

HURON SIGNAL

ILLUSTRATED

ALMANAC,

FOR THE YEAR

1873.

Presented to the Subscribers

OF THE

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, ONT.

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE OF THE HURON SIGNAL.

1873.

HURON SIGNAL

ILLUSTRATED

A. L. M. A. C.

FOR THE YEAR

1878

Presented to the Shareholders

OF THE

Huron Signal.

GODERICH ONT.
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE OF THE HURON SIGNAL.

1878

DRY

Han

Ag

AL

D. FERGUSON

DEALER IN

**DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
BOOTS & SHOES**

&c., &c., &c.,

Hamilton Street, Gederich.

Agent for Thos. Spencer's

BRANTFORD

ALES AND PORTER.

ABRAHAM SMITH & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS AND CLOTHIERS,

EAST SIDE MARKET SQUARE,

(NEXT DOOR TO J. BOND'S DRUG STORE.)

GODERICH, ONT.

Keep on hand a very large Stock of

READY MADE CLOTHING,

CONSISTING OF

OVERCOATS, PEAK JACKETS, DRESS COATS, PANTS & VESTS,

ALL COLORS AND SHADES.

Their Stock of GENT'S FURNISHINGS of all kinds, Hats and Caps, &c., &c., will be found very complete.

A large Stock of Cloths kept on hand which will be sold by the yard or made to order, CHEAP FOR CASH.

Agents for the Osborne Sewing Machine, the best Machine made for family use, also for the far famed and well known American Howe Machine.

D. CAMPBELL,
PHOTOGRAPHER,

CORNER MARKET SQUARE AND KINGSTON STREET,
GODERICH, ONT.

The only artist in town who takes the real
ENAMELED PHOTOGRAPH.

DANIEL GORDON'S

FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

2 DOORS WEST OF THE POST OFFICE,

WEST STREET, GODERICH.

All kinds of furniture on hand or made to order.

UPHOLSTERING. UNDERTAKING &c., &c.

ATTENDED TO.

Agent for W. Bell & Co's Celebrated Melodeons and Harmoniums.

CIGARS TO THE TRADE
WHITLEY & ELLIOTT.

LIQUORS AND GROCERIES,

China Tea Setts, Ornamental China,
Chamber Setts, Meerchaum Pipes &c.

AT

WHITLEY & ELLIOTT'S,

Corner next Castle Drug Store, Market Square, Goderich.

FOUNTAIN RESTAURANT,

WEST SIDE MARKET SQUARE, GODERICH,
E. BINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.
FRUIT, CONFECTIONARY, OYSTERS, FISH, GAME,
&c., &c., &c. supplied.
HOT MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

ERIC MCKAY,

**Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer,
UNDERTAKER, &C.**

WEST STREET, GODERICH,

OPPOSITE THE BANK OF MONTREAL.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF FURNITURE

ON HAND OR MADE TO ORDER

Agent for McLeod, Wood & Co's Celebrated Melodeons and Harmoniums.

UNION HOTEL,
HAMILTON STREET,
GODERICH.

HENRY MARTIN, Proprietor.
GOOD STABLING
AND
ATTENTIVE HOSTLERS.

COLBORNE HOTEL,
HAMILTON STREET,
GODERICH.

ELIJAH MARTIN, Proprietor.
Travellers will find this a comfortable
and well kept Hotel.

Post Office Department of Canada.

RATES OF POSTAGE ON LETTERS.

Canadian letters, 3 cents per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., and 3 cents for every fraction of $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Unpaid letters are charged 5 cents per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Postal cards 1 cent.

The rate of Postage to British Columbia, Vancouver's Island, Manitoba, and Prince Edward's Island is 3 cents per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. if prepaid; 5 cents per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. if not prepaid. To Newfoundland 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. must be prepaid.

UNITED STATES.—The rate of postage on letters between any place in Canada and the United States is, if prepaid, 6 cents per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; if unpaid, 10 cents per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Letters addressed to, or received from United States, on which stamps are affixed, representing less than the amount of postage to which the letters are liable, are rated as wholly unpaid, no credit being given for partial payment.

The single rate of postage on letters between any place in Canada and any place in the United Kingdom is, by Canadian Packet, sailing on Saturday, 6 cents per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; by New York Steamer, sailing on Wednesday, 8 cents per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.

PARCEL POST.

Parcels may be forwarded betwixt any offices in Canada, at 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents for every 8 oz.; weight not to exceed 4 lbs. and the postage must be prepaid by stamp. The parcel should have the words "By Parcel Post" plainly written on the address.

REGISTRATION.

The following are the fees which, as well as the ordinary postage, must be prepaid at the office at which posted:—

On letters to Canada, Newfoundland, or Prince Edward Island, 2 cents; on letters to any place in the United States, 5 cents; on letters to any place in the United Kingdom, 8 cents; on parcels, packets, &c., to any part of Canada, 5 cents; on books, packets, and newspapers, to the United Kingdom, 8 cents.

When letters are registered for whatever destination, both postage and registration fees should be prepaid by stamps. The postage and registration fee on letters addressed to the United Kingdom, the United States, and places abroad, must be paid wholly in stamps or money.

A Registered letter can only be delivered to the party addressed or to his or her order. The registration does not make the Post Office responsible for its safe delivery, it simply makes its transmission more secure, by rendering it practicable to trace it when passing from one place to another in Canada, and at least to the frontier or port of despatch.

Postage Stamps, to be used in payment of the several rates, are issued as follows:— $\frac{1}{2}$ cent stamp, to prepay small Periodicals; 1 cent stamp, to

prepay drop letters; 2 cent stamp, to prepay Transient Newspapers, Registered Letters; 3 cent stamp, to prepay the ordinary letter rate; 6 cent stamp, to prepay the rate on United States letters; 6 cent stamp, to prepay rate to England via Canadian Packet; 8 cent stamp, to prepay rate to England, via Cunard Packet.

A mutilated stamp, or a stamp cut in half is not recognised.

MONEY ORDERS.

Money Orders, payable in the Dominion, may be obtained at any Money Order Office of which a list can be seen at any Post Office, at the following rates:—

Under and 1 up to \$10, 5 cents, over \$10 and not exceeding \$20, 10 cents, and 10 cents for every additional \$20 up to \$100, above which sum no single order can issue; in New Brunswick, 5 cents on each \$10.

Money Orders on England, Ireland, and Scotland.—Money Orders payable at any Money Order Office in Great Britain and Ireland, can be obtained in any Money Order Office. The orders are drawn in sterling, the commission chargeable being for £2 and under, 25 cents; from £2 to £5, 50 cents; from £5 to £7, 75 cents; from £7 to £10, \$1. No order can be drawn for more than £10, but any number of orders for £10 each may be procured.

The rate of commission charged on orders on Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward's Island over and above the exchange value of the sterling is as follows:—

For orders not exceeding £5 sterling 25 cts.
For £5 and not ex. £10 sterl. 50 cts.
" £10 " " £15 " 75 cts.
" £15 " " £20 " \$1.

POST-OFFICE SAVINGS BANK.

Post Office Savings Banks, having the direct security of the Dominion, to every depositor for re-payment of all moneys deposited, with the interest due thereon.

DUTIES ON PROMISSORY NOTES AND BILLS OF EXCHANGE.

Stamps required for Single Notes, Drafts, and Bills of Exchange.—3 cents for \$100; 3 cents every additional \$100; 3 cents every additional fraction of \$100.

For Notes and Drafts, Bills in Duplicate.—2 cents on each part of \$100; 2 cents for each part of every additional \$100; 2 cents on each part and for every additional fraction of \$100.

For Notes, Drafts, and Bills, in more parts than two.—1 cent on each part for \$100; 1 cent on each part for every additional \$100; 1 cent on each part for every additional fraction of \$100.

\$25, 1 cent; \$25 and upwards to \$50, 2 cents; \$50 and upwards to \$100, 3 cents; interest payable at maturity to be counted as principal. The fourth clause of the Stamp Act enacts that any cheque upon a chartered bank or licensed banker, or on any savings' bank, if the same shall be payable on demand; any Post-office money order and any municipal debenture, or coupon of such debentures shall be free of duty under this Act.

FESTIVALS, ANNIVERSARIES, &c., FOR THE YEAR 1873.

Epiphany	Jan.	6
Septuagesima Sunday	Feb.	9
Quinquagesima—Shrove-Sun.	"	23
Ash Wednesday	"	26
St. David	Mar.	1
Quadrages.—1st S. in Lent	"	2
St. Patrick	"	17
Annunciation—Lady Day	"	25
Palm Sunday	April	6
Good Friday	"	11
Easter Sunday	"	13
Low Sunday	"	20
St. George	"	23
Regation Sunday	May	12
Ascension D.—Holy Thurs.	"	22
Birth of Queen Victoria	"	24
Pentecost—White Sunday	June	1
Trinity Sunday	"	2
Corpus Christi	"	13
Accession of Q. Victoria	"	20
Proclamation	"	21
Midsummer Day	"	24
Michaelmas Day	Sept.	29
Birth of Prince of Wales	Nov.	9
St. Andrew	"	30
First Sunday in Advent	"	30
St. Thomas	Dec.	21
Christmas Day	"	25

FOREIGN COINS—BRITISH VALUE.

Cent—America, jd.	
Crusado Nova—Portugal, 2s. 3d.	
Dollar—Spain, 4s. 2d.; American, 4s. 2d.	
Ducat—Flanders, Sweden, Austria, and Saxony, 8s. 3d.; Denmark, 8s. 3d.	
Florin—Prussia, Poland, 1s. 2d.; Flanders, 1s. 6d.; Germany (Austria), 2s. France, or Livre—French, 94d.	
Guilder—Dutch, 1s. 8d.; German, 1s. 7d. to 2s.	
Louis d'or—(Old) 18s. 6d.—Louis, or Napoleon—16s.	
Moldore—Portugal, 26s. 6d.	
Pagoda—Asia, 8s. 9d.	
Piastre—Arabian, 8s. 6d.; Spanish, 8s. 7d.	
Pistole—Spain, or Barbary, 16s. 3d.; Italy, 15s. 6d.; Sicily, 15s. 4d.	
Re—Portugal, 20th of 1d.; a Mill-re, 4s. 6d.	
Rix-dollar to a dollar, 64d.	
Rix-dollar—German, 8s. 6d.; Dutch, Hamburg, Denmark, and Sweden, 8s. 3d.	
Rouble—Russian, 8s. 3d.	
Rupie—Asia, Silver, 1s. 10d.; ditto, Gold, 8s. 9d.	
Sol, or Sou—French, jd.	



THE LAST INTERVIEW!

1873—JANUARY—31 days.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quar. 8th, 9-27 nt. | Last Quar. 21st, 9-30 ev.
Full Moon, 18th, 4-23 aft. | New Moon, 25th, 5-27 ev.

		SUN Rises & Sets.	MOON Rises & Sets.	Age.
1	W			
2	Th			
3	F			
4	S			
5	S			
6	M			
7	Tu			
8	W			
9	Th			
10	F			
11	S			
12	S			
13	M			
14	Tu			
15	W			
16	Th			
17	F			
18	S			
19	S			
20	M			
21	Tu			
22	W			
23	Th			
24	F			
25	S			
26	S			
27	M			
28	Tu			
29	W			
30	Th			
31	F			

NOTES TO THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION.

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH was the second daughter of the unfortunate Charles I., and was born in the year 1635, in the palace of St. James. The child was barely eight years old when the Civil War broke out, which separated her from her parents; and the remaining nine years of her life were passed in the custody of hirelings and strangers. She was the companion of her father in the few short hours preceding his execution, on January 30th, and received from him his Bible as a last gift. With attentions at self-control far beyond her tender years, she listened with reverential awe to the last words she was ever to hear from parental lips. The king, we are told, took her in his arms, embraced her, and placing her on his knees, soothed her by his caresses, requesting her to listen to his last instructions, as he had that to confide to her ears which he could tell to no one else, and it was important she should hear and remember his words. The unhappy girl (then only fourteen years of age), bursting into tears, promised to write down all that passed, and she did so. In her account, preserved in the "Rehearsal Secret," she said that, among other things, he told her to tell her mother that his thoughts never strayed from her, and that his love should be the same to the last. This message of undying love remained undelivered, for the gentle girl never again saw her mother!

After the sad death of her father, although kindly treated by the Cromwells, the princess was strictly watched, and finally she was removed to Carisbrooke Castle. About eighteen months after her father's death, she accidentally got wet in the bowling-green of the castle; fever and cold ensued, and the frail form succumbed to death on Sunday morning, September 8th, 1650. Supplicating her to have fallen asleep, her attendants left the apartment for a short time; on their return, she was dead, her hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, and her face resting on an open Bible—her father's last and cherished gift. Her body was embalmed, and with much pomp buried in the church of St. Thomas; but as kings and princesses were at a discount at that time, the initials "E. S." carved on the wall, were her only epitaph, and so she lay forgotten.

In the year 1793, while some men were employed in digging a grave inside the church of St. Thomas, Newport, Isle of Wight, for the reception of a son of Lord de la Warr, they discovered, lying in a coffin in a remarkable state of preservation, upon which was inscribed:—

"Elizabeth, 2nd daughter of the late King Charles, deceased September 8th, 1650."

Much excitement was created in Newport by this discovery, no one having been aware that a princess was buried in the church; but soon the circumstances of the death and burial of the forgotten princess were brought to light. Her remains were carefully replaced, and the spot where she lay became a marked one in the church of St. Thomas. But it was left for our present gracious Queen to pay to her the last fitting tribute due to her virtue and her station. A few years ago the restoration of the old church became necessary, when her Majesty, Queen Victoria, with her usual thoughtful consideration, took advantage of the

occ
um
The
wh
the
Ch
fam
Cha
Fir
1850
JO
C
of
cler
also
H
age
deat
ous
of v
atte
and
whil
at t
bout
prin
pur
arti
year
as a
scho
cop
succ
than
that
Ear
his f
fort
bein
tion
by
loss
of h
exec
illus
ness
the
dead
had
fun
Q
a Sc
Scot
the
last
in
wh
wife
lad
duti
Lord
respo
to p
"I
moo
band
sui
ary
pene
van
with
tion
of
table
she
ried
I
foun
tion,
to t
to the
cause
a last
of old
frequ
it was
to cus
some
frame
that s
deed
I
moo

"THAT WHICH IS WELL DONE, IS TWICE DONE."

occasion, and instructed Baron Marchetti to prepare a monument worthy of a princess—and the task was well executed. The unhappy Elizabeth is represented in the attitude in which she was found dead. The following inscription records the kindly feeling which prompted the deed:—

"To the Memory of the Princess Elisabeth, Daughter of Charles I., who died at Carisbrook Castle, on Sunday, September 20th, 1659, and is interred beneath the Chancel of this Church. This monument is erected, a token of respect for her Virtues, and of sympathy for her Misfortunes, by Victoria R., 1859."

JOHN BOYDELL'S INDUSTRIOUS CAREER.

(11.)—THE career of JOHN BOYDELL is an illustration of what perseverance and industry, combined with cleverness, may accomplish, as the following brief sketch will show:—

He was brought up as a land-surveyor, until he was of the age of twenty-one, when chance threw in his way "Baddesty's Views of different Counties of the Kingdom," one of Hayward Castle, which being situated in the parish of which his father was an inhabitant, naturally attracted his attention. From that moment he determined to quit the pen, and take up the graver; and with that spirit and perseverance which he manifested in every succeeding scene of his life, he, at twenty-one years of age, walked up to the metropolis, and bound himself apprentice to Mr. Toms, the engraver of the print which so forcibly attracted his attention. After steadily pursuing his business for six years, finding himself a better artist than his master he bought from Mr. Toms the last year of his apprenticeship, and became his own master as a print-seller, and then devoted himself to promoting a school of British engraving, engaging the best artists to copy the finest pictures of the day. The result was eminently successful; and during a long life he expended no less a sum than £200,000, and accumulated a stock of steel and copper-plate engravings, which, as he stated, all the print-sellers in Europe could not purchase. By his talents as an artist, and his industry afterwards as a publisher, he amassed an immense fortune, and attained the highest of civic honours—that of being Lord Mayor of London. But when the French Revolution and the emigration broke out, Alderman Boydell (by which title he is best known) experienced such great losses as to be under the necessity of procuring an Act of Parliament for his relief, by way of lottery, of his "Shakespeare Gallery," being a collection of paintings, executed at his expense, by the best artists of the day, in illustration of the works of Shakespeare. The act was passed, but Boydell did not see the lottery terminated by the decision of the wheel; but, before he closed his eyes in death, he had the satisfaction of knowing that every ticket had been sold. He died on the 15th December, 1804, a public funeral being accorded to him.

A LOVE FOR OLD CHINA!

(16.)—LORD KAMES (better known as Henry Home—a Scotch judge, who became senior lord of session in Scotland), was the author of "Remarkable Decisions of the Court of Session," and also several other works—his last being "Loose Hints upon Education, chiefly concerning the Culture of the Heart," and which was published when he was in the eighty-fifth year of his age. The wife of Lord Kames was a Miss Agatha Drummond, a lady greatly distinguished for her attention to domestic duties; and Lord Woodhouselee, the biographer of Lord Kames, narrates the following amusing anecdote respecting one of her follies—a weakness which is said to prevail amongst the fair sex:—

"In the management of her household, where it was more becoming in her to attend to economy, that her husband's turn for hospitality, and her own sense of what was suitable to the rank they occupied in life, rendered it necessary to maintain a liberal establishment. Mrs. Home's conduct was a model of propriety. Abridging every superfluous expense, including in none of the frivolous gratifications of vanity, but studious alike of uniting the real comforts of life with that modest measure of external show which the station of a gentleman demands, she kept an elegant but simple table, at which the guests of her husband met always with a cheerful welcome. In the earlier period of Mr. Home's married life, attention to economy was a necessary duty; and he found in his particular, that excellent good sense and discretion, which felt it no sacrifice to conform their mode of living to the just bounds of their income; but in one thing she caused her husband some uneasiness. He is one who has a taste for everything that was elegant, was passionately fond of old china; and soon after her marriage she had made such frequent purchases of the ware, as to impair her husband's peace of mind, with some little apprehensions of her extravagance. But how to cure her of this propensity was the question; and after some consideration, he ordered an ingenious expedition framed a will, bequeathing to his spouse the whole china that should be found in his possession at his death—and this deed he contrived to keep unperceived! The success of the plot was complete; the lady was cured from

that moment of her passion for old china! This little pious fraud Mr. Home was wont frequently to mention with some exultation; but it was not so much the effect as the ingenuity of the stratagem that touched him."

