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# THE HEARSTONE

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE &

VOLUME III. GEO. E. DESBARATS, No. 1, PLACE D'ARCADE HILL. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1872. TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. No. 12.

COMMON SENSE.

BY S. W. DUFFIELD

The bee from the clover bloom  
Is ready to lift his wings;  
I found him gathering honey  
Out of the common things.

The bird to the maple bough  
The twigs and the stubble brings;  
He is building his love a cottage  
Out of the common things.

The poet sits by himself—  
What do you think he sings;  
Nothing! He gets no music  
Out of the common things!

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## IN AFTER-YEARS; OR, FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

He knocked at the castle door, a knock speaking of one having authority; a servant in livery opened the door, while Adam, who had long been installed a sort of Senechal, came forward, dressed in plain clothes to welcome the visitor.

The light from the chandelier hanging in the centre of the hall, fell directly on Sir Richard, as he took off his hat and gloves, placing them on the same table on which last in the hall, he had placed the dead dog.

"Sir Richard," said Adam, in a voice replete with surprise, dread, and disappointment, his face expressive of anything but satisfaction at the return of his long absent master.

An old dog almost blind from age, followed Adam into the hall, went up to Sir Richard, snuffed about his feet, walked round him two or three times, and then bounded up to his breast, ending by lying down upon his long lost master's feet, and beating the floor with his ample tail. Sir Richard bent down to fondle the dog, taking no notice of Adam's recognition, although it was most satisfactory to him he was known and acknowledged at once.

"Caser, poor Caser, this is a good welcome home, I hope you will live many years to give me such a welcome."

"You are welcome home, Sir Richard," his old servant, now somewhat recovered from his surprise, found breath to say.

"Forced prayers are no devotion, Adam, I have no thanks to give for such a welcome," was the ungracious reply.

"To whom do these gloves belong?" asked Sir Richard, pointing to several pairs lying on the table.

"They were Sir Robert's, sir, and the young ladies will not allow them to be moved."

"And those canes, these hats?" pointing to each as they were named.

"These also belonged to Sir Robert, the young ladies will not have anything that belonged to his person touched, or removed out of its wonted place."

"Have them burned by to-morrow morning, let them never offend my sight again," spoken in a calm voice as if he gave an ordinary command.

"What rooms do you use now?"

"When we have no company, the lower dining and drawing rooms, there has been no company here since Sir Robert's death."

"Open the drawing room."

The old man did as he was bid, Sir Richard walked into a handsome room, the dark morose velvet curtains, and carpets of which set off by contrast, the silver and gold plate with which the sideboard was laden, a large fire burning in the grate was the only light in the room, the red glow and deep shadows it flung around, giving an air of solemn beauty that accorded well with the pictures of old knights in their armour, and their ladies in the powdered hair, and stiff ruff of the time when Mary of Guise held Court at Holyrood, who looked down from the old walls, on the last man of their race, as he came among them again from his long banishment.

"You have made quite an improvement here," said Sir Richard, as he quitted the dining room, "who are in the drawing room?"

"Lady Morton, the two young ladies, and General Lindsay's son, Captain Arthur."

"Who is Lady Morton?"

"Lady Hamilton's sister."

"Who brought young Lindsay here?"

"He came with Lady Morton, the young ladies were visiting for a week at Inchdrewer since Sir Robert's death, Lady Morton and Captain Lindsay accompanied them home."

"Has Lady Hamilton been here since I went abroad?"

"The night of Sir Robert's death, she came here about midnight, after the body was laid out, and remained an hour by his side in prayer; she was never here before, she has not been since."

"Open the drawing room door."

Adam did as he was bid, announcing "Sir Richard Cunningham," repeating the name twice.

The two girls evinced no surprise, but coloured deeply, and seemed to shrink with



A FRIENDLY GREETING.

fear as the unexpected guest approached them, while their visitors looked with awe on the man whom they saw for the first time, and had so long believed to be a tenant of the tomb.

Sir Richard bowed with studied politeness to Lady Morton and Captain Lindsay, and seating himself opposite the twin girls, who occupied one couch, examined carefully, first the features of Agnes, then those of Margaret.

