

and the use of proper material at the foot of the conductor.

This test clearly indicates the difference between a so-called lightning rod and a properly constructed lightning conductor.

F. H. BADGER,

Supt. Fire Alarm Telegraph.

Montreal, June 27th, 1876.

OPENING OF THE HAMILTON AND NORTH WESTERN, R. R.

The work of construction on the Hamilton and North Western R. R., was begun at the north end of Burlington Beach, in the County of Halton, the first sod being turned, what is known as the "Old Brant Estate." The locality is of great historical interest, being part of the tract of land conferred by King George on his famous Indian ally Joseph Brant. In a part of the building (now being enlarged for hotel purposes), at one time dwelt this celebrated Chief. The room in which he is said to have killed his son may still be seen. It is quite evident that some dark deed has been perpetrated here, as numerous blood stains on the floor and walls are plainly visible. Tradition also asserts that a terrible battle took place in the neighborhood many years ago, in which vast numbers of Indians perished, and were interred where they fell. Some foundation for these rumors must evidently exist, as since the work of constructing the railway commenced, great numbers of skulls, bones, arrow heads, and numerous relics and curiosities has been unearthed. Considerable opposition was offered to the railway crossing the beach, especially by the Captains and owners of vessels, as it was thought that the bridging of Burlington Canal would obstruct the passage of vessels, and injuriously affect their interests. As there appeared to be no reasonable hope the Directors of the road and their opponents could come to any agreement, the question of routes was finally left to the adjudication of the Government. After a patient and impartial hearing of the case, a decision favorable to the Beach route was given by the Premier and work begun thereon, as also on other divisions of the road. The force actually employed at the present time, and which will be duly enlarged, as the company acquire additional right of way is about 250 men and 80 teams.

THE MURDER OF THE CONSULS AT SALONICA.

We give on our front page a view of the exact spot in Salonica where the Consuls were murdered. On May 5, Atetizar Villayet, a Christian girl, about fourteen years old, who had been snatched by the Turks from the village of Boglanza two days before, was transported by train to Salonica, where, according to existing rules, she might appear before the Government and abjure the religion of her forefathers. In another carriage followed the mother of this girl. Arrived at the railway terminus, the mother, screaming, begged every Christian present to help her daughter, who was made by force to change her faith. All the people who happened to be there at once hastened to snatch the girl from the hands of three Ottomans who accompanied her. At the moment the carriage of the Consul of the United States, happened to be there waiting the arrival of its owner by the same train from Vodia. The gentleman did not arrive by that train; so the Christians, seeing the carriage empty, took advantage of this coincidence and put the girl and her mother into it, accompanying them as far as the City Gate, and all the time begging the coachman to take her where she might be in safety. On the morrow towards noon, a number of Turks, came to the Kermak, and appeared before the Governor. They demanded the immediate discovery of the girl and her delivery in their hands; otherwise they threatened to revenge themselves. The Pasha did not even take the trouble to reprove them, or try to disperse the crowd; on the contrary, he promised to satisfy them fully. He therefore sent at once a committee to the American Consul's house in search of the girl, while, on the other side, he looked on gently at the armed mob, which was congregating at the mosque attached to the Government House. At the same time, public cries throughout the town invited all the faithful Mussulmans to arm themselves and assemble within the above-mentioned mosque; and the Imams from the tops of the minarets excited the people against the Giazars. Some officers, with guards, distributed arms and cartridges to the already infuriated mob. About three o'clock the French and German Consuls were informed of all this disturbance, and wished if possible to prevent the imminent danger to the Christians. They thought it their duty to go to the Governor, and represent to him the urgent necessity of taking serious measures for the tranquillisation of the excited Turkish populace. But having arrived at the gate of the Government House, they met Emin Effendi, who, it appears, told them treacherously that the Pasha was at the mosque.