SOMETHING WORSE STILL!

(28.)—EDWARD MOORE was the son of a dissenting minister, and was born at Abingdon. He was for some years engaged in the business of a linen-draper, but adopted literature as a more congenial profession. He became editor of "The World," a weekly paper, to which Lords Littleton, and Chesterfield, and Horace Walpole contributed—all of whom interested themselves warmly in the fortunes of the poet. The following anecdote is related of him:—

Moore was the author of "Fables for the Female Sex," and other ingenious pieces. For a long time he had the misfortune to labour under an expensive prosecution in Doctors Commons, for marrying two sisters, and was called upon one morning by his proctor, as he was writing his excellent domestic tragedy of "The Gamester." The proctor having a leisure hour, Mr. Moore read him four acts of his piece, which were all that at that time were finished. The proctor was so affected by it, that he exclaimed, "Good Heavens! how can you possibly add to this couple's distress in this last act?" "Oh, very easily," said the poet; "there I intend to put them both into the Spital-house Cow."

A little pastoral, written by Moore, entitled "The Happy Marriage," from which the two following verses are taken, has a fine vein of sentiment, verified with ease and elegance:—

"How blest has my time been, what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessie my own!
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain."

"What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good-humour bloom all the year through;
Time, still as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what she steals from her youth."

"GEORGY" AND THE PIG-BOY!

(29.)—MANY are the anecdotes told of the private life of GEORGE III., who took a great delight in the pursuit of farming, and spent a great deal of his time in walking about his farm, and would occasionally stop and gossip with any rustic whom he met, to whom he was sometimes unknown. One day he had to pass over a hedge-gate, on which sat a young rustic, who showed no readiness in moving.

"Who are you, boy?" said the king. "I be a pig-boy," answered he. "Where do you come from? Who do you work



for here?" "I be from the low country; out of work at present." "Don't they want lads here?" said the king. "I don't know," rejoined the boy, "all belongs hereabouts to Georgy." "Pray," said his majesty, "who is Georgy?" "He be the king, and live at the castle, but he does no good for me."

His Majesty immediately gave orders to his farm that the boy should be employed, and when next he saw him, told him to be a steady lad, and "Georgy" might do some good for him.



"BOTH BURNED AND DROWNED, THEY MET A DOUBLE FATE!"

1873—FEBRUARY—28 days.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.		Sec Rises & Sets.	Moon Rises & Sets.	Asc.
1 S	O'Connell mortally wounded Mr. D'Esteiro in a duel, 1815.	7 40r	Sets P.M.	4
2 S	4th Sunday after Epiphany.	4 49s	11 24 s	5
3 M	The Times fined £200 for libels on the Prince of Wales and Duke of Clarence, 1790.	7 37r	After Mid. night	6
4 Tu	"Holmfirth Flood," 1852.	4 53s	A.M.	3
5 W	"Victoria Cross" founded, to reward the gallantry of persons of all ranks in the army and navy, 1856.—The Queen conferred the honour on 62 persons (of both services) on June 26, 1857; and on many of the Indian army, August 2nd, 1858.	7 33r	2 3	8
6 Th		4 56s	3 20	9
7 F	"Idées Napoléoniennes" published by Louis Napoleon, 1829.	7 30r	4 29	10
8 S		5 0s	5 20	11
9 S	Septuagesima Sunday.	7 26r	6 22	12
10 M	George Herbert died, 1633.—"And now, Lord,—Lord, now receive my soul!" were his last words. (Herbert's Life was written by Isaac Walton.)	5 4s	7 2 13	3
11 Tu	The first printing executed in Australia was in the year 1810.	7 23r	7 33	14
12 W	The first printing executed in Australia was terminated April 2nd, 1793.	5 7s	Rises P.M.	5
13 Th	Trial of Warren Hastings commenced, 1788; terminated April 2nd, 1793.	7 19r	6 11	16
14 F	St. Valentine's Day.	5 11s	7 20	17
15 S	Transportation of convicts from England to Australia ceased, 1853.	7 15r	8 29	18
16 S	Sextagesima Sunday.	5 15s	9 38	19
17 M	Sir Charles Napier achieved a glorious victory over the Amers of Scinde, 1843.	7 11r	10 52	20
18 Tu	Lord Thurlow appointed (second time) Lord High Chancellor, 1788.	5 19s	5 19s	21
19 W	The Prince sailed from L'Orient, 1752.	7 7r	After Mid. night	22
20 Th	Ran on the Bank of England for specie, when £1 and £5 notes were issued, 1797.	5 22s	1 25	23
21 F	Robert Southwell hung, 1595.	7 3r	2 44	24
22 S	In 1724 bigamy was declared to be no longer a felony, but to be punished as larceny.	5 26s	4 1	25
23 S	Quinquagesima—Shrove Sunday.	7 0r	5 9	26
24 M	Coleridge's poems pub., 1796.	5 29s	6 4	27
25 Tu	House of Commons voted for war with France—143 for, 44 against—1800.	6 55r	6 44	28
26 W	Ash Wednesday.	5 34s	7 14	29
27 Th	Ultimatum of England and France sent to St. Petersburg, 1854.—The Czar, in his reply, said—"He did not judge it suitable to send an answer."	6 51r	Sets P.M.	30
28 F		5 37s	7 32	1

NOTES TO THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION.

AMONGST the most distressing and calamitous disasters that have occurred at sea, the burning of a French East Indiaman, *The Prince*, was perhaps one of the most dreadful, for nearly three hundred persons were either burnt or drowned, and some of whom met a "double fate!"

On the 19th of February, 1752, *The Prince* sailed from port L'Orient, on a voyage outward bound. She suffered greatly during her voyage, from being driven on a sand-bank, and one day in the month of June it was found out that she had caught fire. Perhaps the most distressing and awful circumstance under which a shipwreck can take place is when it is occasioned by fire; it is indeed that that death seems more dreadful, as the chances of escape are so small and the means of counteracting the danger so limited. The moment the captain on board *The Prince* discovered the outbreak of the fire he went on deck, whilst Lieutenant de la Fond caused some sails to be dipped into the sea, and the hatches to be covered with them to prevent access of air. Every means that could be thought of to procure water was resorted to (pumping, buckets, pipes—all were tried) but ineffectually, the flames battling every attempt to subdue them, and the general terror increasing. Still, most of those on board continued as active as before. The master made a brave attempt to get down to the hold, but was driven back by the flames, and had not water been thrown over him he would have been severely burnt. They then tried getting the long boat out, but it fell on the guns and could not be righted. The boatwain and three others escaped in the yawl which they took possession of, leaving the rest to their fearful fate, which all now seemed to see was inevitable. Nothing but sighs and groans were heard, and even the animals on board (as if instinct warned them of the coming danger) uttered the most dreadful sounds. All hope was gone—the chaplain cheered and encouraged them all to meet their awful fate bravely, which they did. Self-preservation seemed now the only thing; some plunged into the waves as the mildest death of the two—others tried to save themselves by spars, hen-coops—any thing that came first. Nothing was to be seen but floating mats and yards covered with living beings, all struggling with the waves, many of whom were destroyed by the balls from the guns, discharged by becoming heated by the fire—

"What ghastly ruin then deformed the deep!
Here glowing pinks, and glowing rods of oak,
Here smoking beams, and masts in slender
brooks."

Lieutenant de la Fond, who had up to this time borne up with the greatest firmness, was now well aware that he could neither save the ship nor his life by fellow-creatures. His distress was so great that he at first thought of sharing the same fate as the others; still, self-preservation was great, and taking off his things he jumped down a yard, one end of which was in the water, but this was so covered with human beings that he fell into the sea. There he was caught hold of by a drowning soldier. In vain De la Fond tried to get free, twice they went below the surface, and it was only

"In all difficulties, be patient, and overcome them by perseverance."

who
is
F
the
war
havi
civil
now
the
sund
fell
I
med
to
le
frien
haus
until
expl
piece
num
Do
I
escap
four
some
they
a
ru
then
bund
anytl
pass
saver
thirs
and
f
A
Augu
scem
At
son
li
the
r
sent
thing
at
a
l
came
hospi
lande
Fond
with
I
much
they
I
thank
Nea
catast
from
the
calam
..

(18.)
was
re
quent
contin
Shortl
a
note
the
fal
"To
my
own
coach,
al
though
The
Lord
coronel
passion
as
the
carriage
reco'd
stretch
"Broth
man's
James'
riage
at
herald

(21.)
Faith's
was
his
l
against
victim
sketch
When
Donay,
but
sist
I
law
whi
of
disea
years
an
hondel
I
don
for
I
out
priv
leas
his
clost

"MASTERS SHOULD BE SOMETIMES BLIND, AND SOMETIMES DEAF."

when death freed the poor soldier that he loosed his hold. De la Fond then, in spite of the number of people who covered the floating spar, managed to get hold of a yard, and after waris a spritail. He next got on to the mainmast, which, having been burnt below, fell overboard, killing some, but giving a temporary shelter to others. Eighty persons were now crowded together on the mainmast, amongst whom was the chaplain, who was even then doing his utmost to persuade the poor creatures to be resigned, when suddenly he fell into the sea. De la Fond seeing the poor man fall, immediately rescued him, although requested by the chaplain to let him go, as he was nearly half-drowned then. "No, my friend," the lieutenant nobly replied, "when my strength is exhausted we will perish together." The fire still continued raging until it reached the powder magazine, when the most fearful explosion ensued, and for a while nothing was visible but pieces of flaming timber aloft in the air, threatening to crush numbers of human beings, even then in the agonies of death. De la Fond then, with the pilot and master, managed to escape to the yawl, and as night came on they providentially found a cask of brandy, some pork, a piece of scarlet cloth, some linen, and a small piece of cork. The scarlet cloth they used as a sail, an ear was used as a mast, and a plank for a rudder. All this was done in the darkness of night, and then came another serious difficulty: they were at least two hundred leagues from land, and had no chart, compass, or anything to show them where to steer. Eight days and nights passed without sight of land, and all this time the three wretched men were suffering from the extremities of hunger and thirst, and exposed to the burning heat of the sun by day, and the intense cold by night; but happily, on the 3rd of August, they discovered the distant land. The sight of it alone seemed to give them renewed strength for renewed exertion. At last they reached the coast of Brazil, and entered Treson Bay. On reaching the shore the poor fellows gave way to the most frantic expressions of joy. The appearance they presented may be better imagined than described. Scarcely anything human remained about them. The Portuguese seemed at a loss how to receive them, but after a little reflection they came forward and welcomed them in the kindest and most hospitable manner. The captain of the place where they landed, then came forward and conducted lieutenant de la Fond and his companions to his house, where he provided them with clothes and a plentiful meal. Thonson was quite as much needed as food, yet the survivors would not sleep until they had in church (which was half a league distant) returned thanks for their wonderful preservation.

Nearly three hundred persons perished in this fearful catastrophe, and their sufferings must have been a terrible illustration of the power of a writer, who, describing such a calamity in verse, says that

"Both burnt and drowned, they met a double fate."

LORD THURLOW'S COACH.

(18.)—It is related of the eccentric Lord Thurlow that he was very kind to his brothers; and, notwithstanding his frequent bursts of passion, which they were a little afraid of, he continued to live upon terms of great familiarity with them. Shortly after he had been made Lord Chancellor, he addressed a note to one of his brothers (whom he had made a bishop) in the following terms:—

"Tom, there to be in a driving-room on Thursday, when I am obliged to attend; and as I have purchased Lord Balthurs's coach, but have no leisure to give orders about the necessary alterations, do you see and get all ready for me."

The Bishop did so, but forgot to get the arms altered, and Lord Balthurs's arms remained thereon, with an earl's coronet instead of a baronet's. Fearing a storm from his passionate brother, the Bishop ordered his footmen, as soon as the carriage stopped to take up his lordship, to open the carriage, and kneel in front of the Lord Chancellor as he seated. This was done; when looking round, Thurlow stretched forth his hand, and in the kindest tones, said— "Brother, I thank you for your obliging offer, but as I had the same expedient was vain resorted to as Thurlow left St. James's Palace; and before his lordship required the carriage again, the arms were altered according to the rules of heraldry.

A POET HANGED.

(21.)—ROBERT SOUTHWELL was born in the year 1660, a St. Faith's, Norfolk, his parents being Roman Catholics; and it was his peculiar misfortune to live in an era when neither talents, truth, nor even innocences were sufficient protection against political and religious fury, and he fell a melancholy victim to the persecuting laws of the period. The following sketch briefly narrates his career:—

When quite a child he was sent to the English College at Douay, in Flanders. From there he went to Rome, and when but sixteen years of age joined the society of Jesuits. He returned to England in 1684 as a missionary, notwithstanding a law which threatened all members of his profession with death if discovered. He appeared to have worked secretly for many years amongst his co-religionists without having been discovered, when, in 1696, he was taken at a gentleman's house in Exeter, in Middlesex, and confined in the Tower of London for three years, during which time he suffered the greatest privations, being confined in a dungeon so noisome and fetid, that when he was brought out for examination, his clothes were covered with vermin. His father, who was a

man of good family, presented a petition to Queen Elizabeth, begging her that if his son had done anything to deserve death, that he might suffer death; but if not, as he was a gentleman, he entreated her Majesty to order him to be treated as a gentleman. After this, Southwell was better lodged, but being kept in prison for three years, combined with ten judicious of the rack, these cruelties tried and wore out his patience so much, that he entreated and begged to be tried. In reply to this, Lord Burleigh, Secretary of State, is said to have made the unfeeling and cruel remark that "if he was in such a hurry to be hanged he should soon have his wish." Shortly afterwards, Southwell was tried, found guilty on his own confession of being a Roman Priest, condemned, and executed at Tyburn, in the year 1600, with all the dreadful details associated with the old treason-laws of England.

Southwell's life, though short, was one of aduress; his poetry therefore is full of the patient but melancholy resignation with which he wrote, and possesses great richness of imagination, with a felicity of versification. It was in prison he wrote his two longest productions—"St. Peter's Complaint," and "Mory Montaigne's Tears"; and one striking feature of these works is, that although suffering such great persecution, he never let any trace of angry feeling be visible in his writings. Although his works were much appreciated at one time (as many as eleven editions having been printed between 1690 and 1690), yet they fell into neglect afterwards.

Southwell was also the author of several prose works, which possessed equal merit with his poems.

COLERIDGE AS A PREACHER.

(21.)—It was at Stowey, at the foot of the Quantock Hills—a rural retreat which Coleridge has commemorated in verse—that he wrote some of his most beautiful poems, including the first part of the "wild and wondrous tale" of "Christabel"; and the two or three years spent at Stowey seem to have been the most felicitous of Coleridge's literary life. During his residence there Coleridge officiated as Unitarian preacher at Taunton, and afterwards at Sherborne. Mr. Hazlitt has thus described his walking ten miles on a winter's day to hear Coleridge preach:—

"When I got there the organ was playing the 100th Psalm, and when it was done Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text. He departed again into a mountain himself alone." As he gave out this text his voice rose like a stream of fire distilled perfume, and when he came to the last two words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The idea of St. John came into my mind, of one crying in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about, and whose food was locusts and wild honey. The preacher then launched into his subject like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was upon peace and war—upon church and state—not their alliance, but their separation—on the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity, not as the same, but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had inscribed the cross of Christ on banners dripping with human gore! He made a poetical and pastoral excursion—and to show the fatal effects of war, drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd-boy driving his team a field or sitting under the haystack piping to his flock, as though he should never be old, and the same poor country lad, cramped, kidnapped, brought into town, made drunk at an alehouse, turned out a wretched drummer-boy, with his hair sticking out end with powder and pomatum, a long one at his back, and trickered out in the finery of the profession of blood.

"Such were the notes our once forest poets sung, And, for myself, I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres.



AN INSANE POET WRITING DOWN HIS POETICAL THOUGHTS.

1873—MARCH—31 days.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quar. 6th, 1-25 mn. Last Quar. 21st, 10-19 nt.
Full Moon, 14th, 5-44 m. New Moon, 28th, 13-54 nt.