If there had been the least shade of likeness to Lady Hamilton, in either face, the colour of eye or hair, the form of cheek or lip, the slightest expression or air of her he had worshipped as a divinity in his youth, and strive as he might, could not now in his old age tear from his heart, but loved with all the romance of a boy, all the strength of his manhood, if the dimple, from her smile, the uplifting of her eye, had only left the slightest impress on these young faces, what a different fate in life might have been theirs; nay not only theirs alone, its influence would have shown itself in all their after life, extending even to the death bed of the hard old man who sat with almost bated breath, searching for the Douglas eye, the Douglas hand, anything however slight, which could strike the electric chain which bound him to Isabel Douglas. No, it could not be, there was neither shade nor line of the Douglas blood in either fair face, it was Hamilton, all Hamilton, the hated eye, the hated air of handsome William Hamilton, the very face which excited all his evil passions in the boy he stole, because he fancied that to him his mother's brow and lips were given; and when the boy grew, and he saw he was every inch a Hamilton, he in his hatred of the father in the innocent son, became day by day more fiendlike, until the seed he had sown with so unparing a hand, bore fruit, and the boy became a man who also wished for revenge; and he had it, most amply, while his persecutor counted the days and weary hours, longing for death and it came not, passed an age of worldly woe, between the bare wall of a prison cell in his own Castle.

And did the law of retribution not work also in the life of Robert Cunningham? hated as the

man he believed to be his father was, that matted gray head in the eastern tower, came between him and every soft loving caress of his beautiful wife, every dimpled smile of his innocent children; and now those tenderly cherished and dearly loved daughters were in the power of the man, he himself had helped to make twice a fiend.

The entrance of Sir Richard had filled everyone present with the utmost surprise, except the girls, they knew he had been confined in the eastern tower, that he had made his escape there from, that the story of his death abroad was a myth, and they had been in daily fear of his walking in upon them, as he had now done.

But it was not the courtly gentleman who now sat opposite them, they expected to see, but a bearded maniac, and the shiver which passed through each slight frame, as they glanced furtively at the cold glittering black eye, which seemed to scan their inmost thoughts, with the intense look fixed on their faces, told them they knew already that they had more cause to dread the same man than the madman of their imagination.

They had often talked to each other of the captive of the tower, and in their walks around the Castle, and its pleasure grounds would start at each hare or rabbit that crossed their paths, fancying the fiend like man their father had sent them to feed would start forth upon them, and perhaps tear them to pieces; so strong had this fear grown upon them, that they did not dare to leave the house, not even to wander on the lawn dotted with its little flower beds, without being accompanied by Adam.

Now that the real Sir Richard was before them, their hearts beating almost audibly, as their eyes fell under the piercing glance of those basilisk eyes, they intuitively felt, that the handsomely dressed punctilious gentleman, they now knew as their grandfather, was a hundred times more to be dreaded than the maniac their favored fancies had conjured up.

When Sir Richard had satisfied himself that he had gained all the information, which face reading could give of the frightened looking

young girls, he turned with the utmost civility to Lady Morton saying,

"Lady Morton, I believe?"

The lady bowed in acknowledgement of her name.

"I had the happiness of knowing your sister, Lady Hamilton, as Miss Douglas; since she became Lady of Inchdrewer we have scarcely met."

"Lady Hamilton leaves her Castle walls so seldom, this does not surprise me," was the lady's answer "besides your long absence abroad made it impossible, for those who never left their Scottish homes to see you."

"True, this night is the first time in eighteen years, I have entered the doors of my own Castle; I find things have not deteriorated in my absence, I am old now, I will not again be inclined to roam."

As he spoke the two girls looked at him with great wondering eyes, and each asked herself the same question; "could their Father have been labouring under a delusion, when he sent them to feed the prisoner in the tower chamber?"

"Lady Hamilton must be many years your senior," continued Sir Richard, still addressing Lady Morton.

"She certainly is my senior, although I am frequently mortified by having her called the younger of the two, she looks so much younger than I do, yet I have no cause to complain," continued she smiling, "we Douglasses are a long lived race, a stranger would not fancy I had counted forty years."

As Lady Morton ceased speaking, Sir Richard gazed in unfeigned surprise, at the smooth cheek and bright eyes of the speaker, the long heavy curls of her raven hair, her slight elastic figure, all betokening a woman scarce thirty years old.

"Lady Hamilton must have passed a life of greater happiness, than falls to the lot of most mortals, if with ten years more than you have seen, she seems younger than you."

"As you know Sir Richard, she has not been exempt from the ills of life, she has had more than one startling episode of grief, the loss of

her eldest son, the first and dearest; her gallant young husband's death, so far from home, he, the brave and true, the loved of all, his grave so unapproachable in the deep blue sea, over which she cannot weep; and then fair Margaret Hamilton's departure, we could scarcely call it death, we almost saw her enter the heavens; these to most women would be griefs which kill, but Isabel has a consolation known to few in the strong faith which for her forms a bridge over which she passes at will to hold communion with her beloved dead.

