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THE NEW HUNDREDTH

LONDONIAD

(COMPLETE IN ITSELF):

GIVING A FULL DESCRIPTION OF THOSE

PRINCIPAL ESTABLISHMENTS

IN THE CAPITAL OF ENGLAND

WHICH ARE THE MOST SUITABLE FOR CANADA, &c.

BEING THE CONTINUATION OF AN UNIVERSITY

GREAT PRIZE POEM ON THE ARTS;

ALSO CONTAINING PIECES ON

CELEBRATED PERSONAGES

IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND IN CANADA,

FORMING ALTOGETHER EPISODES IN A GRAND

Universal Poem on the Arts.

BY JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE,

OF TORQUAY, DEVON, LATE OF TORONTO AND OTTAWA, UPPER CANADA,
CANADA FINANCE DELEGATE TO ENGLAND,

*Author of the "Conquest of Canada," "Ancient America," "Pictorial Description of the
British Provinces in North America," "Geological Survey of Lake Superior,"
"The Elysium of Art," "Lambo of Science," "Men of the Time,"
"Canada as a Field for Enterprise," "Satire
upon the Yankees," &c., &c.*

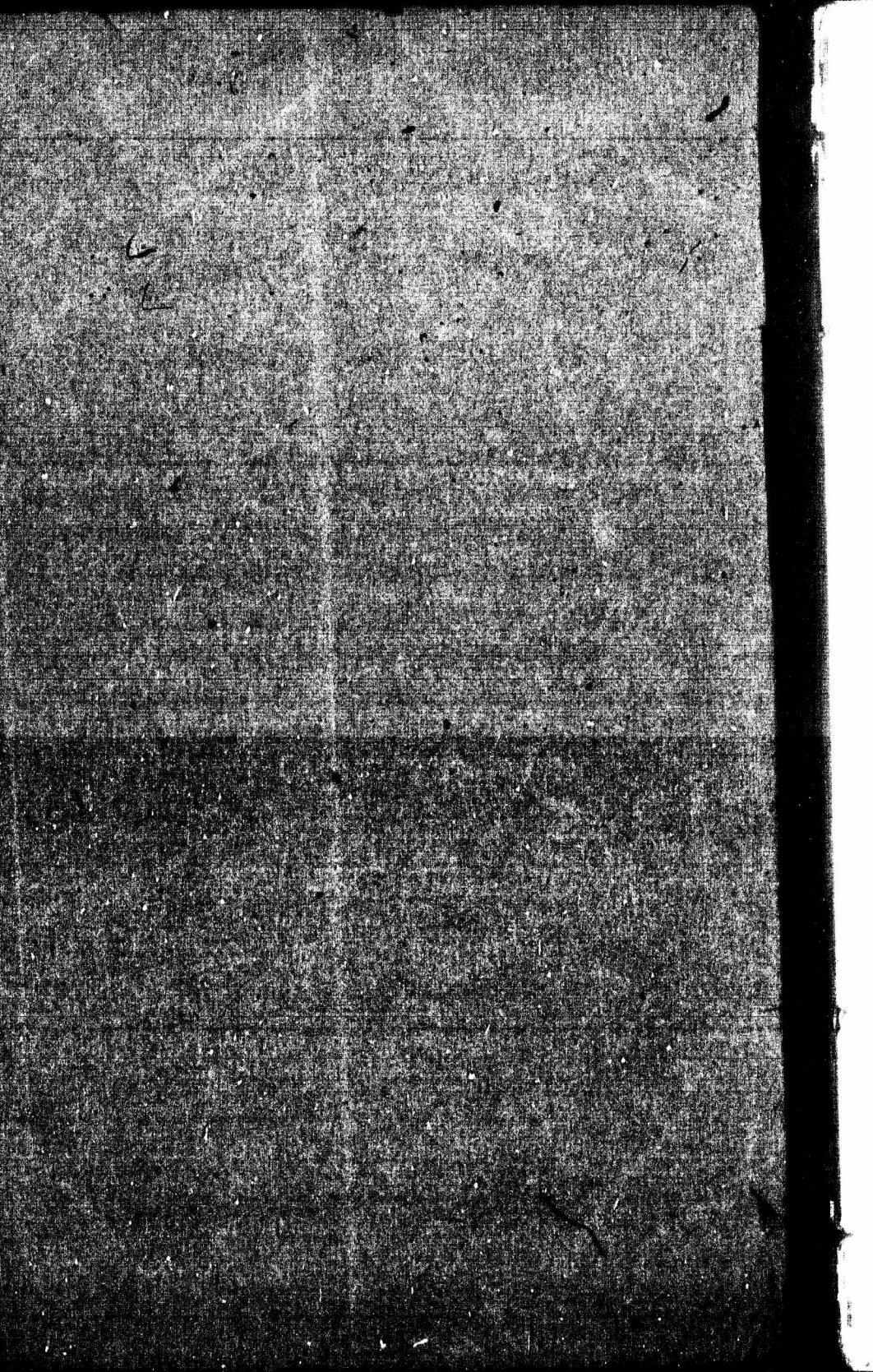
"Dulcique animos novitate tenebo."—OVID.

PRINTED BY FORTESQUE, McALPINE, AND DESMOND, PRINTERS TO THE
EXECUTIVE, SELMA IN MORVEN, AND PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR
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THIS IS THE EDITION FOR 1879-80-81.

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BY

JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE,
Canada Finance Delegate to England.



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OF TORQUAY, DEVON, LATE OF TORONTO AND OTTAWA, UPPER
CANADA.

