The Weekly Mail.

VOL. II. NO. 95. TORONTO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1884. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

he not written shoals his handwriting was

ew for awhile, the ed to the old quse- between stoutness and perversity. "Gentlepen must always ex- our the gigantic the existence of mighty of this view the idst much laughter, ides James Fox and ry of all this to the ing facility acknow- ion by the learned argument by correct- or suggesting difficul- to be made of them. inquired the Lord given to excesses?" ed the learned counsel they are always aravans." The cases Daniel O'Connell, then been noticed, bert Hall was sug- as an illustration of ith strict propriety of ple was declared to be gentleman referred ely thought, under the dinary man." Father The three learned gen- ground against the g; and declared that air wild excess of pas- ged as other men are ters to Miss Leder and ship with Arthur Or- marked that it was a that no witness was them together; and he wrong on that point d if the jury would set challenged, a layman letters of Arthur Orton But Dr. Kenealy had those letters," though able to broach it." The en reminded the learned defendant had accompanied after Miss Leder— ness were also found in behind at Wagga-Wagga Orton asked him to do ghard, one of the jury, he fact that only the day tleman remarked that ween Orton and Miss that she could not be ts therefore have been The learned gentleman the lady might have love with Arthur" once the Lord Chief Justice inconsistent with the Australia, in which he ng out to him. The rest devoted to a detailed mony of the witnesses defendant as Arthur Or- ed the witness insisting as he had been influenced by " the Shepherd of the

FORTY-FIFTH DAY.

rial, on Dec. 19, did not ingrave character. The ual, the galleries were general public "rushed ly regulating direction of seats below stairs were sters dropped in, to give ne benches reserved for milk" was conspicuous by ices of the newspaper re- ded, their notebooks pro- ils pointed, when there other, from whence re umour that Dr. Kenealy ot be able to continue Bowker whispered to Mr. Stephenson whispered Whicher gossiped with exchanged ideas with was a slight excitement in Dr. Kenealy alleges is ssaries of the prosecution. the Defendant was in his the one hand by his so- ert, and on the other by young Jogle. Behind Dr. Kenealy and of Mr. ert, and "among the ally found" was Mr. Cooper ps did not appear punctu- ter expectation dried but might be coming. At minutes after the usual time, ly Lush appeared on the ner announced that the n would arrive presently then arose, and, address- , said that Dr. Kenealy ed the court, and had evi- their lordships to adjourn ch the close of the day, ished, as already arranged. lor did not see why Mr. ust go on with the cheer- defence upon the Wagging trial had run on to such s at the Court was anxious wasted. The Judges, how- ldn't what should be done for the two Judges had re- ot left his usual seat and went backward and, it was under- him to take a message to ch the other, in the ab- ously, he was ready himself defence. Master Cockburn conce with their lordships brought back the reply that ldn't not consent to any such about half an hour's ab- ships, with the Lord Chief s to Court, and the latter as- ay had determined to grant I asked, for, but that they conveyed to Dr. Kenealy the length of his former ad- working days, and that he ning now for ten days, going the same ground, the Court limit to his present speech. bought a week after their re- right to be, and must be the limit. Mr. Cooper Wyld ewy the decision of the Court ed after some compliment his readiness, under great to take up the defence of the ourt was adjourned until noon December 29

Steam Jackass

g near Nashville, Washington has recently invented an ap- the place of wheels for rail- steamboats, fire-alarms, fac- the like. He calls it the ut the popular name is the ass." The inventor is a stock- as devoted much of his time to , whose habits and anatomy he ave studied carefully. On his ne man of more than ordi- power, whose voice could be he one got warmed up to he owner computed that if he motion all the air in a circle of diameter, or twenty-five miles ore, or an area of fifty square 2,000 acres, a 100-horse power , all other things being equal, ity that yet discover. He ation and the application of ular steam engine of 1,000 ,000 acres. Wherefore, if one circle eight miles in diameter, ass or one 1,000 horse-power ill a circle of 95,000 miles in The inventor thought all this ly arriving at the development will take nature's vocal apparatus it to a greater power, he could ger and more satisfactory Filled with this idea, he to death, and carefully screwed the body. He then injected chloride of zinc and arsenic into t arteries of the head and be- ssay of the flesh. India rubber d in sulphuric ether, and the through the trachea or wind- ough the larynx or throat. The rated, leaving a film of rubber pharynx, and the injection and were continued until the rubber found of sufficient thickness ter were then subjected to a sulphur, heated to 300 degrees, ssels the rubber was vulcanized r increased, and the membranes ugurious to steam. These pre- completed, a short piece of rubber attached to the wind-pipe and with a steam boiler moment of agony to the inventor, the sea-head in the hands of an slowly pulled the valve open; a thrilling interest. As she steam ed, and, and "amongst the ally found" was Mr. Cooper ps did not appear punctu- ut might be coming. At minutes after the usual time, ly Lush appeared on the nner announced that the n would arrive presently then arose, and, address- , said that Dr. Kenealy ed the court, and had evi- their lordships to adjourn ch the close of the day, ished, as already arranged. lor did not see why Mr. ust go on with the cheer- defence upon the Wagging trial had run on to such s at the Court was anxious wasted. The Judges, how- ldn't what should be done for the two Judges had re- ot left his usual seat and went backward and, it was under- him to take a message to ch the other, in the ab- ously, he was ready himself defence. Master Cockburn conce with their lordships brought back the reply that ldn't not consent to any such about half an hour's ab- ships, with the Lord Chief s to Court, and the latter as- ay had determined to grant I asked for, but that they conveyed to Dr. Kenealy the length of his former ad- working days, and that he ning now for ten days, going the same ground, the Court limit to his present speech. bought a week after their re- right to be, and must be the limit. Mr. Cooper Wyld ewy the decision of the Court ed after some compliment his readiness, under great to take up the defence of the ourt was adjourned until noon December 29

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THE WEEKLY MAIL

is published every Thursday morning in time for the English mail, second edition on Friday, and despatched by first trains and express to all parts of the Dominion. Price $1.50 a year.

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CANADIAN.

On Tuesday evening, Jan. 15, the Rev. E. Barnes, Wesleyan minister of Aurora, was presented with a handsome sofa, and a purse of money, total value about $100.

A man named Jamie Wade, of the township of Clarendon, was kicked by a horse in the abdomen a few days ago, and died in intensely lethal. Deceased was a nephew of Mr. Robert Crooks, 5th con. Grey.

The Belleville *Intelligencer* says that two men, one of whom is said to be Sergeant Ketchum, of the 15th, and the other Wallace Bruce, both residents of Ameliasburg, were drowned in the Bay near Massassaga Point.

Mr. James Ismer, of the Guelph *Mercury*, has taken Mr. John A. Davidson (formerly assistant to the manager of the Ontario Department at the offices in this city) into partnership with him.

Prosecutions are threatened from Cobourg, offering $500 reward for the parties who stole $2,000 worth of silver from the house of Colonel Chamblies, and made attempts to enter the houses of the Rev. Wm. Briggs, Mr. John Hayden, and the Misses Adam, Cobourg.

Reports from Kebel Harbour, near Manitoulin Island, Parry Sound, are going in to the local to one of them a monster seal, which measured 18 feet in length and 12 feet in girth.