When Lady Morton ceased speaking, there was a pause of some minutes, interrupting which her Ladyship said as if the circumstance had just occurred to her,

"Sir Richard allow me to introduce you to Captain Arthur Lindsay, a distant relation of yours, and your heir at law but for those young ladies."

The inclination Sir Richard gave his head when introduced to Captain Lindsay, was so slight as to be scarcely perceptible, causing the lady to imagine he did not exactly realize who the young gentleman was, and she added "a son of General Lindsay you know."

"I was aware of the young man's name and parentage previous to entering the room," was the ungracious reply, delivered with a stony British stare full in the face of the person spoken of.

Lady Morton now recollected a feud which had subsisted between the Cunninghames and Lindsays for two or three generations back; Sir Robert had wisely ignored such time respected usages, deeming them more honoured in the breach than the observance, but it was evident the old feud was sacred in Sir Richard's eyes, and she resolved to shape her course accordingly.

"Can you send me home to night Sir Richard?" she asked, "I have been here for a week, and my own carriage was sent back to Inchdrewer to do duty for Lady Hamilton, her having met with an accident."

"My carriage is at your Ladyship's service, shall I order it?" was Sir Richard's prompt reply, with his hand already on the bell pull.

"Thank you very much."

The lady accompanied by the twin sisters, at once retired to arrange her dress for her drive home, it was a short distance, not over five miles, and she felt glad to leave a house, where little foresight was required to see the spirit of discord had entered together with the master, whose return would be looked upon by his grand children, and dependants, as their misfortune.

Arrived within the precincts of the room occupied by Lady Morton during her visit to Haddon, the two girls gave utterance to their feelings, throwing her arms around Lady Morton's neck.

"Agnes was the first to speak."

"Oh Lady Morton, what shall become of us? that terrible man he looked in both our faces as if he would slay us, and he has not yet spoken one word to either Margaret or me."

"There is but one course left for you to pursue. Sir Richard Cunningham has never borne a character of great amiability or consideration for others, but report generally lessens the good in us, and magnifies the evil; there is a soft side in every human heart, you must be loving, dutiful to him, find favour in his sight, endeavour to think of him only as the parent of the father you have loved so well; and pray to God to enable you to do your duty, he assuredly will all come right in the end."

"I cannot be loving, or what others would call dutiful to him, I know too much of his evil deeds. The last words we ever heard our dear Father speak were words of warning, bidding us beware of this awful man."

"My dear Agnes," replied Lady Morton smiling, "your imagination has carried you beyond your better judgment, when your Father was in life, and for years before you were born, Sir Richard Cunningham was deemed a tenant of the grave, how then could your Father have warned you to beware of him?"

"Take my word for it the best course for you to pursue is a conciliatory one, I know you think he will endeavour to make you give up Arthur Lindsay, and no doubt he will, but in a few years you will be free to judge for yourself; he cannot disinherite you, and if he could, Arthur Lindsay is his heir, do what is right and leave the result to God, pray to him to lead you in the way you should go, so will you have good success."

"I cannot love Sir Richard Cunningham, I loathed and dreaded him before ever I saw his face, I could not let my eyes rest on his were it to make me Queen of England from sea to sea, and as to giving up Arthur Lindsay, one whom my darling Father approved so highly as the husband of my choice, never, never; Oh! Lady Morton take us with you to Inchdrewer, I could not sleep within the same walls which shelter that terrible man. I know Lady Hamilton will make us welcome, she told us she loved us as her own children."

The girl paused exhausted by the emotion she could not control, standing in front of Lady Morton, with clasped hands, her eyes almost wild with excitement, she waited for the reply which she believed was to seal her doom.

Lady Morton put her arm round the excited girl's waist, and drawing her towards her, sat down on a sofa, placing one of the sisters on either side.

"Listen to me," said she, "and I will in a few words convince you that what you propose, would be highly improper, as well as useless.





The Hearthstone.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Publisher and Proprietor.

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MISPLACED GENEROSITY.

The introduction of the one cent Postal Card into Canada was generally hailed with delight by the business community as affording a cheap means of communication; but, to judge from some of the letters we receive some parties do not understand the use of the card at all, and we have actually received about half a dozen cards written on and enclosed in envelopes bearing a three cent postage stamp. It is no doubt very kind of these parties to so generously support the Post Office Department by paying four cents when one would suffice, but as the Department would be quite well satisfied with one cent, we think this generosity rather misplaced and would recommend them to exercise it in some other channel.

"L'ANNÉE TERRIBLE."