IS	St. David.	Year 1290 of the Mohammedan era commences.	Sun Rises & Sets.	Moon Rises & Sets.	Age.
1 S	1st Sunday in Lent.		6 47r	5 40s	2
2 S	1st Sunday in Lent.		6 42r	5 40s	3
3 M	This day is the anniversary of the birth of three English poets—Edmund Waller, in 1603; Sir William Davenant, in 1606; and Thomas Otway, in 1651.		6 44s	5 44s	4
4 Tu	Comte de Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.) refused to sell his right to the throne of France to the First Consul, Bonaparte, 1803.		6 38r	5 47s	5
5 W	Lord Collingwood died, 1810.		6 33r	5 47s	6
6 Th	The British effect a landing in Egypt, after much opposition from the French, 1801.		6 30r	5 47s	7
7 F	2nd Sunday in Lent.		6 29r	5 47s	8
8 S	Lord Darnley blown up by gunpowder, in his house (Mary Queen of Scots has been accused of conniving at his death, in revenge for the murder of David Rizzio), 1567. Exactly twenty years after (less two days), she was executed at Fotheringhay.		6 29r	5 47s	9
9 S	Lord Darnley blown up by gunpowder, in his house (Mary Queen of Scots has been accused of conniving at his death, in revenge for the murder of David Rizzio), 1567. Exactly twenty years after (less two days), she was executed at Fotheringhay.		6 29r	5 47s	10
10 M	Lord Darnley blown up by gunpowder, in his house (Mary Queen of Scots has been accused of conniving at his death, in revenge for the murder of David Rizzio), 1567. Exactly twenty years after (less two days), she was executed at Fotheringhay.		6 29r	5 47s	11
11 Tu	Lord Darnley blown up by gunpowder, in his house (Mary Queen of Scots has been accused of conniving at his death, in revenge for the murder of David Rizzio), 1567. Exactly twenty years after (less two days), she was executed at Fotheringhay.		6 29r	5 47s	12
12 W	Lord Darnley blown up by gunpowder, in his house (Mary Queen of Scots has been accused of conniving at his death, in revenge for the murder of David Rizzio), 1567. Exactly twenty years after (less two days), she was executed at Fotheringhay.		6 29r	5 47s	13
13 Th	Lord Darnley blown up by gunpowder, in his house (Mary Queen of Scots has been accused of conniving at his death, in revenge for the murder of David Rizzio), 1567. Exactly twenty years after (less two days), she was executed at Fotheringhay.		6 29r	5 47s	14
14 F	Lord Darnley blown up by gunpowder, in his house (Mary Queen of Scots has been accused of conniving at his death, in revenge for the murder of David Rizzio), 1567. Exactly twenty years after (less two days), she was executed at Fotheringhay.		6 29r	5 47s	15
15 S	Lord Darnley blown up by gunpowder, in his house (Mary Queen of Scots has been accused of conniving at his death, in revenge for the murder of David Rizzio), 1567. Exactly twenty years after (less two days), she was executed at Fotheringhay.		6 29r	5 47s	16
16 S	3rd Sunday in Lent.		6 5s	5 47s	17
17 M	St. Patrick.		6 10r	5 47s	18
18 Tu	The Rev. Laurence Sterne, author of <i>Tristram Shandy</i> , died, 1768.		6 8s	5 47s	19
19 W	<i>Smart (poet), born, 1722.</i>		6 6r	5 47s	20
20 Th	The ex-Emperor Napoleon arrived in England, 1815.		6 12s	5 47s	21
21 F	Robert Southey died, 1843.		6 1r	5 47s	22
22 S	Goethe (German poet) died, 1832. "Let the light enter," were his last words.		6 15s	5 47s	23
23 S	4th Sunday in Lent.		5 57r	5 47s	24
24 M	(Kotzebue assassinated, 1819.)		6 18s	5 47s	25
25 Tu	LADY DAY.		5 52r	5 47s	26
26 W	Paul of Russia murdered, 1801.		6 22s	5 47s	27
27 Th	So late as the year 1776 nine women were burned in Poland as "witches."		5 47r	5 47s	28
28 F	Abercromby died from wounds received at the battle of Alexandria on the 21st, 1801.		6 25s	5 47s	29
29 S	Swedenborg (founder of the New Jerusalem Church) died, 1772.		5 43r	5 47s	30
30 S	5th Sunday in Lent.		6 28s	5 47s	31
31 M	One hundred years ago there were only three newspapers published in Scotland.		5 38r	5 47s	32

NOTES TO THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION.

CHRISTOPHER SMART was one of those unfortunate and irregular men of genius of whom biographical history furnishes so many sad illustrations. He was born in the year 1722, at Shipbourne, in Kent. His father was steward to Lord Barnard—afterwards Earl of Darlington—and dying when his son was eleven years of age, the patronage of Lord Barnard was generally continued to his family; and through the influence of this nobleman Christopher proceeded from the Duchess of Cleveland an allowance of forty pounds per annum. He was thence sent to Cambridge, where he took his degree of M.A. and won, more than once, the Sestonian prize for the best poem. Whilst at college Smart was remarkable for folly and extravagance, and his contemporary, the poet Gray, prophesied that the result of his conduct would be jail or a madhouse!—a prediction which, it will be seen, unhappily, came true. When Smart left college he commenced his career as a writer, and having contributed several pieces to periodicals in which Newberry, the eminent publisher, was interested, the poet became acquainted with the bookseller's family, and married his step-daughter in the year 1763. Smart now removed to London, and endeavoured to subsist by his pen; but the gaiety of his disposition rendering him an acceptable companion to those wits and authors of the day who were addicted to a convivial life—the result was, that in the year 1763 his constitution broke down under repeated excesses, and Smart became the inmate of a madhouse—thus fulfilling the prediction of Gray.

During Smart's confinement, it is said, writing materials were denied him, and the poor fellow wrote his poetical thoughts with a key on the wainscot of his walls! A lengthy religious poem, the "*Song to David*," written in this manner in his saner intervals, possesses passages of considerable power and glowing fervour, and must be considered one of the greatest curiosities of our literature. But it is impossible that the whole could have been committed to the walls of his apartment, and a portion must have been retained, and written from memory alone.

The following lines—extracted from his "*Song to David*"—are given as a specimen of his poetical powers:—

"O thou, that sit'st upon a throne,
With harp of high, majestic tone,
To praise the King of kings:
And voice of heaven, ascending swell,
Which while its deeper notes excel,
Clear as a clarion rings:
"O servant of God's holiest charge,
The minister of praise at large,
Which thou may'st now receive;
From thy blest mansion hall and hear,
Which while its deeper notes appear
To this the wretch I weary."

Dr. Johnson, who had known Smart, and sympathised with him for his infirmity of mind, thus wrote of him whilst he was labouring under his affliction:—"He has partly as much exercise as he

used
finest
was
up-
on p
say
and
The
from
habl
of m
pris
(7
man
atta
occa
fello
Nels
the
"Fo
"on
of h
elem
ing
tur
"I a
turh
solat
I an
Lo
Shor
upon
the
his
(2
sch
was
upon
the
dead
to av
that
ind
writ
stee
afte
of C
day,
time
his
book
Th
with
be d
Sen
mar
foun
and
bad
wife
Port
prof
nal
at B
Oraf
Cott
wrec
by a
yeld
and
word
sund
woul
her p
me
His
refu
the
hav
mar
score
+
her
writ
maid
abro

"THAT PENNY'S WELL SPENT THAT SAVES A GROAT"

used to have, for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the ale-house; but he was carried back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities to society. He insisted, on people praying with him—also falling upon his knees and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else."

The unfortunate poet recovered his reason, and was released from his confinement; but his ill-fortune and his intemperate habits clung to him, and brought with them the usual train of misery and death, and being committed to the King's Bench prison for debt, he died there, after a short illness, in 1770.

A VETERAN'S LAST WORDS!

(7.)—LORD COLLINGWOOD was the second in command at the battle of Trafalgar; and was the first to attack and break the enemy's line. It was on this occasion that Lord Nelson exclaimed, "See that gallant fellow; how he carries his ship into action!" When Nelson fell, mortally wounded, Collingwood completed the victory, and continued in command of the fleet.

For a period of nearly fifty years had Collingwood battled "on the sea;" and, when wearied and worn out in the service of his country, he returned for him as found him on the element which had been the scene of his glory. When breathing his last, Captain Thomas expressed a fear that he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship. "No, Thomas," he replied, "I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am dying; and am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end!"

Lord Collingwood's favourite amusement was gardening. Shortly after the battle of Trafalgar a brother admiral called upon him, and after long search at last discovered him at the bottom of a trench in his garden, which his lordship, with his old gardener, was busily employed in digging!

THE MARRIED LIFE OF SOUTHEY.

(21.)—ROBERT SOUTHEY, the eminent poet, was the son of a draper at Bristol. He was sent to Westminster school, where, after four years' instruction there, he was dismissed for having written a sarcastic attack upon the system of corporal punishment pursued in the school. He was then sent to Oxford, where he declared that he only pursued two things—to run and to swim—but be this as it may, there is no doubt but that whilst there he acquired those habits of literary industry which were without a parallel in any other writer, and which became a fixed habit with him, and stood him in good stead throughout life. About a year after leaving Oxford, Southey made the acquaintance of Coleridge, and the two poets married, on the same day, two sisters. After supporting himself for a short time by lecturing on history, at Bristol, Southey sold his poem, entitled "*Jocyn of Arc*," to Cottle, the Bristol bookseller, for fifty guineas.

The following outline of Southey's married life is not without interest and instruction, as it shows what may be done by industry and perseverance:—

Southey and Coleridge married two sisters, the Misses Fricker, of Bristol, and also peer when still young and married. Southey's aunt shut her door in his face when she found he was resolved on marrying under such circumstances; and he, postponing his entry upon his married life, though he had contracted the responsibility of husband, parted from his wife at the church door, and set out on six months' visit to Portugal, preparatory to entering on the study of the legal profession. He was induced to go to Portugal by his maternal uncle, the Rev. Mr. Hill, chaplain of the British factory at Bristol (and at whose expense Southey was educated at Oxford). Southey committed his wife to the care of Mr. Cottle's sister during his absence. "Should I perish by shipwreck," he wrote, before leaving England, to Mr. Cottle, "or by any other casualty, I have relations whose gratitude will yield to the anguish of affection, and who will love, cherish, and give all possible consolation to my widow." With these words Southey set sail for Portugal, and his wife, who had persuaded him to go, and cried when he was going, though she would not then have permitted him to stay, meekly retired to her place of refuge in the town of Cumbaria, and commenced the study of law, but after a year's drudgery gave it up. His wife joined him in a second visit to Portugal; and on his return he settled in the town of Cumbaria, and commenced the laborious literary career which he pursued till his death, having relinquished, as he said, "a foolish office and a good salary"—being an appointment he had obtained as private secretary to the Chamberlain of the Exchequer for Ireland.

"My mother," says the poet's son and biographer, "wore her wedding-ring round her neck, and preserved it to her maiden name until the report of the marriage had spread abroad."

Southey enjoyed, on the whole, a happy married life; took pleasure in his home and family; loved his children and died dearly. But a sad calamity fell upon him in his old age. His wife was suddenly bereft of her reason. "Forty years," he writes to a friend, "has she been the life of my life—and I have left her this day in a lunatic asylum." In the same letter he expresses the resignation of a Christian and the confident courage of a man. "God," he has visited me with this affliction," he says, "has given me strength to bear it, and will, I know, support me to the end, whatever that may be. To-morrow I return to my poor children. I have nothing to be thankful for under this visitation! For the first time in my life" (he was sixty years old) "I am so far beforehand with the world that my means are provided for the whole of next year, and that I can meet this expenditure, considerable as it is, without any difficulty."

Mrs. Southey, after two years' absence, returned to Keswick, the family home, and closed her pitiable existence there. Southey was now a broken-down man. "There is no one," he mournfully writes, "to partake with me the recollections of the best and happiest portion of my life; and for that reason, were there no other, such recollections must henceforth be purely painful, except when I connect them with the prospects of futurity."—Two years after, however, Southey married again: the marriage was one of respect on the part of Caroline Bowles, the gifted authoress—a cordial friendship having existed betwixt them for more than twenty years.

Southey, in addition to maintaining his own wife and family at Keswick by his literary labours, had the family of his two sisters-in-law occasionally thrown upon his hands. He was not two-and-twenty when Mr. Lovell, who had married his wife's sister, fell ill of a fever, and died, leaving a wife and child without the slightest provision. Robert Southey took mother and child at once to his humble hearth, and there happened forthwith to be a dearth of provisions, when Coleridge, in a wayward and unparadise mood, withdrew himself from the consolations of home, in their hour of desolation his wife and child were saved by the knowledge of their hardships by finding a second husband and another father in the sanctuary provided for them by Robert Southey.

Southey died in the year 1843, and it is melancholy to reflect that for nearly three years preceding his death, he sat amongst his books in hopeless vacancy of mind.

SWEDENBORG'S VISION.

(20.)—EMANUEL SWEDENBORG was the founder of the sect which bears his name; and during fifty-five years of his life he gave himself up entirely to the study of science and politics under the King of Sweden; and it was only the last twenty years of his life that he occupied himself with those remarkable theological and mystical writings which have made him so celebrated. A recent writer has said of him in two parts, and each totally unlike the other. His religious works were generally considered to be unreadable, but one thing is certain that he was as sincere in his description of the spiritual world, as he had been in his original studies.

"His life may be said to be divided into two parts, and each totally unlike the other. His religious works were generally considered to be unreadable, but one thing is certain that he was as sincere in his description of the spiritual world, as he had been in his original studies."

Kant, the celebrated metaphysician and philosopher, gives the following curious narration of Swedenborg:—of whose possession of an extraordinary gift he considered it as an undeniable proof. He says:—

"In 1729, Swedenborg arrived at Gottenburg from England, and was invited by Mr. Costel (a great admirer of him) to his house to meet fifteen persons, who were very anxious to make his acquaintance. For some little time he conversed pleasantly with the company, then suddenly rose and went out, but in a short time returned, looking pale and anxious, and on being questioned as to the cause, replied, 'That a great and fearful fire had broken out in Stockholm (about three hundred miles off) and that his own house was in great danger from the flames.' He continued in a very excited state for some time, continually going in and out. In about two hours he returned again, exclaiming, 'Thank God! the fire is extinguished; the third door from my dwelling house is shut; I imagined, this news caused considerable excitement throughout the city, and particularly amongst the company with whom he was. The same evening he was announced to the Governor, and on the following morning he sent for Swedenborg, and questioned him as to the conflagration, when he described the fire precisely, how it had commenced; how long it had continued, &c. &c. On the Monday evening a messenger, who had been dispatched during the fire, arrived at Gottenburg, and the letters which he bore contained a description of the fire exactly as Swedenborg had stated it to be. On Tuesday the Governor received from the royal courier a confirmation of the sag intelligence; and the account so large a fire had occasioned, and of the damage it had done, &c., and exactly corresponding to the account Swedenborg had given of it when it occurred."

Kant adds:— "What can be brought forward against the authenticity of this occurrence? My friend, who wrote this to me, has not only examined the circumstances of this extraordinary case at Stockholm, but also about two months ago, at Gottenburg, where he is acquainted with the most respectable house, and where he could obtain the most complete and authentic information."



EXHIBITING A SPECIMEN OF YOUNG BRAMAH'S HANDIWORK!

1873—APRIL—30 days.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.		Sun Rises & Sets.	Moon, Rises & Sets.	Age.
First Quar. 4th, 6-36 ev. Last Quar. 26th, 5-47 mn. Full Moon, 13th, 9-21 mt. New Moon, 29th, 10-42 mt.				
1 Tu	The Book of Common Prayer was ordered to be printed in the English language, 1562.	5 36r	Sets After Mid-night	4
2 W	Arthur, Prince of Wales, died at Ludlow Castle, at the age of fifteen, shortly after his marriage with Catherine of Aragon, a Spanish princess in her 18th year, 1502.	6 34a	5 32r	1 13
3 Th	Oliver Goldsmith died, 1774.	6 39s	2 14	5
4 F	"A cold April, much bread and little wine." SPANISH PROVERB.	5 27r	2 53	6
5 S	Palm Sunday.	6 39s	3 39	7
6 S	The Rev. Mr. Hackman murdered Miss Reay as she was stepping out of Covent Garden Theatre, 1778.—Act of Parliament passed for retaining Bonaparte at St. Helena, 1816.	5 23r	4 7	10
7 M	Spenser born, 1552.	6 43s	4 26	11
8 Tu	William defeated Marshal Soubert at the battle of Fontenoy, 1744.	5 19r	4 43	12
9 W	GOOD FRIDAY.	6 46s	4 57	13
10 Th	Rodney defeated the French fleet under the Comte de Grasse, 1782.	5 14r	5 10	14
11 F	Easter Sunday.	6 50s	5 23	15
12 S	[Joseph Bramah born, 1749.	5 9r	Rises P.M.	16
13 S	Aphr. Dehn in process, whose works were remarkable for their disregard of decency and morals) died, 1689. On her tombstone in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey is inscribed— "Here lies a proof that wit can never be Defence enough against mortality. Great poetess, O, thy stupendous lays The world admires, and the Muses prize."	6 53s	9 1	17
14 M		5 4r	10 19	18
15 Tu		6 57s	11 40	19
16 W		5 1r	After Mid-night A.M.	20
17 Th		6 59s	1 55	21
18 F		4 57r	1 55	22
19 S	Low Sunday.—1st Sun. aft. Easter.	7 3s	2 42	23
20 S	(Athens made the capital of the kingdom of modern Greece, 1828.)	4 53r	3 17	24
21 M	The celebrated naval adventurer, Paul Jones, burnt a sloop in Whitehaven harbour, 1778.	4 6s	3 41	25
22 Tu	Shakespeare died, 1616. St. George's.	4 48r	4 1	26
23 W	The "Society of the Friends of Ireland" suppressed by proclamation, 1820.	7 9s	4 17	27
24 Th	Oliver Cromwell born at Huntingdon—"the son of Robert Cromwell, a gentleman well connected in that county"—1599.	4 45r	4 33	28
25 F		7 13s	4 48	29
26 S		4 40r	Sets P.M.	1
27 S	2nd Sunday after Easter.	4 36s	9 35	2
28 M	The vault of Henry VIII. opened, and the body of the unfortunate Charles I. inspected by Sir Henry Hallford and other gentlemen, 1818. The body was tolerably entire and in good condition, amidst the gums and resins used for its preservation.	4 7r	10 53	3
29 Tu		4 16s	After Mid-	4
30 W		7 19s		

NOTES TO THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION.