"There's cold Mizzen now, Dick! tactically rabid on this question, and only that his temperance principles is subordinated to his zeal in the Reform cause, he'd be for throwing me over.

"But then, after all, he needn't talk of consistency. The man as was always preachin' about elective purity and then went up to Prohton to course the poor devils of settlers to vote right by intimidation, he makes them pay up in full for their lands if they didn't, can easily reconcile his conscience between me new principles an' me cold practice.

"But this is a mighty dry subject, so let's replenish."

I reluctantly yielded to his importunities, and we took another Cruikshen Lawn, as the Milesian poet sings.

"The Ministry are in favour of a prohibitory measure," said I.

"The devil they are," said The O'Donohoe. "D'ye say so now?"

"Why, certainly. They want to *prohibit-Torics* from holding office."

"Ah, now, I'm wid them there. 'To the victors belong the spoils,' as they say on the other side, an' that's a principle I hope to see introduced before long, together wid other good Republican institutions.

"But that between ourselves, for if it cot out it would ruin me chances."

"Wilkes ain't going to stand as well in the Centre as he did last time. It is pretty uphill work, and in fact it seems as if the Tory misfortunes had been pretty much discounted in advance at last election.

"Wilkes' Committee find it difficult to hire canvassers. They all want cash in advance this time, and won't take Brummagem watches and spoons, as they did last time, either.

They say Wilkes is a free trader, and is ought to give them a chance to deal where they can get best value for their money.

"Wilkes is one of the most strenuous Free Traders I have ever met.

"The other evening I was addressing a meeting in St. John's Ward when some of the boys got a little lively and commenced yelling and smashing things.

"Oh fury red! how many crimes have been committed in thy name," murmured Proton Nixon.

"It's terrible, terrible," said Wilkes. "Do you suppose they will be likely to attempt personal violence? Hadn't we better retire?"

"Don't be afraid, Mr. Wilkes," said Dickey, who, aided by Terry Clarke, had rallied a number of the lambs, "It's all right, we will protect you."

"What, protect me?" shrieked Wilkes, crouching in the corner, and looking at the hateful word, "No, sir, I scorn and repudiate protection! I will not be protected! It is an economical fallacy. I am a Free Trader to the last."

So saying he struck a heroic attitude, and remained quietly seated his dome. But, fortunately, the humult subsided and he is yet spared to his country.

The trouble in this election is its abnormality. The Government candidate, sad to say, is one of the voters who will be brought out.

Moss has a harder road to travel than before, because the Central Prison gang sent down to the Government party, and the rest of the Government forces have turned to scatter round and help the other candidates. Besides his opponent is a harder man to beat.

I have at last attained the highest object of my aspirations—I have been offered one of important political services in the course of Saturday. I have got as far as that. I have been appointed Engineering Agent. Oh joy, joy unspeakable!

It happened thusly. Yesterday I received a peremptory note from Brown requiring my attendance at the *Globe* office forthwith. I obeyed with a fluttering sense of trepidation, fearing that my course had been obnoxious to the Dictator.

When I entered the Grit head-quarters I found a Party caucus assembled in the back office.

Blake, MacKellar, Mowat, Wilkes, O'Donohoe, Nixon, E. B. Wood and others of the faithful were in attendance.

Brown occupied the post of honour, his lofty brow corrugated with an expression of intensest indignation, similar to that worn by Rodolphe the Baron in that thrilling melodrama latitled "God and Gore, or the Vengeance of the Vampire Viscount," when he exclaims, "What, he dares, forsooth, to lead hence the catiff to the donjon keep! This is the hour of my revenge!"

I knew that there wasn't any donjon keep in the *Globe* office, and that I was safe so long as I kept out of range of his pedal extremities; so, assuming a bold exterior, I asked wherefore this dread summons.

"Master Briggs," said Brown, "Dinna ye ken ye have done the Party an inexplicable amount o' injury. Ye're correspondence, see ye, ye know, wherever it appears, the Tory leaders tae mak public the manifest partisan secrets o' baith Ministries and the secret springs o' action which govern ate a' our movements.

"It matters nae donse sae muckle harm gin you scurrilous an' lawless sheet, *The Mail*, had not copied yer letters an' scattered them broadcast over the baith kinds, wherby brings ye into muckle odium wi' the people an' exposes our private views to the ilsht o' day.

"Ye'll hae to stop it, I tell ye. It canna be allooed nay mair."

"But," said I, "what am I to do? Would you deprive me of my only means of subsistence? I'm a poor orphan."

"Then rote, orphan," said Wood.

"I should have a good precedent for so doing, at any rate in the course of Mr. ——[name suppressed to avoid a libel suit—Ed. *Irradiator*]. I can't give up my correspondence, gentlemen, which is hebdomadally anticipated by hundreds of thousands in every part of this broad Dominion—no, not even if the alternative be expulsion from this Party.

"I have a brilliant imagination, and even if you should deny me your confidence, that is a matter of no consequence. In fact, if I were misrepresented by the necessity of adhering strictly to facts, I could probably make my letters more interesting than now.

"Just think of it, gentlemen, if I have been enabled to create such a sensation by depicting actual occurrences, how much greater would be the excitement occasioned should I give a free rein to my imaginative faculties and portray what might be supposed to transpire at your private reunions."

"They were visibly influenced by this process, and I saw that they were about to offer me terms.

"Of course, Briggs," said McKellar, "ye couldn't expect you to give up a certain source of income without any compensating advantage. To come to the point, what do you expect at our hands in consideration of ceasing your letters?"

"Appoint me an emigration agent. It has been the dream of my youth, the desiderata of my heart. Twenty-five dollars a week salary, four dollars a day for expenses and a thousand dollars a year for rent of halls, printing and advertising."

"Well, we will take the matter into consideration," said Mowat.

"Hoot, hoot, appoint him at once," said Brown impatiently. "We mean stop this confounded business at one, an' Maister Briggs is a guid an' true member o' the Party, though nibbles wanting in discretion a wee.

"Then I may consider myself appointed," said I, "When does my salary commence?"

"From next week," said McKellar, "you won't have to work much yet awhile, but we may find you useful during the elections. But remember, no more letters to the *Irradiator*."

So, gentle reader, terminates my connection with this journal. My autograph appears no more in these columns. I have succumbed to influences which have proved fatal to the independence of more prominent and abler men.

If in leading you through the devious paths of political life, in bringing to the surface the undercurrent of public administration, in searing to the hobble and sometimes the depths of the influences which govern men and guide the State," in tracing the secret revolutions of the wheels within wheels—if in doing all this I have strengthened the faith of but one soul in the glorious cause of Reform, which is George Brown, the object of those letters will have been attained.

Adieu; adieu!

JIMUEL BRIGGS, D.B.,
Graduate of Oshkoosh University.

Toronto, Jan. 16th.

ASHANTEE.

LATEST FROM THE GOLD COAST.

(From the Daily News, Dec. 27.)

CAPE COAST CASTLE, Nov. 27.