We have to apologise to our readers for the great delay which has occurred in the production of Victor Hugo's new work "L'Année Terrible"; but the following extract from a late number of the Pall Mall Budget will explain the cause of the delay:

"The story of the poet's most recent work is rather curious. It has been composed for the last four months and is actually printed. Victor Hugo intended to publish it in December last, and particularly wished to give the premier to the subscribers of the Rappel. But the Government prevented the execution of this programme by suspending M. Hugo's journal; and "L'Année terrible," which was on the eve of being issued, was kept back by its author's desire. As the reappearance of the Rappel was fixed for the 4th of February, the poem was again announced for that date. The Administration, however, having set new impediments in the way of the reissue of the paper, which will prevent its reappearance until April, M. Hugo has for the third time delayed the publication of his poem. There is no prospect of a new suspension taking place; but should the Rappel be again suspended, M. Hugo is firmly determined to make the appearance of his poem coincide with that of his journal."

As there is, therefore, no means of estimating exactly when the work will appear; and as it proves to be a poem instead of a novel, as pre-

viously announced, we shall not publish it, but substitute for it a new and interesting novel by a popular author, an announcement of which will shortly appear.

THE GREAT IMPOSTOR.

The claimant of the Tichborne estates is fully realizing the truth of the proverb that "adversity tests our friends." While he had a chance of winning the great suit he was looked on as a lion, and had friends without number; now—although many persons still believe him to be really Roger Charles Tichborne—he has been in prison since 6th inst., the day of his arrest, being unable to furnish the bail required, £50,000. It is said that should he procure bail he will at once be rearrested on a charge of forgery, and it is also rumored that Australian detectives are on their way to England with a warrant for his arrest on a charge of murder. So the would-be Baronet will have his hands full for some time to come, and bids fair to end his days in prison if not on the gallows. In the trial for perjury great efforts will be made by the prosecution to prove that the claimant is really Arthur Orton, the butcher of Wapping, and a large number of witnesses will be examined to that effect.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY.

It is a well known saying that "Republics are always ungrateful" and the French Republic has proved no exception to the general rule, by the manner in which it has turned on the International Society and bitten the hand that reared it. The International Society has been in existence about five years having been started in 1867 during the Paris exposition, and has in that time made itself obnoxious to nearly all the European Governments and is not very favourably regarded even by the American Government which generally likes whatever other nations dislike. The French Republic undoubtedly owes its existence to the International Society; but a quiet orderly republic did not suit the fiery passions of the Internationals and they, on the 18th March 1871, instituted that reign of terror in Paris known as the "Commune." The avowed objects of the Society, equal distribution of money and property, and social and political equality to all are so wholly at variance with all ideas of law and order that several European Governments, fearing the evil effects of the Society have lately passed statutes against it, notably the French Assembly which on 13th inst. passed a bill for the suppression of the organization by the decisive vote of 501 to 104. The bill imposes various fines and terms of imprisonment for holding office in, belonging to, or having connection with the Society, and in some cases, deprives the offender of civil and domestic rights. This is certainly a move in the right direction and is far more creditable to the government than shooting a few unfortunate Communists who were instigated in their barbarous destruction of Paris by this very Society.

THE REVOLUTION IN ERIE.

After the death of "Stonewall" Jackson, General Lee's victories gradually grew fewer and fewer, until at last they ended in utter defeat and annihilation before Richmond; so Jay Gould, the arch plottor, has suffered nothing but disasters since the death of his executive officer Jim Fisk, and he has now been entirely routed and driven ignominiously from the control of the Erie Railroad which he has so daringly misused for years, in utter defiance of the legitimate stockholders. General Sikes, the Counsel for the English stockholders accomplished this feat on 11th inst. He managed to have a meeting of the Board of Directors called by nine of the Board; and having obtained possession of the Director's room they proceeded in very summary style to elect other Directors, to fill vacancies caused by the resignation of some of the old Board who sided against Gould. General Dix was elected President of the Board in place of Jay Gould and General McClellan, and other prominent citizens were elected Directors. Gould made a hard fight to maintain his position in the Road and summoned about 150 roughs, scoundrels with the intention of carrying the offices by storm. But Gould's power in New York has been terribly shaken of late; the death of Fisk, the charges against his friend Judge Barnard and the defection of many of his quondam friends have destroyed the power for evil which he once possessed; and after holding out for one night he was compelled to surrender, resigning the Presidency, retiring from the Board of Directors and altogether "accepting the situation" as dictated to him by his victorious opponents.