WINNER of Seven University Scholarships, thirty prizes before each (there were no more to win), and more than Five Hundred First Prizes, and over Three Thousand Testimonials; Author of the "Conquest of Canada," "Ancient America," "Pictorial Description of the British Provinces in North America," "Geological Survey of Lake Superior," "The Migration of Niagara," "The Future of Erie," "The Course of the Ottawa in Past Ages," "The Elysium of Art," "Limbo of Science," "Men of the Time," "Dictionary of all the Proper Names mentioned in the Classics and the Poets of Great Britain and Ireland" (this will not be printed, but be reserved in MS. for private use by the Author and his Friends), "The Messiah and the Prophet," "Benevolence of Deity," "Canada as a Field for Enterprise," "A Paraphrase of the Prophets, Evangelists, and Apostles from their Original," "A Paraphrase of Alcoran from the Original Arabic, with New Notes," "The Vedas, (in progress) a Translation," "La Henriade," a Translation in Prose, Blank Verse and Rhyme," "Arts and Artists in Classic and in Mediaeval Times and in the Renaissance Period," "History of the French Kings, a Poem," "A Poetical History of Canada," "Contemplations in Canada, a Poem," "Canada in the Next Millennial Age," "Calvary, a Sacred Poem," "The Genius of Devon (an Oration), Devon, Historical and Descriptive," "The History and Genius of Scotland" (an Oration), "The History and Genius of Ireland" (an Oration), "The Resurrection of Poland" (an Oration), "The Landed Tenure of England in the Druidical Cycle, through the Roman Epoch, &c., into the Saxon Period, until the Era of the Norman Invasion (a Poem)" that pertaining to later times is now in progress, "The Land Reclamation of England," a Poem, Ditto, an Oration, "The Causes of the Rise, Decline, and Fall of Nations" (a Temperance Oration), "Hope and Memory" (An Oration), "The Mutations of Science" (upwards of 70,000 Illustrative Notes), "Noah's Descent from Mount Ararat," a novel Exemplification of Natural History, a Poem, "Joshua in Ajalon," an "Astronomical Poem," "Creation! the Myriad Age; or the Seven Days' Wonder," "Aboriginal Legends" (American Indian), "A Walk along the Slopes and Plains of (under) the Northern Atlantic" (a Mental Survey), "A(n) ideal Battle between Niagara Falls and Mount Vesuvius (a Geological Conflict)," "Life of Mahomet," a Satirical Biography, "The Messiah," "Fairy Land," "Notes on Milton," a Review of His more Eminent Commentators from Richardson, Sire and Son, to Sir Egerton Brydges, "The Women of Shakespeare" (a Poem), "Flowers of the Wilderness" (a Series of Poems), "Speeches" (prepared in early youth for pioneer candidates), "The Student in the Forest," "Literary Adventurer," "The United Empire Loyalists of UPPER CANADA" (a Series of Biographies), "Eminent Vegetarians from the Hippomolgi and Pythagoras, to Wesley and Shelley" ("before and after"), "Shelley in Spirit Land" (a Poem), "The New Alastor, or the Spirit of Enterprise" (a Poem), "To Thanatopsis" (a Poem), "The Albertiad" (a Poem), "Friendships of the Classic Ages" (a Poem), "The Dark Wave of Futurity," an Epic Poem, "Indian Legends," "Celebrated British American Indians," "Pioneer Families in Ottawa," "The Inedited Poems of Sir Isaac Brock," Hero of "UPPER CANADA, and of General James Wolfe" (the Taker of Quebec), "Memoirs of the Montcalm Family" (never before published), "The Descendants of the Lords of the Isles (Scotland) in the New World," "Specimens of 1000 Poets, Orators, and General Writers in the New Dominion" (CANADA), "Contrasts of Character," 3000 from the Earliest Ages to Washington and Bonaparte (Napoleon the First), "The Babyloniad," DRS IRE OF THE LONDONIAD (a Satire on Rogues and Impertinents, in which all the names, however unpronounceable many of them might appear to be in prose, will still be made to rhyme—in progress. Herein are immortalized all the characters introduced with their names in full), THE THEMISIAD. "A Satire

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☞ "What Eminent Men of all Countries have said about Yankees" (a Series of Philippics).

"The modern adaptation (commonly called Invention) of printing to Literary works, proved to be not by Coster, or any of his countrymen, but by Castaldi of Italy."

"James Watt, of Greenock, the *Improver*, and Thomas Newcomen, of Dartmouth, the *INVENTOR* of the Steam Engine."

"On the Indebtedness of Newton and Halley to Flamstead."

"A defence of the Druids against certain aspersions cast upon them by Julius Cæsar, Plinius, and Diodorus."

"A poetical paraphrase of Miss Rogers' 'Domestic Life in Palestine.'"

"Noctes Occidentalis; being notes to William Pittman Letts' Poem 'Bytown (now the city of Ottawa), and its Old (early) Inhabitants' is in progress. The "THEMISIAD, a Bar and Bench Satire," the names are in full. The more famous Bar champion Drinking Songs of England, Ireland, and Scotland, emparodied into Temperance Do. "A Defence of the North American Aborigines, exposing Falsehoods, Robberies, and Murders of the Yankees" (an Oration).

"The Professorial Theological must of necessity be an Obstructor of Progress toward Science, and to all attempts at Discovery, as evidenced in the Annals of Astronomy, Geology, Navigation, and all the Arts in many Ages" (an Essay).

"On the necessity of Æsthetical and elevated Ideality for freeing Art from the trammels of mere transcriptorial Mechanism" (this is an Essay which took Prizes, or Diplomas in France, Germany, and England), and at the thirteen great Schools of Art in Italy, Florence, Siena, Rome, Naples, Venice, Mantua, Modena, Parma, Cremona, Milan, Bologna, Ferrara, and Genoa, Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy in England, wrote the Preface, and Victor-Emanuel-Taparelli, Marquis D'Azeglio, himself a renowned Artist and Diplomatist, became its publisher upon the Continent.

Sole Contractor for the New Parliamentary Library. Is prepared to supply Individuals and Public Institutions in British America, with New Books, to any extent, from Great Britain and the Continent, at three, six, nine, or twelve months' credit, AND WILL FULLY REPRESENT TO THE PEOPLE OF CANADA ANY LONDON HOUSE WHOSE CARD AND POEM MAY APPEAR IN THE LONDONIAD.

March, 1879.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

"A man is thought rude to his reader who does not give him some account beforehand of what he is to expect in the Book."—WILLIAM WALSH, 1663—1709. Dr. Samuel Johnson's, Edit.

You have all seen the splendidly Illuminated Book, containing Seven Hundred and Fifty Letters of Introduction, out of which I cause two to be here reprinted. We will begin, if you please, with—

"Casual words
Of comment on my deeds. Praise from my Uncle."
JAMES A. HILLHOUSE, "*Demetria*," 1789—1841.

The well-known Builder, of London (Eng.), first printed May, 1858.

"The bearer of this note is a nephew of mine, who left London at a very early age, and proceeded to Canada, where he remained for upwards of twenty years.

(Here is a Biographical Sketch).

"His business habits, intelligence, and amiable deportment, will soon render him familiar to those gentlemen who will find pleasure in conversing with a young Englishman just returned to his native country after a long absence."

July, 1855.

J. LIDSTONE.

(Copy.) 50, Old Bailey, London, and Dartmouth Park, Kent.
(The original is in possession of Sir James Duke, Bart., M.P.)

"Sir Duke! be here to-night,"—THOS. GAY, "*Duke upon Duke*."

It is known that when mine uncle, after being solicited, by "a numerously signed requisition"—of course, to allow his name to be put forward as councilman for the ward in which he lived, had declined, he brought out Sir James Duke, who afterwards became alderman, and headed the poll as one of the Members for the City of London (England), all these might my relative have realized but

————— Different minds
Incline to different objects."—DR. MARK AKENSIDE.

he "chose the better part,"

The title of City Knight or Bart.,
Could to him no charm impart;

especially as emanating from that Guildhall.

"Great Nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns,"—POPE, "*The Dunciad*."

Here each may exclaim, in the words of the same Author,—

"In Lud's old walls long I ruled, renowned
Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound."

POPE'S "*Dunciad*."

beside even Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, Guelph, Watten, all would look small, when compared to whatever name might be borne by a descendant of CARACTACUS (please see the New 8th LONDONIAD).

"The Spirit of Caractacus descends."

WORDSWORTH'S "*Ecclesiastica! Sonnets*."

"What Bell was that?"—ABRAHAM COWLEY.