The success which has attended Sir Garnet Wolseley's operations and the forced return of the Ashantees have caused the Fetishes to place their effect upon the hitherto hostile tribes. Yesterday the chiefs of twenty-all the villages in the Mfantsa district arrived in a humble frame of mind at Cape Coast under escort of a body of police. They brought food for terms and for permission to return to their villages. Of course it is very important to encourage as many of these people to come to terms as possible. Nothing would so much tend to restore confidence in our power, and nothing would so much weaken the Ashantees of our possible possession of the whole Coast line. At the same time it would not do to let off too easily these tribes, seeing that they swore allegiance to her Majesty entirely of their own free will only two years ago, and have almost ever since been plotting with the Ashantees. The determination arrived at on the subject will therefore probably appear round to all. It was so above: In the first place the General required to receive the hostage he had left behind Captain Butler, the least of the Ashantee chiefs who had come in, and has been taken. So says the Halifax *Sayrus*.

The subscribers to the Mitchell testimonial fund met last week, at Chatham, N. B., and it was decided to presentjhim Hon. Peter Mitchell with a handsome silver dinner service, and a gold watch and chain, the whole to cost about three thousand dollars. The presentation Mitchell will each bear an appropriate inscription.

A most successful Sunday School festival was recently held in St. George's Church, Georgetown, came off a few days ago in the Town Hall, when the incumbent, Rev. C. C. Pocock, presided. Mr. Pocock is a native of New Ireland Settlement, and the large body of which he represent Oneaugo and the old Navaqis road, up to Geary; traversing King's, Queen's, and Sunbury Counties, and penetrating New York, lying in the north-east miles from Fredericton. The chase was kept up from Thursday morning, 10th inst., when the bear was cornered in a cave and shot. Three different parties divided the bear between them, the successful hunts- men being Messrs. Wm. Magee, George McCorkin, John Kerr, Michael Redstone, and John McCracken, all, I believe, from the farm of Mr. John McOonchie.

THE NEW COMMONWEALTH.—We stated, says *Gallagher's Messenger*, a short time ago that a Belgian peasant had made the extraordinary discovery that earth, coal, and soda, mixed up together, would burn as well and better than any other combustible, and the fact has since then been proved beyond a doubt. The way in which he found this out is curious. He had been scraping the floor of his cells with a shovel in order to bring all the bits of coal lying about into a heap, which, mixed as it was with earth and other impurities, he put into his stove. To his astonishment he found that this accidental compound burnt better instead of worse than he expected, and emitted much greater heat. Being an intelligent man, he endeavored to discover the cause, and found that a great deal of soda, probably the remnant of the last wash, lay about on the floor of the cellar, and that some of it must have got into his heap. He then made a few experiments and at length improved his compound sufficiently to render it practical. The publicity given in Belgium to this discovery, and to the use to which it has been put, and it has now been ascertained that three parts of earth and one of coal-dust, mixed with a concentrated solution of soda, will burn well and emit great heat. Many Parisian papers talked of it, but only one, the *Monitour*, went so far as to make the experiment at its printing office. A certain quantity of coal dust and slightly sandy earth was mixed with the quantum of caustic soda prescribed; the compound was well incorporated with each other, and then made into a paste with the solution above mentioned. The paste was then formed into balls, and when they were had thoroughly been lighted with coal, and the fire was kept up with them for a few minutes, they were found to be completely dried, and to burn like coal. The school children and people throughout the district, who for twenty days past have observed as a general holiday. The presents which Miss Gladstone received numbered at least 250.*

A Cracked Satellite.

(From the Utica Herald.)

The story of a lunatic who had distinguishing once, which is made public through the well known medium of the Herald, has grown into which if fully assured as to their authenticity, will arouse a good deal of discussion and speculation among the people of this Oneidatown, a young man with an idea, and a fortune of $6,000, a relative of the well known and popular family of Fosdick. This young man was so devoted to his idea that he heaped his little fortune upon it, and, with the aid of some other instruments, set sail alone for the solitudes of southern seas. Before embarking he provided himself with a full set of astronomical instruments, which was inscribed the whole world, for the purpose of his idea, and reasons for entertaining it at the expense of his time and fortune. He believed, speaking in astronomical terms, that the moon was hollow, more cracked than modern astronomers imagined, and that it was inhabited by animals; that, being there in that region where passed the deepest shadow, he might see the inhabitants through the crack of the moon at the time of the next eclipse. He went away to the south, even to the Cape of Good Hope, and built a little observatory, gained an old sailor to assist him, and they two, with eyes front and instruments pointed, awaited the shadow. It came. Straight through the ragged cracks the ragged sunlight shone as it passed through a mist, and there was a cry of joy came from beneath the telescope. The old sailor turned photographic, caught three successive photographs, and sunbeam. The youth with his idea possessed now proof, he was satisfied, that his idea was not a vision but a scientific reality, and he writes to his old instructor in France, with all the enthusiasm of a boy who has stumbled upon a new world, and with all the exclamation points of a missionary in Africa. The young man saw enough during his lonely vigil on Pitcairn's Island to make him declare that the moon is a habitable spot, and that it is crushed in upon some portions of its periphery, and a shell that is now occupied by man with a constant, a savage and frightful velocity.*

A French professor at Marseilles, commenting upon the youth's observations and records which accompanied this letter, says he, "I wish he had his discovery very near to the point of demonstration," and then the old gentleman takes a hand in running things with a cracked moon, as follows:

"If the crumbling be connected with and dependent upon any such intense internal volcanic action as Lingui seems to suspect, the final disruption would be so violent as to project some portions of the moon sheer out of their orbit and down upon us with consequences of the most serious character. Such an impact, if it were of sufficient force, might turn Diabolos the earth from its orbit, and it gazing on a spiral into the sun, or flying on a hyperbola out into freezing space. Or the same resistless force might, in falling, crush in the surface of our own planet, break through its crust and deluge us with escaping gases from our own subterranean laboratory."

Is not that a beautiful paragraph? The reader may think that the moon is not the only cracked thing in existence, but restrain the thought, for the above occurs just over the signature of Yvon De Pontecoulant, of the Observatory of Marseilles.

There are seventy bald-headed men in Congress. No unprejudiced mind can look down from the galleries upon that Lake Superior of shaved hair without a feeling of awe that this abscess is a thing with which the peculiar skill of the aborigines had nothing to do.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

According to the Danbury *News*, now that winter has set in in dead earnest, the thoughts of the benevolent instinctively revert to the feathers.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* gives a thrillingly rhetorical account of an interview between the Mayor and an office seeker. The *Inter-Ocean* says that the "mannered pabiranch" used language "elastically profane."

A few days ago a coloured man applied at the Sheriff's office and said he was sick and had a deposit and whence he wished to draw one dollar. The polite clerk informed him that the money was in the institution further the withdrawal of a less sum than three dollars. The colour of brother was thrown back for a few moments and then said: "Sar, I'll take de free dollars." The three dollars were duly handed over, and the colour added: "Now, sar, if you please, sar, I'll post two dollars to my mother-in-law, Mrs. Washington, care of Sheriff, and credited to his account, when with his loose dollar in his pocket, he left the office a free man, and walked away whistling "Catch a weasel asleep."

Mr. Stoddard, late of Edinburgh, who spelled his family's Christmas dinner by hanging himself in his barn early in the morning. Any resemblance to the author of "Mother" must have waited to carve the turkey.