The new Directory announce themselves as only temporary office holders and declare that a general election by the shareholders will be held as soon as the necessary power can be obtained from the Albany Legislature. One thing is certain, the Erie Ring is broken as thoroughly and completely as the Tammany Ring was a short time ago; and the surest indication of that is the fact that the price of the stock has risen from 31 per cent to nearly

50. An investigation into the manner in which the affairs of the road have been conducted since the Ring took possession in 1866 has been made and a deficit of fifty one millions of dollars discovered. Since Jay Gould had interest in the road the contingencies have increased from thirty-two thousands to nearly two hundred thousand dollars. The expenses of the general superintendency increased from one hundred and thirteen thousand to one hundred and seventy thousand. The issue of stock has increased from twenty-five millions, to eighty-six millions, of which sum fifty-one millions has been covered up in some unknown way. Books expenses for agents and clerks increased from six hundred thousand to one million seven hundred thousand, there is an increase of over four hundred thousand dollars for conductors, baggage and brakemen, and a proportionate increase for engineers and firemen.

It is most probable that Gould will be criminally prosecuted. The total amount of stock, bonds and liabilities of the Company is about one hundred and sixteen millions of dollars. The routing of the Erie ring will tend very greatly to restore the confidence of English capitalists in American enterprises, which has been greatly shaken of late by the developments of Tammany and other frauds.

For the Hearthstone.

BUMPTOWN PAPERS.

BY JAMES BUMPUS.

PAPER I. OUR TOWN.

I suppose you have never heard of Bumptown? No! Well, I'm sorry for you, and out of pity for your ignorance, I'm going to tell you something about it. You can't find it on the map; can't you? Well, I didn't suppose you could; but it's there; nevertheless, altho' you can't see it, there are a good many things in this world which are "there" and we don't see them. That reminds me of a story which I will tell you right off. There was a certain captain who traded to the West Indies and who was passionately fond of driving and riding; consequently in all his disbursement accounts there appeared a great many items of bills paid for carriage hire and horse hire. The owners of the vessel did not like this and told him they thought it looked very unbusiness-like and they hoped it would never occur again. The Captain promised and never again. He sailed for the West Indian trade and drove about just as usual, but there was not a single item for horse or carriage hire in the disbursement account. The amount paid for "labor" was considerably larger than usual and the "incidentals" appeared to have somewhat increased, but there was no horse hire. The owners were delighted; "Ah!" they said, "this looks like an account; no carriage hire there." "No," said the captain, "smiling to himself, "it'll be there, but you don't see it." And so I tell you Bumptown is on the map, but you don't see it.

And after all, my friend, Bumptown does not differ in many particulars from your own Montreal. It has long streets not half as wide as they ought to be; its streets are as ill-paved, as dirty and as dusty; its sidewalks are as rotten and as dangerous; its gas is as bad, and its Gas Company is as impudent and extortionate, as in Montreal. Its sidewalks are as slippery in the winter and as hot and dusty in the summer as in your own city. Its water-works are as uncertain and their Superintendent as indolent and careless as your own; its City Passenger Company is as careless of the comforts of the public, and runs the same kind of ice boxes as in Montreal. It has a big debt and is very anxious to make it bigger, just like Montreal. It has the same style of City government and has a good mayor, and a stupid council, just as Montreal has; the only difference is that we call our Councilmen "Considers," and what you style "Aldermen," we call "Additament," which is a delicate compliment to their superior stupidity. We have the same bad sewerage; the same sinks of corruption; the same prohibitory tax on fresh meat; the same frightful rate of infant mortality; the same amount of stupidity and jobbery in the corporation; the same amount of crime and the same apathetic press that you have in Montreal.

So you see, my friend, that altho' you can not find Bumptown on the map, yet you will find yourself quite at home there, should you ever visit it, as it possesses all the faults and inconveniences of your own city. We have five daily papers in Bumptown; the "Bumptown Sprocket" and "The Gazer," published in the morning; and "The Daily Witless," "The Evening Penny-Whistle" and "The Daily Know-nothing" published in the evening. "The Daily Know-nothing" is said, by courtesy, to be published in the evening; but some of its five or six readers are under the impression that it is published the next day; perhaps they are right. These papers are all quite as well edited for the general public as "The Additament" and lordly disregard of local matters as your Montreal papers are. A dand-donkey in Honolulu is of more importance to the Bumptown papers than a live lion in Bumptown. In dull heavy reading, in lengthy reports of stupid lectures, or uninteresting debates, the Bumptown press is strong in spicily, well-written paragraphs of local interest, in witty, graphic reports, in sensible editorials and in general enterprise the Bumptown papers are weak. Sometimes one of them will come out in a so-called criticism of a concert, or a theatrical performance, or a book; but, as the "criticism" is invariably confined, to straight puffery and fulsome flattery, the word appears rather inappropriate, and the value of such criticism can be fully estimated. Sometimes, it is said, the value is estimated in dollars and cents, but that I don't believe; I don't think the papers know enough for that like they do in New York and other places. I have dwelt somewhat on the press of Bumptown because the press of a place always more or less explains the character of the place; and, besides, it is intended to make a few extracts from these papers by-and-by, so that you may judge for yourself what a credit they are to Bumptown.

