

# THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

"The subject who is truly loyal to the Chief Magistrate will neither advise nor submit to arbitrary measures."—*Junius*.

Vol. I.

TORONTO, ONT., JULY 28th, 1877.

No. 1

## Murphy Talk..

The following "Murphy wave" from Chicago should flow over some of the reckless agitators who nightly hold forth in this city in favor of the Dunkin Act—it might wash away some of their bigotry. Yet we remember that it is difficult for the "Leopard to change his spots" and equally strange would it be if moderation were shewn by the heroes of the Dunkin Amphitheatre.

Hear him: "If I have had success it is due to humility, patience, and loving kindness for drinking men. I never spoke an unkind word to any drinking man, and they have always treated me well, though I have gone down into saloons and taken men away from the bar. Even when drunk these men appreciate kindness. Take a drunken man in out of the street and he is grateful to you for it. In a great many cases I find saloon-keepers won't sell to my boys. At the outset I put over my pledge the motto, "with malice towards none, with charity for all." I do not abuse the tavern keepers, why should I? Licensed to sell, they are personally as much entitled to respect as the best merchant in the city, provided, of course, they lead honourable lives. I don't present wild statistics, nor describe the horrors of *delirium tremens*, nor threaten hell nor anything of that kind. That sort of thing cannot effect any real, permanent good. I treat the honest man in the hotel business as a worthy citizen, and it grieves me—I cannot describe how grieved I am—when I hear a so-called temperance orator cursing hotel-keepers and picturing them as the direct agents of the devil. That's not the way to win converts. Our cause suffers much from fanaticism and overheated language."

As to his views on prohibition, he is thus reported by the *Times*: "I have nothing to do with any agitation for a prohibitory liquor law. My only hope is to get men to stop drinking, to cease being drunkards, by moral suasion." MURPHY was at one time an hotel-keeper in Portland, Me., and probably knows something of the working of the prohibitory law there. The turning point in his career is thus described by himself:

"In 1869 I was proprietor of the Bradley Hotel, corner of India and Commercial streets, in Portland, opposite the landing of the St. John boats. On the morning of September 3rd, a party of travellers from the boat came up to my hotel for breakfast. After they had washed up and gone in to breakfast, I found one of them remained in the office, and sat with his face in his hands. I asked him if he wasn't going in to breakfast, and he said he had no money. I told him to go and get breakfast, and it would be all right. He said he didn't feel well, and would like a glass of liquor, and I gave it to him. I saw from his face that he was recovering from a debauch. He told me his name was Murray, that he was a tailor, penniless, and a stranger. I felt sorry for him,

and told him that if he would avoid drink and get work I'd trust him for a week's board. He seemed grateful, and soon got work in a tailor's shop. Two days after that, unknown to me, he began to drink again, and a few days later, while drunk, he insulted a lady boarder at supper, and after supper, when she was going to her room, he attempted to outrage her. My clerk rescued her, and I ran up stairs and took hold of Murray to get him down stairs. He resisted some, but I got him down to a landing eleven steps from the floor, when he tried to throw me over the bannisters, but failed, and I threw him over. He didn't seem hurt, and started to come up stairs again, but I forced him back, called a policeman, and had him taken to the station house. That night he was very sick. A medical examination showed that there was a slight fracture of the skull, and in a few days the poor fellow died. I was tried for murder. The case came before Judge Goddard. The prosecuting attorney was William P. Frye, now member of Congress, and he was assisted by Nathan Webb. My counsel were George F. Shepley, now United States Judge, and Col. Bradbury. I was convicted of manslaughter. In the first place there was a great rivalry between Frye and Shepley, and Frye would do anything to beat Shepley. In the second place, people believed that Murray got liquor at my place, and they were fanatical enough to feel that a liquor seller ought to be hanged. The fact is, Murray never had a glass of liquor in my house except the glass I gave him the first morning. My case was appealed and I was let out on bail, Shepley being my bondsman by permission of the court, though it was contrary to usage. But the charge of murder hung over me. All my property had gone to defray the expenses of my trial. My family was in poverty. I was in despair, and took to drinking. I had always drunk some, but I had not previously been dissipated. Three weeks after I got out of gaol my wife died. That threw me into greater misery, and I drank more. I drank to such excess that my friends had me put back in gaol as a place of safety. While there Captain Sturtevant visited the gaol and held religious services, and I was converted. The result of my appeal was that I was sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment. After I got out of gaol Mr. William Deering, now of this city, befriended me, and helped me to quit liquor and lead a useful life. Pretty soon after I was released I went into this temperance work."