JOSEPH BRAMAH, the inventor of the celebrated lock which bears his name, and several other valuable pieces of mechanism, was the son of a farmer of the village of Stanborough, near Barnsley, in Yorkshire, where he was born in 1749—his father renting a small farm under Lord Strafford. Joseph was the eldest of five children, and as his father intended him to "follow the plough," he was early set to work upon the farm. At a very early age he manifested an intuitive genius for mechanics, by constructing musical instruments in his leisure hours. In this way he made a violin from a solid block of wood, which his relations, with pardonable pride, frequently exhibited to his neighbours and friends, and which was long preserved as a curious specimen of his ingenuity. This feat was, in the main, executed with tools made for him out of old files and rasp-blades, by the village blacksmith—himself a skilful mechanic—of whose friendly aid and counsel the lad was very glad, and afterwards showed his gratitude by making him foreman of the smith's department in his workshop. For a while Bramah was engaged upon his father's farm; but, becoming incapacitated by an injury to his ankle, he had to seek another sphere of usefulness—and found one more compatible with his aspirations in the shop of the village carpenter, Allott. Entering as an apprentice, he speedily became an equal dexterity ploughs, window-frames, fiddles, or violoncelles. One of the latter, which is in existence still, and is considered even now a good instrument, he was fortunate enough to sell for three guineas. Having completed his apprenticeship, Bramah went to London, making the journey on foot. A few years afterwards he commenced business on his own account; and an accident, which happened to him in the course of his daily work, again proved his helper, by affording him leisure, which he put to good account, by producing an improved water-closet, from the manufacture of which he soon derived a good income. In the following year he patented his "Bramah Lock," which, for all practical purposes, may be considered impregnable. (Indeed, during sixty-seven years it remains inviolable, in spite of a premium of £200 offered to anyone who should pick it. Many futile attempts were made—and it was not till 1821 that Hobbs, the American lock-smith, after sixteen days' experiments with elaborate instruments, eventually mastered it, and obtained the reward.) The success of his lock gave new vigour to Bramah's inventive faculty; and in succession he patented several machines of invaluable utility—namely the hydraulic press, the steam-engine, and a contrivance for numbering and ching bank-notes. The latter he undertook at the solicitation of the Governor of the Bank of England—and so well did it answer, that it accomplished the work of a hundred clerks more accurately than it had ever been done before. The prodigious power and wondrous adaptability of the hydraulic press are well known, and are forcibly exemplified in the parts it has played in some of the greatest engineering feats of the age—such as the construction of the Britannia Tubular

De of
pu
the
ke
the
He
a r
of
fir
cha
ma
Th
lin
tab

H
in
ful
ev
and
tab
it
he
art

at
Lon
ekok
bett
cha
of
tion
ness
Ellis
the

him
title
sent
soy
in
to
name
a
nativ
shel
lectio
somes
romen
away
His
in
the
Ja
to-day
yester
a caga
verse,
cate
of
weak
You
minis
great
weapon
which
capitai
women
and sit
sweet
into ev
howeve
passed
delight

The
was so
hooker
press
fisher

THE

(9.)
excepti
brighte
reign,
Spens
Cambri
a fellow
in cr.
earliest
to Sir
duced his



THE PURSUIT OF LITERATURE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

1873—MAY—31 days.

		Sun Rises & Sets.	Moon Rises & Sets.	AM. PM.	AM.
	THE MOON'S CHANGES.				
	First Quar. 4th, 12:33 nn. Last Quar. 19th, 11-0 nn.				
	Full Moon, 12th, 11-18 nn. New Moon, 16th, 9-20 nn.				
1Th	Prince Arthur born, 1850.	4 33r	Sets	5	
2F	William Beckford died at Bath, 1844.—"It seemed nothing to him to take down a palace with which he was dissatisfied, and build up a new one!"	7 23s	0 56	6	
3S		4 30r	1 38	7	
4S	3rd Sunday after Easter.	7 26s	2 10	8	
5M	Seventeen persons burnt at St. Osyth's, Essex, for witchcraft, 1670.	4 26r	2 33	9	
6Tu	The great Battle of Frugus (the first in the Seven Years' War, 1757.	7 28s	2 49	10	
7W	Until the reign of George IV. the crime of burglary was punished by death.	4 22r	3 4	11	
8Th	Lady Anne Barnard died, 1825.	7 32s	3 17	12	
9F	In 1748 there was a famine throughout Great Britain; and again in 1796 and 1891.	4 19r	3 30	13	
10S	Tasman discovered Van Diemen's Land (part of which is now called Tasmania), 1642.	7 35s	3 41	14	
11S	4th Sunday after Easter.	4 16r	3 55	15	
12M	"Mornington a Wellesley" and "Wellesley a Mornington," a twenty-nine years' suit in Chancery, decided, 1868. The costs, it is said, amounted to £230,000.	7 38s	Rises	16	
13Tu		4 13r	9 25	17	
14W	Dr. Jenner made the first experiment in vaccination by transferring the pus from the pustule of a milkmaid who had caught the cow-pox from the cows, 1796. For his discovery he received £10,000 from Parliament in 1802; and £20,000 in 1807.	7 41s	10 43	18	
15Th		4 10r	11 50	19	
16F		7 44s	After	20	
17S	Anne Boleyn beheaded, 1536.	4 7r	Mid-	21	
			night		
18S	Rogation Sunday.	7 47s	1 19	22	
19M	The King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands paid a visit to England, and were well received, 1864. But both taking the measles they died in London.	4 4r	1 48	23	
20Tu		7 49s	2 7	24	
21W	The Marquis of Montrose (Royalist) executed at Edinburgh, 1649.	4 1r	2 24	25	
22Th	Holy Thursday.	7 52s	2 38	26	
23F	Scheele died, 1786.	3 59r	2 54	27	
24S	Queen Victoria born, 1819.	7 56s	3 9	28	
25S	Sunday after Ascension.	3 56r	3 28	29	
26M	(Dr. Paley died, 1805.	7 59s	Sets	30	
27Tu	"Mid in May, and heat in June, Make the harvest right soon."	3 54r	0 43	1	
28W	OLD FROVER.	8 1s	10 45	2	
29Th	Sir Humphry Davy died, 1829.	3 52r	11 34	3	
30F	Cardinal Deaton (persecutor of the Reformers) assassinated at St. Andrews, 1546.	8 3s	After	4	
31S	Francis fired a pistol at the Queen, 1842.	3 50r	Mid-	5	
			night		

NOTES TO THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION.

JAMES TYTLER was the son of a clergyman of the Scottish church, residing at Brechin, in the county of Angus, and brother to the celebrated Dr. Tytler (translator of "Gulliver's").

Young Tytler derived his principal instruction from his father, who was a good classical scholar; added to this, the boy became well grounded in biblical literature and scholastic theology—but the study of medicine seemed to be the one most in accordance with his tastes, and he was therefore apprenticed for some time to a surgeon in Forfar, and afterwards settled as an apothecary at Leith. In spite of his employment (which brought him in a tolerable income) he was one of those unfortunate persons who could not keep away from his door, and in 1778 he was obliged to take sanctuary within the precincts of Holyrood-house (where debtors are safe from arrest). Whilst in the "precincts of the sanctuary," he met with a severe trial, for his wife, doubtless tired of her unhappy lot, and the troubles she had undergone, left him, taking with her their five children, and returned to her relatives.

Being unsuccessful in everything that he had hitherto put his hand to, and for which there was no doubt an assignable cause, Tytler next turned his attention to literature, and began his career by a work entitled "Essays on the most important subjects of Natural and Revealed Religion." This publication was issued from the doctors' press—and what was most singular about it was, that having by some means or other learnt the art and mystery of printing, he was enabled to place the type together, and he not only did that, but he composed the matter entirely from his own conceptions, without a manuscript before him; and after he had done this, he proceeded to print off the work he had executed—and this at a press of his own construction. This singular work, which was to have been published in two volumes, was, however, left unfinished. The booksellers afterwards engaged him, and kept him constantly employed in composition, abridgments, translations, and miscellaneous essays.

Tytler was the principal editor of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (the first part of which was issued a hundred years since), for which important and well-known work he not only finished a large proportion of the scientific historical and treatise, but almost all the minor articles. He had a room taken to him in the printing-office, where he performed the office of compiler and corrector of the press, at a salary of sixteen shillings a week. He next commenced a periodical called the "Weekly

Robert Burns, who was contemporary with Tytler, in a remark in one of the Scotch songs, mentions him as an "obscure, impelling, but extraordinary body," commonly known by the name of "Ballon Tytler," from his having projected a balloon. A mortal who, though he trades about Edinburgh as a common printer, with leaky shoes, a sky-lighted hat, and linen breeches, as unlike George by the trace-of-God, and Solomon-the-son-of-David, yet the same drunken mortal is author and compiler of three-fourths of the pompous "Encyclopædia Britannica," which he composed at half-a-guinea a week.

Re
ho
by
om
the
bel
wh
I
bel
wa
aut
tow
par
con
yea

TH

(
Rol
Ear
son
tar
of
Ma
Gra
OUR
lang
men

"W
Ar
Th
U
Yo
Bu
To
An
"He
Wh
My
An
"My
I
Aul
Sai
"My
But
His
Oh
"My
But
The
And

"I had
When
I see
Till h

"IN THE COMPANY OF STRANGERS, SILENCE IS SAFETY."

Review," and whilst labouring on this work he lodged in the house of a washerwoman, and wrote his articles surrounded by her children, with an inverted wash-tub for his table. In one small mean room lived the whole of the family, and in the room stood a press, made by Tytler's own hands! But being unable to support this work, it fell into other hands.

Tytler was also the editor of sixteen different works, six of which were periodicals. His last work was of so inflammatory a nature that it made him obnoxious to the government, and being also concerned in the "British Convent," and publishing "A Handbill Addressed to the People"—a warrant was issued for his apprehension, but he evaded being arrested, and escaped to America, and for some time resided in the town of Salem, Massachusetts. Here he established a newspaper in connection with a printer, with which he remained connected until his death, which occurred in the fifty-eighth year of his age, in the year 1806.

THE AUTHORESS OF "AULD ROBIN GRAY."

(8.)—LADY ANNE BARNARD, the authoress of "*Auld Robin Gray*," was the daughter of James Lindsay, Earl of Balcarres. She married Mr. Andrew Barnard, son of the Bishop of Limerick, and afterwards secretary, under Lord Macartney, to the colony at the Cape of Good Hope. She died without issue, on the 8th of May, 1826. It has been remarked of "*Auld Robin Gray*" that it "is the most perfect and tender of all our ballads or tales of humble life;" and whilst our language remains, "*Auld Robin Gray*" will be remembered and sung:—

"When the sheep are in the fauld, when the kye's come
And a weary ward to rest are gane, (hame,
The waen o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
Unkenk by my gudeman wha sleeps sound by me.

"Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride,
But saving as crown piece he had naething besid;
To make the crown a pound my Jamie gae'd to sea,
And the crown and the pound—they were baith for me.

"He hadna been gane a twelmonth and a day,
When my father brake his arm and the cow was stown
My mither she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea, (away,
And Auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

"My father couldna work, my mither couldna spin;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Robin maintained them baith, and wif tears in his e'e,
Said, Jennie, o' for their sakes, will ye no marry me?

"My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back,
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack,
His ship was a wrack—wif didna Jennie die—
Oh why am I sparred to rye, was is me?

"My father urged me sair—my mither didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break;

"They gied him my hand—my heart was in the sea—
And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.



"I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' I sat on the stane at his door
I see my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said: 'I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.'

"Oh, sair, sair did we greet, and muckle say of a'
I gied him ae kiss, and bade him gang awa'—
I wish that I were dead, but I'm na like to die,
For though my heart is broken I'm but young, was is me!

"I gang like a ghaist and I carena muck to spin,
I darna think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be
For, oh! Robin Gray, he is kind to me."

Lady Anne composed "*Auld Robin Gray*" in the year 1771—the music being adapted from an ancient air. It immediately became popular, but the lady kept the secret of its authorship silent for the long period of fifty years, when she disclosed it, in 1823, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott—sending at the same time two continuations to the ballad, but which are greatly inferior to the original.

ENNOBLING THE WRONG MAN!

(23.)—SCHEELE, the chemist, discoverer of chlorine and manganese, and to whom the world is indebted for so many other valuable discoveries in chemical science, was a native of Sweden. It is related that when Gustavus III. was in Paris, a deputation of the learned waited upon him to congratulate him on having so distinguished a subject. The king had never heard of him—justifying the adage that "a man is not a prophet in his own country"—but, ashamed of his ignorance, immediately sent off a courier to say that Scheele was to be made a noble. "All very fine!" said his prime minister, on receiving the despatch, "but who is Scheele?" A clerk in the Foreign Office volunteered the information that he was a "Very good fellow—captain in the artillery—great friend of mine—plays billiards divinely." The puzzled minister immediately turned the captain into a count, and the mistake was not discovered till the king's return.

THE COPYRIGHT OF "MORAL PHILOSOPHY."

(26.)—WHEN DR. PALEY had finished his "*Moral Philosophy*," the M.S. was offered to Mr. Faulder, of Bond Street, London, for one hundred guineas; but he declined the risk of publishing it on his own account. When it was published, and the success of the work had been in some degree ascertained, Dr. Paley again offered it to the same bookseller for three hundred pounds; but he refused to give more than two hundred and fifty. While this negotiation was pending, a bookseller from Carlisle happening to call on an eminent publisher in Paternoster Row, was commissioned by him to offer Dr. Paley one thousand pounds for the copyright of this work. The bookseller, on his return to Carlisle, duly executed his commission, which was communicated without delay to the Bishop of Clonfert, who, being at that time in London, had undertaken the management of the affair. "Never did I suffer so much anxious fear," said Dr. Paley, in relating the circumstance, "as on this occasion, lest my friend should have concluded the bargain with Mr. Faulder before my letter could reach him." Luckily he had not; but, on receiving the letter, went immediately into Bond Street, and made his new demand. Mr. Faulder, though in no small degree surprised at the advance, yet thought it advisable to agree for the sum required before the bishop left the house.

THE MIXED PASSAGES OF LIFE!

(29.)—It may not be interesting to quote the view Sir HUMPHRY DAVY entertained of human happiness, and which he entered in his journal, when in the midst of the most triumphant period of his life:—
"Beware of too much prosperity and popularity. Life is made up of mixed passages—dark and bright, sunshine and gloom. The unnatural and excessive greatness of fortune of Alexander, Cesar, and Napoleon—the first died after divine honours were paid him; the second gained empire, the consummation of his ambition, and lost his life immediately; the third, from a private individual, became master of continental Europe, and allied to the oldest dynasty, and after his elevation, his fortune immediately began to fall. Even in private life too much prosperity either injures the moral man, and occasions conduct which ends in suffering, or is accompanied by the workings of envy, calumny, and malevolence of others.



THE MENSCHIKOFF FAMILY ON THEIR WAY TO SIBERIA!

1873—JUNE—30 days.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quar. 3rd, 6-19 m. | Last Quar. 17th, 9-31 aft.
Full Moon, 10th, 10-1 nt. | New Moon, 24th, 9-12 nt.

	Sex Rises & Sets.	Moon Rises & Sets.	Age
1 S			6
2 M	8 7s	Sets A.M.	7
3 Tu	8 48r	0 55 7	
4 W	8 8s	1 11 8	
5 Th	8 47r	1 24 9	
6 F	8 10s	1 49 10	
7 S	8 46r	2 0 12	
8 S	8 12s	2 16 13	
9 M	8 45r	2 33 14	
10 Tu	8 13s	Rises P.M.	14
11 W	8 44r	9 38 16	
12 Th	8 15s	10 37 17	
13 F	8 44r	11 20 18	
14 S	8 16s	11 52 19	
15 S	8 44r	After Mid- night	20
16 M	8 17s	A.M.	21
17 Tu	8 44r	0 32 22	
18 W	8 18s	0 45 23	
19 Th	8 44r	1 2 24	
20 F	8 18s	1 16 25	
21 S	8 44r	1 33 26	
22 S	8 19s	1 53 27	
23 M	8 45r	2 20 28	
24 Tu	8 19s	2 56 29	
25 W	8 45r	Sets P.M.	1
26 Th	8 20s	10 8 2	
27 F	8 47r	10 38 3	
28 S	8 19s	11 0 4	
29 S	8 47r	11 16 5	
30 M	8 18s	11 30 6	

NOTES TO THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION.

THE remarkable career of ALEXANDER MENSHIKOFF—who rose to the highest office of state in Russia during the reign of Peter the Great—is a remarkable instance of the fickleness of fortune exhibited not only in his rise, but in his downfall. He was born of parents who were so excessively poor that they could not afford to have him taught to read and write. After their death, he went to Moscow, where he found an asylum with a pastry-cook. He had a fine voice, and in short time became well known in that great city by the musical tone of his cry when vending his master's pastry in the street. Having attracted the notice of that eccentric monarch, Peter the Great, he was taken into his service, and soon became a great favourite with him, accompanying him in his travels; and on several occasions he patronized the Czar, who appeared as a private person in his train. In the war with Charles XII. of Sweden, Menshikoff greatly distinguished himself, and won great honour at the celebrated battle of Poltava, when Charles was totally defeated, and fled to Bender. Peter now made Menshikoff first minister, and conferred upon him the titles of Baron and Prince of Bulgaria. It was through Menshikoff that the celebrated Catherine (afterwards empress) was introduced to Peter. This remarkable woman was a Livonian of low birth, who, on the morning after her marriage with a sergeant in the Swedish army, found herself a prisoner of war to the Russians. She became the companion first of General Brava; next of Count Schoumevitch; and then of Menshikoff; by whom she was transferred to Peter when she was but nineteen years old. After a time he secretly married her, and when a period of twelve years had elapsed, their marriage was publicly solemnized with great pomp at St. Petersburg (in 1726), on which occasion she received the diadem and sceptre from the hands of her husband. Peter died the following year, and she was proclaimed sovereign Empress of all the Russias.

It is not very surprising that so extraordinary and sudden an elevation should cause Menshikoff sometimes to forget that he was a slave, and his enemies trembled at his presence; for, as his power was great, so was his revenge. After the death of his imperial master, to whom he was very devotedly attached, he remained faithful to Catherine; and upon her decease, in the year 1727, (which was hastened by intemperance) he placed the crown upon the head of Peter, the grandson to his benefactor, and son of the unfortunate Alexis, whose mother, Eudokia, was the first wife of Peter the Great, and who was most barbarously treated by him. It is said that Menshikoff had formed the ambitious design of marrying his daughter to the young prince before he ascended the throne as Peter II. The sun of prosperity,

Alexis was tried by a secret tribunal by order of his father on a charge of conspiracy, and was condemned to death, after being made to renounce the succession to the crown. It was stated that he died from apoplexy, but it is thought that he was secretly put to death in the year 1718 by order of his father. [Continued.]

First
Fall

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31



THE RETURN FROM SIBERIA!

1873—JULY—31 days.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quar. moon, 11-10 at. | Last Quar. 16th, 8-53 at.
Full Moon, 10th, 6-33 mn. | New Moon, 24th, 10-34 mn.