CHARLES BELL, ESQ., M.P., FOR THE CITY OF
LONDON, AND THE AUTHOR OF THE
LONDONIAD.

"Who was't broke the Abracadabresian spell
That bound London? we know and love him well,
The Constitution's champion, hail Charles Bell."

It will be remembered in the *ambitus* of Candidature, and at the Great

Conservative Meeting held in the large room at the Cannon Street Station (Sir R. Carden in the chair),

"Go, see Sir Robert,"—POPE "*Epilogue to the Satires*," Dial. i.

"You'll merit everlasting fame, Sir Robert."

BRAMSTON'S "*Imit. Art of Poetry*."

That Mr. Bell paid a sterling tribute to CANADA, which the New Dominion will not forget. And at the same time congratulated the audience on the presence in their midst of the Author of the LONDONIAD. And said an example had here been set to the Mayor of that day, who ought to have been present.

(It is something "to be praised by one himself deserving of praise," *laudari a viro laudato*.)

He, continuing, said in regard to Mr. Lidstone;—"The City of London will here to-day show its appreciation of his intellectual excellence and moral worth. He seems gifted with ubiquity; wherever the claims of CANADA are to be defended or advanced, his never-failing eloquence is brought to bear. He has this day in transactions of a monetary nature borne the triumph for three parts of a continent—CANADA and Mexico, but oratorical and financial opulence though large are still even amongst the very least of his merits, and I think it impossible in the very nature of things that a worthier representative should ever hail even from our Sister in the West. Untiring and intrepid, his generosity and tact, if not altogether impossible to equal in, and vainly hoped for by other dependencies, would at least prove a great accession to any country, as it must and does to that great and streamy land which he so gloriously represents. I, therefore, propose three cheers for the Finance Delegate of a favourite and favoured colony."

FROM

THE GREAT FINANCIER, THE CHEVALIER L'AVEILLET-DUPONT.

(The following is one of the 750 Letters and Testimonials to the Author of the LONDONIAD, which are published in illuminated characters,) to whom our Beloved Friends in Britain gave twenty-five millions of pounds sterling, wherewith to begin our Grand Railways in CANADA, and who were too wise to lend the Yankees any amount however small.

"Quoi! Chevalier!"—MOLIERE, "*La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*."

He is not one of those sort of Directors so liberally satirized by the Witty Dean of St. Patrick, in his Poem, "*The South Sea Project*;" he is

"The safe Director and secure."—EARL ROCHESTER'S *Poems*.

One whom, in the language of Milton,

"Not to know him argues—ourselves unknown,"

and whose memorable presence always recalls to my mind brilliant ideas and glowing language.

"O pouvoir merveilleux de l'imagination! Le plaisir d'inventer ma fable, le soin de l'arranger, l'impression d'intérêt que faisait sur moi-même le premier aperçu des situations que je préméditais, tout cela me saisit et me détacha de moi-même au point de me rendre croyable tout ce que l'on raconte des ravissements extatiques."—MARMONTEL, "*Mémoires*."

"No one knows the wants of this colony better than Mr. Lidstone. As an art student and writer upon general manufactures he is without a rival: he is the best art student that ever CANADA reared. During his residence as Finance Delegate in England, he will publish an account of those manu-

factories whose productions are required by us, and will give his friends in London the names of substantial parties in the New Dominion with whom they may desire to correspond.

"CANADA is under many and great obligations to Mr. Lidstone. He took our debentures when few were willing, and fewer still were able, and as the interest became due he would only accept such again in debentures. He has by his wisdom and energy caused our Colonial Debentures to be more eagerly sought after than any other paper issue on this Continent. He it was who first caused an impetus to be given, whereby were established our monetary triumphs in the mother country. He stood our friend in the dark time, and we greatly welcome him in this our day of comparative opulence and prosperity."

The Books of the above enlightened gentleman may not be placed in—

"—— the catalogue of wares,
In dry vats from Frankfort fairs."

SAMUEL BUTLER'S "*Hudibras*."

He is not a mere money grub, and must not be placed in the same category with—

"Jew Rothschild and his fellow Christian Baring."—BYRON'S "*Don Juan*."

For beside the classic works associated with his name, *vide* former LONDONIADS, he is *au fait* in "Algebra, Geometry, Arithmetic, Astronomy, Optics, Chronology, and Statics—parts of Mathematics."—DR. LITTLETON.

While his wife, I will not here adopt the Yankeeified appellation of 'His Lady,' will remind the visitor in all intellectuality and gracefulness of Lady Eastlake.

(Speaking of Sir Charles, I may say—

"Eastlake, whose presence and guidance I enjoyed."—THOMAS MOORE.)

"No woman ever had more than she has le ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie, les manières engageantes et le je ne sais quoi qui plait."

STANHOPE, LORD CHESTERFIELD, on Lady Hervey,
praised by M. D. Voltaire.

HOW THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD BECAME A FINANCIER.

Mir glüht die ganze Seele bei dem Gedanken endlich einmal aufzutreten, und die Menschen in das Herz hinein zu reden, was sie sich so lange zu hören sehnen.—GÖTTE.

My debentures were not an offering from

"A poor Indian Slave of Mexico."—POMFREY'S *Poems*.

"—— the security being what Rothschild calls *goot*.

A loan will (not) 'be shortly—of course' set on foot;

The parties are not Rothschild, A. Baring & Co.,
Or three other pawnbrokers each taking a toe."—DODSLEY.

SIGNOR ORMANDI THE EMINENT MEXICAN FINANCIER, AND THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

"After the Emperor was shot I went begging over Europe and America for some one, or more, to take our debentures. The different races had imbibed the notion that we were a lawless people, and I could not make any headway, at last a relative of mine asked me why I did not try the B.N. American Colonies, and that a well-known literary gentleman, whom he mentioned, was at the present time in London, and that if anything could be done he would do it. I accordingly called upon Mr. Lidstone, who, in

different mode of manners and language to what I had lately been subjected, said: 'I have had the pleasure of hearing your name mentioned in connexion with many sterling enterprises, and looked forward to that day in which I might be peculiarly favoured by receiving a visit from you. I have a few letters to write for immediate transmittal by post, *ad interim*, be kindly pleased (for I can at the same time both listen, converse, and write, too) 'esponete il fatto caso.' This I did. He said, 'Let me see what you have, my glorious Signor Ormandi, let me see what you have, *'s'il vous plait!*' My courier in the meantime brought them forth in a sort of open hamper. 'O, that,' said Mr. Lidstone, is what in Devonshire is called a flasket, they are open enough in all reason.' After observing for half a moment he, continuing, said, 'I'll drop Mexico altogether and accept your personal guarantee: in this manner I'll put my name at the backs of a few of the smaller kind, and should any of them be returned within a stated time to me dishonoured, you allow me from six to eight per cent.' I agreed to this. Thus, what I had striven to accomplish for two years, with incessant toil fruitlessly, was brought to this happy issue in less than one lustrum of the hour (10 minutes)."