Mr. Murphy has some belief in moral suasion and the influence of genuine Christianity. It was equally noticeable that his follower, Mr. Rine, when speaking at the Amphitheatre on Thursday evening was very careful not to say one word in favor of the Dunkin Act. His abstaining from touching the topic now being nightly discussed in Toronto in no way suited some of the reckless agitators by whom he was surrounded, but regardless of their influence he would not say a word in favor of such a miserable law as the Dunkin Act.

**The Carriage builders of Napanee are unable to get mechanics sufficient to fill the orders for carriages, pouring in on them through the passage of the Dunkin Act. Such is the bosh talked by Mayor Williams of Napanee at the Amphitheatre the other night, to induce our citizens to vote for that specimen of chimerical legislation.**

## Dunkin Increases Drunkenness.

In Prince Edward county between the first day of June and first day of December, under the old law there were ten convictions for drunkenness. The Dunkin Act came in force in that county on the 1st day of May, 1876, and between the first day of June and the first day of December in that year this veritable drunken breeding law increased the drunkard's from ten to sixteen. For proof read on page 40 of the Provincial Secretary's report. One grain of such substantial proof is worth a bushel of the chaff nightly disseminated by excited Dunkinite agitators.

## A Government Warning.

The following from the Provincial Secretary's Report is just what has occurred in Prince Edward County. The Council shirked the question of imposing a direct tax upon the people, to meet the heavy expense, and as a result 17 out of 21 dealers who were under trial for evading the law escaped punishment. If the Dunkin Act was passed in Toronto it would require an immense amount of money each year to be raised by a direct tax upon the people, to prosecute those who break the law. Read what the Government says on the subject and record your vote against such a monstrous burden of taxes:

"At present officers are appointed by the Government under the License Acts, and there are ample provisions from the license fees to encourage their highest efficiency, but if municipalities decide by their votes, to prohibit licenses, there is no fund out of which such officers can be paid except by appealing to the City or County Council, and it is doubtful how far these bodies will be willing to impose a tax to pay salaries to officers to enforce the provisions of the Dunkin Act, especially as the revenue of the Council has already been seriously depleted by the loss of the license fees, and the question will meet with further serious difficulties when it is considered that it will be necessary to employ a much larger number of officials than are now required. If the municipalities omit to raise the required funds, and I have reason to believe that they will do so, then the law will be a dead letter, as those persons favorable to prohibition will not undertake the duty of enforcing it, and it cannot be expected, as many of them besides having a personal objection to become active agents are so complicated in matters of business directly and indirectly with those who are dealing in intoxicating liquors, that they abstain from taking any part in connection with prosecution."

## The Dunkin Act in Toronto.

NO DIRTY WORKING MEN NEED APPLY.

The extreme and bigoted conduct of the advocates of the Dunkin Act in this city is daily weakening their cause, and the nightly ravings of such clerical mountebanks as the Rev. Mr. Affleck is disgusting the more respectable portion of the community. A few nights since at a meeting of the Dunkinites at the Coliseum a working man (a consistent temperance man) dared to mount the platform in his every day garb, and for so doing was grossly insulted by the above agent of the temperance party. He was ordered in the most insulting manner to wash his face, don better clothes and encase his feet in more gentlemanly boots. Such gross and uncalled for abuse is as unnecessary as it is vindictive, and proves most conclusively that the agitators who are running the Dunkin Act campaign have no sympathy and no respect for the working men of this city.

Let every artizan and laboring man of Toronto resent the insult thus cast upon them, and vote against the Dunkin Act—the rich man's law.