		Sun Rises & Sets.	Moon Rises & Sets.	☉
1	Tu	3 49r	Sets P.M. 11 55	7
2	W	8 18s	11 55	8
3	Th	3 50r	After Mid-night A.M.	9
4	F	8 17s	0 20	10
5	S	3 51r	0 20	11
6	S	8 16s	0 37	12
7	M	3 54r	0 58	13
8	Tu	8 15s	1 30	14
9	W	3 56r	2 15	15
10	Th	8 14s	Rises P.M. 9 52	17
11	F	3 57r	9 52	17
12	S	8 12s	10 18	18
13	S	3 59r	10 37	19
14	M	8 10s	10 53	20
15	Tu	4 2r	11 8	21
16	W	8 9s	11 23	23
17	Th	4 4r	11 40	23
18	F	8 6s	11 58	24
19	S	4 7r	Mid- 25	25
20	S	8 3s	night 26	26
21	M	4 10r	A.M. 0 57	27
22	Tu	8 0s	1 31	28
23	W	4 13r	2 07	29
24	Th	7 58s	Sets P.M. 9 4	1
25	F	4 16r	9 4	1
26	S	7 55s	9 2	2
27	S	4 18r	9 37	3
28	M	7 52s	9 50	4
29	Tu	4 21r	10 1	5
30	W	7 49s	10 13	6
31	Th	4 24r	10 26	7

however, which had hitherto shone in meridian splendour upon Alexander Menschikoff, was now fast sinking into the darkest gloom. The Dolgoroukis, a noble family who hated him, were artful, pliable, and insinuating; Peter was young, unsuspecting, and easily misled, so little was he of the frank and apparently disinterested friendship of the younger branches of the family. The ruin of the man who had placed him on the throne was now, at the instigation of the Dolgoroukis, revealed on, and a charge of pecuniating large sums of money was brought against him—when the fall of Menschikoff was even more rapid than his rise: As he had seldom shown mercy, so little was shown him, and he and his family were sentenced to banishment to Siberia—the mandate being attended with every aggravation that could be imagined. Previous to this dreadful sentence, he had been deprived of his dignities, his pension, and his employments. This blow was quickly followed by another—he was banished the court, and requested to confine himself to his country house. On his way thither he was overtaken by a messenger, accompanied by a party of dragoons, who brought the fatal mandate of banishment, to Siberia, and Berezof was the place named for his abode—where, during six months in the year there is no actual daylight, and the earth is covered with frost and snow. The Princess Menschikoff had always been afflicted with weak eyes, and they were so affected by the cold and her excessive weeping, that she lost her sight before the half of her journey was completed; but death mercifully ended her sufferings, and she was buried on the banks of the Volga. Menschikoff, with his son and one of his daughters, lived to reach Berezof, that fearful place of solitude, where, in two years after, Menschikoff died.

When Menschikoff found his death approaching, he called his children to his wretched bedside, and thus pathetically addressed them: "My children, I drive near to my last hour; death, the thoughts of which have been familiar to me since I have been here, would have nothing terrible in it, if I had only to account to the Supreme Judge for the time I have passed in misfortune. Hitherto your hearts have been free from corruption. You will preserve your innocence better in these deserts than at court; but should you return to it, recollect the example which your father has given you here." When he was banished, Menschikoff's confiscated jewels were worth half a million of money, and on his vast estates there were no less than 100,000 acres; yet in his exile he lived in such great frugality, that out of his allowance of thirty-three shillings a day he managed to save enough to erect a church. He also supported the hardships of his situation with great courage. On the accession of the Emperor Alexander, he was recalled from there by his cruel captivity, and Menschikoff's youngest daughter and his son returned to Russia. The Emperor never was banished, and felt, in their turn, all the horrors they had contributed to inflict on the Menschikoffs—with this aggravation, that his youngest son, who condescended then to Berezof, carried with him the recall of Menschikoff and his family!

It was the grandson of the above Menschikoff who was in command at Sebastopol when besieged by the allies in 1854; and the duty devolved upon him of striking the Russian fleet at the entrance of the port.

Mr. of state... is... rtaine... rnal... wely... aught... out to... esty... no be... sical... ty in... that... taken... ork... and... who... n the... ikoff... great... then... nder... and... nce... Duke... t the... was... hing... dish... the... of... and... red... old... on a... luge... s... ured... was... as... ary... koff... His... the... was... l to... 7... cod... son... ate... rily... and... his... ty... ler... was... ac... he... ut... 18



"HANDS ACROSS AND DOWN THE MIDDLE!"

1873—AUGUST—31 days.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.		Sun Rises & Sets.	Moon Rises & Sets.	Age.
1	F	4 26r	Sets P.M.	9
2	S	7 45s	10 58	3
3	S	4 29r	11 24	10
4	M	7 42s	After Mid- night A.M.	11
5	Tu	4 32r	0 56	13
6	W	7 38s	0 56	13
7	Th	4 34r	2 9	14
8	F	7 34s	Rises P.M.	15
9	S	4 38r	8 40	16
10	S	7 31s	8 58	17
11	M	4 41r	9 13	18
12	Tu	7 27s	9 29	19
13	W	4 45r	9 45	20
14	Th	7 23s	10 2	21
15	F	4 47r	10 24	22
16	S	7 19s	10 54	23
17	S	4 51r	11 34	24
18	M	7 16s	After Mid- night A.M.	25
19	Tu	4 53r	1 26	27
20	W	7 11s	2 33	28
21	Th	4 57r	2 33	28
22	F	7 7s	3 43	29
23	S	5 0r	Sets P.M.	30
24	S	7 3r	7 57	1
25	M	5 3r	8 9	2
26	Tu	6 59s	8 21	3
27	W	5 6r	8 32	4
28	Th	6 54s	8 46	5
29	F	5 10r	9 2	6
30	S	6 49s	9 24	7
31	S	5 13r	9 54	3

NOTES TO THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION.

THERE have been many instances of clever poets, who, with great natural gifts, have expressed themselves so vaguely, yet withal in such high-flown language, that their meaning has been hidden in obscurity, and has failed to be appreciated by lesser intellects, and, consequently, their verses have lacked the power of pleasing. But this cannot be said of the writings of Winstone Macgworth Praed, a most genial poet, who has written several poems that stand unrivalled by their great truth and sprightliness, will be popular while humour, elegance, and pathos command a welcome.

The "*Belle of the Ball*" is a happy illustration of Praed's style, and it is a poem, says Miss Mitford, "as truthful as if it had been written in prose by Jane Austen." In the first verse, the poet tells us that he "fell in love with Laura Lily," and proceeds—

"I saw her at a country ball
There where the sound of fute and fiddle,
Gave signal, sweet in that old hall,
Of hands across and down the middle;
Here was the subtlest spell by far,
Of all that sets young hearts romancing,
She was our queen, our rose, our star, [sing!
And when she danced—Oh, heaven! her dance

"She talked of politics or prayers,
Of Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets,
Of dappers, or of dancing bears,
Of battles, or the last new bonnets;
By candle-light, at twelve o'clock,
To me it mattered not a tittle,
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
I might have thought they murmured Little.

"Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them for the Sunday journal.
My mother laughed; I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling.
My father frowned; but how should gout
Find any happiness in kneeling?

"She was the daughter of a dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother just thirteen,
Whose colour was extremely hectic;
Her grandmother, for many a year,
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second-cousin was a knoelling,
And Lord-lieutenant of the county.

"She sketched; the vale, the wood, the beach
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading;
She botanised; I envied each
Young blossom on her bosom fading;
Young blossom on her bosom fading;

7
alt
ten

M
ent-
poli
Ref
bur-
to i
but-
publ
in a

30
"wh
of le
genit
lith
betw
prop
in th
medi
Colle
stron
he n
took
tribu
perio
Dr. J
relat-
Blac)
"y
incisi
libra
lisha
to ha
Edin
I
Street
sect
from
obno
visi
"y
rather
thing
(ment
name
must
"y
need
sent
g of
this
"y
Mr. S
"I
own h
pocket
gentle
Dr.
Magus
great
seriou
serious
good-
of a d
depre
Retur
gradua
kindly
having

"LET YOUR TROUBLE TARRY TILL ITS OWN TIME COMES."

"She warbled Handel: it was grand,
She made the Catalan jealous;
She touched the organ: I could stand
For hours and hours and blow the bellows."

The poet then proceeds to say that "Laura Lily" kept an album, and enumerates and criticises its miscellaneous contents. His then goes on to say—

"Our love was like most other loves—
A little glow, a little shiver;
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly not yet," upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir;
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted;
A miniature; a lock of hair;
The usual vows; and then we parted.

"We parted: months and years rolled by,
We met again some summers after;
Our parting was all sob and sigh!
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter!
For in my heart's most secret cell
There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not the ball-room belle,
But only Mistress—something—Rogers!"

Mr. Praed was the son of a wealthy London banker. He entered Parliament as a member for Truro, in 1830, where his political career was marked by his resolute opposition to the Reform Bill. He afterwards sat for Aylesbury, as also Aylesbury. In 1835, he held, for a short time, the office of Secretary to the Board of Control. His poetical pieces were contributed to periodicals; and were first collected by an American publisher, and issued in the year 1864. When Praed died, in 1839, at the early age of thirty-eight, a lament arose from a large circle of admiring friends that he had written so little.

DR. MAGINN AND MR. BLACKWOOD.

30.—It has been remarked of WILLIAM MAGINN, that—"whilst being learned among the learned, witty amongst the witty, and gentle and unassuming as a child among men of less ability," yet his life affords a melancholy instance of genius and talent retarded and crippled by the want of a little ordinary prudence and circumspection of conduct—he being utterly incompetent to the husbanding and turning to proper account his respectable life. He was born at Dublin in the year 1793. Under the careful tuition of his father he made such rapid progress that he was enabled to enter Trinity College, Dublin, when only ten years of age! Gifted with a strong and imaginative fancy, and great classical learning, he made literature his profession, and became one of the most fertile and versatile writers of modern times. He early took to periodical literature; and under a feigned name contributed various papers to *Blackwood's Magazine*; and this periodical owed much of its wit, eloquence, and learning to Dr. Maginn's pen. The following characteristic anecdote is related by Dr. Mori, of Maginn's first meeting with Mr. Blackwood:—

"Maginn had already contributed to the *Magazine* several incisive papers, which had excited considerable notice in the literary world; but the intercourse between him and his publisher had as yet been wholly by correspondence. Determined to have an interview with Mr. Blackwood, Maginn set out for Edinburgh, and presenting himself in the shop in Princes Street, the following conversation took place. (But to give a zest to the story, it must be observed that Mr. Blackwood had received numerous furious communications, more especially from Ireland, demanding the name of the writer of the obnoxious articles, and he now believed that this was a visit from one of the obnoxious correspondents.)

"You are Mr. Blackwood, I presume?"—"I am." "I have rather an unpleasant business, then, with you regarding some things which appear in your *Magazine*. They are so disagreeable (mentioning them)—would you be so good as to give me the name of the author?"—"That requires consideration, and I must first be satisfied that—"

"Your correspondent resides in Cork, doesn't he? You need not make any mystery about that."—"I decline at present giving any information on that head, before I know more of this business—and who you are."

"You are very shy, sir. I thought you corresponded with Mr. Scott of Cork (the assumed name which he had used). I beg to declare to you that I am perfectly acquainted with that subject."

"If you don't know him, then, perhaps you could know your own handwriting (drawing forth a bundle of letters from his pocket). You need deny your correspondence with that gentleman—I am that gentleman."

Dr. Maginn also contributed voluminously to *Fraser's Magazine*, and in addition he wrote so much and for so great a variety of wits, that a mere enumeration would be tedious. In the latter years of his life he was involved in serious pecuniary difficulties, arising from his indiscriminate good-nature to others, and he repeatedly became the inmate of a debtor's goal; and in the spring of 1843 the misery and depression he had undergone terminated in a rapid decline. Returning from London to Walton-on-Thames his disease gradually gained strength, and in the month of August death kindly relieved him from his trials and sufferings—his frame having completely wasted to a shadow.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE SEASONS."

27.—JAMES THOMSON, the author of "*The Seasons*," was born at Ednam, in Roxburghshire, in 1700—his father being at that time minister of the parish. The gift of poetry came early to Thomson, but probably the scenes of agricultural life which in this beautiful district surrounded him in his childhood, as well as those of the pastoral parish of Southdean, to which his father afterwards removed, had some influence in developing his poetical fancies. The following is a brief retrospect of the poet's life and writings:—

After passing through the borough school at Jedburgh, Thomson, at the age of eighteen, went to Edinburgh; with the view of preparing himself for the church; but, after remaining several years at the university, he is said to have abandoned his intention as to the ministry in consequence of a censure passed upon one of his exercises by a theological professor. His father dying, the young poet, with his poem of "Winter" in his pocket, and hopeful of obtaining literary employment, started for London, as many others have done before and since, to "seek his fortune," and fortunately he had one friend in the great metropolis, David Mallet, who materially assisted him, and, by so doing, did greater service to literature than by his own writings. Thomson now offered his

"Winter" to a bookseller, and, being hard pressed for money, not having enough wherewith to buy himself a pair of shoes, of which he was modestly in need, congratulated himself on receiving for it the modest sum of three guineas. It was published in 1726; and after some notice in literary circles, became rapidly popular. His "*Summer*" appeared in 1727, and "*Spring*" in the year following. "*Autumn*" was added in 1729, and the four poems were then printed together under their common title of "*The Seasons*." In the year 1731 Thomson was chosen as travelling companion to Mr. Talbot, and during the three years over which the engagement extended he visited nearly all the courts of Europe. On his return, the father of his pupil, Lord Chancellor Talbot, nominated him secretary of briefs in his court, which was almost a sinecure. His patron's death soon afterwards deprived him of this office, and he was again constrained to write for the stage. It is said that the success of *Clorinda* bestowed the appointment Thomson held on another person, as from characteristic indolence he had not solicited a continuance of the office. The Prince of Wales now bestowed upon Thomson a small pension, which raised him just above penury; and in 1745 he was made Surveyor-General of the Leward Islands by his friend Lord Lyttelton, at a salary of three hundred a year, and the duties of which he was allowed to perform by deputy. This raised him to a position of comparative affluence, and he then took a cottage at Kew, near Richmond. Here he fully entered into the enjoyment of social pleasures and lettered ease, whilst retirement and nature became to him more and more his passion every day. He wrote to a friend:—"I have enlarged my rural domain;

ARBOUR IN THOMSON'S GARDEN.

the two fields laid to me, from the first of which I have walled—no, no, *palad* in—about as much as my garden consisted of before, so that the walk runs round the hedge, where you may figure me walking any time of the day, and sometimes at night." It was here that he wrote his beautiful poem, "*The Castle of Indolence*," which was printed in 1748. This was his last literary work, for he died the next year, from the effects of a cold caught whilst strolling up the Thames.

DAVID MALLET was a Scotch poet, whose memory, it has been remarked, is more fully kept in remembrance than that of the fossils of literary history. In 1740 he published a "*Life of Lord Bacon*," which is a very insignificant work, and totally unworthy of the subject. The Duchess of Marlborough left Mallet a legacy of one thousand pounds to write the life of her husband; on which it was observed, that as Mallet had forgotten that Bacon was a philosopher, he would probably omit to notice Marlborough as a general; of this life, however, he never wrote a line! Mallet's poetical works were collected and published by Ainslie in 1768.



A SCENE FROM THE FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION.

1873—SEPTEMBER—30 days.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.		Sun Rises & Sets.	Moon Rises & Sets.	Age.
Full Moon, 4th, 9-9 aft. New Moon, 21st, 5-31 ev. Last Quar. 13th, 3-49 aft. First Quar. 29th, 2-36 aft.				
1 M	Battle of Sedan, when upwards of 14,000 Frenchmen were slaughtered, 1870. Next day Napoleon wrote to the King of Prussia:—"Mon frere, n'ayez pas mourir à la tête de mes troupes, je dépose mon épée au pied de votre majesté.—N. APOLOX."	5 14r	Sets P.M.	9
2 Tu		6 43s	11 42	10
3 W		5 17r	Aft. Mid-	11
4 Th	<i>Princess de Lamballe murd.</i> , 1793.	6 38s	night A.M.	12
5 F	John Home died, 1808.	5 21r	2 31	13
6 S	Sir John Fielding (celebrated London magistrate) died, 1780.	6 34s	Rises P.M.	⊙
7 S	13th Sunday after Trinity.	5 24r	7 17	15
8 M	Lieutenant Gale (an Englishman), made a balloon ascent with a horse from the Hippodrome, near Bordeaux. He landed safely; but from some mismanagement in detaching the horse from the balloon the latter broke away, and next morning Lieutenant Gale was found, dashed to pieces, in a field; 1850.	6 29s	7 33	16
9 Tu		5 27r	7 49	17
10 W		6 25s	8 7	18
11 Th		5 30r	8 26	19
12 F	Captain Tuckett wounded in a duel by the Earl of Cardigan, 1840.	6 21s	8 54	20
13 S	The Spaniards defeated in their grand attack upon Gibraltar by General Eliott, 1782.	5 33r	9 31	⊙
14 S	14th Sunday after Trinity.	6 16s	10 18	22
15 M	At Bourbon (France), the vault of the church fell in, and 600 persons were killed, 1778.	5 36r	11 16	23
16 W	Lord Bathurst died, 1775.	6 12s	Aft. Mid-	24
17 Th	The ship <i>Kite</i> lost on a sand-bank on the coast of China, when the captain's wife and a part of the crew were captured by the natives, and exhibited in cages! 1840.	5 30r	Mid-night A.M.	25
18 Th		6 7s	1 33	26
19 F	"Bloody Assize" held in the West of England for the infamous Judge Jeffries, 1685.	5 43r	2 46	27
20 S	Robert Emmett executed at Dublin for high treason, 1803.	6 2s	3 56	28
21 S	15th Sunday after Trinity.	5 46r	5 5	⊙
22 M	The Year 5634 of the Jewish era commences.	5 58s	Sets P.M.	1
23 Tu	Sir Frederick Pollock born, 1783.	5 49r	6 39	2
24 W	In 1834 the income-tax was 14d. in the pound, in consequence of the Crimean war.	5 53s	6 53	3
25 Th	"Holy Alliance," in which Austria, Russia, and Prussia ostensibly bound themselves to be guided by Christian principles in all their political transactions! 1815.	5 53r	7 7	4
26 F	Wellington defeated Marshal Massena at Busaco, 1810.	5 48r	7 27	5
27 S		5 56r	7 53	6
28 S	16th Sunday after Trinity.	5 45s	8 32	7
29 M	MICHAELMAS DAY.	5 59r	9 25	⊙
30 Tu	George Whitefield (celebrated preacher) died, 1770.	5 39s	10 36	9

NOTES TO THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION.

