

The late Lord Lytton.—The *hoi polloi* were not very familiar with Lord Lytton's presence. He was not often seen in the parks or other places of public resort; but in the part of Oxford street bounded at one end by the Marble Arch, and the other by the Regent-circus, he was well-known, and many a hat went off in silent greeting as he passed on his way, his brougham generally following him to the Portland Club; where he spent a couple of hours every afternoon in the season. It was in this locality I met him, two days, I think, after his name appeared in the Gazette. In later life he was generally deaf; but I said "Good morning, my lord," He heard me, and laughingly replied I was the first person who had called him by his new title.—The last time that ever I met this distinguished man was at St. Leonards, where I had gone for a short holiday. I came quite suddenly upon him one wet stormy November evening, not far from the archway by the South Saxon Hotel. It was blowing a gale of wind, and his slender figure wavered and reeled almost as he tried to make head against the blast. He had no overcoat, and that which he did wear looked, I thought, faded and shabby. I was trying to slip past him unobserved, for he never met me without stopping to say a few kind words; but he recognized me at a glance, caught hold of my arm, and asked me to come home with him to the Queen's Hotel at Hastings, where he was staying, and dine. He was without any umbrella, the rain fell in torrents, and I covered him as well as I could with mine. I found he occupied apartments on the ground floor at the hotel. They seemed in a sad state of confusion. The floor was strewn with a litter of books and papers, and copiously sprinkled with Turkish tobacco, an odor of which pervaded the air. The table was laid with covers for three, but only myself and the host sat down. He ate, I observed, but sparingly, and drank nothing but water with a dash of sherry in it. In the evening, as I was taking my departure, I came upon the German waiter who had attended at table, and hinted that the rooms might be kept in a little better order.—"Bless you, sir," said the Kellner, "the place has not been swept or dusted for a fortnight; that're gent is outrageous-like if a book or a paper is touched. The manager wants to get him away, but he has taken the rooms for a month, and won't go; and he is such good pay that our governor don't like to disoblige him." "Waiter," I said sternly, "do you know who that're gent' as you call him, is?" "Yiz, sir—no sir," replied the waiter in a breath, puzzled by the solemnity of my tone. "That is Lord Lytton," I said, "the greatest man in all England. If you see much of him, and note down carefully what he does and what he says, you may become a second Boswell." "Lor, sir," said the waiter, "you don't say so! Our manager thinks this gent is cracked: he goes out in all weathers without any greatcoat, and won't even take an umbrella; then he never examines his bills, but scribbles off a cheque on any scrap of paper that comes to hand.—It was only the day before yesterday a poor woman came with one of them bits of paper. She said the outlandish-looking gent who lived in our house had given it to her, and she did not know what to do with it. He had come into her cabin to light his pipe while her husband, a poor fisherman who was drowned in the last gale, lay there dead. He wrote it on the back of an old letter, and said hoped it would do her good. You can't think of the poor creature's surprise when I brought her back ten sovereigns which the manager gave me when he saw the paper. Surely, sir, the gent cannot be all right here;" and the waiter significantly touched his forehead. He promised to preserve a faithful diary of his lordship's proceedings; but when I returned to the hotel about two years afterwards, I found that he, like the poor fisherman, had been drowned in a storm, and left nothing behind him but a small boy his son, who had been sent to school at the expense of the hotel company, with a view of educating him for the onerous situation of a page.—*Belgravia.*

The Climate of Canada.

[From the *Toronto Globe.*]

In one way and another Canada is being more widely advertised in Britain at the present time than ever she has been before. Her climate is assailed, her soil is depreciated, her statesmen have their failings exposed and their excellences exalted, disgusted emigrants condemn, successful ones applaud, and in the midst of all the stir Canada is becoming every day better known, and her genuine attractions more appreciated, by the thoughtful and the struggling of the old world. The climate seems at present the great bugbear. That men can live and thrive in Canada is now generally recognized as beyond

dispute. But that they have at the same time a terrible struggle with the winter's cold and the summer's heat is also thought to be unquestionable. The persons more particularly concerned know nothing of such struggles, but strangers, or those who have never seen the country, know better, and therefore speak with authority. We hear a great deal about the "parching heats" and the "frozen deserts" of Canada, as if the one marvel about its inhabitants was not that they lived well but that they lived at all.—And, after all, how little ground is there for all this ado. Canadians know that they could never get along without their hard winters, and that even for merely pulverizing the soil the great severity of frost is invaluable.

Besides, how much at the very utmost can be made of this bugbear? Not much, as the following table will show. In this we have the absolutely highest and lowest temperatures at various points in Canada within the last four years, with the corresponding temperatures in London and in certain other European cities. For extremes, either of heat or cold, there does not really seem to be much to choose between any of them:—

CANADA.	Highest.	Lowest.
To.onto, Ont.....	99.2	—26.5
Simcoe, Ont.....	98.5	—25.6
Windsor, Ont.....	98.8	—27.1
Montreal, Que.....	96.1	—28.0
Quebec, Que.....	94.4	—30.5
Huntingdon, Que.....	95.0	—30.0
St. John, N. B.....	82.0	—21.0
Fredericton, N. B.....	83.0	—28.0
Bass River, N. B.....	92.0	—28.2
Halifax, N. S.....	93.5	—14.4
Digby, N. S.....	86.0	— 4.0
Pictou, N. S.....	87.3	—20.0
Charlottetown, P. E. I.....	86.4	—15.0
Spence's Bridge, B. C.....	99.0	—10.0
EUROPE.		
London.....	95.0	— 5.0
Paris.....	104.0	—10.3
Dresden.....	101.8	—25.8
Moscow.....	94.1	—46.7
Berlin.....	102.8	—19.8
Geneva.....	97.2	—13.5
Munich.....	95.0	—19.8
Tours.....	110.4	—13.0

The mean summer and winter temperature and annual temperature at different places in Canada and in Europe can also be seen at a glance from the following table—

	Mean Temperature.		
	Summer	Winter	Year.
Toronto, Ont.....	61.5	16.8	44.1
Simcoe, Ont.....	68.4	24.3	45.8
Windsor, Ont.....	70.2	24.8	47.3
Montreal, Que.....	69.5	18.1	44.3
Quebec.....	66.0	13.8	40.5
Huntingdon, Que.....	66.8	14.5	43.0
St. John, N. B.....	58.0	20.9	40.3
Fredericton, N. B.....	63.7	13.8	40.6
Bass River, N. B.....	63.6	15.1	39.5
Halifax, N. S.....	62.2	24.1	43.1
Digby, N. S.....	60.1	23.9	42.9
Pictou, N. S.....	62.2	20.6	41.3
Charlottetown, P. E. I.....	61.3	16.7	42.0
Spence's Bridge, B. C.....	67.1	24.6	47.3
Greenwich, Eng.....	60.4	37.1	48.9
Paris, France.....	64.7	38.4	51.3

When the mean temperature all the year round is only four degrees lower in Toronto than in Greenwich, England, there seems little room for Englishmen making a great outcry about either the cold or heat of Canada.

Book Notices.

MUSIC-PAGE SUPPLEMENT FOR 1874.

We have just received from *The Pennsylvania School Journal* a copy of the third annual Music-Page Supplement, issued by the publishers of this periodical, for gratuitous distribution to Teachers' County Institutes in all parts of the State. It contains some twelve choice selections, songs and hymns appropriate for Schools, with the music to each in four parts; as well as some sixteen or eighteen selections, the words without the music. There are music books that sell at from 35 to 50 cents that are worth less than this Supplement, which is distributed to Institutes gratuitously. *The Journal*