Bumptown has just passed through a period of great excitement; there has been a local election for Considers; and some of them had a great deal of trouble. The trouble arose from the fact that the Scalliwags were allowed to vote for the first time. Now the Scalliwags are a class of people who are peculiar to Bumptown and are unknown to Montreal, so I might as well and are unknown to Montreal, so I might as well explain that they are people who do not pay their taxes, but who want to claim the right of suffrage the same as those foolish people who

have obeyed the law. I know there are nosuch people in Montreal, and I am glad of it. The way the Scalliwags came to vote was thusly: when the Board of Revisors met Consoler Macshin—who was a friend of the Scalliwags and wanted them to vote—found a more's nest, and he proceeded to hatch the eggs; he told the Board that they must return as a voter every man whose name was on the taxpayer's list whether he had paid his tax or not as they had no power to erase any names unless they had been objected to; and nobody had objected within the time set down by law. Now it had been the custom of the Board for years, to return as voters only those parties who had paid their taxes before the first of January,—as the law requires—but when Consoler Macshin, who was a wise and virtuous man, told them they were wrong, they got very much frightened and sent to their attorney, Mr. Devilsin, to know his opinion. Then Mr. Devilsin gave them "an opinion as is an opinion," and he told them that if they did something they might have to suffer pains; and if they did nothing they might have to suffer imprisonment. Then the Board of Revisors got into a perspiration and remained so for four days—all except Consoler Macshin who was a thin man and had no perspiration to spare,—and then they determined to compromise; they would do nothing and call it something and so try to hoodwink the honest taxpayers, and make themselves only liable to suffer pains which they were prepared to bear with great fortitude. And so the names of the Scalliwags remained on the list; and the hearts of the Scalliwags were glad; five dollars a man and unlimited whiskey. I am ashamed to own that this thing was done in Bumptown, because I know it can not have occurred in Montreal, where Common Sense and Public Opinion would have prevented it; and where no votes can be bought; but there is no Common Sense in Bumptown and the voice of Public Opinion is mute.

Now there was great excitement when it was known that the Scalliwags were to vote; and several good men who had intended to offer themselves as members of the Council refused to do so, fearing the expense which it would put them to secure the vote of the Scalliwags, and knowing they could not get elected without it; among these was Additament Rodin who had represented Stannus Ward for fifteen years and had "done the State some service" and a new man was elected in his place. But in Stannus Ward the conflict was very close and exciting between Kunnade and Houlli; and each said each was another. And the Scalliwags said both were good men for both spent money freely, and the vote of the Scalliwags was divided between the two. Houlli and Kunnade were elected. And in other Wards the contest was close, but in none was it so exciting as in the Stannus Ward where Kunnade was finally elected. Now I have worried you with this account of the election because the Bumptown Council will meet soon and I shall probably tell you something about its doings. Meanwhile, let me congratulate you that Montreal is not like Bumptown and that no illegal voters would be allowed there to elect their candidates.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

UNITED STATES.—Chief Justice Chase will probably be a candidate for the Presidency, nominated by a Union of Democrats and Republicans and run as an Independent candidate. Patrick's Day was generally observed throughout the United States; from its falling on Sunday the processions all took place on Monday. The procession in New York was the largest ever seen, and estimated at about 40,000 persons took part in it. The boiler of Jones & Carnahan's soap and candle factory Cincinnati exploded on 18th inst. killing two men, Jacobs and William McFarland, 16 feet long, and weighing 300 pounds, was blown a distance of nearly half a mile, and killed three children named Cora, Cora, Alice, Thornton, and Ella Forbes. The cause of the explosion was the Union Pacific Railroad trains are running again with considerable regularity. Navigation on the Hudson is opened as far as Poughkeepsie. The authorities of Chicago have ordered that all small wooden houses are built on rollers in the west division and are quietly slipped across the line of fire limits, thus evading the regulations. Arizona dispatches say that William McFarland was found murdered and horribly mutilated. The American residents went after the Mexican who was reported to have threatened McFarland's life, and having found him, shot him in the back, and retained by killing one of the shooting party, on which the Americans made a general raid on the Mexicans, and killed four. A fifth entrenched himself in a house, on which the attacking party blew up the boiler, and shot him dead. All the business houses in Sanford and Florence are closed, in apprehension of an attack from the Mexicans, who were most numerous and greatly exasperated. The various relations have reported on a bill authorizing the survey and making of the boundary line between the United States and British possessions from Lake of the Woods to the summit of the Rocky Mountains. Various articles of professional and amateur ornaments, to take place in this country have completed their final arrangements. The trial of John McFarland will still drag its weary length its course. It has already proved too much for one of the jurors, Mr. Clarke, President of the People's Insurance Co. who died on 13th inst. and it is probable that the trial will have to be "done over again" before a new jury.