I may mention by way of note that not any of the debentures were ever returned to me, but that at the end of nine months I received full interest upon the whole.—J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

The Emperor above alluded to was,

"Maximilian! best and bravest—there the tried and true,
On the fatal field thou bravest nobly did all men could do;
Vainly there those heroes rally on Montezumas's shore."—

CHAS. F. HOFFMAN.

Signor Ormandi was a non-belligerent when

"The far-stretch'd coast of Mexico,
Arm'd in either cause."—DYER'S "Fleece."

Although he was often an attendant near

"The Square, the oriel window, where in heroic days
Sat the Poet singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise."—

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, 1807.

But since then

"There had been a wail for him in Mexico,
Short time had pass'd, when by the rabble (!) hands
Of his own subjects (?) in ignoble bands
He fell."—ROBT. C. SANDS, 1799—1832.

His "reign" may have been short, but it will prove through the long ages yet to come the most interesting of all the—

"Empires famed of old or of later name,
Mexican in that new world beyond
The wide Atlantic."—DAVID MALLETT, "The Excursion," Canto II.

Had my hero been a Yankee, in the words of Milton I would have said

"Farthest from him is best."

By birth (his country has always been associated in my mind with the greatest mental achievements of mankind). He is an Italian.

Unlike a certain hero of James A. Hillhouse, the famous and beloved Poet of "Hadad," it may not be said he

"Has told a doubted tale describing Mexic'."—

R. C. SANDS, "The Judgment," Part XVI.

but ingenuously revealed the object of his mission—

"Hither from Mexico I came."—DR. DELANEY.

I have

Received many invitations since that eventful time,
To visit the Politico-Volcanic Atzic clime.

but

"I may not woo the
Breezes of the South!
Among the palms of Mexico."—W. C. BRYANT.

Even the blissful clime of CANADA,

where fairy scenes long for twenty years
Of youth and childhood charm'd mine eyes and ears,
May never more envelope me in its atmosphere.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

(The following will not be confounded with "Notices of the Press," for upon such I look with supreme contempt.)

CRITIQUE ON THE LONDONIAD BY THE EMINENT AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS, WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

"We will now consider what the Brothers Chambers, William and Robert Chambers, say concerning these things."—HON. AND REV. BAPTIST NOEL.

[EXTRACT.]

The ingenuity of his invocations is deserving of all praise. To him the very difficulties of the subject are not only grappled with, but made subservient to poetic ends. There is a grandeur of conception about him which exceeds the highest flight of Bon Gualtier's muse. We doubt whether any poet, British or foreign, has ever before gone so straight to the subject, and yet never omitted to mingle with it some element of the sublime, as Mr. Lidstone.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD. FROM THE LATE ENGLISH CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS.

"Lewis no longer in high dudgeon: now
In his soul the milder virtues glow."

RONSARD, French Poet.

(In his correspondence with Sir Edmund Head—himself a well-known writer upon Art—Governor-General of Canada.)

[EXTRACT.]

No poet, ancient or modern, has ever shown himself to be so perfect a master of terms in arts and technics of science; and although some of his productions may resemble Michael Angelo's Dream in the National Gallery, seeming confusedly thrown together, yet so perfect a literary artist is he, that all will be found equally perfect with that extraordinary picture of the great Florentine. His prose articles, even to the foot-notes, when such appear, bespeak great energy of character, almost universality of knowledge, and are perfect orations. There is no single piece, either prose or poetry, in which some original idea or mode of expression peculiarly grand does not exhibit itself. I have not met with a false or hackneyed simile in the Londoniad, notwithstanding their profusion, while many of them are startling enough. He seems early to have established for himself a system of perfect rhyme, while his talent for quotation and powers of illustration show how deeply and extensively a sprightly mind may become imbued with classical and legendary lore, and at the same time be *au fait* in all that relates to practical science.

My conversations concerning Milton with "the fairest of critics" will be published hereafter. I had been engaged in Annotating the Works of my

Favourite Bard for many years "at stated times," the MS. of which, so far as I had up to that time gone, proceeded or progressed, being for nearly a year in the possession of Sir George, I having left the same with him at his request, when one evening, meeting him by appointment at Kent House, Knightsbridge, he was pleased to say, "There are many explanations here (taking up the notes in his hand) that appear new to me, for instance," casting his eye upon certain lines in *Comus*. "That," I replied, "was written by me before I had read any of the annotators upon Milton. I at a later period, and now may say that I have read them all. But Richardson 'Son and Sire,' who were the first, declare the meaning unknown to them, and Sir Egerton Brydges, who was the last truly great Miltonic scholar, passes it by without notice." He then naively said, "Commentators, like compilers, are generally plodders, and too often rest contentedly upon the laurels of other men. I fear, however, 'tis too late to force an opinion upon the world." I replied by saying that I did not offer what I had said as an opinion, but would strive to illuminate the by no means "dark saying," and referred to the early Spanish writers upon America. He continued, "We will keep to the point; I do not speak Spanish; is there any author you can refer me to in regard to this?" I rallied my memory and said, "Yes, Sir George, Washington Irving." He said, "I'll see," and returned in a few minutes with a volume which I had named. I showed him the passage in question, whereto he was satisfied, and kindly spake unto me these words, "You have a fine memory and good literary taste. I hear you have the first Book of 'Paradise Lost,' and all the Latin poems of Milton by heart." I replied, "I dare not arrogate to myself the knowledge of the latter, but 'Paradise Lost' was my pocket-companion for many years, and I have the twelve books by heart."

(At one time during this conversation, observing the spirit of Pyrrhonism which was now animating our disciple of Zoilus, I exclaimed, "Sir George Cornwall Lewis, you, like the Elean philosopher, and Metrodorus of Chios, and Eldon in later times, seem to be imbued with the doubting principle." He wittily answered me thus (without a smile, Democritus never grinned through him), "I should not care to possess the adhesive qualities claimed by every stationer for his, it may be, patent envelope." The stationers of the *Londoniad* I told him were Sheriff Nissen, and Waterlow; he answered, "I do not desire to know that, we are met for a more important purpose." * * *)

"——— Lewis comes
To level those Altars to the sod."

"*The Henriade Canto*," VI.

' SIR EDMUND HEAD, WRITER ON ART,
FORMERLY GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN CANADA,
AND THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

"Sir Edmund first ————
Leads up the show ————."

DRYDEN, "17th Prologue."

Alluding to a favourable critique on the *Londoniad*, by Sir George Cornwall Lewis * * * "and this coming from a sort of Diogenes, who declared Hallam's History of Literature "dry, meagre, and ill-written," who said that he picked up his little German (the little that he knew? J. T. S. L.) from a serving-woman."

He, who said that "Macaulay's remarks on the ancient philosophy are (for the most part?) shallow and ignorant in the extreme . . . there is generally throughout the article (LORD BACON in the *Edinburgh Review*) a want of soundness and coherency, and a puerile affectation of tinsel ornaments," &c. And speaking of *Pickwick* (the scene of which was) cast in your vicinity "its popularity, though rapid and extensive, will I think, be short-lived." Who says of the Duke of Wellington's despatches "his political views are so narrow, and if he had had more knowledge, he would have been a statesman." Who says that Carlyle "belongs to a class whose business is to

deny all accurate knowledge, and all processes for arriving at accurate knowledge," and what will come nearer home to you.