## Deal Gently with the Rich Man.

Deal in kid gloved hand with the pleasures of the rich man, but show no respect for the privileges of the poor. The wealthy citizen has a legitimate right to his recreation, therefore for him the introduction of the five gallon clause and one dozen bottles. The workingman has no right worthy to be respected, therefore when one of their number dares to mount the platform and express his opinion of the Dunkin Act he is ordered to wash his face, put on genteel boots, and don society clothes. Such was the treatment extended by the men who are running the Dunkin Act in Toronto towards the working man who mounted their platform at the Coliseum in St. John's Ward a few nights ago. Workingmen of Toronto, remember the insult, and vote down the bigots who deny you liberty to act according to your own judgment. We want no rich man's law at the expense of the poor man in Canada. The voting commences on the sixth of August; let your verdict condemn the professional agitators who have no respect for you as a class.

Go home you apology for a Man. Use a bar of soap on yourself, put boots on your feet instead of ventilators, you dirty working man. Advice given by the Rev. Mr. Affleck Dunkinite Missionary in the Coliseum a few nights ago when a working man dared to express his opinion against the Act.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

TORONTO JULY 18, 1877.

A \$5,000,000 Strike.

The enthusiastic fanatics who are advocating the passage of the Dunkin Act, probably, have never given a thought to the amount of the property they are seeking to depreciate in value, and the immense vacuum in the public chest which will be made by the shrinkage in value of the amount of real and personal property held by the classes they are seeking to injure.

A Warning Note.

Hard times in Canada. Such is the daily cry, yet with employment scarce and wages almost at starvation point, some of the well paid professional temperance agitators, assisted by a few clergymen of the sensation loving order, are seeking to foist a law upon Toronto that will throw hundreds of men and women out of employment, and by such misfortune still farther reduce wages.

Table with 3 columns: Name, No. employed, Pay out in wages as usually. Lists various businesses like Gooderham & Werts, O'Keefe & Co., etc.

The above are only a few names culled from the hundreds who are engaged in the trade, either in one way or another. Yet the amount of money paid out each year by these men in the shape of wages foot up, to a formidable amount.

stock in five and ten gallon lots to private families, therefore the leading men in the trade have declared that if the Dunkin Act becomes law in this city, they will at once withdraw from business.

Ask the proprietors of our large hotels what will be the result, and they will tell you that it means partial ruin to their houses. A guest arrives at his hotel weary after a long journey, asks for a glass of ale or wine to be sent to his room, and is told that by order of the "pharisees" his mouth is muzzled during his stay in Toronto.

Pharisees Pure and Simple.

The Dunkinite orators claim that all the respectability and morality is on their side. They refuse to admit that Archbishop Lynch is sincere in his determined opposition to the Dunkin Act.

The Reverend Mr. Livingstone, speaking the other night in favor of the Dunkin Act, recommended fathers to vote for that Act, that they could buy liquor at wholesale price in the wholesale quantity of five gallons and share the same with their wives and children.

Stinging Comparison.

The County of Bruce—a territory three times the size of Prince Edward County enjoys the Crooks Act—and under its working they only had three recorded cases of drunkenness in six months, from June to December, 1826.

"You have as much right to dictate to me how I shall sleep or what I shall eat as to what hotel I shall stop at" Extract from Mr. Rine's speech at the Amphitheatre on Thursday evening.

Patiotic Russian Women.

Through out Russia the war-feeling is exceedingly strong. The Russian women, especially display a warm interest in the welfare of the army. "Two days ago," writes the St. Petersburg correspondent of The Manchester Examiner, "at the invitation of Baroness Radnab, I spent an hour in going over the building near Fort Nichols in which the Red Cross Society is installed, and anything so perfect in its arrangements can scarcely be imaginable."

Why the Train was Delayed.

The Boston Courier tells the following: While traveling over a branch railroad through the rural districts into the edge of New Hampshire, the train drew up at a small station. The passengers gazed out of the car windows to take in anything of interest that might be seen.

Swallowing a Diamond.

