expense of the feelings of the defendant, and without sufficient cause. The fact is, the law, as now constructed, is so wide in its application that there is not a single election, of the two hundred and six in the Dominion, which could not be brought up under it. All that the contestant is required to establish is, either that his opponent, by himself, by his agents or others in his behalf, provided entertainment to the electors; or lent, or promised to lend, money to voters, or made gifts to the same, or "treated" them, or paid for horses and vehicles, and all this before, during, or after the election. Knowing, as we all do, how elections are conducted, not only in this country, but in all countries, there is not a single returned candidate who may not be unseated under one or another of the provisions of this law. Hence, though the law in itself is a good and necessary one, it should obviously be appealed to only with discrimination; and we expect to have some amusing accounts of its application in the many cases recorded. It is very much to be feared, from information that has reached us, that many of these cases will prove farcical, with a tendency to cast discredit on the new law. Fortunately, all such things correct themselves with time, and the abuses in the present instance will operate for good on a future occasion. The probability is, that after subsequent elections, the controverted cases will be notably fewer.

The defeat of the German Military Bill is a noticeable event. It testifies to the disfavour with which the majority of the people of the Empire view the huge armaments and the iron discipline attempted to be kept up by the Government. After the gigantic efforts put forth in the late war and the splendid successes with which these efforts were crowned, the German people naturally looked to a long era of peace and expected that the army would, in consequence, be reduced to a reasonable peace footing. Furthermore, after counting up the losses of the war, they found that they had suffered proportionally as much as their vanquished adversaries, and trusted that they would be allowed to return in large numbers to their usual avocations, in order to repair those losses. When, therefore, all the military authorities, from Count Moltke down, declared that they must maintain a large establishment, of all arms, for some fifty years to come, the people rebelled and forced their representatives to record an energetic protest. They went further. They threatened to emigrate in crowds to the United States in order to escape the service. What the Government will do respecting the Military Bill itself remains to be seen. What they have done to prevent emigration is already well known. But in this matter, their efforts will be futile. It is just as easy to dam the Nile with bulrushes as to attempt to stem the torrent of emigration, when once it has fully set in. Military glory is all very well for Prince This and Grand Duke That, but it is a scourge for the rank and file, a curse to the peaceful homes of the hamlet and a source of terrible demoralization to the bulk of the country itself.

The new U. S. postage law brings a considerable revenue from the New York advertising agencies. Geo. P. Rowell & Co's quarterly bills upon newspapers received exceed \$130; those of S. M. Pettengill & Co. are above \$350, while the agencies of W. J. Carlton, Bates & Locke, W. W. Sharpe and others most prominent, pay from one-fourth to one-eighth of the above amounts.

TENNYSON AND ANDERSEN.

Hans Christian Andersen gives, in the *Scandinavian Review*, the following account of a recent visit to Alfred Tennyson:

That was a melancholy meeting between me and the great English poet, in his quiet, unpretending home on the Isle of Wight. Fifteen years before I had visited Alfred Tennyson in company with Charles Dickens. Then we were in the best of humour—Dickens's sparkling wit carrying away with it, not only poor me, who have always had a weakness for humour, but even the grave Tennyson, who looks as if it cost him a labour to smile.

At that time Tennyson was a fine-looking man, with black hair and beard, and his face was hardly furrowed. I thought that I had greatly changed in those fifteen years; but Tennyson had evidently grown older much faster.

As we shook hands we looked in each other's eyes, and his filled with tears. Why, I don't know exactly; I suppose it was a tribute paid to the memory of Charles Dickens. Indeed, the words he uttered were these:

"Ah, this time you come alone Mr. Andersen. Do you remember the theatrical performance at Gadshill?"

Why should I not? The play was "London Assurance," and the leading part was given by Charles Dickens. That was in 1858, and in the audience were Alfred Tennyson, Charles Reade, Goeschel, Delane, and others, whose names have since become famous.

"What a time we had!" exclaimed Tennyson.

"Yes," I replied; "and do you remember getting us out of bed at four o'clock in the morning so that we might go with you to the Isle of Wight?"