Mr. Mark Phillips, who represented Manchester in the British Parliament from 1852 to 1867, and was an active and influential member of the more progressive portion of the Liberal party, died on the 23rd ult. at his residence, Manchester Square.

Henri Rochefort is still alive, despite the recent reports of his death. The French government has forbidden the publication on his arrival at the penal colony to which he was sent. On the strength of this he is now a hero, but otherwise was in good health.

Waterloo has lost another of its links with the present generation in the death of Mr. Henry Terry, who was under fire in the battle of as a boy of twenty-one, and lived in the fine. Later in life he became an alderman of the town of Southwark, and took the Conservative side in politics. He died, aged eighty-four.

At a school examination, recently reported in an English newspaper, the papers, a few lucky boys, having been set to write on the "Life and Character of Sir Walter Raleigh," one Miss Pilate into "pindth spill," "bunch of spled" and "punches pilot." A more advanced class boldly ventured on the Retreat of Leger number Ten, and Sir Edward Ryan became Ryan as being those which belong to the Crown.

The beautiful buff in which Panzanes is situate has not for thirty-five years missed the daily presence of a little band of bashees, who have assembled in the place, and met as regular as the rising sun. These bashees usually numbered twenty-five, and their and Christmas sixteen of those present could claim to have kept up their daily bath without intermission.

The late King of Saxony called at a telegraph office in his dominions to inspect the instrument by which a message was transmitted the fact to his next neighbour, and received for an answer, "The King of Saxony is now standing in my office." Strived during the royal presence, and the operator was obliged to read the edifying intelligence to his majesty.

A lady of Aberdeen during the summer treated an egg to vinegar until the shell was dissolved, and then placed it in a wineglass from which she put into a steadily and gradually increasing stream of water, which hatched inside the bottle. This she had carefully nourished, and now has one of the strongest and healthiest chickens in the country, that the intends sending this wonder to Xoological Garden in London.

Two eagle-hunters in Sutherlandshire are naturally suited as the hips, and who were until lately shown in America, are now on exhibition in Paris. They are known as "Mr. Handed Nightingale, and their manager, Fraucoud, is gathering in the shekels. The Nightingale is a gilded stately, and has and the proprietor of a concert saloon, who has engaged them for a month, is doing a good business in allowing them together tightly by a single chain, and exhibiting them in a cage which curiously injures the business of the gaoler.

A touching incident has occurred in connection with the funeral of Holle, one of the two drowned in the Shannon near Limerick, sing in the Tyne, which has moved the sorbing population of North Shields. Poor Holle's buried a favourite child on Christmas Eve. On leaving the graveside he was heard to say, "Good-bye, Jack, I will come to see you on Sunday," and on the afternoon of that day he (Holle) was placed in the grave alongside of his little pet.

There is a singular tradition in the parish of Veryan, Cornwall, to the effect that when the church clock strikes the last stroke ringing of the hymn before the morning sermon, or before the commencement of the evening prayer, there will be a death in the parish before the next Sunday. It is very rarely indeed now that the Veryan Church clock does so strike, and many persons have assured that on such occasions a death does follow.

A writer in the *Medical Times and Gazette* says that "Dr. Kenealy, on his return home after a long railway journey as due mainly to the trembling motion of the floor under the carriage, and states that having accustomed gradually from the abuse, he was induced to try his experiment of doing the well known or "Tom Tiddler's Ground." Still he is well that he has never travelled without a carpet bag, and that he has found the carpet to be a remarkable improvement.

The Hon. Society of the Middle Temple, of which the Prince of Wales is a member, has now long felt the desirability of having his portrait painted by some eminent artist, to hang in the hall of the Society, and has at length fixed on Mr. Frank Holl, Q.C., attorney-general of the Royal Highness, who is said to be stated that the Prince will have great difficulty in sitting for the portrait, owing to his return from Russia (which will be in March next), and "that he should prefer Mr. Watts to be the artist employed."

A new Parliamentary faction has sprung up in the Hungarian Parliament, and is henceforth to be known as "the middle party." At present it consists of only Count Apponyi and Count Zichy, but it is a great moral influence. The chief points of its programme are that unconditional acceptance of the Austro-Hungarian compromise of 1867, economy in national expenditure, extension of the local jurisdiction, and the abolition of the local jurisdiction, and the abolition of the Hungarian militia, regulation of the relations between the Austrian and Hungarian Ministries and the settlement of questions on which the Church and State are at issue in a liberal sense.

The latest engineering proposal is one for tunnelling under the Sound, and so obtaining a direct alternative route from Copenhagen to Sweden. As the Sound is only about forty miles broad, there seems to be no reason why this proposal should not be carried out. The suggestion is due to two Danes—Edwards and Petersen by name—who having already received a concession from the Danish Government are now seeking the support from the Swedish Government, subject to the condition that the necessary capital is raised by private subscription. Should the undertaking feel be accomplished, it will tend to diminish the value of the shipping tolls now levied at the Sound.

Paris is now enjoying a curious street exhibition of tame pigeons. The owner has a portable pigeon house, which he places at a street corner, the flock being at liberty to remain in or out. Having taken up his position the exhibitor blows a trumpet and off fly the whole flock a quarter of a mile or so, settling eventually on house-tops and window sills. Another peculiar blast and back they come. As they approach, the Frenchmen rain laws as shrank, not because he disliked them in themselves, but because if they could be established they could at all events not be maintained without abolishing freedom of contract, and freedom of contract is known to constitute the only solid foundation of wealth and prosperity. And so he contented himself with small tentative proposals, such as his "unearned increment" scheme, coquetting with Land Leagues, and with those who style themselves disciples of Cobden. Similar was the case with him in other chapters of political thinking. His feelings were with the trade unions; his philosophy was entirely against them. Those who try to ballot for both will most assuredly promise at best they may. His indications, as far as the direction of his early sympathies were all in favour of universal suffrage, but he had soon discovered that the uncontrolled will of a majority was tyrannical, and that his other and far more cherished idol, liberty of thought and speech, was in danger from the despotism of a majority. Mr. Bright's mind is of a peculiar cast, and he seems to be at home in the company of men of his class, who have made their way in the world by the faculty of self-help, and who have acquired a good deal of wealth and influence by the same means. The receipt noted differently and variously in the case of Mr. Bright, recognizes but is surprised that he should have lived so long in the world without injustice committed under the sun, the sense of a world in which many starve, great ignorance, and very few possess affluence and leisure

TO THE PUBLIC.

The proprietors of *The Weekly Mail* beg to announce that on and after the first of January the annual subscription price will be one dollar and a half.

When the publication of *The Weekly Mail* was commenced, the price was fixed at one dollar, with a view of introducing the paper to as wide a circle of readers, and in as brief a period of time, as possible. The object sought were attained, for the incredible success of *The Weekly Mail*, followed with great rapidity, until now the number of its readers is counted at five thousand. At the same time the proprietors assumed the burden of gratuitously supplying the subscribers to the *Weekly Telegraph*, which was about ceasing to exist, with *The Mail* which although be at once a substitute for and an improvement upon the paper to which they had paid their subscription. The obligation thus assumed has been fully discharged, and every subscriber to the *Weekly Telegraph* has received *The Weekly Mail* up to the close of his subscription to the former.