OF all the horrors enacted during the first French Revolution, there was probably none that presented so many fearful features as those which occurred from the 2nd to the 5th of September, 1793, when the prisons of Paris were broken open by the bloodthirsty revolutionists, and the hapless prisoners were ruthlessly butchered in cold blood—among them being a bishop and nearly one hundred priests.* The perpetrators of this massacre have been termed "Septemvoriens"; and it has been computed that they put to death about twenty-five hundred innocent persons, whose only crime was the misfortune of being found in prison at this particular juncture, labouring under the charge of being Royalists. It may not be uninteresting, therefore, now that France has passed through another revolutionary crisis, to recall one of the fearful scenes of that epoch, which has been appropriately styled the "Katon of Tronon."

Amongst the many who fell victims to the infuriated monsters of this period there was none whose fate has excited more pity than the unfortunate **MARIA TRINCES, PRINCESS DE LAMBALLE**, whose amiable character drew down upon her the odium of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and who, although they dared not cast the slightest aspersion on her good name, yet wreaked their vengeance on her in the most savage way. The Princess was born at Turin, in 1748, and had married the Duke of Bourbon, Fenthière, by whom she was left a wealthy, young, beautiful, and amiable widow. She was a general favourite at the court of Louis XVI., and was devotedly attached to the unfortunate and ill-fated Maria Antoinette—her affection being warmly reciprocated by the Queen, who appointed the Princess intendant of the royal household. When the royal family were obliged to fly to safety to Varennes, Madame Lamballe escaped by another route to England, where, had she thought of herself alone, she could have remained in security, but hearing of her beloved mistress's imprisonment, she immediately went back to Paris to do all she could to alleviate her sorrow. This devotion, however, brought about her own death.

* Alison, in his *History of Europe*, thus describes the assassination of the bishop:—"The cries now became loud for the Archbishop of Arles. 'I am he,' said the archbishop, mildly. 'Wretch!' exclaimed they, 'you have shed the blood of the patriots of Arles.'—'I never injured a human being,' replied the prelate. 'Fie,' exclaimed a ruffian, 'I will despatch you!' and with that he struck him on the head with a sabre. The archbishop remained motionless, without even raising his hands to his head to avert a second blow. Upon this the assassin struck him across the face with his snare, and the blood flowed in torrents over his dress; but still he neither moved nor fell; a third stroke laid him senseless on the pavement. Another murderer then leapt on his body and plunged his sword into his breast; it went in so far that he could not draw it out, and he broke it, and paraded the stump, with the watch of the archbishop which he seized from the dead body, through the streets."

St
th
W
ge
sp
or
of
wh
the
T
or
sh
ho
—
sh
He
frs
dit
cul
lar
(th
ap)
for
his
ela
str
pat
of
the
of
l
mu
to
I

D
ten
a
at
it
u
call
mu
Con
belt
and
succ
aros
er
of
t
pro
suff
ben
form
four
who
Th
amo
dest
like
the
I
want
the
by
I
milli

(5.
of
tragi
gave
a
voil
ever
It
Homo
thoug
trage
and,
was
I
bit,
s
man,
was
d
duced
and
water
mer
pelled
died
Mr.
topics
heard
when
come!
a
glea
in
lady
p
it
will
t
stems
into
a

* Th
count
afterw

"MANY HAVE BEEN RUINED BY BUYING GOOD PENNYWORTHS."

She was accused of conspiracy with the Queen, dragged to the prison of La Force, and taken before the bloody tribunal. When questioned about the Queen she answered with the greatest dignity and composure. Some of the judges wished to spare her on account of her youth and beauty, but this was overruled by the more bloodthirsty, and she was taken back to her cell, and confined in solitary confinement. It was on the "Septembriseurs"—having executed their bloody work at the other prisons—arrived at La Force, they speedily found their way to the cell of the Princess and, in the effort to open her her life if she would swear hatred to the royal family. This she nobly refused to do, and was instantly dragged out over a pile of dead bodies, standing up to her ankles in blood. She was ordered to cry "Vive la Nation!" Speechless with horror she was unable to speak, and was instantly struck down—and awful to relate, it was one of her own servants, whom she had loaded with kindnesses, who struck the first blow. Her head was then cut off, her body torn in pieces, and the fragments put on the end of pikes and paraded through different parts of the city. The head (which according to the custom of the time, was carefully powdered), was raised on a lance and first carried to the Palace of the Duke of Orleans (the father of Louis Philippe—letter known by his republican appellation of "Epitole") who rose from dinner and looked for some minutes in silence upon the ghastly spectacle. Madame Buffon, his favourite, and some other companions of his pleasures, were with him at the time. "My God!" exclaimed she, "will this ever be carried up the Temple, and paraded before the windows of Louis XVI. The king, ignorant of what had passed, just hearing the tumult at the levee of one of the commissioners of the municipality, proceeded to the window, when he recognised by her beautiful hair the head of his once loved and; but to the credit of humanity, it may be said, that another commissioner, more humane, tried to prevent the king from beholding the ghastly sight.

During the progress of this revolutionary outbreak, a contention arose amongst the wretches that the foremost only got a stroke at the prisoners as they emerged from their cells, and it was arranged that the foremost aristocrats, as they were called, should run the gauntlet through a long avenue of murderers. The women also made a formal demand to the Commune for liberty to see the assassins; and this request being granted, benches were arranged "Pour les Messieurs" and "Pour les Dames" to witness the spectacle; and as each successive prisoner emerged from the prison-gate, yells of joy arose from the wretches, and when the victim fell they danced around him like cannibals. It was decreed also that whoever labours in a prison shall receive a louis from the funds of the Commune, but when the assassins applied for this promised reward, and it was found the funds were not sufficient to discharge these claims, only twenty-four francs were given. "Do you think I have only earned twenty-four francs?" said a young man, a baker by trade, "I have slain forty men with my own hands, and was surpassed by a negro who had slain above two hundred!"

These narrations seem incredible, yet the bills showing the amount the assassins received, and the names of those who destroyed in the recent Revolution; and in this latter Revolution it would have been well had the historian been spared the melancholy task of recording that the evidences were not wanting to indicate that the great and numerous horrors of the first revolution would most probably have been equalled by this later one—if the stronger arm of the well-disposed military had not succeeded in arresting its fearful course.

A DISAPPOINTMENT!

(5.)—JOHN HOME, author of the once popular tragedy of "Douglas," was a Scotch clergyman. When his tragedy was first performed at Edinburgh, in 1756, it gave such offence to the presbytery, that the author, to avoid ecclesiastical censure, resigned his living, and ever afterwards appeared and acted as a layman.

It is related of an Englishman who was a great admirer of Home's tragedy of Douglas, that being in Edinburgh he thought he should like to see the author of his favourite tragedy. He accordingly called at Home's modest tenement, and, knocking at the door, this was answered by a laicid that Mr. Home was not in, as he had gone into the highlands,—but she added, "but happy to see you," and she introduced him, our Englishman thought Mr. Home would do, and he was therefore ushered in, and much to his surprise, was introduced to an old lady who had her face wrapped up in flannel, and who was engaged in concealing a tumbler of hot wine and water, being in the act of grating into it a few grains of nutmeg. "The Englishman," says the romance, "was soon disappointed, for in vain he tried to engage her in a topic of conversation, but found her hopelessly stupid and ignorant on all topics that he brought forward; and when she had heard of the peace that had just been concluded with France, when she said "Oh, yes; I've heard of the peace." On coming home, he thought it was impossible to be so stupid, and with a gleam of hope he proceeded—"It will make a great change in many things; we must all be thankful for it." The old lady paused to reflect, but she replied, "Do you think, sir, it will make any difference in the price of nutmeg?" The gentleman, uttering an expression that could not be construed into a blessing, hastily retired.

* The Duke of Orleans not only voted for the death of his cousin Louis XVI., but was present at his execution (himself afterwards sharing the same fate).

ON THE USE OF RICHES.

(1.)—THE venerable LORD BATHURST, dying at the age of ninety-one, acted a distinguished part in four reigns. He was spared to behold his son, well-stricken in years, sitting on the woolsack as Chancellor—being the only individual, except the father of Sir Thomas More, on whom such a felicity was ever conferred. The author of "Tristram Shandy," in speaking of Lord Bathurst, said of him:—

"This nobleman, I say, is a prodigy; for at eighty-five he has all the wit and prodigious of a man of thirty; a disposition to be pleased, and a power, to please others, beyond whatever I knew—added to which, a man of learning, courtesy, and feeling."

The aged peer, whilst possessing the most elegant tastes, and the most jovial manners, offered a striking contrast to his son Henry (the Lord Chancellor, who was rather stentorian, and of a reserved disposition—and sometimes when the son had retired after supper, the father would rub his hands, and say to his company, "Now that the chief gentlemen are gone to bed, let us lawyers and enjoy ourselves." It was to Lord Bathurst that Pope's epistle, "On the Use of Riches," was inscribed.

Be content to value riches, with the art
To enjoy them and the virtue to impart
Not meanly, but ambitiously pursued,
Not used to sloth, nor raised by servitude;
To balance fortune by a just expense,
To join the economy magnificence,
With splendour charity, with plenty health;
O, teach us, BATHURST, yet unpolled by wealth!
That secret rare between the extremes to move,
Of mad good-nature and of mean self-love."

AN ELEVATED SITUATION!

(2.)—THE following anecdote of that eminent judge, SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, is related by Mr. Edward Foss, in his "Judges of England":—

"Frederick Pollock was born on September 23, 1788. In his early years he lost much time at three metropolitan and suburban schools, in which he took his father the least notice. On being taken away from the last, he remained at home for sixteen months, employing them in very miscellaneous reading, principally devoted to English literature, chemistry, physiology, and other scientific subjects. He was then placed under Dr. Roberts at St. Paul's school. A story is related of good authority, of a young nobleman, who was he was wasting his time there, as he intended to go to the bar, intoxicated to the last degree, that he should not stay; and that the doctor, who was so drowsy of keeping so promising a lad, thereupon became so cross and disagreeable, that one day the youth wrote him a note, saying he should not return. The doctor, ignorant of the secret note on which the father and son lived together, sent the note to the father, who called on him to express his regret at his son's determination, adding that he had advised him not to send the note. Upon which the doctor broke out, "Ah, sir, you'll live to see that boy hanged!" The doctor, on meeting Mrs. Pollock some years after his pupil had obtained university honours and professional success, congratulated her on her son's good fortune, adding, quite unconscious of the humorous contrast—"Ah! madam, I always said he'd fill an elevated situation."

It may also be interesting to give the following extract from the same work:—

"Of the chief baron's legal and judicial merits this pages profess not to speak. But at the end of two-and-twenty years from his appointment, and of near eight-and-thirty from his birth, it may be allowed to record that he was the founder of a race excelling all the functions of an arduous and as efficiently as when he was at first appointed; frequently allowed to preside in most important cases, and never flinching from undertaking them; tempering his judgments so as not unnecessarily to hurt the feelings of those against whom he was obliged to decide; and ever acting towards his brethren on the bench, and the counsel at the bar of his court, so as to be a general favourite. On July 15, 1856, he retired from his position, having sat on the bench at a more advanced age than of any common law judge before him; Lord Mansfield, though a little older when he actually resigned, having refrained from sitting during the course of two years before his retirement, at eighty-one years old. To the last Sir Frederick never excused himself from his daily duties, but enjoyed the conflict of mind which arose in an important argument, and the exertion of his faculties called forth in addressing a jury. His merits were recognised by the immediate grant of a baronetcy. Having suffered little from attacks of a more advanced age than of his former activity, he may be truly said to enjoy a green old age. . . . Sir Frederick has been twice married. He had actually the court of his wives no less than his two sons, of whom twenty survive, ten by the first union, and ten by the second. He can boast of a more numerous issue than is usual the lot of humanity. Besides his twenty children, he counts fifty-four grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren; and he has had the gratification of seeing his eldest son's eldest son the first man of his year at his own alma mater."



GIVING THEM A SPECIMEN OF HIS PREOCIOUS GENIUS!

1873—OCTOBER—31 days.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.		Sw Rises & Sets.	Moon Rises & Sets.	Asc.
1 W	Pheasant Shooting begins.	6 3r	11 59	10
2 Th	Copenhagen—after a bombardment of three days by the English under Lord Cathcart and Admiral Gambier—surrounded, 1807.	5 34s	After Mid-night	11
3 F	Henry Carey (author of "Sally in our Alley") died, 1742.	6 6r	A.M.	12
4 S	17th Sunday after Trinity.	5 30s	3 5	13
5 S	Siege of Dunkirk by the Duke of York, and defeat of the English, 1710.	6 9r	4 33 14	14
6 M	Battle of Borodino (the most sanguinary in history), 1812.	5 25s	Rises P.M.	15
7 Tu	Duke of Montpensier married to the Infanta of Spain, 1846.	6 13r	6 9	16
8 W	Miguel Cervantes (author of "Don Quixote") born, 1547; died in 1616.	5 22s	6 28	17
9 Th	The Bank of England called in their stamped dollars, 1792.	6 15r	6 52	18
10 F	Patrick Cottor, the celebrated Irish giant, died, aged 46, 1806. He was 8ft. 7in. high.	5 17s	7 26	19
11 S	18th Sunday after Trinity.	6 19r	8 10	20
12 S	Joachim Murat, Bonapartist King of Naples, shot by his former subjects, 1815.	5 12s	9 5	21
13 M	William Penn born, 1644.	6 22r	10 10	22
14 Tu	It was a bad time for farmers in the year 1822—in a single Norwich paper there were advertised to be sold the stock of no less than one hundred farmers.	5 8s	11 20	23
15 W	Three of the mutineers of the <i>Bounty</i> (six brought to Portsmouth) hanged, 1792.	6 26r	After Mid-night	24
16 Th	Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, died, 1744.	5 4s	A.M.	25
17 F	19th Sunday after Trinity.	6 29r	1 45	26
18 S	The word "interest" was first used in an Act of Parliament in the reign of James I., wherein it was made to signify a lawful increase by way of compensation for the use of money lent. The rate was fixed by the Act at 4s instead of 10.	4 59s	2 53	27
19 S	Ramadan (Month of Abstinence observed by the Turks) commences.	6 33r	4 4	28
20 M	Comet of great brilliancy visible, 1811.	4 55s	5 11	29
21 Tu	Battle of Agincourt, 1415.	6 37r	6 24	30
22 W	20th Sunday after Trinity.	4 51s	Sets P.M.	1
23 Th	Madame Pfeiffer, celebrated traveller, died, 1858. Her last journey was to Madagascar.	6 40r	5 31	2
24 F	Tower of London burnt, 1841.—"A most extraordinary spectacle presented itself in the wardens carrying the crown and other appurtenances of royalty between groups of soldiers, policemen, and firemen!"	4 47s	5 56	3
25 S	21st Sunday after Trinity.	6 43r	6 31	4
26 S	22nd Sunday after Trinity.	4 43s	7 18	5
27 M	23rd Sunday after Trinity.	6 47r	8 6	6
28 Tu	24th Sunday after Trinity.	4 39s	9 41	7
29 W	25th Sunday after Trinity.	6 51r	11 5	8
30 Th	26th Sunday after Trinity.	4 35s	After Mid-night	9
31 F	27th Sunday after Trinity.	6 55r	0 35	10

NOTES TO THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION.

JOHN SMEATON, the celebrated engineer, was born in the year 1724, at a place called Rushthorpe, near Leeds. At an early age he showed great strength of understanding and originality of genius. His playthings were more the tools with which men work, than children's toys; and his great delight seemed to be in watching any mechanical work that was going on in the neighbourhood, and asking questions about it. As an instance of his precocious genius, it is related of him that one day, having managed to climb to the top of his father's barn, he was discovered by his family in the act of endeavouring to fix up something like a windmill! The anxiety of his family lest he should fall from his elevated position, was, as may easily be imagined, very great; and when he did, such *terra firma* he was rewarded with a good scolding—for, of course, his parents could not comprehend that this hazardous effort was but the foreshadowing of his future genius. It is also related of him that, one day watching some men fixing a pump in a neighbouring village, he picked up a piece of pipe that was left, actually making with it a working-pump that raised water—and all this occurred before he was six years old! His father, being an attorney, was anxious for him to be in the same profession; but seeing that he had such a distaste for law, he very wisely allowed him to follow the impulse of his genius, and he accordingly became a mathematical instrument maker. Previous to this, however, when but fourteen years of age, he made himself an engine to turn rosework, and several of his friends received presents of boxes of wood or ivory turned by him. He also made (which was in that day most uncommon) a lathe, by which he cut a perpetual screw in brass (which was said to be the invention of Mr. Henry Hindly, of York, a man of most wonderful genius, and with whom Mr. Smeaton was very intimate, spending whole nights with him, conversing until daylight on subjects in which both took such a deep interest). Mr. Smeaton had by his great talent and industry acquired, at the age of eighteen, a large set of tools; and, what was more, the art of working without a master!

In 1755, the second Eddystone Lighthouse,* a wooden structure erected by a Mr. Rudyard, was destroyed by fire, when Mr. Smeaton (being highly recommended for the purpose) undertook to rebuild it; and he completed it (in 1769)

* The first Eddystone Lighthouse was commenced in 1696, and finished in 1699, by Mr. Winstanley, an enterprising, but incompetent person. He had originally been a silk-mercer in London, and having acquired a competency, he amused himself with making curious but useless mechanical toys—and the Eddystone Lighthouse which he constructed was just such a specimen of misapplied ingenuity as might have been expected. But Winstanley was very confident of its stability; and he used to say that he should like to be in it during the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of heaven. The fact however was great—for in the year 1703, the "Great Storm" occurred, when the flimsy structure was swept away into the ocean, and along with it were his great-grandfather, and five other persons who were with him; they having gone there to do some needful repairs.

"SHALL THE GOSLINGS TEACH THE GOOSE TO SWIM?"