Under such circumstances the Consuls always go straight to the Pasha. Emin Effendi therefore conducted them to the mosque, and took them into the room where the Council was assembled, and where the Pasha came in afterwards. Whilst there the Consul of Germany, Mr. Henry Abbott, wrote a letter to Mr. N. Najji Lazzaro, brother of the then absent

American Consul; and, supposing him from the rumors which were afloat to be cognizant of the girl's hiding-place, requested him to give up the girl. He also wrote another note to his own brother, Mr. Alfred Abbott, representing to him the necessity of finding out and sending up the girl, and saying that he and their brother-in-law, Mr. Moulin, were prisoners in the mosque, and that if the girl was not given up the consequences might be serious. As soon as Mr. Alfred Abbott received his brother's note, which, through fatality or purposely, did not reach him immediately, he ran everywhere he thought the girl might be found, and, having discovered her at last, he delivered her into the hands of the Cavass of the English Consulate, who conducted her immediately to the Lyceum. But the treacherous villains never intended to wait for the girl. The French and German Consuls had already been butchered in the presence of the Governor, Kefat Pasha, and of all the members of the two Councils, all the principal officers of the City Guard, and all the Turkish notabilities of the town. Not one of these undertook to protect the innocent victims, and not a drop of Turkish blood was spilt on their behalf. Many are the proofs that the Consuls did not remain alive more than half an hour in the mosque. The Turks were thirsting for their blood, and would on no account lose the opportunity. They fell upon their unarmed victims, and butchered them with various instruments in such a manner that no one can behold their mutilated bodies without feelings of horror and loathing for the instigators and perpetrators of such a savage massacre. Each of the corpses bears more than thirty wounds, and wounds so deep that they must certainly have expired at the first blow; and the rest was evidently done after death.

OUR SUMMER VISITORS.

Allow me to draw attention to the welcome presence here of our usual summer visitors. These the city receives at this season come to be amused; ours come to amuse us in our quiet country retreats; both are equally prized. From the green woods of Sillery let me greet our feathered songsters—our constant friends, the birds. Nothing more striking in this favored portion of creation than the memory of localities or of haunts previously frequented by them; the same groves, the identical tree, containing a nest one year, will count one or more the next if the family is not molested; this applies particularly to the robin and song sparrow. Spring this year was tardy; so were the birds in their spring migration, even to those regular harbingers of spring, the swallows, usually on hand to celebrate the 7th of England's patron saint, St. George (23rd April). Even the swallows tarried behind, reluctantly bearing themselves away from the sunny south, or coast of Senegal, their winter quarters, according to some naturalist. The song sparrow, as a rule, precedes the swallows; he is closely followed by the robin, the chipping sparrow, the white-throated and the white-crowned sparrow—then comes that jaunty little fellow, slate-colored with two white feathers in his tail, Wilson's snow-bird. In their migration northward to Hudson's Bay, an advance-guard of the robins, noisy and numerous, are generally accompanied by a detachment of screeching purple grackles, in black and steel blue liveries. The first week in May ushers in those delightful musicians, Wilson's and the Hermit thrush; their liquid, metallic, flute-like notes are by no means as loud as those of the Irish thrush, but are much sweeter—your ear catches their wild melody at sunrise or sunset, poured unceasingly from a lofty oak or graceful maple, like a forgotten echo of some sylvan deity, in the midst of the forest. Two most gaudily-habited summer visitors are now located next to my dwelling: one the Maryland yellow-throat, and the other the Indigo Bird, with a bright blue coat, much like—but much more cheering to look at than—a Cabinet Minister's. Of crows we have our usual supply—saucy, noisy, pilfering rascals as ever. More anon J. M. L.

Spencer Grauge, Quebec.

St. Jean Baptiste Day, 1876.

THE WESTERN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

This organization traces its history back to the year 1845, when a mission school was opened by Zion Church in the western part of the city. The late William Learmont was its first Superintendent. Passing through many vicissitudes, such as finding itself one Sunday morning locked out of its place of meeting, which had been leased over its head, it continued steadily on until in 1874 it was organized into a church under the pastorate of the Rev. George Anderson. Its present place of meeting, Shaftsbury Hall, Mountain street, lately proving too small for its increased attendance, a lot was purchased in Guy street, and early in the season the erection of a church building was commenced.

The building designed by Messrs. Hutchison & Steele, is of the round Gothic style of a simple character. Its front elevation is flanked by a tower and belfry. The basement is built of stone, and the superstructure of red brick with arches and cornice bands of white brick. The dimensions are: length 78 feet; width 46 feet, with a capacity of seating 450 persons. The basement which is 15 feet high, entirely above

ground, is well ventilated, and can accommodate a Sunday-school of 500.