A very large, handsome, and carefully engraved journal, such as *The Weekly Mail* is, could not be produced without incurring a heavy expenditure both in money and labour; at no point of fact, the material used absorbs nearly the whole of the subscription price. The proprietors were prepared, however, to publish *The Weekly Mail* without pecuniary profit until such time, arrived when all the subscribers to the *Telegraph* had been fully and faithfully performed. They feel that this has been done, and that the time has come when they should seek to place the paper upon a paying basis. The annual subscription will therefore be raised as above stated, one of the first consequences of which will be a marked improvement in the paper, which even at present rates has been proved to be the most popular weekly circulated in this country.

It is hoped and believed that the friends and patrons of this paper will recognize the propriety of our present course, and will redouble their exertions to extend the circulation and strengthen the influence of *The Weekly Mail*.

TO AGENTS.

The terms to Agents and Clubs will be raised *pro rata*, in conformity with the change in price as above announced.

The Weekly Mail.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 23.

NOTICE.

Subscribers are reminded that the coloured address-label of each paper sent to them, gives a figure which indicates the future number of the paper up to which their subscription has been paid, serving, in fact, as a receipt, the current week being, when can readily be ascertained by reference to the number next number printed on the title page.

We are informed that a person representing himself as a travelling agent of this journal is collecting subscriptions to *The Weekly Mail*, throughout the townships of Vaughan, Markham and Tecumseth. We have no travelling agents. Numerous friends are interesting themselves in organizing local clubs, and otherwise aiding in furthering the circulation of the *Weekly Mail*. Such are, of course, either well-known or responsible parties, where they accompanying or accredited by this office.

THE WEEKLY MAIL.

Our attention of our readers is directed to an advertisement on another page, from which will be seen the inducements held out to persons having time or inclination to form Clubs for the circulation of *The Weekly Mail*; a paper specially suited for readers at a distance from Toronto, whether residing in the country parts of Canada, in Great Britain, the United States, or other foreign countries. For chosen from the contents of the wealth of information to be gleaned from it, *The Weekly Mail* is in advance of all competitors for popular favour, while the unparalleled success which has followed it sings its first publication, is a gratifying assurance of the substantiality of its columns to the tastes of the reading public. No doubt, one cause of the extraordinary rapidity with which *The Weekly Mail* obtained its immense circulation was that members of the Great Liberal-Conservative Party, having at heart the furtherance of the cause of Union and Progress, at once hospoks it a favourable reception in the country constituencies. Members of Parliament, as well as intending candidates for Parliamentary honours, have not been slow to see that a ridng was best prepared for a canvass in the interest of their Party, by the circulation of *The Weekly Mail* among the intelligent voters. Consequently, as a cheap and effective coperator in the political education of the masses, unusual efforts have been made by influential local residents to promote the circulation of the paper in the neighbourhood of their own homes. The present status in the political history of Canada would indicate the necessity for redoubled energy in the same direction.

THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT AND COMMERCIAL POLICY.

In another column we copy the *Globe's* report of portions of Mr. MACKENZIE's Hamilton speech relating to Protection. Those Protectionists, either in Hamilton or elsewhere, who may have been expecting something satisfactory from Mr. MACKENZIE on the subject have received but cold comfort, and we fancy the dish set before them will be found still more unpalatable by reason of the dash of free-trade vinegar which the *Globe* throws over it. They are in effect told that their principles are unsound; nevertheless present circumstances will not admit of the application of those which are sound, for which reason Mr. MACKENZIE says, if he cannot do them any good, in the way that they desire, he will at least do them no harm. And this is the cold comfort that the present Government has to offer them.

Mr. MACKENZIE makes the bold assertion that "all Parties in this country have long ago accepted the imposition of import duties as the proper and best means of obtaining a revenue." We reply that this is not true, and that himself and other leaders of his Party have persistently put forward the abolition of custom duties and the raising of the revenue by direct taxation as the true policy. The reduction of the tariff, and the imposition of direct home taxation with the view of superseding the former by the latter at the earliest possible date, have been and still are advocated by Mr. BROWN, Mr. HOLTON, Mr. MACKENZIE himself, and, last and least both, by Mr. ROBERT WILKES, who not long ago brought before the Dominion Board of Trade a scheme for a direct land tax, to furnish the means of doing away with duties on foreign manufactures goods. The following paragraphs are of interest in this connection:—

"It is the imperative and solemn duty of the House to adopt measures to increase our annual revenue, by at least three millions. Our population ought to be familiarized with direct taxation; it would do them all points of view, a blessed reform if a number of considerable items were paid by the local or municipal funds."—LUTHER HAMILTON HOLTON.

"The farther free trade is carried by Canada, the more she will prosper; if we could abolish the tariff altogether, and put the expenditure by direct taxation, we should be more for the prosperity of Canada than all that was ever finished of by Free-traders."—GEORGE BROWN.

Mr. MACKENZIE again, in defiance of what everybody knows, claims that the Parties accept the doctrines he lays down, that our revenue must be obtained chiefly from duties on imports, and that the distribution of these duties "should always "be in such a way as to confer the greatest amount of benefit upon our own "people." He further says that he goes for "national protection," which he characterizes as "a stupid phrase," though still he feels obliged to accept the thing signified, which he says is simply this, "that as long as duties are levied "upon articles imported, they should be "levied upon articles produced by our own "people." And this he follows up with the assertion, "I do not know a single man "in the ranks of my own Party who is "opposed to that political theory." No, no, Mr. MACKENZIE, not even Mr. BROWN. A more daring, unblushing misstatement of the facts of the case it would scarcely be possible for any man to make. We assert, and we call upon those who sat within our Legislative halls, either as members or as hangers on, to gather with readers of the *Globe* and the general public, to witness that this is exactly the doctrine Mr. BROWN, Honorable MACKENZIE, and the other Grit leaders have constantly ridiculed. Let any one come forward with one shred in his speeches of any of these men, or in the editorial columns of the *Globe*, anything in favour of even moderate protection. Or let any Protectionist come forward who really believes that the wholesale falsification of known facts which Mr. MACKENZIE would now palm off upon the public.

Feeling apparently that an appeal to the past merely would be worthless to influence the Protectionists he is now addressing, and who know as well as they know any fact of history that himself and the *Globe* have opposed Protection, incidental and every other kind, these many years, Mr. MACKENZIE thought it of consequence to try on the man who sought to dishonour themselves to hoog ridicule upon their clergy and religion, and to deny the creed which they profess!

A MODIFIED VIEW.

