

A VISIT IN SEASON.

The all-important subject in the mind of paterfamilias at this season of the year, when the maples are shedding their leaves and the autumn frosts begin to give notice of their appearance, is Stoves. As he goes to his business in the morning, fresh and ready for the day's work, his thoughts run on Stoves. As he returns at night, wearied and jaded, he still meditates on Stoves. Waking and sleeping, until he has made all his arrangements to exclude King Frost satisfactorily to himself and to materfamilias, he is continually pre-occupied about Stoves. As this is, just now, such a universal topic of domestic economy, we may be pardoned if we too have a word to say about Stoves. Not about the price of these indispensable articles, however, albeit the cry against high prices is loud and bitter. Nor have we any remarks to offer on that very interesting household ceremony, the putting up of Stoves, for in this matter no two authorities were ever known to agree, except in anathematizing the whole business. No, we make at once for primary causes, and confine our attention to the manufacture of Stoves as carried on in one of our large Montreal foundries.

Leaving the St. Ann's Market behind, we—for reader and writer are making this trip together—make our way along William street; past the Old Nunnery, past the four royal streets, Duke, Prince, Queen and King; past the Hay Market, until we arrive opposite a large red brick building, resonant with the clink of many hammers. This is our destination, Clendinning's Foundry, known, in connection with Stoves, in many a household from Niagara to Quebec, aye, and in the neighbouring States too. Passing under the archway we find ourselves in a gritty yard, ankle deep in mud this wet weather. Here are heaped on every side tons on tons of coal, loads of broken scrap iron, symmetrical piles of pig iron, and numberless queer-looking boxes, the use of which we cannot for the life of us imagine. Turning to the right we enter a low, square room, in which four men are busily at work moulding "cores" out of sand. This is not the Stove Department, true, but it is interesting enough to make us linger. And here we learn that, in addition to Stoves, the Foundry turns out yearly an immense quantity of machinery, builders' and other heavy iron-work, bedsteads, railings, etc., etc. The manufacture of cores is really—however anomalous the statement may appear—the manufacture of nothing, of space of holes! They (the cores) are moulds, first carefully cast in sand and then baked, which are used in the casting of locomotive cylinders, and other work of the same class, where within the mass of metal a hollow space is required to allow of the attachment or working of other parts of the machinery. This open space is formed by the core, around which, in the casting, the molten metal cleaves, allowing of its removal when the mass is cold.

But to return to our muttons—our Stoves. Immediately outside the core room, and standing at the entrance of a large, well-lighted room in which some thirty or forty men and boys are at work, stand two immense furnaces, one in full blast, vomiting a stream of red-hot metal; the other crammed to the throat with pig iron and scrap, ready for firing up and commencing operations. From the spout of the first the molten metal flows into a capacious ladle—large enough to make a very decent cauldron for Macbeth's witches—throwing on all sides as it falls a shower of miniature rockets. Suddenly the attendant genius, a Canadian in a grimy blouse, and with smoke-begrimed face and hands, turns off the golden flow. The ladle is full, and three men take it up by its two long wooden handles and carry it off, Ran-dan fashion, across the room into another larger still, where perhaps eighty hands are at work. Following them, ankle deep in sand, we see that both rooms are laid out in mimic streets and lanes, the blocks being formed by boxes like those piled in the yard, but which now look marvellously like forcing frames, with the glass knocked out, and its place filled with dirty brown paper. These are the moulds, and the dirty brown paper is the moulding sand, yellow when first brought from the pile up in the corner, but blackened by the action of the heat. As we pass along we stop to observe a man and a boy working together at some of these moulds. While the man is engaged in finishing off an elaborate bit of work in sand, the boy takes a thick board cut so as to fit exactly a certain pattern—a cooking stove door it is in this case—places thereon the iron pattern, which pins into the board to keep it firm, fits a square frame round the board, fills it with sand, which he rams tightly down, and then turns the whole over. The board is then removed, and the reverse of the pattern laid bare. Over this another frame is placed, more sand rammed down, a hole being left for the introduction of the metal. The top frame is then lifted up and the pattern removed. If the mould thus made is perfect it is dusted with black-lead, coal-dust, or soap-stone; the upper frame is replaced and the mould is ready for the reception of the metal. Rejoining our friends with the ladle we find them occupied in filling the moulds, and, to tell the truth, spilling a good deal of the bright red metal in doing so. At last the ladle is empty and they return to the furnace for more.