A medal of which we give a representation, was struck to commemorate the laying of the corner stone. Copies were distributed among the scholars of the Sunday-school who enlivened the ceremony with their presence and singing. It bears on the obverse a perspective of the church with the inscription:—WESTERN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH ORGANIZED 1874, while the reverse gives the date of the ceremony, CORNER STONE LAID JUNE 10TH, 1876, with the church officers.

The medal on the whole is highly creditable, being entirely of Canadian workmanship, and far excelling anything of the kind heretofore executed in this country. In fact from what we can judge it will compare favorably with any produced from the Birmingham mints, excelling most of the so-called works of (Numismatic) art from across the border. The dies were prepared by Messrs. George Bishop & Co., while Mr. Hendry deserves mention for the manner in which the impression has been brought out. We would, therefore, recommend those having occasion for medals commemorative of some Canadian event, to try our Canadian artists before ordering a more expensive and perchance an inferior piece of foreign work.

R. W. McL.

ART CRITICISM.

The *British Medical Journal* criticises pictures from the point of view of anatomy, and wonders what are the "potential products" of a system which permits its follower to criticise a picture of the Infant Saviour by reference to his "triceps and latissimus dorsi." Some good might come of it, but the scientific method is by no means newly applied to art by the *British Medical Journal*. In the *London Athenaeum* of July 3rd, last year, there was a very peculiar and interesting review of some pictures in the Academy conceived in the same spirit. The writer said:

In "Anne Page and Slender" (No. 56), Mr. Cope introduces, all of a row, the *Tulipa Gesneriana*, not known in England before 1577; the red geranium, introduced in 1710; the camel-melia in 1739, and the Chinese pinrose in 1820. In Mr. Poynter's "The Festival" (233) and "The Golden Age" (236), the only exception that can be taken to the roses introduced in the former, and the pears in the latter, is that they are, especially the roses, English horticultural varieties. Not one of Pliny's twelve varieties is amongst Mr. Pointer's roses. In Mr. Waterhouse's "Whispered Words" (266) the red rose appears to be the true "Rose of Miletus." In Mr. Bedford's "Hermione" (326), the wife of Leontes poses between a lemon and an orange tree. The Greeks and Romans knew neither the orange nor the lemon, and even Shakespeare, probably, never saw an orange or a lemon tree. The first orange was planted, it is said, in England (in Beddington Park) in 1595, and it was a century later before it came to be generally grown in England. The lemon was not introduced until 1648.

OFFENBACH.

The distinguished author of the "Grand Duchess" has scarcely a bowing acquaintance with the English tongue, and this want of knowledge of our language made him the victim of a gentle sell a few days since. It seems he ran over from New York unattended to have a peep at the new garden in Philadelphia, which has been named after him. On the cars he met an European acquaintance, Mr. Howard Paul, who is over here industriously exploring the Centennial. On the line of route from Jersey City the *maestro* observed on every fence, barn, rock and "coign of vantage" the words, "Gargling Oil." It encountered his gaze in every form of type from six-foot letters downwards.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Offenbach, "vat is zat words I see ev'ryvere. Zat I know not how you say zis," pointing.

"Oh, that's 'Gargling Oil!'"

"Ah, vat a fortune to make zose wonis ev'ryvere. Vat is it?"

"That! Oh, that's the name of the new great hotel erected in Philadelphia to accommodate visitors to the Centennial," replied Howard Paul, with a wicked smile.

"I vil go zare," returned Offenbach, and producing his note book inscribed the words therein with great care. "Vat a curieus name for one grand hotel. Zese Yankee-spangled ban-nare people are more excentric than ze English."

When the master of opera boutique arrived at the Philadelphia depot he entered the first hack he encountered.

"Where to?" asked the Jarvey, banging the door.

"Goggle Oil Hotel."

"Sir?"

"Gurgle lle Hotel," said Offenbach, trying again.

"Where the devil is that? There's a mighty lot of new houses open lately, but I haven't heard of that one," said the hackman.

"Here, Jack!" he cried to a companion whip, "Here's a foreign gent wants to go to the Goggle-eyed Hotel, or something of that sort. He's got the name wrong, I guess."