Of course he did, and he made me walk with him through the garden, as he had done fifteen years before. There was the tablet to the memory of young Hallam. It looked somewhat dimmer than in 1858, but it had been surrounded in the most aesthetic manner with the finest growth of ivy.

"Ivy seems to be your favorite plant," I said to Tennyson.

"To tell you the truth, it is," he replied. "Ivy needs no nursing. It knows neither cold nor heat. It is the plant of immortality."

"But what about laurel?" I rejoined.

"Laurel-wreaths," he said, playfully, "look well enough in pictures; but in reality, they wither too soon."

This was a golden saying. How many writers have I seen wreathed in laurel, and how soon the laurel became dry and withered!

We returned to Tennyson's library. He showed me the manuscript of his first volume of poems. I opened the first page—"Where Claribel low lieth."

To me there is in this quiet little poem something indescribably charming. The small country graveyard is described in a few lines, with such consummate ability that you actually believe yourself to be there; and that, while you inhale the fragrant breeze fanned by the branches of the old tree, you seem to hear, as if coming from far away, that "ancient melody" which will be sure to vibrate in your heart when you read "Claribel," provided there is a poetical vein in your bosom.

"Tell me about dear Scandinavia," said Tennyson to me.

"When I left the Sound," I replied, laughing, "it was raining, and the Kattegat was lashed into a fury."

"Now," he rejoined, "that Kattegat of yours is horribly destructive of shipping-craft, but I take it to be the most interesting sea in Europe. Old Kanneguy, the man-eating giant was buried in it, right off the shores of Jutland. Kattegat, the young hero, overpowered him; but, when he himself died of a broken heart, on account of fair Sigridd's faithlessness, he swore he never would be at rest until the whole of Jutland was buried in the blue waters of the sea; and so his spirit storms and raves almost incessantly, giving the sea painters sublime subjects, travellers the sea-sickness, and marine-insurers the headache."

The transition from the weird and sublime to the laughable was so sudden and unexpected, that we both burst into hearty merriment. But this was the peculiarity of Tennyson's genius that he will suddenly contrast the grandest flights of his imagination with something droll and ludicrous, which will startle you at first, but ultimately fill you with all the more admiration for him.

He asked me about my last writings. I pointed to my eyes, and exclaimed:

"How can I be expected to do much when my lights every moment threaten to go out?"

Tennyson suggested an amanuensis.

"No, no," I replied, "I cannot dictate original matter. I am at a loss to account for the faculty of some writers to do so. Mr. Thiers told me the other day that he dictated the whole of his 'History of the Consulate and the Empire.' I was amazed at this. I, for one, must be alone when I write. The presence of a secretary would disturb me. Did you ever dictate any of your works to a secretary?"

"No, no," he replied, eagerly. "I think like you. Original composition through another person seems to me impossible. All the copy I ever sent to the printer was written with my own hand."

When I left him he said to me: "My old friend, both of us are past the meridian of life; but I believe there is still a great deal of work in us. You have eclipsed the splendid imagery of the 'Arabian Nights.'"

I interrupted with a deprecating gesture, saying, "And you have verified what Macaulay wrote about your splendid language, that 'English, in the right hands, can sound as melodious as the tongues of Italy or Spain.'"

"We part, then, with compliments," said Tennyson. "It is good that both of us are sincere."

I am sure I was.

SECRET WRITING.

Perhaps one of the most extraordinary deceptions ever known in cryptography was adopted by Histæus in his message to Aristagoras, advising him to revolt. This Histæus, then, chose one of his most faithful slaves, and having shaved his head, tattooed it with his advice, and after keeping him till his hair had grown again, dispatched him to Aristagoras with this message only, "Shave my head and look thereon." Two objections might be urged against this method: first, if the communication was of an urgent nature (which indeed it was), the growing of the hair involved some little delay; and secondly, it is difficult to see why, if his slave was most faithful, Histæus did not intrust his message to the slave's mind instead of his skull, especially as the slave must have known,