In such a masterly manner that it has bid defiance to any accident since that period. This was his master-piece. In 1732 Simonson published a paper on the Power of Wind and Water to Turn Mills, and for this he was presented with the gold medal of the Royal Society, of which he was a member. As an engineer he had now risen to the top of his profession. His last employment was that of engineer for the improvement of the harbour at Ramsgate. He died in the year 1792.

THE FOUNDER OF PENNSYLVANIA.

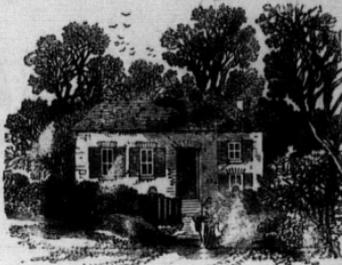
(14.)—WILLIAM PENN (who has been styled by Montaigne "the modern Lycurgus," was born in London in 1644, and was the son of Sir William Penn, a distinguished admiral under the Commonwealth, and of high and ancient lineage. A biographer gives the following outline of Penn's life:—

"Whilst pursuing his studies at Christ Church, Oxford, young Penn (then but fifteen years old), became imbued with the tenets of Quakerism, then in its infancy—and at length resolved to join the new sect, and brave all the consequences. This not only entailed his expulsion from college, but it gave great offence to his father, and on his return home, he sent him to travel on the Continent—thinking this might wean him from that sect of quakers and deportment which is characteristic of the sect. In two years Penn returned with all the graces of the accomplished gentleman—much to his father's delight. In a short time, however, the Great Plague of London having broken out, it caused all William Penn's serious impressions to be renewed; and ceasing to visit the Court, and forsaking the society of his gay friends, he employed himself in the study of divinity. His father again interfered, and sending him to Ireland to manage an estate which had been presented to the admiral by the king, and furnishing him with letters of recommendation to the viceroy, the Duke of Ormond, young Penn became a favourite in all circles; and even became a volunteer officer, and served for a short time in the army. One day, however, being at Cork, he happened to hear a sermon preached by the same Quaker preacher that he had listened to at Oxford. The effect was irresistible, and Penn became a Quaker for life! His father sent for him home, and finding him firm in his resolve to adhere to the despised and persecuted sect, turned him out of doors. Penn was in his twenty-fourth year, and during the period of his preaching dates from the time when he published his first book, 'Trade Explor'd.' For his next book, 'The Sundry Persecutions' he had to undergo seven months imprisonment in the Tower of London. During his incarceration he wrote his most celebrated work 'No Cross, no Crown,' as well as 'JACOBUS WITH HER OPEN FLOOD,' an expostulatory vindication which obtained him his release. It was not long, however, before his spirited promulgation of his tenets by preaching involved him in a troublous exile, and he suffered further confinement of six months in Newgate. About this time the death of his father, then fully reconciled to his son, left him in possession of a large estate; but far from seeking any repose, Penn now addressed himself still more energetically to the propagation of his opinions, publishing innumerable tracts in support of Quakerism, and travelling in Germany and Holland, in 1677, with George Fox and Robert Barclay, to multiply proselytes on the Continent. It was in 1681 that, in consideration of certain debts due to his father by the Crown (£16,000), Charles I. granted, by letters patent, to Mr. Penn and his heirs, the province west of the Delaware River, known as the New Netherlands. Penn thus became governor and proprietor of that immense territory, and in his honour its name was at once changed to Pennsylvania. With a view to promote its colonisation, he published 'A Brief Account of the Province of Pennsylvania,' in which he offered easy terms of settlement and other tempting inducements to emigrants. He embarked for his new colony in 1682; and in the following year founded Philadelphia. The manner of the colonisation was characterised by a spirit of magnanimous justice strangely at variance with the notions of the same class; and the natives to consideration being freely admitted, and an agreement being made with them before the colonists assumed absolute possession. The signing of this treaty under a sun tree, the Indian king being attended by his sachems, or warriors, and Penn, accompanied by a large body of his pilgrim-followers, forms one of those picturesque passages in history on which poets and painters delight to dwell.

"Penn, having constituted his council or legislative assembly, revisited England in 1684; and in the year following Charles II. died, and he was permitted to himself the name of James II., and he appeared in the novel character of a

* Lycurgus was a celebrated Spartan legislator. His legislation was entirely principle, and he was not influenced by any over-private interests and affections. Children were to be the property of the state, which directed their education, and even determined on their life or death. The severest penalties were imposed on licentiousness and intemperance; and it was enjoined that the people should take their meals in public, from a single table, and that no money, and that no person was allowed to possess neither gold nor silver; the theatres were abolished; and nothing but the most indispensable knowledge was allowed to be acquired; in short, all that tended to soften and humanise mankind was prohibited, while every thing that could promote a hardy life and personal bravery was encouraged. The Spartans, under the laws of Lycurgus, consequently became a nation of warriors, who, for ages, proved the dread of their foes and the bulwark of their friends.

Court favourite! He attended Whitehall daily; his house was crowded with visitors, and, in consequence of his supposed influence with the king, he might, as he states, have amassed great riches, but in preference to this he procured the release of about fourteen hundred of his oppressed Quaker brethren, who had been imprisoned for refusing to take the oath of allegiance. After the abdication of James, Penn's conduct did not escape animadversion, and he was accused of being a Jesuit in disguise; though whether the censures were deserved or were merely the shafts of jealousy excited by the high Court favour which he had enjoyed, is a point that has been freely discussed by historians. He this



THE BURIAL-PLACE OF WILLIAM PENN.

It may, however, Penn defended himself before the Council, who honourably acquitted him, but deprived him of his American grant. It was, however, soon restored to him, and in 1689 (having married his second wife), he returned to Pennsylvania, where he conducted the affairs of his State with great sagacity and ability for about two years, after which he came back to England. After this event his sons held the proprietary government of the State of Pennsylvania.

"His life henceforth was full of trouble and adversity. Being in debt, he offered the Pennsylvania territory to the Crown for £12,000; and soon after this, at the instance of his agent's widow, he was thrown into a debtor's prison, and this cruel misfortune so preyed upon his mind that he layed into melancholy and second childlessness, which ended in his death, at the age of seventy-four, in the year 1718.

"After the American Revolution the claims of Penn's descendants upon the State of Pennsylvania were bought up for £130,000."

THE COMET OF 1811.

(24.)—In October and November, in the year 1811, a brilliant comet appeared, and was visible during the autumn to the naked eye. Hogg, "The Ettrick Shepherd," wrote a poem entitled "To the Comet of 1811," from which the following verses are extracted:—

"Stranger of Heaven! I bid thee hail!
Shred from the fall of glory riven,
That flashest in celestial glare,
Broad pennon of the King of Heaven.

"Art thou the flag of war and death,
From angel's ensign-staff unfurled?
Art thou the standard of his wrath
Waved o'er a sordid sinful world?

"No, from that pure pellucid beam
That erst o'er plains of Bethelohem shone,
No latent evil we can deem,
Bright herald of the eternal throne!

"Where hast thou roamed these thousand years?
Why sought these polar paths again,
From wilderness of glowing spheres
To fling thy vesture o'er the vain?

"To break the embers from the sun,
The icicles from off the pole;
Then far to other systems run,
Where other moons and planets roll!

"And long, long may thy silver ray
Our northern arch at eve adorn;
Then, wheeling to the east away,
Light the gray portals of the morn."

* It was reckoned by many that this was the same comet which appeared at the birth of our Saviour.—Hogg.



"THAT IS HE! THAT IS HE!"

1873—NOVEMBER—30 days.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon, 4th, 3-48 aft. | New Moon, 20th, 8-37 mn.
Last Quar. 11th, 12-48 nt. | First Quar. 27th, 6-13 mn.

		Sun Rises & Sets.	Moon Rises & Sets.	Asc.
1	S			11
	S			
2	S	6 56r	Sets A.M.	11
3	M	4 30s	3 31	12
4	Tu	7 Or	4 58	13
5	W	4 26s	Rises P.M.	13
6	Th	7 3r	4 49	15
7	F	4 23s	5 20	16
8	S	7 7r	5 59	17
9	S	4 19s	6 51	18
10	S	7 10r	7 54	19
11	M	4 16s	9 4	20
12	Tu	7 14r	10 16	21
13	W	4 13s	11 29	22
14	Th	7 17r	After Mid- night	23
15	F	4 10s	A.M.	24
16	S	7 21r	1 49	25
17	S	4 7s	2 58	26
18	M	7 24r	4 9	27
19	Tu	4 4s	5 21	28
20	W	7 28r	6 37	29
21	Th	4 2s	Sets P.M.	29
22	F	7 31r	4 30	1
23	S	3 59s	5 15	2
24	S	7 35r	6 14	3
25	M	3 58s	7 28	4
26	Tu	7 37r	8 52	5
27	W	3 57s	10 19	6
28	Th	7 40r	11 45	7
29	F	3 55s	After Mid- night	8
30	S	7 43r	A.M.	9
	S	3 54s	2 34	10

NOTES TO THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION.

SCHILLER'S drama of "William Tell" took possession of the hearts of the German people more than any work that he ever wrote. It is related that on one occasion after the performance of this drama—Schiller being present—all the audience frantically rushed out of the theatre to see their beloved poet once more; and when his tall form appeared, sorely bent by suffering, the crowd respectfully made way for him—all heads being quickly uncovered. As the poet passed through the long rows of people, he was received in profound silence, all eyes following his steps; fathers and mothers holding their children aloft, whispering "That is he! that is he!"

It may not be uninteresting to give a brief sketch of the life of this illustrious poet, whose writings could so powerfully influence the feelings of the nation which has always been regarded as of a phlegmatic character:—

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER was born in 1759, at Marbach, in Württemberg, his parents being persons in humble life. When a boy he displayed very strong feeling and great industry, and he was carefully brought up by his pious parents. His mother was a true German—very real and true in all she did, and all she said and thought; and his father (who was in the service of the Duke of Württemberg) was an intelligent military man, with very great energy. Young Schiller was originally intended for the church, but on the establishment of a military school by his father he changed his views, and became one of the most promising students in the academy, and it was there he learned the first elements of science. At this period he found means to procure the works of the immortal Shakespeare; and the dark and strong shadows that give expression to the pictures of this poet, the affecting situations of his heroes, his bold and energetic language, and those beautiful passages where his eloquence becomes a torrent that no obstacle can resist, were so congenial to the feeling soul of young Schiller, that Shakespeare soon expressed all his admiration, and was his favourite author.

Schiller entertained the greatest admiration and affection for the Duke of Württemberg, and his rare personal talents were thoroughly appreciated by, and much exercised by the Duchess. He then (after having studied medicine for some time) became a regimental surgeon in Stuttgart, but he was soon discontented with this position. When in his twenty-second year Schiller wrote his celebrated tragedy of "The Robbers" which at once enabled him to take his position as one of the first dramatists of his country. It was first brought out at Mannheim, but unfortunately the Duke of Württemberg's displeasure was excited by finding some few passages of a revolutionary tendency in it, and he prohibited the poet who could speak his mind so freely from writing again! Schiller, chafing under this treatment, left Stuttgart secretly, and became an exile and went to Mannheim, where, after experiencing many lar-

shi
da
see
fol
and
dr
see
we
S
to
Go
and
wit
late
in
the
was
You
for
with
oth
new
"X
He
sunt

A
that
fore-
by
him
swe
sett
took
of
h
fallis
seem
his
I
love
appr
a
re
delic
just
; Sch
hand
news
hand

(25
merc
at six
Isaac
On
I
pur
Ham
Lond
short
in th
poom
Season
write

Glo
"Adu
natio
under
Admi
Spani
Spani
Engla
near
I
the Es
courag
the Jes
tinuod
of his
unheal
and di

The
in 1746
By Ad

* It is
perform
most to
trayed,
play an
federacy
the woe
to beco
the plot
of the conf
were all
Robbers
sons are
which, I

"THE HEALTHIEST FEAST COSTS THE LEAST."

ships, he brought out his tragedy of "Fiesco" on the stage. (Previous to this he had been placed under arrest for fourteen days for stealing to Mannheim, without leave of absence, to see his play of "Eugene Onegin" acted.) Other productions followed, and Schiller found many admirers both in Leipzig and Dresden, to which place he went in 1788. But it was his drama of "Wallenstein" that was his masterpiece. It secured popularity to attract all hearts, even more so than his previous works.

Some little time after this, Schiller proceeded to Weimar to undertake the management of a periodical called "The German Mercury," and it was at this time he made the acquaintance of Goethe, whose name is always associated with that of Schiller from the very great friendship that existed between them, and which was only terminated by death. In 1788 Schiller was appointed to the Chair of History in the Jena University, and besides giving public lectures (which were always crowded) he published his "History of the Thirty Years' War," and engaged in several literary enterprises which influenced greatly the literature of Germany. His other works (all equally remarkable for their talent and clearness of style) were "Die Horen," "Der Mäusen Almanach," the "Xenien," "Wallenstein," "Mary Stuart," and "Joan of Arc." He also wrote a collection of ballads which are reckoned among the finest of their kind in any language.

About the year 1798 Schiller exhibited a strong tendency to that cruel and insidious disease, consumption, and this interfered with his lectures, and greatly reduced his income; but by the Prince of Weimar's great kindness he secured on him a pension of a thousand dollars for three years—he was saved from the pressure of want and necessity; and he now settled at Weimar, in conjunction with Goethe, and undertook to direct the theatre there—and it was at Weimar several of his best works were written, and those which have immortalized his name. Of no minor uncertainty of the same nature seems to have been Schiller's base, for he trusted entirely to his pen and to Providence for subsistence. He was much beloved wherever his father, who was equally devoted to have appreciated his talent, and admired his worth, for Schiller had a heart as noble as his forehead; all alike, princes and people, delighted to honour him; and posterity has also paid the just meed of tribute to his memory.

Schiller succumbed to the fatal malady which had set its hand upon him on the 8th of May, 1805; and when the sad news was conveyed to Goethe, he covered his face with his hands, and said, "Half my existence is gone!"

"ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST."

(25).—RICHARD GLOVER was the son of a London merchant, and was educated at Chesham School, where, at sixteen, he wrote some verses to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton, which obtained considerable applause.

On leaving school, he applied himself to commercial pursuits under his father, who was engaged in the Hamburg trade; and in due time Glover became a London merchant, and married a lady of fortune; shortly after, he was returned M.P. for Weymouth. In the year 1737 he published "Leonidas," an epic poem; and it is related that Thomson, author of "The Seasons," when he heard of this work, exclaimed—"He wrote an epic poem, who never saw a mountain!"

Glover was the author of a popular ballad called "Admiral Hoser's Ghost"—a poem intended to rouse the national spirit against the Spaniards, and was written under the following circumstances:—In the year 1726 Admiral Hoser was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West Indies, to block up the ports; or should the Spanish galleons come out, to seize and carry them into England. He accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos near Portobello; but being prevented by orders from the English cabinet from obeying the dictates of his courage, he lay inactive on the station until he became the jest of the Spaniards! The unhappy admiral continued cruising in those seas until the far greater part of his officers and men perished by the diseases of the unhealthy climate, and the admiral himself pined away, and died of a broken heart.

The poem consists of eleven verses, and was written in 1740 on the taking of Carthagena from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon. The first verse describes the

* It is related that when "The Robbers" of Schiller was first performed at Erlangen, the youth of that city, moved almost to madness by the ardent and awful scenes which it portrayed, formed the wild design of imitating the hero of the play and his companions. They bound themselves in a confederacy, by the most solemn oaths, to betake themselves to the woods, and live by rapine and plunder, or, as they termed it, to become "the exterminating angels of heaven!" Fortunately, the plot was discovered by one of the tutors finding a copy of the confederacy, written, it is said, with blood. The parties were all secured, and the future representation of "The Robbers" was postponed for some time. The such terrible impressions are a wonderful tribute to the energy of Schiller's pen, which, like Rousseau's, may be said to burn the paper.

triumphant crew of Admiral Vernon's squadron, lying at anchor off Portobello, drinking success to England's fleet, which—

"On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
His loud yells and shrieks were heard;
As, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appeared;
All in drury hammocks shrouded,
Which for windingsheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow glomied,
Frowning on that hostile shore.
"On them gleamed the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hoster's brave,
His pale hands were seen to muster,
Rising from their watery grave.
O'er the glimmering wave he hid him,
Where the *Essexford* reared her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

"Heed, oh! heed our fatal story!
I am Hoster's injured ghost;
You who now have purchased glory
At this place where I was lost;
Though in Portobello ruins,
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think of my undoing,
You will mix your joys with tears.
"See these mournful spectres weeping
Ghastly o'er this hateful wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping;
These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
Who were once my sailors bold;
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

"I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish tale unfold;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders—not to fight!
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obeyed my heart's stern motion
To have quailed the pride of Spain!

"For resistance I could fear none;
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achieved with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the seas the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

"Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemned for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom.
To have fallen, my country crying,
"He has played an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a grievous and broken heart.

"Unreaping at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hoster's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
"Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain."

There are two verses more—the admiral's ghost concluding—

"Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England, shamed in me."

[It is related that Dr. Glover was on a visit at Lady Temple's, at Stowe, when he wrote the poem. The idea occurred to him during the night, and rising early next morning, he went into the garden to compose his poem. In the heat of his composition, he walked into a tulip bed; unfortunately, he had a stick in his hand, and with a true poetical fervour, he bowed down the tulips in every direction. Lady Temple was particularly fond of tulips, and some of the company, who had seen the doctor slinking around him, and suspected how his mind was occupied, asked him at breakfast how he could think of thus wantonly destroying her ladyship's favourite flowers? The poet, perfectly unconscious of the havoc he had made, pleaded not guilty; then, was witness enough to convict him, and he made his peace by repeating the ballad, which excited great attention, and was immediately printed.]



"THE PLOUGHMAN HOMEWARD PLODS HIS WEARY WAY."