By this time four or five hackmen got around and began to gripe at the misconception that had arisen. The *maestro*, like men of genius, is irritable and shouted:

"Stupides! Gaggel Oil Ho-tel. *Mon Dieu*, an I to stop all day in zis machine?" and whipping out his note-book he exhibited it to the group. There it was written plainly enough—"Gargling Oil."

"Mouuseer," exclaimed the man, "that's the name of a patent medicine, not a hotel; you've got things mixed."

But Offenbach could not in the least degree comprehend the inelegant diction of the drivers, and annoyed at their brusque mirth, he leaped from the carriage and made his way towards the street-cars under the impression that the hackmen were having a game with him. As he left the depot his amiable secretary, Mr. Arrigotti, who had preceded him the night before, appeared upon the scene and carried him off in triumph to the Centennial.

Offenbach is a good leader: if he had more strength he would be extraordinary. But he comes down from the music stand completely fatigued after swinging the baton ten minutes. He is not in good health, and now and then takes occasion to say so. The other day some one said to him in New York:

"Why, M. Offenbach, I took you for a much older man. You have a very young face."

Offenbach answered, placing his hand on his stomach and remembering the tortures of indigestion, "Yes, but unfortunately my face does not extend all the way down."

He went to hear Thomas the other evening, and at once professed a desire to be introduced. The gentlemen with him, so the story goes, endeavored to dissuade him, saying that perhaps it would be awkward for Mr. Thomas, who has always been so ferociously opposed to putting any of Offenbach's music on his programmes. "Is he opposed to my music?" said the merry Jacques. "Well, then, tell Mr. Thomas that the difference between him and me is that I should be only too happy to have some of his music to put in my programmes."

KITTY FISHER'S JIG.

During the attacks upon the French outposts, in 1755, in America, says *Coarandis*, Governor Shirley and General Jackson led the force directed against the enemy lying at Niagara and Frontenac. In the early part of June, whilst these troops were stationed on the banks of the Hudson, near Albany, the descendants of the "pilgrim fathers" flocked in from the eastern provinces. Never was seen such a motly assembly of men thronged together on such an occasion, unless an example may be found in the ragged regiment of Sir John Falstaff. It would have relaxed the gravity of an anchorite to see these men marching through the streets of Albany, and taking their situations to the left of the British army, some with long coats, some with short coats, and others with no coats at all, with colours as varied as the rainbow—some with their hair cropped like the army of Cromwell, and others with wigs, the locks of which floated around their shoulders. It so happened that there was present a certain Dr. Shuckburgh—wit, musician, and surgeon—and one evening after mess he produced a tune, already familiarly known in the old country under the name of "Kitty Fisher's Jig," which he earnestly commended, as a well-known piece of military music, to the officers of the militia. The joke succeeded, and "Yankee Doodle" was hailed by acclamation "their own march." Little did the author of the joke suppose that a tune introduced for the purpose of ridicule would be marked for such high destinies. In twenty years from that time the national march inspired the heroes of Bunker's Hill, and in less than thirty Lord Cornwallis and his army marched into the American lines to the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

PERSONAL.

Bishop Cummins, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, is dead.

Sir John and Lady Rose, it is said, will visit this country in the autumn.

Bishop Lewis, of Ottawa, will reside at Lachine during the summer months.

Lord Dufferin starts for British Columbia about the latter end of July.

Captain Hawkins has been added to the staff of the Military College, Kingston.

A rising Toronto lawyer who came to this country as one of Miss Macpherson's batches, accompanies her home in a few days.

HUMOROUS.

MANY a man worth a million is utterly worthless.

THE familiar fly again sits down with the family to dinner.

WE believe in manly sports. Can anything be more imposing than to see 300 or 1,000 athletes sitting on hard benches in the broiling sun watching a game of base ball between two tired nines?

THE future pitcher and catcher of some champion base-ball nine were observed yesterday practising with a half brick done up in an old stocking. This is what may be called the ragged edge of the game.

A THING that is calculated to ruffle the calmest temper: to select with care a seat on the shady side of the street car, and then to recollect that the line turns off in an almost opposite direction.

A stranger who sat on the wharf yesterday gave his opinion on the nominations. He could have voted, himself, for Bristow, he said, but he could not cast a ballot for men not identified with reform as well as purity and honesty. He intended to say more, but just then a policeman came along and arrested him for stealing a clothes line, two undershirts, and a pork ham the night before.