"What a picture of Walter Scott's character is exhibited in Lockhart's life of him! How low and vulgar his objects, and how sordid his view of literature! He contracted to deliver novels as a Manchester manufacturer might contract to deliver bales of calico, and he received the money in advance in order to buy farms or pay for gilt furniture."

..... The following relates to the drowning of his son:—

"Nor could all from Edmund turn aside
The strokes of Death. Go, traveller; relate
The mournful story. Haply some fair maid
May hold it in remembrance."

AKENSIDE, *Inscription 11.*

"There doth Edmund rest."—*IBID.*, 3rd *Inscription.*

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD. THE FOLLOWING IS FROM MY ENGLISH PRINTERS.

DEAR SIR,—Had the present edition of your work been placed in our hands two or three weeks ago, we should, without doubt, been able to have got it up in time. As we happen to know you have bound yourself to a given period in regard to the publishing of the same: therefore we should not like to, and indeed we would not, disappoint you. We have done a great deal of printing for you during the many years in which we have been favoured with your confidence; and whatever may have been the amount of our accounts, it was all the same to you, and always paid with equal grace and alacrity. It must now be a source of pleasurable remembrance to us, that we, at least in these times, have experienced the wisdom and courtesy of an honourable and enlightened business gentleman.

(Signed) ADAMS & KING, 7, Wilderness Row, London.

"On the faith of a printer things look black."

PHILIP FRENEAU, 1752—1832, *Poem on the Rivingtons' (of America).*

The only reason for printing the above letter in the present *Londoniad* is this:—Requiring a few extra copies, 6000 in number, of the 19th edition of the work named, I unhappily left the order for the same with a certain character who was not a printer (this, of course, I did not know) and who farmed out the work, "the way he did it was a caution;" I could never get the work out of his hands; it was a loss, small indeed, but still a loss. I have not heard anything about the affair for the last year or more, but when I do I will publish all his letters of excuses, for the good of the public. The present Chief Justice of Common Pleas, while Solicitor-General, was to have been retained at a fee of 300*l.* per diem, provided by our Native Prince Alesandre (please see his letter to me in the present *Londoniad*), which sum is ready as a fee, refresher, inspirer, or whatever the technic may be, for the present Attorney-General on the first move being made by this *so-disant* printer, and I here say again for the 100,000th time, that nothing so much tends to ease, comfort, and joy in life, as to be connected in business transactions with practical personages.

JOHN, THE FIRST LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO,
D.D., LL.D.,

AND THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

The Funeral Oration on the beloved Patron of my youth, the greatest Prelate of this or any age, appears in a former *LONDONIAD*. There are two Orationes besides ready for the press, and a long poem upon the same subject. To the Memorial Church I will give a Stained Glass Window.

The retro-archetypalgraphice of which, THE NATIVITY AND THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI, the Great Art Deed, *par excellence*, of our time is now on a staircase of my Mother's place in London (England).

"MOST noble Lord, the pillar of my life,
And patron of my Muses' pupillage,
Through whose large bounty poured on me rife,
In the first season of my feeble age
I now doe live." EDMUND SPENSER, *Sonnet*.

"Hail! best of Bishops."—REV. SAMUEL SAY.

"His head an index to the Sacred Volume,
His very name a title page, and next,
His life a commentary on the text."

JOHN COTTON on Benjamin Woodbridge, 1650.

"How oft the Bishop's form I see, and hear that thrilling tone."

WILLIAM CROSWELL, 1804-51.

The Archbishop of Canterbury's (Sumner) Letter to the AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD appears in the 10th LONDONIAD.

"Come, Sumner, wise, and chaste as chaste can be."

CHURCHILL, "*The Candidate*."

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

London, March 28th, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you sincerely for the poem which you have been good enough to write and to send me. It does great credit to you as a literary artist and a scholar, and will, I trust, be of service to your future career.

I am, ever yours, faithfully, N. CARD. WISEMAN.

To James T. S. Lidstone, Esq., 12, Lower Calthorpe Street, W.C.

(The poem alluded to appears in the 5th LONDONIAD.)

"————— Parnassia laurus,
Parva sub ingenti matris se subicit umbra vir."

"The Cardinal has return'd."

BULWER, "*Richelieu*," and SHELLEY, "*The Cenci*."

The Ecclesiastical Prince, whose learning and love of Art were known over the world.

"Words are but a slight tribute to the unexampled worth of Henry."

MRS. SHELLEY's "*Frankenstein*."

"To Sherwood praise —————,"—DRAYTON's "*Polyolbion*," Song 26.

HON. HENRY SHERWOOD, PRIME MINISTER UNDER THE CONSERVATIVE ADMINISTRATION.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

Hon. James Torrington Spencer Lidstone is about to visit the city of * * in order to have some engravings executed, and to commemorate in verse the rise and prosperity of that city. I know him to be a gentleman of more than ordinary talent, and I beg leave to introduce him to the attention of the citizens of that place.

HENRY SHERWOOD, M.P.P.

Any undertaking which Mr. Lidstone enters upon to carry out his object, as above stated, I agree to pay towards it the sum of * * * * (this was kindness on the part of our Western Prince, but no sum was required).—H. S.

Adieu, Henricus, "Cape dona extrema tuorum."

I have spoken in a former LONDONIAD regarding a marble bust

"For Sherwood."—BYRON'S "*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*."

I long

"To tread the forest's lone arcades,
And dream of Sherwood."—WM. G. GALLAGHER.

Even now

"I hear the voice of other years arise upon the winds."—OSSIAN.

"As from the grave where Henry sleeps."—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

Extract of a letter from Mrs. MOODIE,

"The Sappho of this western clime,
The Hemans of our Colonies."—ORATOR OF THE WEST.

(wife of High Sheriff Moodie, County of Hastings), sister of the great historian, Agnes Strickland, and herself the authoress of several popular works.)

"You have within you all the elements of true greatness, noble mental powers, a splendid memory, a candid and unprejudiced spirit, above fear, and above envy."

P.S.—There is besides a long Poem, written by this learned lady upon the now Author of the LONDONIAD, which will be printed in a prospective edition of that Work.

THE MACKINNON, M.P., F.R.S., CHIEF OF CLAN FHI'NNON, &C., AUTHOR OF SEVERAL WORKS,

AND THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

"Cuimhnich bas Alpin!"

(Remember the death of Alpin!)

"*Cath-Ghairm, or Battle-shout of the Mackinnons*."

"Son of an old and honourable house,
Mackinnon."—ROBERT SOUTHEY, 35th *Inscription*.

Chief Mackinnon (please see 6th LONDONIAD) hath placed upon record the following observation:—"I never met with any gentleman whose reading was so extensive and varied, and whose knowledge of Art and Science was so general, of men and manners so acute. . . . That great Allen Street speech of Mr. Lidstone's did more to check Emigration than all the proffered aid and force of Government could to advance it." The speech here alluded to appears in the 19th LONDONIAD.