As usual the London *Times* presents its readers with an editorial summary of the events of the past year. We give that portion of it relating to Canada. It will be seen that the *Times*, while, not dastly unwilling to allow that its first judgment upon the "Pacific Scandal" was too harsh, as was necessarily the case since it relied entirely upon ex-parte statements, is now constrained to express an opinion considerably modified from that to which it formerly gave utterance. The *Times* had displayed an animus the reverse of friendly towards the Dominion Cabinet,—such being the case, the extract we reproduce conveys in reality not only an exculpation but a compliment. The *Times* says:—

"The elastic connexion of the Imperial Government with the larger Colonies has of late years been seldom liable to a strain but a Ministerial change in the Dominion of Canada has been watched with painful interest. The chief founder of the great Northern Federation, a statesman whose power of office had been unprecedented in duration on the American continent, has been compelled to retire from office, with his colleagues, in consequence of charges which gravely affected the political character of the Ministers, although their personal honour was unimpeached. The Canadian Government had for some time past contemplated the construction of a Pacific Railway to unite the Eastern and Western Provinces, and, in consideration of the concessions made by Sir John Macdonald on behalf of Canada during the negotiation of the Treaty of Washington, the English Government had guaranteed a portion of the cost. By two Acts of 1872 the Canadian Parliament incorporated two Companies, with power to contract with the Government, for the construction of the railway. A strong feeling existed against the participation in the enterprise of American speculators, who might, it was supposed, be influenced by their interest in rival railways. Sir Hugh Allan, the richest capitalist in the Dominion, was accepted as the man to form an American syndicate, and Sir John Macdonald, first his colleagues and then the country, gave the public interests committed to their charge, but they, unfortunately, allowed Sir Hugh, during the negotiations for the railway, to advance them large sums of money, to be employed in a political election. An inquiry by a Committee of the Canadian House of Commons failed through the disallowance at home, on technical, but sufficient grounds, of an Act authorizing the examination of witnesses on oath. Those of the members of the Committee who belonged to the Opposition refused to serve on a Royal Commission, and their places were consequently supplied by independent men. The Report of the Commission appeared that the main facts were scarcely disputed, and the Ministerial witnesses acknowledged the receipt of money from Sir Hugh Allan, and it was rightly or wrongly inferred that the money was for an immaterial issue whether they had given valuable consideration for it. The receipt of money for Party purposes from an applicant for a public contract was wholly indefensible, and after some hesitation the Ministers found it necessary to resign their offices. Lord Dufferin, the Governor-General, was for a while exposed to a share of the vituperation which was showered on the Ministers, and it was doubtful, but, by this time, all parties in Canada are perhaps fully satisfied that the sacrifice of his Ministers so long as they remained in office, the Governor-General acted in strict accordance with constitutional principle. It is well that an irregularity scarcely distinguishable from corruption should have been visited with censure and punishment, but it may be allowable to hope that the statesmen who will hereafter, should be regarded as the founders of a great Empire may still be called to render further services to their country."

REASON TO CANADA.

In February, 1871, the *Globe* was of opinion that a Pacific Railway wholly on Canadian soil was a necessity, and that the scheme was perfectly practicable—more so, indeed, than the proposed American Northern road. In January, 1874, Mr. MACKENZIE's opinion is in substance this, that we do not want a Canadian through railway at all, but that water communication and American railways together will answer our requirements. He would, however, permit the road to be built through Canadian road, and gives the world to understand that it is to be an American and not a Canadian road that we are chiefly to depend upon. We suggest to our friends could not better serve the cause than by laying these two manifestoes—the *Globe's* article and Mr. MACKENZIE's election address—printed together on fly-sheets, and circulated wide and free in every constituency. One shows Mr. BROWN's opinions regarding the necessity and the practicability together of a Canadian Pacific road three years ago; the other—those with which Mr. MACKENZIE now—which again is simply Mr. BROWN's, about it is now, and the contrast between the two is full of instruction.

How are we to account for so complete a change of position as this on a practical question of the very first importance to Canada, but to the Empire? We can only in one way of accounting for it: the period between February, 1871, and January, 1874, witnessed the conception and development of the gigantic anti-Canadian railway conspiracy, which McMULLEN and HUNTINGDON so successfully carried out. Everybody knows that the chief promoters of the American Northern Pacific Road began to make themselves felt at Ottawa about the time, the desperate nature of their undertaking. Representatives of German and American capitalists, whom they had said had been solicited, had visited the country, and had reported very distinctly that they would recommend the scheme as an investment for European money. Then it was, when the late Canadian Government was doing its best to make arrangements for a road all on our own soil, and to unite our scattered Provinces by iron fastenings men in the undertaking, so as to command attention in the London money market, that somebody bethought himself of making the attempt to save the American road from failure by linking ours to it. The attempt failed, just because Sir JOHN MACDONALD, against whom the false charge is brought, refused to sell Canadian interests to the American, stood out firmly against it, and compelled the abandonment of the proposed co-operation in the building of the Canadian road. It is notorious that MCMULLEN was the agent of those Americans who proposed to join their scheme to ours, and that he has been these two years and more in constant communication with the Montreal conspirators. We see on one hand the American road in serious difficulties, long before *Jay Gould's* failure made the fact known to all the world, while on the other hand we see the building of the Canadian road for the present defeated through the efforts of Sir John's bitterest foes in Canada. We see the *Globe*, too, three years ago clear for going on with our own road at all hazards, now telling us in effect to let it alone, and to avail ourselves of such facilities as roads on American soil may afford. Can we do otherwise than see in all this the connection between cause and effect; or can we come to any other conclusion than that it is essentially an American and not a Canadian railway policy that Mr. MACKENZIE and the *Globe* are now committed to?

The Northern Pacific road is completed and in running order from Lake Superior to the Missouri River, 450 miles, which is precisely the section of it most necessary to the design of drawing off through American channels the trade of the great Canadian fertile belt, stretching from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains. In this connection it will be worth while to quote in full Mr. MACKENZIE's significant statement when interviewed not long ago, that the road would be a good investment if it never went any further than its present western terminus, Mr. C. W. MEAD, the General Manager of the road, being in New York lately, said that the best business it had was between Duluth and Fargo, on the Red River, the latter being the point to which supplies for distribution to the Hudson Bay Company's posts are carried. A branch of the St. Paul and Duluth Railroad has been secured, and with it important trade connections. Westward connections to the eastward are still required will be secured very easily, is being the interest both Canada and the United States to build them. From both these points, the former especially, connections eastward are already numerous and profitable. Only the completion recently of the Canada Southern and the Great Western Air Line, also of the double track from Glencoe to Windsor, together with the change of gauge and other improvements on the Grand Trunk, have added greatly to the facilities formerly existing. All these remains for the Northern Pacific road to do in order to get a good hold of the Canadian North-west trade, is to complete the road, which, as above stated, will be easily done, because it is in the interest of the United States, and it is greatly to Canada's interest to have such connections established.

The extension of the Northern American road to the Rocky Mountains, there to meet the Pacific section, is still talked of, but this is only talk and nothing more. After recent developments not a dollar will be contributed for the purpose of private investors, either in Europe or America, while to look for Government aid in the present condition and condition of the Treasury is hopeless. The only possible policy remaining for the managers to fall back upon is that of leaving the extensive deserts of Montana severely alone, and devoting all their energies to the development of the traffic which the Minnesota section already completed may be able to command. A glance at the map will enable us, bearing in mind JAY COOKE's significant hint that the road would be a good investment if it never went further, also westward, to see the strong interest which they will have in securing at all hazards and compensations, the trade of the great agricultural North-west of the Dominion. The fact that they are now in communication, enjoying the profitable activity in any other direction than a political reason for believing that their best attentions and their most strenuous efforts will be directed towards the creation and development of Canadian North-western connections.