CANADA.—Ottawa is to have a new Post Office. Thomas Johnson was convicted on a charge of outrageous assault on a woman named Smith at Toronto on 15th inst. and sentenced to one month imprisonment and to receive twenty-five lashes. The corporal punishment was inflicted at once. The frame grist mill owned by William Cottingham, and leased by William McFarland, was totally destroyed by fire on 15th inst. Loss on building from \$7,000 to \$8,000. Insured in the Royal for \$3,000. Mr. Paplow loses about \$5,000; supposed not to be insured. The widow of an infant at Quebec, was found, is still at large, having eluded all the efforts of the detectives. A fire broke out on 15th inst., in the office of the "Heraldic Gazette," Quebec, occupied by the Messrs. Brousseau, as a stationary and printing establishment, completely destroying the building with its contents. Nothing saved; loss heavy. A bill has been introduced by Hon. Mr. Flynn, in the Nova Scotia Legislature to incorporate a Company of London capitalists, with a capital of one million pounds sterling, to build a railway 180 miles in length to connect the various towns of the County, to Louisbourg, Cape Breton, crossing the Strait of Canso by a tunnel, or otherwise.—Hon. Mr. Blairhead, has started a scheme for a new route to Europe via Miramichi. It is reported Sir Hugh Allan has instructed his Liverpool agents to place a pioneer boat on the route between that port and Miramichi in May next.—It is stated that means will be taken this season, as usual, to prevent various fishermen from trespassing in Canadian waters.—At Toronto on 13th inst. A young man named Robert Thompson, of Walkerton, while showing a revolver to a boy named Wright, accidentally discharged the weapon, fatally wounding the boy in the right breast.—The most disastrous fire which has yet taken place in Petrolia, occurred on 12th inst., burning twelve buildings and destroying the clothing store of A. Suller, from an unknown cause. It destroyed the great Western and United States Hotels, Garand's and Reynolds, McKittrick, Teakley, Scott and Paine's stores, Watkins' system saloon, Jackson's barber shop; Wright's harness shop, Hamilton's tailor shop, and other buildings. Loss about \$15,000.

ENGLAND.—The reply of Secretary Fish to the note of Earl Granville has been received; a reply to an identical effect was sent to Mr. Disraeli in the House of Commons, was made by Mr. Gladstone who said

that the reply of the American Government though friendly, is firm and unyielding, and calls upon England to submit to the Geneva Tribunal of Arbitration, the question whether the claims upon the amount of damages shall be submitted and discussed by that board.—Earl Granville has announced in the House of Lords that he had received an official notice from the French Cabinet of the abrogation of the commercial treaty.—The London Rowing Club have selected their crew for the match with the Atlanta Boat Club, of New York. The following are the men—Stout, Grant, Green, and Strong.—A pension of £1,000 has been granted to Lady Mayo, and £20,000 have been settled on her children by the British Government.—Lady Mountbatten is pronounced by a medical authority incurably insane, and the petition of her husband has been dismissed.—A despatch received at the Admiralty, which was ashore on a reef near the island of Pantelleria, has been floated. The vessel has sustained some damage, and will go into dock at Valetta for repairs on the 20th inst. The vessel was launched during the past two weeks.—A telegram from Gibraltar reports a distressing disaster in that harbor, whereby a number of people belonging to the Royal Navy lost their lives. The boat belonged to the British steam frigate Ariadne, lying at anchor off the town, while going from the vessel to the shore to assist and eleven persons were drowned, including the captain, the two men on the boat, and the crew. The man newspaper, who was sentenced to undergo three months imprisonment for libel on the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench during the trial of the Fenians, has been released from jail, his term having expired. Pigott's friends made a demonstration in his honor upon his release, and he was afterwards entertained at breakfast.—The Queen has appointed the grant of a pension to the widow of Mark Lemon.

FRANCE.—The committee of pardons has rejected the appeals of Quetel and Girard, the murderers of hostages under the Commune.—The taking of the census of France will begin on the 1st of May. The trial of Bazaine for the capitulation of Metz is expected, and the prospect just now occupies public attention.—It is rumored that General Chesny, Minister of War, will ask for the credit of 3,000,000 francs for the fortification of the frontier, particularly at Longevy and Belfort. The Prussians are rapidly extending the fortifications of Metz and Strasbourg.—The battle will show that the public mind throughout France, will deliver addresses at all the principal cities.—The syndicates of various watering places in France have petitioned the Assembly for the restoration of gambling saloons.