LORD BROUGHAM AND THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

(Reprinted and Inscribed to the ROYAL GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.)

"And yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons
Call El Dorado."—MILTON'S "*Paradise Lost*."

At the British Guiana meeting, in Store Street, Tottenham Court Road, Lord Brougham presiding, as Chairman; among those speakers on the platform were George Thompson, formerly M.P. for the Tower Hamlets; Washington Wilks, two or three Holy Boys from the Caribbean Islands, Sir Francis Hincks, now in CANADA, then Governor in the West Indies, and the Secretary of State (I do not choose to remember his name) of Massachu-

sets. In the course of delivering his speech, Lord Brougham said the study of Geology, above that of all other sciences, tends to expand the mind, and free it from the trammels of fanaticism. Here, no longer held within the confines of a few centuries,

He sees in time as many years
As there are miles along the spheres.

In tracing the course of literature through nations, making allowance for the abrupts and chaotic darkness intervening—breaking over the shoals and quicksands of barbarous or semi-barbarous ages, but still meandering, though perhaps engulfed from human sight, causing to rise in the remembrance of the scholar, Cowper's simile of the Halcyon, we find at its spring-head the spirit of Homer, hence poetry partaking intrinsically of the ideal ("and Ideality is a prime feature of the human soul") hath permeated the literature of all races with a never-ending vitality; without it the Voice of History were dumb, and the Sciences had not revealed their functions. The language and the meaning of Art in its greater cycles—Minervian and Cecilian—had been as complete a blank, as that—I cannot say unfolded, to our view by the once mighty system of Druidical learning, the fabric of which falling, became its own sepulchre, but that rare union of the elevated ideal and the thoroughly practical was wanting; man, in the first case, became too highly etherialized for our lower planet, and in the second and last, he became of the earth earthy, "cast in the happy medium." I see here to-day James Torrington Spencer Lidstone, with whom I would have joyed to correspond, whose counterpart, could I have met such in my intercourse through life, must have given a more certain direction to the almost terrible energy of youth, would have taught me to husband the vigour of manhood, as it does now tend to shed a revivifying influence upon the cool evening of my life. I am unable to read the whole poem (please see the 7th LONDONIAD), but I am relieved by what I hear, that you have it circulated amongst you in print. I rejoice thus to offer my, it may be humble, but earnest tribute, and I will let no occasion pass in declaring my appreciation of his unexampled worth as a scholar, the gem of scholastic institutes, from which the rough edges have been abraided, and without being affected by anything of its contaminating influence—the true gentleman of the world. Let the sentiment faintly uttered, and in comparative seclusion here to-day "be the precursor of the voice of posterity through all lands," as the Paragon of Art, *Littérateur des Artes*, he stands at the head of Art Literature in his time, nor can the annals of the world in all the times before him show an equal.

"————— John ————— Beverley."

SIR W. SCOTT, "*Contributions to Minstrelsy, 'The Grey Brother.'*"

"Robinson, a very good name in that country."—DANIEL DEFOE.

SIR J. L. ROBINSON, BART.

I, and hundreds of thousands more in CANADA who trace their origin to other countries, as well as those who inhabit that blissful land of their birth, will, though in tears of affectionate remembrance, exult—

"————— to have known the days
Wherein your father flourished."—MILTON, 10th Sonnet.

I was a very young man in the day in which I first stood in the presence of the Prince of his race. He gave me his name then, and many a time after, and all, long before I could have any idea of sending over the Atlantic from the banks of the English Thames my blessing to your fine-hearted family.

☞ "Oh! great restorer of the good-old stage."—POPE.

On the demise of Mr. Phelps I mentally ejaculated, The reclamation of the Land! in the day of its consummation, when the people shall own this Island and be the source of Power; the Minister of Public Works shall take precedence of the legal Chancellor, and the Thaumaturgi of the drama rank at least with the Archbishops of York and Canterbury.—J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

**HIS EXCELLENCY LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR
HOWLAND,**

appears in several of the later LONDONIADS.

"Words, in current clear

Will flow, and on a welcome page appear,

Duly before thy sight, Howland."

WM. WORDSWORTH, "*Epistle to Sir George Howland Beaumont.*"

"He in all learning every art is skill'd,

That e'er lit soul, or human heart e'er thrill'd."

From the Greek of CHESBY by J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

THE REV. PRESIDENT JOHN McCAUL, LL.D.,

The Publishers of the "*Men of the Time*" asked me to provide a Biographical Sketch for a certain new edition of that work. I chose the greatest Classical Scholar in America (to whom I paid a tribute in the 14th and 19th LONDONIADS).

"Learned and wise, hath perished utterly, Babylon,

Nor leaves her Speech, one word to aid the sigh

That would lament her; Memphis, Tyre, are gone,

With all their Arts. But classic lore glides on,

Saved for all posterity."

WORDSWORTH'S "*Ecclesiastical Sonnets.*"

W. H. BOULTON, Esq., M.P. FOR TORONTO,

AND THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

The bearer of this, Hon. James T. Spencer Lidstone, a gentleman possessing most singular powers as a Poet, and to so great an extent, that he has in consequence become a great favourite with a very large portion of our population.

He has numerous and warm friends and supporters, to whom much pleasure will be afforded, as well as to myself, if in his anticipated visit to . . . and other portions of . . . his peculiar talents and social qualities are appreciated to the same extent that they have been in Canada.

July 3rd, 1852.

W. H. BOULTON, M.P.P. Toronto.

"William Henry's forebairns came from the *Bolt in Tun,*

And that 'tis traced the great Boulton name from London."

EVAN MCCOY, Settlers' Agent, Glengary.

**STEWART DERBISHIRE, THE FIRST MEMBER
FOR OTTAWA,**

AND THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

The following letter is from the truly princely English gentleman :—

Toronto, August 8th, 1851.

"I have known Mr. Lidstone from the earliest years of his infancy, and his family long before. He is not only eminent for his poetical and oratorical talents, but I know him to be a perfect gentleman, possessing a very great amount of general knowledge; energetic and enterprising, his unbounded generosity and amiable deportment have won him many warm-hearted and powerful friends throughout Eastern and Western Canada. I am prepared to give my bond for any engagement into which Mr. Lidstone may enter.

STEWART DERBISHIRE.

"While genius lasts, his fame shall ne'er decay,

Whose artful hand first caused its fruits to spread,

In lasting volumes stamp the printed lay,

And taught the Muses to embalm the dead."—THOMAS COLE.

QUEEN TA-PA-TA-MEE,

The glory of Upper Canada; the only American-Indian Queen on the Western Continent (whose nation is civilized, temperate, and devoted to the Arts), addressed to the Author of the LONDONIAD a beautiful letter which appears in the nineteenth edition of that work. Poems appear in several editions.

"And she the glorious Indian Queen,
The Angel of the woodland green,
The miracle of God's own hand,
The tutelary of this land."—JAMES K. PAULDING.