Now let us assume, as we may very reasonably, that this will really be their policy. Next, let us ask whether, supposing them to have been desirous of seeing Canada adopt a policy that would dovetail into and harmonize with their own, they could have suggested one much more suitable for their purpose than that which Mr. MACKENZIE has announced? Then let us reflect on the co-operation and close connection which has notoriously existed for two years or more between the Northern Pacific managers and their agents, on the other side of the border, and the Canadian conspirators on this side. And, having put this and that together, let those who can resist the obvious, common-sense inference that, when we see the Opposition journals and the Opposition party in Canada, with one accord, denouncing the Pacific Railway Scheme, and the Government that South Ontario will reject a man of independent means like Hon. T. N. GIBBS to foster upon itself such a man as MALCOLM CAMERON. That is not among the possibilities. The two Ontarios are sound for the GIBBSES and for Union and Progress.

WHAT ARE WE TO BELIEVE?

When the electors find fault with the present Government for having dissolved Parliament and precipitated an election without having made any definite announcement of their policy, they are pointed to Mr. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE's address to the electors of Lambton, published in the *Globe*, and they are told that with this every reasonable person ought to be satisfied. But the amount of confidence which is to be placed in this precious document, and the extent to which the Grits feel themselves bound to what it contains, was curiously illustrated by an incident which took place at a political meeting held in the village of Oshawa the other evening. Mr. LARKE, the editor of the *Vindicator*, in an able and telling speech, pointed out the necessity of the Government policy in respect to the Canadian Pacific Railway, and that was to be a subsidized Road, which, he upon the authority of the address, declared to be to run a road through a portion of the Canadian country, of the northern terminus of the Toronto and Lake Nipissing Railway to Lake Nipissing. The one is part of the quantity inaccessible, easily mined, and cheaply got to the lakes at Cobourg. But it has passed, and the railway with it, into the hands of shrewd successful ironmasters of Pittsburg, who are exporting the ore in large quantities for their own use as well as for sale. After being made into iron on the spot it finds access with duty and freight both way added, besides the profit of manufacture; and not the least item to the States is the employment of labour afforded by its manufactories.

Besides these, we have large deposits of iron all over the Province, in the Ottawa Valley, behind Kingston, in Hastings and many other quarters, *undeveloped for want of capital*, and the question is, looking to the notable examples of the two unfortunate Companies above named.

The one of bringing the ore to meet the coal is no more than the cost of bringing the coal to meet the iron from Clevelan Bell, Owego, Scranton, Pittsburg, where are the two, ironstone worth nothing and coal worthless. In every country where iron is made largely it is necessary to bring the ore or the coal from a distance. In Canada the cost of bringing the coal to meet our iron is not one-half what Pittsburg manufacturers pay on freight on his iron ore from Lake Superior, or what the English or Welsh ironmaster pays for his iron ore from Spain. There is nothing to prevent the Ottawa Valley or the North Shore of Lake Ontario, allowing the Pittsburgers of England or Wales, or the sooty glories of Pittsburg, giving steady, profitable employment to thousands of Canadians. It would be solved the knotty question of what we shall do with the immigrants who are now arriving in Canada, and who are built up a grand industry which would be a great source of wealth to the country. The only want is that the foreign hand of Government should beat to the winds, and let the people do it. Let us begin at the beginnings, and, to bid it God-speed, when it is able to take care of itself. Meanwhile, such as it is, it might be signalized by a reduction of the tariff until it reached such proportions that more benefit would be given to the home demand. Then, while distributing its products at home cheaper than we can import them, the surplus would seek outlet and need export to other countries. And then the originators of the industry will be well repaid for their enterprise. Let us begin at the beginning, and, to bid it Godspeed, when it is able to take care of itself. Meanwhile, such as it is, it might be signalized by a reduction of the tariff until it reached such proportions that more benefit would be given to the home demand. Then, while distributing its products at home cheaper than we can import them, the surplus would seek outlet and need export to other countries. And then the originators of the industry will be well repaid for their enterprise. Let us begin at the beginning, and, to bid it God-spe

AGRICULTURE AND OTHER

POETRY.

THE ELECTIONS

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE

Lists from Parish Almanac.

THE SERVANT GIRL ANNEXATION

FRENCH ARMY ADDRESS.

Ministerial Speech at Toronto.

Speech of Mr. Blake.

Speech of Mr. Mowat.

Speech of Mr. Crooks.

Speech of Mr. Cameron.

Speech of Mr. Ross.

Speech of Mr. Scott.

Speech of Mr. Macdonald.

Speech of Mr. Wood.

Speech of Mr. Ferguson.

Speech of Mr. Cockburn.

Speech of Mr. Wallace.

Speech of Mr. Bethune.

Speech of Mr. Clarke

AN OLD YEAR SONG.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

As through the forest, dimm and dark
By still November, late I strayed,
A lonely minstrel my ear hath
Was singing to the solitude.
I heard the music, thus I asked,
What ails the parch the leaves were spread
Beneath the oak, and crimsoned
Thy sand on the leafless bough,
Sing, little bird! Why sing alone
The sadness of the dying year.

When winter, crushed the leaf with blast
Of his cold breath, and made stage with dew
The meadows, and stole rippled rill,
The bold sing April, and sang of May
Or pass in joyous tones away
When April trembled into May!
Thy life call half so special lay
Sing, little bird! the Spring is gone.

And I remember—well—they
Thy fellow-warblers—gone—
As when behind a troubled pursuit
Some body maiden vanishes unseen;
With answering notes the woodland rung,
And eyed warbles hymn'd a song.
How deep the shade! the grove how fair!
Sing, little bird! the woods are here.

But now the Summer's chant is done
And mute the warm amphitheatre,
The birds have left the silvering pines
To fit among the trembling aspens
Or fan the air with scented pinnace
Amid the low-aired orange blooms,
And that art here alone—alone—
Sing, little bird! the rest have flown.

The snow has capped you distant hill,
At morn the run-log brook will still.
From drifted banks the dead leaves peep
Are like the smoke of cavaties,
The long gray beeches and the black
The grandfathers, changed to stubborn rock,
The pine, the hemlock, and the oak
Sing, it is bird! the frosts have come.

Fast, fast, the chilly mists of autumn creep,
The empress flowers are half asleep,
The air grows chill; the sunny gaze
May leave thee ere thy song is done,
The pulse thou wakest sky breast grow cold,
Thy secret dies with thee unsold!
The lingering sunshine is bright,
Sing, little bird! "will soon be night.

—From the *Atlantic Monthly*.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Follow me as the old novelists used to say, to Paragon place, Gray's Inn-road. This pleasant retreat lies on the east side of the road, not very far from the lordly entrance to Gray's Inn. Paragon place is well drained, and as it consists only of six houses in all, it passes a peaceful and quiet existence, having but little intercourse with the outer world. It consists of a single row of five houses, with another at the end, looking down the court. They face a paved alley of ten feet in breadth. The terraced side of Paragon place is bounded by a brick wall, eight feet high, set about and garnished, for the better protection of the inhabitants, by a plentiful topdressing of broken bottles. The wall may also serve as a protection to the printers' offices which lie beyond. At all events, it is a barrier impassable between Paragon place and the printers. Thus fashion separates itself from business; leisure and retirement from compulsory work.