It is no unusual thing for a valuable diamond to pass from one family to another, and gain notoriety with such change; but it is seldom one is found so valuable as to be issued by governments as security upon which money is advanced to pay off an army; and yet such is history.

The diamond was found on the field after the battle by a Swiss, who sold it to a priest for a trifle, and it afterwards became the property of a French nobleman named De Sancy. The treasure remained in the possession of the family for more than a century, when one of his descendants, who was captain of the Swiss Guard under Henry III. of France, was commissioned by the new king to raise a new force from the same nation.

The Count entrusted the diamond to one of his most faithful followers for conveyance to the king; but the messenger and the treasure disappeared, to the great consternation of Henry and DeSancy. The most diligent search was made, but without furnishing any clue to the mystery.

There is no doubt that the man who swallowed it for safety did a very wise thing for his master; but we are inclined to the opinion it was the most costly, and at the same time the hardest morsel ever swallowed by mortal man.

Look not upon the wine cup when it is red, but smile upon the fire-gallon demijohn, now, so lovingly held to the rich man's lips by the leaders of the Dunkinite camp.

These are now on file in the State Department at Washington seven hundred applications for appointments as Consul there is but one vacancy, and that is St. Paul de Loande, an unhealthy post on the coast of Africa.

These are the days when a man comes along to the cool and shaded spring by the roadside, and, stooping down, shoves his nose into the water and sucks up a drink while one knee gets wet and his hand slips off the stone and splashes mud all over his shirt front just at that moment his hat falls off into the water.

A MAN on the Hamilton Road has brought peace into his family-circle forever. Last week he moved into a new house, containing a bay window and a twenty-three closets, and he bought his wife nine miles of clothes-lines, a cord of clothes-line props, and 124 dozen clothespins. And the angels just came down and sit around on the side-fence, and envy that woman's perfect happiness.

A young son of Mr. Mitchell, a well-to-do butcher of London, bids fair to become a formidable rival of the celebrated Blind Tom, so well known in Toronto. He is totally blind, seven years of age, and plays on numerous instruments. Should he once hear a tune, no matter how difficult, he will in a short time afterwards repeat it with scarcely an error.

A Catastrophe.

No human being  
Who saw that sight  
But felt a shudder  
Of pale affright  
He sat in a window  
Three stories high,  
A little baby  
With no one nigh.  
A stranger saw him,  
And stopped to stare;  
A crowd soon gathered  
To watch him there.

A gleam—a flutter!  
In airy flight,  
Came past the window  
A butterfly bright,  
From field of clover  
And perfumed air,  
Wayfaring insect,  
What brought you there?  
The babe saw it,  
And eagerly  
Reached out to catch it,  
Crowing with glee;

With fat pink fingers,  
Reached out—and fell!  
The awful horror,  
No tongue can tell,  
Fell little baby,  
So sweet and bright!  
Pale faces quivered  
And lips grew white,  
Weak women fainted,  
Strong men grew weak,  
Up rose one woman's  
Heart-piercing shriek.

He ran for the doorway  
Upon the fly  
It caught the youngster  
And tossed him high,  
The bounce prodigious  
Made baby scow!  
He caught his breath, sir,  
And set up a howl,  
All blessed the evening  
That had no law;  
But a madder baby  
You never saw.

One inspector, supported by the licensed dealers, can perform more efficient services than fifty inspectors under the Dunkin Act. The experience of this year is showing that more substantial food in suppressing intemperance can be accomplished by the License Acts than under the Dunkin Act. —Extract from Prov. Soc. Reports, Sept. 35.

SUNDAY OF A DOG.—One of the most singular cases of suicide which we have any knowledge occurred this morning in this city. At an early hour, a large yellow dog was slowly walking down the alley at No. 15, engine-house, leading from main street to the river. Paying no attention to those who were watching his movements, he went directly to the river, carefully stepped in and deliberately plunged his head under the water and held it there a sufficient length of time to drown. There was no struggle, no splashing around, but a cool and determined purpose of self-destruction. From the time the dog put his head under the water, it was not raised, but the other part of his body was exposed to view. In a few moments his life was extinct, and the dog floated down the river. This remarkable case of suicide was witnessed with astonishment by several of our prominent citizens. This rare and interesting circumstance proves that an animal as well as a human being, for a uses of which we can form no definite knowledge, can deliberately take its own life.—*Washville (Wis.) Gazette*

A Fracas Pair of Swindlers

[From the Pall Mall Gazette.]