It was in a lovely district of Upper Canada that I first met her—

"Vernal, in midst of maple trees,
Flowers, springs, and alleys, all alive with odorous breeze."

ORBS, "*The Picture of Human Life*," translated from the Greek by the Author of the LONDONIAD.

"Not Eden could a fairer prospect yield."—DRYDEN

And I exclaimed, in the words of a poet, alas! but little now—but, let us hope, in after times destined to be better—known; for I was slightly entranced—

"Most graceful goddess! whether now thou art
Hunting the hart in the silent heart
Of some old, quiet wood, or dashing
Upon the chase with bended bow and arrow."—ALBERT PIKE, 1809.

All Names have a meaning in the Aboriginal languages of North America. Ta-pa-ta-mee means Wisdom. Our Queen has rendered her name doubly illustrious, as an embroideress; one work upon which she was engaged twenty-seven years, is at the Author of the LONDONIAD's Mother's place in London, (Eng.); even in regard to the ground-work.

"Wisdom weaved the web."—QUEEN ELIZABETH. And please see GEO. PUTTENHAM, "*Arte of English Poesie*," 1589.

Many years afterwards, and when our Queen was surrounded more by the attributes of Penelope than those of Diana, I paid her another visit—

In a dwelling, not a wigwam properly so-called,

"Hung with gorgeous tapestries of pictured joys."

DR. YOUNG, "*First Night*."

"There sits the Queen,
The last of an Imperial line."—GEORGE HILL, 1800.

who herself

"——— the gorgeous broid'ry wrought."—THOMAS TICKELL.

I admired and apostrophized—

"Her gay embroidery and ornament,
O fairest, and most excellent complete
In all perfections, Sovereign Queen."

GLOSTER RIDLEY's "*Psyche; or, the Great Metamorphosis*."

I then adventured with our

"Princess of felicity,
She sought the shady grove, her loved resort.
The flowers were mixed between,

In rich embroidery.
If woman on earth in endless bliss could be,
The boon, Princess, had been bestowed on thee."

DR. LISLE's "*Porsenna, King of Etruria*."

Our beloved lady sent us about a year ago a very ancient piece of Indian work, which proves that the inlaid floor of the Coal Exchange in Thames Street, London, was not an original design, but, as I have said in a former edition of this work, was copied from a pattern used in the formation of a chief's belt. (Please see the 16th LONDONIAD).

"Declare what lovely squaw, in days of yore,
(Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore),
First gave thee to the world; her works of fame
Have lived, indeed, but lived without a name."

CONSUL JOEL BARLOW, 1755—1812.

Ah, long be it, blessed lady, ere the alonteebac
On earth be heard; Ke-tom-ee-mi-coo, Wa-was-to-nac!

MATIEWABAIE,

Great Sigonah, aboriginal King in Canada, aged 115, transmitted to the Author of the LONDONIAD a speech on a certain New Year's Day, which has already appeared in that work.

Matiewabaie seemed guarded in greater safety than Achilles; he was as invulnerable as Baldur on the plains of Asgard (before the arrival of Loki). He passed invisible as a Knight of Ariosto's lay, with magic ring, or the wearing of the enchantment of the fairy fern-seed in England in the Elizabethan era and England.—ORATOR OF THE WEST.

"——the crowned warrior of the West,
The victor of a hundred forest-wars."—EDWARD SANFORD, 1807.

"——the Morning Star, the Terrible,
Th' Chief of Old Immortals, whose piercing sight
Was suddenly consumed."—JOHN NEAL, 1794.

He has been blind for several years; he lives, as it were, in the past, and always enters in conversation upon those topics that were rife in CANADA long before the Indian summer of his life set in. He it was who put an end to the war of 1812-15, by planting the British standard in the Passamaquoddy. There were no human inhabitants living there at that time; but the Yankees were engaged in advancing their hosts into that territory.

"A moment in the British camp—a moment and away,
Back to the pathless forests before the peep of day."—W. C. BRYANT.

Our hero had taken the British flag (wrapped in oil-skin, and walking tapir-like along the bottom of, or swimming laterally through the floods) and planted it upon a high tree in the islands. The next day the Yankees in the steel-gray light of the morning seeing the British flag flying, thought that they were surrounded and being taken in ambush. Then truly "armies did flee, did flee,"

"Then were practised Yankee reels,
The manual exercise of heels."—JUDGE TRUMBULL.

Bull-run was not a circumstance. The country was left to the British Dominion. Matiewabaie never waited for daylight, or for an elemental storm to pass away.

At Chippewa and Lundy Lane, a volcano assuming human form,

"He charged o'er the cannons' blaze, amid the sulphur storm."

CAPTAIN GEORGE W. CUTTER.

Speaking of European, &c.

"Princes to him was no compare
Wight Hannibal, Crandefare."—"Sixteenth Century Romance."
ROSWAL AND SITVAN.

"For thou wert monarch-born, tradition's pages
Tell not the planting of thy parent-tree;
But that the forest tribes have bent for ages
To thee and to thy sires the subject knee."—FITZ-GREEN HELLECK.

Although called by white choker'd Yanks "the old heathen," in common with his race—

"To one divinity with us he kneels."—CHARLES SPRAGUE, 1791.

"The Red Man, thro' woods he loved to roam,
And the Great Spirit worshipped there,
But one, one fellow-thrill with us he felt."—A. H. EVERETT, 1790—1847.

Yes, *they* worship the One Eternal, whom we all would know,
From the fountain of whose being the endless ages flow,
Spraying in worlds, a zodiacal archipelago.

"If, then, a blind, well-meaning Indian stray,
Shall the great gulph be showed him for the way."

EARL OF ROSCOMMON ON "*Dryden's Religio Laici.*"

Matiewabaie has never been "converted," nor rendered *soft* to the Yankee mode of dealing; still he is not a disciple of Zeno—

"The stoic of the woods—a man without a tear."

Yes; thou living pylitæ between the past and coming generations—

"Yet sometimes, turned from glory, thy sad soul

Dissolves in tears;

When, like a loosened Falcon, Memory mounts

Thy Heaven of youthful years."—PAUL H. HAYNE, 1831.

KONQUAWIS, THE GREATEST ORATOR IN AMERICA. Aged 90, Grand Sagamore.

His speech upon the coming in of MANITOBA to the New Dominion of CANADA.

O, my Beloved Chief, your Eloquence hath roused all the learned Nations, and inspired your mighty ancestors in aerial Emigration to come from the happy Hunting grounds, they are all around us to-day, long may they continue, with all the winds, to fan you through a blissful pilgrimage on Earth, and when you, passing from amidst the Io Pæan Hallelujahs of the West, lead up this starry host from your vernal equinox, may Heaven's constellations ring with jubilee, and the celestial millions of Heaven, assembled with acclamations greet the Redeemer of his race.

Bless him, I say! Konquawis, or Old Kokawacks, as the people of English, Hibernian, and Scottish origin lovingly delight to call him, is an educated gentleman, he is not the Indian of "Dan Pope."

"Whose soul proud Science never taught to stray,
Far as the Solar Walk and Milky Way."