I would that we might linger over Paragon place and its inhabitants. About every house there hung half a dozen histories from the tale of every dwelling might be woven a romance of real life—that is, a tale of sin and suffering, of poverty and crime. We have to do with one only. It is the third tenement in the row. Like the rest, it consists of three rooms—one, the third, called "fore and aft"—the front window looking into the court, the back commanding a view of a small yard beyond, about as large as a square, containing a water-butt and a heap of rubbish.

There is a staircase leading to two rooms, one over the other, above. On the left hand of the door, as you go in, is a sort of closet or small room, which may be used as a bedroom when the family overflows the rest of the house. It is lighted and ventilated by an aperture giving space for a single pane of glass.

The doors of the houses, which were once painted green, but long years since stand open. Everything about the court is inclerably dirty. Odds and scraps of vegetables, as cabbage stalks, potato peelings, and such small wreck and debris, lie about the court; a gutter runs along the wall, down which is merrily flowing, at the moment, the basket of contents which, No. 1, has just emptied into it. Two children, having hastily constructed a model ship out of a splinter of wood, have launched it upon this river, and are watching its progress down the tributary stream to the great Mississippi of Gray's Inn Road. They run out with it into the street, and stay there. Then the court is quiet again, except for the pulse of the steam press, which is never silent. The sun shines on the windows of the printers' office, and is reflected back on the door step of No. 3, where sits, basking in the warmth, a figure, clothed if it were proper, and smoking a long clay pipe. He is aged, bent and doubled up, from the effects of age; his shoulders stoop, and his back is rounded. On his head is a soft felt hat, much too large for him, which flops down on the side nearest the door, but is lifted up on the other side to catch the sun. A crutch is beside him. In his hand is a copy of the day before yesterday's *Daily Telegraph*, and in a reading aloud, slowly and painfully, making comments as he goes—not running so much as creeping—is his companion, a child of nine or ten, who is sitting on the stones, with his back against the wall, in the reflected sunlight. The boy's head is bare; his feet are bare. On sheer of his jacket is quite gone, the other nearly. His trousers are all rents and tatters, his white legs gleaming through the holes. His shirt will no longer hold and shows signs of approaching dissolution. All this is a truth, because the weather is warm; and rags are just as comfortable in warm weather as anything else. Besides, the boy has been brought up in a school which teaches the cultivation of personal appearance by means of sartorial art. He was far more interested in the problem of how to achieve that ragging wolf which every day gnawed at his commands, and instigated him to get food by any means.

"So you see, Bill," said the politician, in a thin quavering voice, "the Government's gone and done it again, and the country's to the devil. Now, if I was in the Onse—"

He stopped and folded his paper.

"Don't go onse the Onse, Thoosy," said the child.

"It's not the work's, stoopid. It's the House of Parlyment. Some day I think I shall go—to represent Finsbury. I wish there was the chance of a half-pint in my pocket. Who's the equal coming up into court?"

The "swell," who was looking inquiringly up and down the court, seeing the pair outside the door, turned his steps in that direction.

"Can you tell me"—he spoke to the smoker, whose face was hidden by the flying hat—"if a Mrs. Knesbone lives about here?"

He removed his pipe from his mouth, and his great hat from his head, and stood up right in the doorway, waving his hand with an air of authority.

Dick Mortiboy looked at him in astonishment. Behind the wrinkles and lines of age—not the useless wrinkles, but those which are perfectly colorless; not the shape, because the cheeks were sunken and the features prominent; not the comeliness, because the whole figure was starved and pinched; not the refinement looks, because the scattered hairs, nearly white, but sparse and unkempt, were not Dick's hair, but an indescribable look of youth.

He was about four feet and a half in height; but then he stooped a good deal. He had on a long, coarse coat, made for a grown man. His legs were cased in winkle trousers. He had a thick flannel shirt, and a wrapper round his neck. His chest was flattened in—his legs bowed—his body bent. Dick, standing before him on the stone, stared at him without speaking. He had never seen this kind of creature before.

"When you think you'll recognise me again," said the boy, sarcastically, "perhaps you'll let me know."

"It is a boy, by gad," said Dick.

The child previously addressed as Bill set up a yell of delight, clapping his hands and dancing round. It was as good fun as he ever assisted at. The other relaxed from his austerness of expression, conceding an approach to the frivolities of the situation.

"Are you a boy, or are you a man?" asked Dick. "What's your name? Tell me something about yourself."

"You can read, I suppose?" said the gentleman, with a gentle smile. "If you can do that much, I presume. Young Bill, the writin' materials. Give the old man his bit o' writin'."

Bill produced a piece of chalk from his trousers pocket.

"Here y'are, Thoosy. Hooray!"

Thoosy inspected the "materials" with care, and looked for a point. This—in what mathematicians would describe as a rough wedge-shaped, or twenty-sided solid—was difficult to find; but selecting something which would suit, he matched gravely down the steps, and, stooping the slave of his chest up to his elbow, while he supported his long legs under the left arm raised his right hand to the brick wall. Then he stepped and turned round again.

"You cute spell!" he said to Dick, looking at him sideways, as if with suspicion, but always with an eye to Bill.

Dick nodded.

"And read? Because I'm not going to take all this trouble for nothink, you know!"

Little Bill screamed, and rolled himself over and over upon the cabbage stalks. Thoosy, with not eye in his young companion, proceeded slowly with his talk.

"Then," he said, stopping back and admiring the effect of the twilight upon his strokes, "there's a G, and a OO, and a EN. If that don't spell Cook, that ain't my name, and Mathooseleah ain't my nature."

"Oh, Lord!" cried Bill, "ain't we a fizzer!"

Dick Mortiboy took the cigar out of his mouth, and contemplated the pair with an expression in which curiosity had the best part.

"So you're Mr. Mathooseleah, are you? Pray, is this Bill—little Bill?"

"That is Bill, mister," said Thoosy, "and a very good little Bill he is."

"Do you know Mrs. Knesbone? I understand that she lives here."

He stopped and folded his paper.

"Dunno, I'm sure. Thoosy," said the child.

"It's not the work's, stoopid. It's the House of Parlyment. Some day I think I shall go—to represent Finsbury. I wish there was the chance of a half-pint in my pocket. Who's the equal coming up into court?"

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"Do you know Mrs. Knesbone? I understand that she lives here."

"Yes, Mrs. Knesbone, let us understand our betters. This is for your information, provided it proves correct and true on subsequent inquiry. Is it?"

The old woman eyed the gold greedily. "I've lodged in Mrs. Knesbone's which was the name, and I've seen the director of the Bank of Ireland, and I've seen the Bishop of Ely, and I've seen the Lord Mayor of London, and I've seen the Queen of Sheba, and I've seen the Cock and Bull, and I've seen the Cat and Fiddle, and I've seen the Man in the Moon, and I've seen the Cheshire Cat, and I've seen the Mad Hatter, and I've seen the Dormouse, and I've seen the Dormouse, and I've seen the Dormouse