The Paris police have just arrested two Russians who have been residing in that city for some months, and who, passing themselves off one as physician to the Czar, and the other as an engineer who had obtained the concession for an important line of railway in Asia, have made numerous victims. They stayed for some time at a hotel in the Rue de Rivoli, occupying an apartment which was let to them at the rate of three guineas a day and for some time they paid their bills, which were swollen by the cost of sumptuous breakfasts and dinners to more than a respectable total. In the meanwhile the tradesmen were plying upon them with goods from all the shops, and financiers of repute came to them about the railway, the plan of which was written in red chalk upon a large map of Asia which was always spread out upon one of the tables. As the summer came on, the two Russians who told the proprietor that they only wanted 5,000,000 francs more to complete the 25,000,000 required for the railway, took a villa at Neuilly, retaining only two small rooms at the hotel, and contracted so many debts there that

their proceedings came to the ears of the police, whose suspicions were excited just as a lady from whom they had obtained £1,000 lodged a complaint against them. They are now under arrest, but the elder of the two declares that he is in reality the physician to the Czar, that he saved the life of one of his Majesty's relatives, and that as a recompense the Czar granted him the concession of this railway, and gave him authority to issue the shares. The Paris police will in the course of a few days ascertain from St. Petersburg whether there is any truth in this statement.

The working man who owns his cottage and lot already finds his taxes a heavy bill to pay. If you don't want to make it still more burdensome vote against the Dunkin Act.

Remarkable Self-Sacrifice.

PARIS, June 23.—A singularly romantic and painful scene was witnessed in the Court of the Eleventh Chamber a couple of days since. On the seat allotted to defendants cited to appear but not restrained of their liberty sat a woman some thirty years of age, of imposing appearance and haughty demeanor, with a such as one sees on a Roman cameo. She toyed negligently while being questioned with a jewelled fan and gave her answers disdainfully. Beside her, but upon the prisoner's bench, was a girl of eighteen, a tall and slight brunette whose great dark eyes with tears resembled those of a Madonna in ecstatic prayer. They were both red of face, both of Spanish origin. The elder, Virginia Pulgar, is the wife of a Venezuelan general who in 574 represented Venezuela in France; the latter, the Governor of a Province, then revolted and was defeated. He is now planning another revolution, while his wife lives, or rather lives, an elegant life, having a ample fortune of her own, in one of the splendid hotels on the Champs Elysees. The niece Germaine Lassoada—"Nina," as her aunt called her—is the daughter of an ex-President of Venezuela, wife of a handsome young colonel, Lopez Mendez, twenty-four. They were married last winter and came to Paris to spend how sad a holiday.

In some respects the case resembled that of Mme. Kovatchikoff, the wealthy Russian, who forced her little daughter of twelve years, Nodine, to steal in the shops they visited. According to the prosecution the young woman "lifted" everything she could secure at the counters when her husband and aunt kept the shopman occupied. Why people rich should steal as these stole, why they should steal openly, or why these stole, the prosecution did not pretend to explain; but at Mme. Pulgar's residence the police found articles of all descriptions and every value, from a 250-franc ring down to a pair of coarse woollen hose, from gold bracelets to handkerchiefs at 5 francs a dozen—8c. each.

The young girl indicated as principal offender took upon herself with a touching resignation the sole and entire responsibility for the thefts. She had but one thought, one desire—to save her husband and her mother's sister by establishing that she had taken the articles in question, without their knowledge or assistance, and she set herself to make out her own guilt as broadly, and resolutely as another woman would have striven to prove her complete innocence. The principal accusations against her were two jewelers' fragments, Baucheron, she had stolen a sapphire ring; from the other, Fortana, a gold chain. Baucheron missed his property just as the trio left the store on the 1st of May, and had them arrested. Their rooms were found full of goods still bearing the trade-marks of the great shopping emporiums, the Louvre, Princesps and Bon Marchie.