After witnessing these operations three or four times, especially the making of the moulds, which is excessively delicate work, we retrace our steps, cross the yard, and enter the finishing shop, where the various pieces of work are finished off. Beyond this is the fitting shop, where the different stoves are built. On racks arranged at one side of the room, through which we pass as between two precipices, are arranged the parts of twenty different kinds of stoves. Floors, walls, tops, legs, doors, dampers, blowers, grates, sifters, they are all here; all old friends, though some of them are rather difficult to recognize in their state of single blessedness. In the middle of the room a Morning Glory is just being completed, and at the far end a young man is hard at work on one of the new cooking stoves, in which there is so much labour-saving apparatus that each stove consists of something over sixty pieces. Imagine the labour involved, and yet the average of stoves turned out in this room is between twenty and twenty-five a day. Just now it is thirty, for the winter is hard at hand and the demand is great.

By this time, having seen the stove from its embryo up, we have become quite interested in the business, and I request to be shown more. So we are again taken across the gritty yard, to see a cylinder cast, where our old friend the core, to whom we have taken a great fancy—whether on account of the singular appropriateness of its name, or the peculiarity of its

functions we are unable to decide—is called into requisition. A car wheel is cast next. Then we were taken upstairs through room after room, seeing men torturing iron and steel into all kinds of shapes; into the paint room, where iron bedsteads are receiving the regulation green coat, and dainty little swinging cribs are being tastefully ornamented with chocolate and gold; into the store-room, where we pass what seem to be miles and miles of stoves, bedsteads, railings, umbrella-stands, garden-seats, and weather-cocks, until at last we emerge into the men's quiet reading room to recover from our bewilderment and fatigue. The reading-room is a clean, airy apartment, in the front of the building, furnished with a long table, chairs and benches. It is provided by the proprietor, Mr. Clendinning, with plenty of wholesome literature. Strewed upon the table we notice Bibles in both English and French, the leading city daily papers, the *Scientific American*, and a well-thumbed copy of the latest number of the *CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS*. In this retreat we first find time to ask a few questions, for we have seen so much, learnt so much that was new, that we could only listen to our host's explanations. Here we are informed that from 180 to 200 hands are employed in the Foundry, whose wages amount to a total of over \$1,500 a week. Some of the employees have been connected with the establishment for over twenty years. As to the amount of work turned out we can best form an idea of that when we know that 70 tons of metal are used a week; (in the yards below there are 1,300 tons in stock). In addition to the stoves already mentioned, some 1500 bedsteads are sold in the year, besides a large amount of architectural iron-work, girders, etc., etc.

By this time we feel sufficiently rested, so thanking our entertainer we turn our steps homewards to renew with increased pleasure our acquaintance with our own particular and favourite stoves.