1873—DECEMBER—31 days.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.		Sec Rises & Sets.	Moon Rises & Sets.	☾
Full Moon, 4th, 4:59 pm.	New Moon, 15th, 6:49 ev.			
Leas Quar. 11th, 8:04 am.	First Quar. 19th, 4:54 am.			
1 M	Ebenezer Elliott (the "Corn-Law Rhymer," died, 1848.	7 46r	11	
2 Tu	Louis Napoleon declared Emperor of France, 1852.—Abdicated, 1870.	3 53e	12	
3 W	Battle of Hohenlinden, and defeat of the Austrians by the French, 1800.	7 48r	6 45 13	
4 Th	Latham House surrendered, 1645.—In the year previous it had been heroically defended for three months by Charlotte, Countess of Derby.	3 52e	⊙	
5 F	The first admiral of the United States (Farragut) was nominated in 1863.	7 51r	4 57 15	
6 S		3 50s	5 36 16	
7 S	2nd Sunday in Advent.	7 54r	6 44 17	
8 M	Richard Baxter died, 1691.	3 50s	7 57 18	
9 Tu	"I preached as never sure to preach again, And as a dying man to dying men."	7 56r	9 12 19	
10 W		3 49s	10 24 20	
11 Th	James II. abdicated by flight, 1688. (He died in exile at St. German's, 1701.)	7 59r	11 34 21	
12 F	Sir Mark Isambard Brunel (engineer of the Thames Tunnel) died, 1849.	3 40s	After Mid- night 22	
13 S	Dr. Johnson, the "Leviathan of Literature," died, 1784.	8 0r	A.M. 23	
14 S	3rd Sunday in Advent.	3 49s	1 50 24	
15 M	13th.—James V. of Scotland died, 1542.—His dying words were, "It came with a loss, and it will go with me," alluding to the intelligence brought to him that his wife was delivered of a daughter, the heiress of the crown, and to the fact of the crown having come into his family by the daughter of King Robert Bruce.	8 1r	3 3 25	
16 Tu	In the year 1829, a soldier was flogged to death at York.	3 50s	4 17 26	
17 W	The obnoxious stamp-duty on almanacs was abolished in 1834.	8 3r	5 35 27	
18 Th		3 50s	6 53 28	
19 F		8 4r	8 11 29	
20 S		3 51s	9 1 30	
21 S	4th Sunday in Advent.	8 5r	5 14 2	
22 M	There died at Eastwell, in 1850, a poor working man, named Richard Plantagenet, who was believed to be a son of Richard III., killed at the battle of Bosworth Field.	3 52e	6 38 3	
23 Tu	Hugh Miller (geologist) died, 1856.	8 6r	8 5 4	
24 W		3 53e	9 33 5	
25 Th	CHRISTMAS DAY.	8 7r	10 59 6	
26 F	"I love to see this day well kept by rich and poor."—WASHINGTON IRVING.	3 54e	After Mid- night 7	
27 S	Gray (poet) born, 1716.	8 7r	A.M. 8	
28 S	1st Sunday after Christmas.	3 56e	1 44 9	
29 M	Rev. T. R. Malthus (political economist) died at Bath, 1834.	8 8r	3 8 10	
30 Tu	"Day brings day; month, month; and year the year."—THOMSON.	3 58e	4 34 11	
31 W		8 8r	5 57 12	

NOTES TO THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION.

THOMAS GRAY, an eminent English poet, was the son of a scrivener in London, and was born in the year 1716. His mother, to whom he was indebted for that education which elicited his brilliant talents, seemed to have been a woman of most amiable character, and whose energy supplied to the child that deficiency which the improvidence of his father—a man of hard and violent disposition—would have occasioned. Gray was sent to Eton, his maternal uncle being a teacher there; and his intimacy with Horace Walpole, whose friendship was so valuable to him in after life, commenced at Eton.

In the year 1734 Gray was sent to the university of Cambridge, where he addressed himself with great assiduity to languages and poetry, acquiring a favourable reputation as a classical scholar, but neglecting mathematics and philosophy, which he particularly detested. At Cambridge Gray was considered by his fellow collegians as unduly fastidious, and amongst other peculiarities he was remarkably fearful of fire, and always kept a ladder of ropes in his bed room. Some mischievous brother collegians knew this, and in the middle of a dark night roused him with the cry of "Fire! Fire!"—the staircase, they said, was in flames. Up went the window, and Gray hastened down his rope-ladder, as quick as possible, into a tub of water which had been placed at the bottom to receive him! The joke, it is said, cured Gray of his fears, but he would not forgive it, and immediately changed his college. Leaving the university in 1738, without taking a degree in arts, he returned to London, and entered the Inner Temple with the view of studying for the bar; it did not, however, accord with his tastes, and the next year he escaped from it by accepting an invitation from Walpole to accompany him in a tour of Europe. They travelled together in France and Italy during two years; but a misunderstanding between them brought Gray back to London in 1741. In the following year he took the degree of B.C.L., and settled himself permanently at Cambridge, leaving it only to make occasional tours in Scotland, Wales, or Westmoreland. His "Letters," describing these excursions, are remarkable for elegance and precision, for correct and extensive observation, and for a dry scholastic humour peculiar to the poet. It was now that Walpole sought to revive their early friendship—a wish which was cordially responded to by Gray, who maintained the friendly intercourse during his life. Gray's energies henceforth were devoted entirely to literature; and his leisure was carried to maturity few of the literary schemes which he admirably commenced, his "Letters," published after his death, amply prove his mediocrity. It was not until 1747 that his "Ode to Eton College" was first printed; and the publication of the "Elegy, written in a country Church-yard," in 1751, would probably have been delayed much longer, but for the previous issue of a surreptitious

* Gray's epitaph on his mother bears mournful witness to the love he bore her, and testifies to the remembrance of her kindness. It is as follows:—
"Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom had the misfortune to survive her."

copy
made
and
sent
Gray
and
I
Th
Th
Ne
Sa
Of
Be
Ed
Th
Th
Fo
No
Or
Th
Ho
Let
No
The
Aw
T
Nor
Wh
T
Can
Be
Can
Per
Has
Or
But
Ri
Chil
A
Full
Fu
At
Som
Th
Som
Th
Y
Th
To
An
The
Th
For
An
The
To
Or
Wh
Far
I
The
Alon
Th

* A
was sol

"KEEPING FROM FALLING, IS BETTER THAN HELPING UP."

copy of it. While the former of these poems received but little notice, the latter immediately acquired universal favour, and it is to-day considered by many the most beautiful short poem in the English language. Byron wrote of it: "Had Gray written nothing but his *Elegy*, high as he stands, I am not sure that he would not stand higher:—"

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitting' from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lap their sires return,
Or climb their knees the envied kists to share.

Of't did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Fall many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Crown-well quillens of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To seater plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenious shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

* A manuscript copy of the *Elegy*, in Gray's handwriting, was sold in 1844 for no less a sum than £11!

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected high
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around the strows,
That teach the rustic mortal to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these Blues thy artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn."

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by."

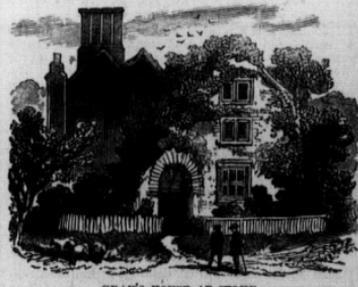
"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mut'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping woolf-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love."

"One morn I miss'd him on the acoustom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:"

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne;
Approach and read for thou canst read the lay
Grav'd on the stone beneath you aged thorn."

The Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery all he had a tear,
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.
No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose.)
The bosom of his Father and his God.



GRAY'S HOUSE AT STOKE

The fame the authorship of the *Elegy* brought Gray was such that, in 1767, on the demise of Colley Cibber, the poet-laureate, that office was offered to Gray; but he declined the honour. In 1768 he was appointed to the chair of Modern History, at Cambridge, which brought him in about £400 per annum; and this he held until 1771, when he resigned it. He died the same year, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, from an attack of gout in his stomach, and was interred at Stoke, near Elton, where a monument was erected to his memory—thus adding one more poetical association to that beautiful district of England.

GENUINE MEDICINAL PREPARATIONS.

DR. RUBINI'S URINIUM.

A positive and specific Remedy for Non-Retention or Incontinence of Urine, Irritation, Inflammation or Ulceration of the Bladder and Kidneys, Diseases of the Prostate Gland, Stone in the Bladder, Calculous Gravel or Brick Dust Deposit, Mucous or Milky Discharges, all Diseases or Affections of the Bladder and Kidneys, Dropsical Swellings in Men, Women, or Children, all Complaints incidental to Females, Weakness arising from Excesses or Indiscretion, and all Diseases of the Urinary Organs in either Sex. This genuine Medicine is made from a Prescription of the eminent and learned European Physician, Dr. Rubini, who for many years was celebrated for his wonderful cures of the above Disorders. His name was known in every Court of Europe, and Crowned Heads resorted to him for advice. After his death the Prescription was obtained from his family. Two of the ingredients entering into this celebrated Medicine, viz. Buchu and Bearberry or Trailing Arbutus, are now used by all Physicians for the cure of the above Diseases. But the great secret of Dr. Rubini's peculiar and eminent success lay in the combination of these two ingredients with certain other vegetable productions not commonly known to Physicians. These are all combined in this Medicine, which is prepared with the utmost care from Dr. Rubini's formula. Try it once for any of the above Disorders, and you will be fully convinced of its pre-eminent virtues. Sold by all Druggists, price \$1 per large Bottle, with full Directions inside the Wrapper.

DR. CHURCHILL'S ELECTRIC LINIMENT.

THIS Sovereign Preparation, the King of all Liniments, is eminently adapted as a Family Preparation, for the Quick Relief and Cure of every description of Pain, for which a genuine Liniment is required. It is infinitely superior to those Preparations which are offered as both internal and external Remedies, for nothing which can be taken *internally* can at all equal as an external application this Liniment in the rapidity with which it gives relief, even in cases of acute pain. Try it for Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Wandering Pains, Stiffness in the Limbs or Joints, Sprains, Numbness, Swellings, &c., &c., and you will soon be convinced that there is no Liniment that can at all approach this for any of these purposes. Sold by all Druggists, price 50 cents per Bottle.

VICTORIA CARBOLIC SALVE.

THIS Salve is a magical healing Compound for the rapid and perfect cure of anything, from a simple Scratch or Bruise to the most aggravated Ulcer, and for Chronic Diseases of the Skin of every description. Try it for Cuts, Wounds, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sore Nipples, Broken Breasts, Sores, Ulcers of all kinds, Ringworm, Tetter, Eczema, Scald Heads, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Abscesses, Boils, Pimples, &c. It possesses all the wonderfully cleansing and healing virtues of Carbolic Acid, which has been found by Physicians everywhere to possess curative qualities not discovered in any other Chemical preparation. It is worth its weight in gold as a Family Salve. Sold by all Druggists, price 25 cents per Box.

VICTORIA CARBOLIC GARGARISM.

THIS Medicine or Throat Remedy, is the most reliable and efficacious Remedy in all cases of Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Irritation of the Bronchial Tubes so common in this changeable climate, Asthma, Offensive Breath, Ulcerated Gums, and all diseases of the Mouth. For Public Speakers and Singers it is invaluable. The ingredients entering into this Medicine are used by all Physicians, and for the cure of the above disorders are now, undoubtedly, the most popular in the *Materia Medica*. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 cents per Bottle.

DR. CHURCHILL'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES.

FOR the Cure of Chronic Constipation, Asthma, Consumption, Chronic Laryngitis, Nervous Debility, Chronic Dyspepsia, Chronic Bronchitis, Chronic Diarrhoea, Melancholy, Debility, resulting from Typhoid and other low fevers, Diphtheritic Prostration, Hysteria, Hypochondria, Nervous Excitability, Marasmus or Wasting of the Muscles, Apathy or Loss of Voice, Sluggishness of the Liver, Interrupted and Feeble Action of the Heart, Suffocating Feelings caused by mucous obstructions of the Lungs and Air Passages leading thereto, and Debility from various causes. This Medicine is designed to cure *Wasting diseases* by making the *nervous system* vigorous and healthy. One of the first symptoms affecting either the Liver, Lung, Heart, Stomach or Genital Organs, is a loss of nervous power. This is followed by muscular relaxation, weakness and emaciation of all the organs which depend for health on involuntary muscular action, the weaker suffering first. Now, as the muscles and nerves depend so much each upon the other for efficient strength and action, and as the organs they control depend on both, it becomes an actual necessity to treat the nerves and muscles directly in order to speedily and permanently cure diseases of the above-named organs. No other preparation has such potent and direct effect upon the nervous system as this. Try it and prove its efficacy. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1 per Bottle.

VICTORIA CARBOLATED GLYCERINE JELLY.

THIS Jelly is highly recommended to Ladies as a most agreeable Preparation for the Toilet. For Beautifying the Complexion, and rendering the Skin Soft, White, Clear and free from Dryness, it is unrivalled. It will quickly remove all Redness, Roughness, Tan, Freckles, Pimples, and other imperfections. For Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Frost Bites, and Sore Lips, it cannot be surpassed. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 cents per Toilet Bottle.

VICTORIA CARBOLIC TOILET SOAP.

THIS Toilet Soap possesses all the well-known antiseptic and disinfecting properties of Carbolic Acid, is agreeably scented, has a healthy action on the Skin, prevents irritation, removes the effects of perspiration, and should be regularly used by families. Cholera, Smallpox, and Fever Patients should be washed with this Soap; and its use by persons liable to infection will materially prevent the spread of disease. Sold by all Druggists. Price 15 cents per Tablet.

VICTORIA CARBOLIC DISINFECTANT.

THIS Disinfectant is a sure preventive of Typhus and Typhoid Fevers, Cholera, Smallpox, and all infectious diseases. It will prevent Contagion in Cattle. It is also invaluable for disinfecting Water Closets, Drains, Cesspools, Stables, Slaughter-houses, &c., and for destroying noxious effluvia from whatever cause arising. It will drive away Mosquitoes, Moths, Flies, Cockroaches, &c.; Meat, Fish, &c., can be preserved from putrefaction by its use. Carbolic Acid was selected by her Majesty's Royal Commissioners, in preference to all other products, as the best Disinfectant for the prevention of infectious diseases. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 cents per Canister.

THE
VICTORIA CHEMICAL CO.
SOLE PROPRIETORS OF
THE ABOVE PREPARATIONS.
LABORATORY AND WORKS,
TORONTO, ONTARIO.

GEORGE CATTLE,

[Late Parker and Cattle]

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

MARKET SQUARE, GODERICH, ONT.,

Keeps constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of
DRUGS, CHEMICALS, TOILET ARTICLES, &c., &c.

Pure Liquors for Medicinal use.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

GARDEN AND FIELD SEEDS WARRANTED FRESH AND TRUE TO NAME.

A CALL SOLICITED.

THE EMPORIUM.

J. C. DETLOR & Co.,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

BOOTS & SHOES,

&c., &c., &c.,

Full lines of choice Goods kept on hand which will be disposed of CHEAP for
CASH.

A CALL RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

A Tailoring Department on the premises with First Class Cutter. Satisfaction
guaranteed.

SELLING OFF!

SELLING OFF.

IMMENSE CLEARING SALE OF
BOOTS AND SHOES.

The subscriber wishing to retire from the Boot and Shoe business
will sell his large Stock, comprising some

6000 PAIRS

of Boots and Shoes, at Cost for Cash. Now is the time to get good
Bargains.

SAMUEL FURSE,

Sign of the Boot, Market Square, Goderich.

**ALEXANDER WALLACE,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER**

WEST STREET, GODERICH.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

FINE JEWELRY KEPT IN STOCK.

REPAIRING NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

WILLIAM KERR,

**Grocer, Wine and Spirit Merchant,
MARKET SQUARE, GODERICH.**

AGENT FOR W. DOW & Co's MONTREAL ALES AND
THE WINDSOR DISTILLERY.

THE HURON SIGNAL

[ESTABLISHED 1848]

IS ONE OF THE LARGEST

NEWSPAPERS

published in Canada and contains

MORE READING MATTER

than almost any other paper of its class.

The Publisher's aim is to make it a First Class Journal, special attention being paid to

LOCAL NEWS.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

ONLY \$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO AGENTS.

Money sent through the Post Office in Registered Letters is at our risk.

J. J. BELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

E. CLIFFORD,

BAKER & CONFECTIONER,

Kingston Street,

(NEAR THE MARKET SQUARE.)

GODERICH, ONT.

M. NICHOLSON,

SURGEON DENTIST,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,

WEST STREET,

3 Floors below Bank of Montreal,

GODERICH.

H. DUNLOP,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

WEST STREET, GODERICH.

A LARGE STOCK OF

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHINGS

KEPT ON HAND.

ADVERTISE
IN THE
HURON SIGNAL

THE BEST MEDIUM IN THE COUNTY.
GO OR SEND TO THE SIGNAL OFFICE FOR YOUR

JOB PRINTING.

Special facilities for doing all kinds of work from the largest Poster
to the Smallest Card

NEATLY,
CHEAPLY AND
EXPEDITIOUSLY.

F. JORDAN,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

MARKET SQUARE, GODERICH, ONT.

DRUGS, CHEMICALS,

DYE STUFFS,

PERFUMERY, TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES,

&c., &c., &c.,

COAL OIL BY THE BARREL AT REFINERY PRICES.

ARE YOU INSURED.

TORONTO LIFE INSURANCE

And Tontine Company.

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO: ONT:

CAPITAL AUTHORIZED BY CHARTER \$100,000

With liberty to increase to half a million.

AMOUNT CALLED IN 25 PER CENT.—ALL PAID UP.

INVESTMENTS LIMITED BY CHARTER TO MORTGAGES AND DEBENTURES.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

President.—The Hon John Hilliard Cameron M. P., Q. C., &c. &c. Toronto.
Vice President.—Lewis Moffat, Esq.,
Geo. Duggan, Esq. Judge of the County of York.
W. H. Brouse, Esq., M. D., M. P., Prescott.
Arch. Cameron, Esq., Cashier Merchants Bank, Toronto.
Wm. J. Macdonell, Esq., Manager Toronto Savings Bank, Toronto.
Angus Morrison, Esq., M. P.
Secretary and Treasurer.—Arthur Harvey, Esq.

This Company has met with unprecedented success since its inception and will be found **SECOND TO NONE** in the lowness of its rates and absolute security to policy holders.

J. J. BELL,

AGENT AT CODERICH.