M. de LaFaye, who prosecuted, cited for a severe sentence upon the husband and aunt, asserting that they had shamelessly worked upon the poor girl's ignorance, "a child scarcely conscious of what she did," as the Venezuelan Minister wrote to the Court. Maître Georges Lechaud defended the two women. Virginia Pulgar, he claimed, had not been proved guilty of the slightest connection with the offence, and as for the young bride who said in her examination that she felt an irresistible desire to steal when goods were placed before her, was she not rather a poor, silly child to be instructed and cured than a guilty wretch to be punished? The husband's advocate placed the whole guilt upon his wife, insisted that her story was true, and in support of his theory read the following letter, written by her twelve days after the arrest.

"I do not think, dear husband of my life that they will find you guilty. They cannot, for you are completely innocent. I hope

they will soon set you at liberty, for I am dying of pain to think that you are in prison. Pardon me, my husband, pardon me! I did not know the gravity of my offence; I did not know to what I was exposing myself; I had lost my senses. You have forgiven me, have you not? I know how good your heart is, and I am so unhappy. Do not abandon me in my despair. If you have forgiven me I shall be tranquil and resigned. Ah, how I repent, my darling husband, how bitterly I repent."

The magistrates, it is comparatively pleasant to report, acted upon the theory of the prosecution and recognized degrees of responsibility. The young wife was sent to prison for eight months, while her husband and aunt were sentenced to imprisonment for a year and a day, which, the term exceeding a year, involves confinement at one of the central prisons where the discipline is much more severe. Besides this, the two seniors will be subjected to five years' surveillance by the police after regaining their liberty.

The Transport of the Great Obelisk.

A correspondent of a London newspaper, writing from Egypt, says:—"The preparations for the transport of England's obelisk are being very actively carried on under the superintendence of Mr. Wayman Dixon. The case in which the stone is to be conveyed was brought out by one of Messrs. Moss' ships last week, and the neighboring ground is strewn with the iron plates of all shapes and sizes, all ready to be put together as soon as sufficient space has been cleared round the prostrate stone. Fifty men and boys were at work yesterday clearing away the soil—the men digging, the boys carrying soil, in straw baskets, and already a mound of excavated stuff has arisen which overtops the trees that line the road close by. The sea, only 20 yards away, one boisterous night last winter, made a convenient breach in the sea wall, and very little widening is needed for the passage of the iron case, which, when ready, is to be rolled into deep water a hundred yards from shore. The stone itself is quite clear, and can be more closely examined than its upright sister. The hieroglyphics are worn, and on one side, which, when the obelisk was erect probably faced the desert, and was exposed to the sand-laden winds, they are almost illegible. The edges also have been clipped, and will have a slightly jagged appearance. Still all this will have diminished prominence when the stone is raised, and our obelisk will no doubt form an object of beauty as well as of interest when it stands in its home on the Thames Embankment, after having been towed through all the threatened storms of danger in the bay of Biscay and fogs in the English Channel. A curious check to progress occurred yesterday. The case of the obelisk could not be found. The sister obelisk that is ere it was excavated to see what case there ought to be, and a large square block of granite was found. Originally at the four corners were four bronze animals, on which the obelisk had rested; but three of these supports had gone, and stones had been thrust beneath in their place. After this investigation a search was organized for the missing base, but as yet it had not been discovered. It will be unfortunate if a new block of granite has to be used.

My rich brother, thou hast a perfect right to drink; it is highly moral, correct, and proper for you to obtain your wine in five gallon lots. But the poor man must not dare to look upon a single glass. Such is the tyrannical logic of the Dunkin Act. Workingmen, vote it down.

There is a great deal in imagination. About this time a fat man in a linen suit fancies he is cool.

The first step toward wealth, used to be considered the choice of a good wife; but now-a-days wealth is the first step toward the choice of a wife.

An Englishman who is bright at anagrams has amused himself by transposing the names of "Disraeli" and "Gladstone" which somewhat appositely resolve themselves into "I lead sir," and "G. leads not."