THE LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The man is dead who said, "Let me make the songs of a country, and I care not who makes the laws." Had he lived now he would assuredly have thought we were in a bad way. There is plenty of law. Over-legislation is gradually eating away those "glorious charters," to the key-note of which so many of our national songs were pitched. We are all in danger of falling into gross hypocrisy and a condition of immorality—the usual result of strenuous efforts to make mankind virtuous by Act of Parliament. And our songs? It is best to say, at once, that we have none that take the place of what were once known as ballads. If we once acknowledge that there is anything to take their place, we should bow our heads in shame before the window of almost any music-publisher's shop in London. There still remain on the barrels of a few street-organs primitive tunes, which suggest to some of us words which, if their rhythm was faulty, still had a patriotic dash; or, if their poetry was defective, at least, expressed a tender sentiment. They have been superseded by utter vulgar inanity, where there is not the slightest effort to observe more than even the poorest semblance of rhyme, while the meaning is confuted to a jargon of slang—intended only to give verbal expression to the grin, the stare, the swagger, and the skip of the "great comique," who is their author, or for whom they are written, and who, every evening, drives in his brougham to three or four music-halls, where he repeats his degrading performance. These miserable jingles can be furnished in any quantity, and are published, with the extra attraction of a coloured portrait of the comique himself, either "in character," or looking like an elaborate prize-fighter in a white tie. If we turn to the current fictional literature of the circulating libraries, we find conditions not altogether dissimilar. There has lately been a little abatement in the enormous publication of three-volume novels, intended only to run through a single small edition, to supply the increasing demand of languid readers for a new sensation. Scarcely a copy of any ordinary modern novel is bought by private persons. The libraries in town and country subscribe for a certain number; and their demand—if the book becomes moderately popular, or contains certain elements sufficiently strong for the public taste—runs out the edition. The supply is almost boundless. Idle women, who hear of great successes, and think they have some faculty or story-telling, are suddenly touched with ambition to make a reputation. They have stored their minds with most of the previous romances of bigamy, adultery, cruelty, and secret murder, which are likely to furnish hints for a new plot (which means bigamy, adultery, cruelty, and secret murder, in rather different relations), and straightway they dash into volume the first, with a determination not to stand particular about composition, or to trouble themselves unduly with parts of speech. If the authoress belongs to "the superior class," or is a lady by right, she often affects a story about her humbler fellow-creatures, and revels in depicting scenes of low-life, of which she is as ignorant as she is of the domestic economy of Timbuctoo. Should she belong to the middle-class, or to that section of the middle-class which is on the edge of "society," and always appears painfully anxious to shuffle a little further into the enchanted ground—she will have nothing to do (except incidentally) with any character below a curate, but gives us a picture of the aristocracy of this country, in all its enviable infamy. There are shoals of such books published every year.

Amidst such a stupendous issue of trash, it cannot be wondered at that sound and healthy fiction, the result of patient work and conscientious study, is often unnoticed. All depends upon the accidental companionship of a new book. Some of our few good modern novels have fallen almost dead, blighted by the feverish demand for a story of the foul or fleshly school of fiction which has been issued at the same time, or for the subtle animalism which distinguishes the books of certain popular authoresses, of whom it is most charitable to think that they are unable, even faintly, to realise the full meaning of their licentious suggestions and their bold indulgence in the language of lust. There is no need to specify even the latest examples of this "fleshy school," which is more dangerous, because more insidious, than the coarser animalism and more obvious vice-painting of the novels of the Georgian era. Every family in London which indiscriminately sends to the library for a batch of new novels, must have had several volumes which any decently sensitive father would be shocked to place in his daughter's hand—which any delicately-minded husband would send out of the reach of a young and modest wife—which no gentleman should suffer to contaminate a lady in whose mental purity he thoroughly believed. The truth is, that the father of the family seldom reads the books at all. He probably characterizes them all as "trash," and

shrugs his shoulders with the reflection that women like occasionally to amuse themselves with rubbish of this kind. If he would take the trouble to sit down some afternoon and quietly go through a volume here and there, he would become a wiser if not a better man, and perhaps his subscription to the library would be stopped, except under more stringent conditions. Time was when certain books were regarded as being tabooed to the daughters of a household, while even the sons were not avowedly permitted to read them until they had left school. "Don Juan," "Roderick Random," "Tom Jones"—how innocent they are, not even excepting "Don Juan," beside the half-concealed carnality pretending to be inevitable sentiment, which characterizes the modern novel. Yet respectable middle-aged censors still regard these books as the only volumes necessarily expurgated from the family catalogue, even though they may themselves delight in the wit, the graphic power, and even the moral purpose that the works of Fielding display—qualities not altogether absent either from the stories of Smollett, coarse as they are. The only hope is that a large number of the readers of the books of the carnalities do not fully understand the language of depravity; but a perusal of the most modern examples, especially of those written by women, so greatly diminishes even this excuse for indifference that the only effectual remedy will be to exclude them from the family.

There is a great opportunity for Mr. Bruce and the legislative meddlers of our Government who are so fond of virtuous legislation. Why should not a bill be brought in next session giving a police committee power and authority to brand the covers of every novel offensive to good morals, and to summon before a magistrate every householder who is detected in admitting noxious literature into any family where the members thereof are women, or girls of less than thirty, or lads of less than twenty-one years of age?—*City Press*.