GERMANY.—The Lower Chamber of Baden has prohibited the sale of intoxicating liquors from teaching or giving missions.—The Upper House of the Prussian Diet passed the annual budget. It shows a surplus of 145,000,000 marks, and makes 44,000,000 available to the reduction of the public debt. The apocalyptic arrests in Berlin on 31st ult., on suspicion of contemplating a murderous attack on Bismarck, has been released.—The Prussian Minister of Education has requested the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ermland to revoke the sentence of ex-communication pronounced by him, contrary to laws of the country.

ITALY.—King Victor Emmanuel will review the Italian troops some time during the present month. The secretary to take place in presence of the King, Queen of Denmark and General Metke.—The Italian Government asks Parliament for an appropriation of 700,000 lire to meet the expense of the Italian department in the Vienna Convention. The President of Deputies by a unanimous vote adopted a resolution of regret for the death of Mazzini, and the President pronounced an eulogy on the illustrious deceased.

INDIA.—A telegram from Calcutta announces that several cases of cholera have occurred among the forces of General Bullier, who are now on their road from the victorious campaign against the Looshais on the northern frontier of India.—The assassin of Earl Mayo has been executed. He made a confession, declaring that the death of the Viceroy was not the result of a conspiracy, as he alone was designed and carried out the murder.

SPAIN.—A canvass of the political field made by the Government party estimates the new Coalition will return about one hundred members to the Cortes in the forthcoming election.—The "Gaceta" publishes a decree authorizing Ortega to lay a direct telegraph cable between Spain and England. A revolution is spoken of as imminently probable, and the Mexican Emperor is reported to be concentrating troops in the neighborhood of Madrid.

SWITZERLAND.—The Federal Council had sent secret agents to the Canton of Ticino, on the Piedmontese frontier, to watch the movements of Italian revolutionaries, who are reported to be very active. The Federal Council has appointed the 12th of May as the day for the people to vote on the ratification of the revised constitution adopted by the National and States Councils.

OPPOSITION TO GREAT INVENTIONS.

Tradition says John Faust, one of the three inventors of printing, was charged with multiplying books by the aid of the devil and was prosecuted both by the priests, and the people. The strongest opposition to the press has, however, been presented in Turkey. The art of printing had existed three hundred years before a printing press was established in Constantinople. From 1728 to 1740, that press issued only twenty-three volumes. It was then stopped, and did not resume its issues until after an interval of more than forty years. About 1780 a press was established at Scutari, and between 1780 and 1800 issued forty volumes. Again its operations were suspended, and were not resumed until the year 1820, since which time it has worked more industriously than heretofore, although fettered with the paternal oversight of the Turkish government.

The ribbon-loom is an invention of the sixteenth century; and on the plea that it deprived many workmen of bread was prohibited in Holland, in Germany, and in the dominions of the church, and in other countries of Europe. At Hamburg, when the council decreed that the ribbon-loom was to be abolished, the stocking-loom shared the fate of the ribbon-loom. In England, the patronage of Queen Elizabeth was requested for the invention, but it is said that the inventor was rather impeded than assisted in his undertaking. In France, opposition to the stocking-loom was of the most base and cruel kind. A Frenchman who had adopted the invention, manufactured by the loom a pair of silk stockings for Louis XVI. They were presented to the monarch. The parties, however, who supplied hoisery to the court, caused several looms of the stockings to be cut, and thus brought the stocking-loom into disrepute at headquarters.

Table-forks appear so necessary a part of the furniture of the dinner table, that no one can scarcely believe that the tables of the sixteenth century, were destitute of them. They were not, however, introduced until the commencement of the sixteenth century, and then were ridiculed as superfluous and offensive, while the person who introduced them into England, was called Luffor. They were invented in Italy, and brought thence to England, napkins being used in this country by the polite, and fingers by the multitude. The saw mill was brought into England from Holland, in 1763. But its introduction so displeased the English that the enterprise was abandoned. A second attempt was then made at Limehouse, and the mill was erected, but soon after its erection was pulled down by a mob. Pottery is glazed by throwing common salt into the oven at a certain stage of the baking. The mode of glazing was introduced into this country in 1600, and came to Staffordshire from Nuremberg. The success and secrecy of its inventor so enraged their neighbors that persecution against them became so strong that they were compelled to give up their works. The pendulum was invented by Galileo; but so late as the seventeenth century, when Hooke brought it forward as the standard of measure, it was ridiculed, and passed by the name of swing swang.—Our Own Fireside