A remarkable suicide was lately committed at Kingsbury, Eng. A young woman named Emma Fisher, having been disappointed in love, poisoned herself with salts of lemon, and was discovered laid out on her bed in a clean night-dress, and with her chin tied up with a handkerchief. Her hands were crossed over her breast.

A Novel Craft.

A little steamboat has arrived at New York from Baltimore which was propelled the entire distance between the two cities without wheel or screw. She is called the Alpha, and in outward appearance resembles the tug-boats which ply in the harbor. Her length is forty-three feet, beam ten and a half feet, and depth eight feet. She is supplied with a sixteen-horse power tubular boiler, which drives a pump. From the pump to the stern and bow of the vessel are two lines of pipe which strike the water about three feet below the surface. The pump drives through each pipe a two and a half inch stream, which enters the water through a seven eighth inch nozzle. With sixty pounds of steam the pump makes one hundred and eighty strokes a minute, each stroke driving a stream into the outer body of water. The invention is the result of many years of study, and it is asserted that it can be applied to ocean steamships with success. In moving through the water there is no ripple astern, and but slight displacement perceptible except at the bow. By shutting off the discharge from the stern pipes and forcing the water through the bow pipes the boat is backed, and by using one bow and one stern pipe she can be turned in her own length. The propelling power can also be used to steer the boat, the nozzle being used alternately as levers on the principle of the car. The boat consumes but a quarter of a ton of coal per day, and is considered to be well adapted for use on the canals.

If your taxes are too light vote for the Dunkin Act and make them oppressive.

Extraordinary Shooting.

The Lebanon (Penn.) Times insists upon the accuracy of its statement that a boy 11 years old had shot 30 out of 31 glass balls thrown from a spring trap at a distance of 30 yards. In its issue of the 7th inst. it not only reiterates that story, but gives another, neglecting, however, to mention the distances, or other particulars, including the quantity of ammunition for each charge, whether it was done with a single rifle-ball, &c. It says:—"In a recent issue of the Times mention was made of a remarkable exploits of young George Zorbes, aged 11 years, of Hummelstown, with the rifle, in shooting at wooden balls thrown from a spring trap. That excellent paper, the New York Times, some time afterward, while expressing admiration for the quick eye and steady nerve of the boy, took occasion to doubt the truth of our story. And now we go one better, on the strength of the same authority, which we have no reason to doubt. There are two brothers, and a shooting match between them, at Hummelstown, recently, has proven to be most remarkable, as each have shot at 31 wooden balls, missing only one of the number, or, jointly, have succeeded in hitting 60 balls out of 62. Now bring on Capt. Bogardus of New York, to compete with Pennsylvania boys."

How the Rulers Dine.

Marshal McMahon is frugal, and never makes any observations on what is set before him. He is not a great drinker but very fond of fruit.  
Queen Victoria is not a great eater, but she likes beef and pastry.  
The Emperor of Russia is fond of game. He drinks plenty of Burgundy and champagne.  
The Emperor of Germany drinks anything he can get—Marobranner, Liebraundlich, and Roederer. He is a simple-hearted and merry guest. He likes beef and sweet dishes.  
The Emperor of Austria is a serious eater. He prefers beef and mutton to poultry. He drinks Hungarian wine and Bordeaux.  
Victor Emmanuel has a strong appetite; loves small birds; does not touch the boars he kills. Burgundy is his wine.  
The King of the Netherlands is a good eater. Give him anything and a salmon with good old wine. His cellars are the best in Europe.  
The King of the Belgians has a stomach no bigger than a sparrow's. Cannot eat much; larks will do and old Burgundy.  
The ex King of Hanover likes pheasants, grouse, and smoked hams, Rhenish wine and Moselle.  
The King of Portugal is a miserable guest; eats little, drinks less.  
Alphonse XII, has a brave stomach. Plenty of poultry, veal, desert and claret.  
President Hayes, when he is at home, is obliged to say he likes cold water and Hayes cake, a compound of saleratus and plaster of Paris, invented in Columbus, Ohio.