FIELD AND FLOOD.

The Port Rowan Bachelors and Benedicts have had a match at cricket which resulted in the defeat of the latter in one innings and 69 runs to spare.

Mr. Robert Bonner drove Dexter over the Fleetwood Park course, a few days since, to his top waggon, a half-mile in one minute and twelve seconds.

A base ball match played on the 8th between the Unions, of Guelph, and the Unions, of Preston, resulted in a victory for Guelph by a score of 41 to 20.

The "Goldsmith Maid" has been trotting "Occident," at Sacramento, Cal., best 3 in 5 for \$10,000, and won it 3 straight heats. Time, 2 20, 2 17, 2 23. The third heat to waggon was 2 23, which was announced to be the fastest time ever made to waggon.

The return cricket match between Brantford and Paris was played at Paris on the 9th, and again resulted in a victory for Paris by 45 runs. Although Brantford had their best team and did some pretty playing they were obliged to succumb after a hard fight.

The Paris Papers announce the arrival of Mr. Johnson, the swimmer, who failed in his attempt to cross the Channel. It is said he has waded a hundred pounds that he will swim from Paris to Maison-Lafitte without stopping. The distance is great, owing to the innumerable bends of the river.

Matches at both cricket and football between members of different trades and professions have been very much in vogue lately. In Montreal the medical defeated the arts students by seven wickets. In Halifax the May Flower cricket club, composed chiefly of mechanics, defeated the non-commissioned officers of the 60th Rifles, and in Toronto a match at football took place recently between twenty law students and a like number of bank clerks; but after two hours play the game, as far as score is concerned, stood where it began.

The horse "Caractacus" has been sold by his English owner, Mr. Snewing, to the Russian Government for \$2,700, and the London *Sportsman* remarks:—"The victory of 'Caractacus' in the Derby will not readily be forgotten, and it is something for Mr. Snewing to boast of, that with a horse trained on a common near London, stabled at the back of a public-house, and ridden by an ordinary stable lad, he should have won the great prize that Lord Derby and Lord Glasgow had, for nearly half a century, vainly endeavoured to secure, after spending fortunes in the attempt."

An exciting match of Lacrosse took place at Toronto on the 9th inst., between the Ontarios and the Six Nation Indians under the patronage of their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Dufferin. The first game was won by the Indians in 35 m., and the second in 25 m. The Ontarios took the third game in 40 m. The Indians being obliged to leave the match was declared drawn. During the progress of the match His Excellency the Governor-General expressed a wish to become a member of the Ontario Club, and was elected Honorary President, and presented by Major Arthurs with a handsome badge and gold pen.

The Toronto Rowing Club's Regatta came off on the 5th inst., but owing to the facts of the yachts not having gone over the course within the time prescribed by the rules of the club, it was repeated on Monday, the 7th, when the "Ina" took the race, beating the "Standly"—allowing for tonnage by 7m. 7s. Apropos of the "Ina" we are sorry to hear that this beautiful little yacht met with an accident on Friday last. While on her way from Toronto to Kingston she capsized three miles off Whitby harbour. The crew, three in number, were picked up by a boat from the harbour, none the worse, only badly frightened. The cause of the accident was that some of the rigging gave way, and the mainsail fell and dragged in the water.

The Ottawa Races took place on the 9th, 10th and 11th inst., and were well attended throughout. The following is a synopsis of the races. The first race, a hurdle-race, was won by Mr. Newton's "Medley"; the second race, a hurdle-race, by Mr. Champro's "Jack"; the Hotel-keeper's purse (\$300), by "Kelso"; and the Ottawa Valley stakes (\$150), by Mr. Coleman's "Prescott Boy." The second day's racing consisted of the Stewards' Plate, (\$200), won by Mr. Ford's "Clare." Proprietors' purse, (\$350), won by "Kelso." Flash stakes, (\$200), won by Mr. Fitzsimmons' "Lady May." On the 11th the first race was a steeple chase, (\$300), won by Mr. Coleman's "Raven"; Secretary's gift, (\$100), won by Mr. Ford's "Clare"; one extra prize of \$150, won by Mr. Hyland's "Tradewind"; Consolation Stakes won by "Storm."