For to him is known all the courses of

"The storm wind from Labrador."—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

"Till they have told the war-whoop o'er,
Amid Lake Superior's awful solitudes."—SAMUEL G. GOODRICH.

and He is what Byron would call—

"———The forest-born Demosthenes."

Beside being the greatest Orator now alive in the world, Konquawis is a Poet, his themes are all extempore, but many of them are caught up by Echo, who long ago emigrated hither from the banks of Parnassian Cephisus, and inspiring Mnemosyne:—

"As beneath the shade of boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured Chiefs, and dusky loves."

GRAY, "*To the Æolian Lyre.*"

"Then spake the Indian," Tasso, *Jer. Del.*

"I call upon all the tribes in this land of God (*Manito(-ba)*) to come under the British sway, the women and children are listening! Young men, and Chiefs, would you bury the hatchet, and let the war-whoop cease, and remain in peaceable possession of your Lands? The Yankees make great promises, but what promises did they ever fulfil, except when they promised themselves plunder. A long time after now they will come and drive you out of your country, as they did the Choctaws and the Chickesaws, this not under the plea of Barbarism, or of civilizing the territory, for those tribes were far advanced in civilization, and in constant practice the Arts were followed, every Indian could read and write, and they had their own periodicals. In vain, in council, did they urge their claims as rights; but the Yankee could not comprehend that word, when the tribes found that they could no longer retain their country, they said we will make what use we can of our Household Property—but, no, the people of our race were allowed, only as a favour, to take a single blanket for a family, and all the rest fell a prey (to the despoiler). 'We want the Land,' said Jackson. 'Go beyond the Mississippi, make new villages.' 'Take all that we have, then, said the Chiefs; 'but protect the graves of our Ancestors.' On went the forest-Pilgrim train, driven before the bayonets of West Point. On the border land of night, in an Island grove (I was there—) they turned to look upon the (once) thriving settlements, the homes of their forefathers from immemorial ages, when could feeling be expressed in words (here was used an expression which hath no equivalent in English), like the wail that went up from Egypt. They beheld the newly-made graves of the morning of that day, and those of the Mighty in times unknown to Memory being levelled or ransacked by the Yankee engaged in disinterring—and finally the bones of Sachem and Prophet, all their Gods of History were ground with those of sheep and oxen, and exported to fertilize the soil of sterile Massachusetts."

At the very hour of time, and the Great Orator's delivery, there were several descendants of many mighty races still alive awaiting this awful ordeal, or destiny if you will,

"On the frozen Beach of Massachusetts,
Amid the parching winds."—DYER.

This was a part only of the Mighty Speech which, in *precise* writing, I have now in my keeping. Parthian-like his arrow was flung in the political retreat, the gates of the septentrional Occident flamed through that evening in the antipodal of

Collina! Mount Quirinalis was near,
Thro' which the Carthaginian hero flung the spear,
That echoed through the Roman Empire far
Rang on the Consul's helm, and woke the world to war.

It was the last Priest of the old Norse-Anglo faith flying to fling his spear upon the fane of heathenism, more fearful than the onslaught of Odo at Hastings. Manitoba became British!

"Indian! What region could be found,
Where your heroic head had not been crown'd."—WALLER.

Konquawis, had he chosen, might have been now King of Manitoba.

The last time that I saw and conversed with Konquawis was while we were sailing up through the Fairy region of Rice Lake, and

"At Peterborough with many chiefs who now are dormant."—DR. J. SICAN.

A theological Conference was then being held on the Otonabee, and many ideas were verbally illustrated, adverse, they may have been, to our notions

"Of this and that."—MAT PRIOR.

"Still they were wise whatever way they went."—DRYDEN, "*The Medal.*"

Our Beloved Chief, the true friend of the Briton, is a Poet, as well as an Orator, although not a

"Confirm'd Exemplar of numbers."

Soon may he learn

"To string his charming shell,
Then in sublimer verse
For ever triumph; latest times shall learn
From such a Chief to fight and Bard to Sing."
J. PHILIP'S "*Blenheim*."

I leave out other names, in order to make room for that of the very foremost of

"Illustrious Chiefs who glow
With ardour for their country's weal."
DR. WHEELER for the *Encenia*, held at Oxford, July, 1773.

and by whom

"Our Pioneers were led to victory first,
When on our guardless frontiers th' cloud of battle burst;
Through storm and spray, by these controll'd,
Our natives hold their thunder'ng way."—REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

HEAD SACHEM, CRENEVIREM,

Aged 98: in a former LONDONIAD, was printed my conversation with our conversable and highly intelligent Head Sachem, concerning the state of his Race

Ere the pale-face crossed the waters of the Great Salt Lake, their physical and general character, their Literature and Education, all these to me you related.

"CHIEF! my gentle friend."—LORD VISCOUNT CORNBURY.

He is an eminent Botanist, and his choice is to wander where

"Spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
Beyond the power
Of botanist to number
Thro' the forest."
JAMES THOMSON'S "*Spring*."

and, next to Sir W. E. Logan, he is the best Geologist in America.

"Give me to scan; thro' the dissolving deep,
Light my blind way; the mineral strata there."
THOMSON'S "*Autumn*," lines 1356-7.

From my MS. Book of Mottoes I laid before our Honoured Head Sachem nearly 100 to be associated with his name in the present LONDONIAD.

The two here printed were chosen by him, and, at the same time, he repeated to me, by heart, the 118 lines of his favourite Author's Hymn at the end of the Seasons. Poems addressed to Crenevirem appear in former LONDONIADS.

A LETTER TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD From KING ALESCANDRE II., will appear in the present LONDONIAD.

"O, Alescander, to thee is known
Fair Science, heaven-descended Maid."
ODE TO TASTE, By Mr. H., "*Bell's Classics*."

"Auspicious Prince, at whose nativity
Minervian planet ruled the Western Sky."
From DRYDEN'S "*Absalom and Achitophel*."

"The Greatest Prince, the foremost Son of fame."
HON. GEORGE DODDINGTON, afterwards LORD MELCOMBE.

This young Prince, who is a Classical Scholar, and speaks English like ourselves, and whose costume is of the same style as our own, will be remembered by many as being my mother's guest for nearly two months in the autumn of 1868, and who, in taking his exit from our midst reminded us of Rembrandt's Great Picture, as engraved by Malbête, "*L'Ange Raphael quittant Tobie et sa Famille*," a copy of which we caused to be framed and draped—memorial of the mournful event.

THE QUEEN.

"Victoria Triumphus."

COLUMBI *Epistola de Insulis in Mare Indico inventis*. Basil, 1494. q.v. *pluvius, adjunctus*, "Verardi in laudem Ferdinandi Hispaniæ Regis et Regni Granatæ Obsidio."—Although I know that many are exclaiming with the Milton of an earlier period,—

"Suidhsi ad thochd, agus imthigh romhad a ndorchadus, a inghean na *Guelphs*: oir ni goirfighear, Baintigh-earna rioghachtadh dhiot ni sa mhó."
—Leabhar an Fhaidh. Isaiah xlvii.

"——— Queen! that dost our Islands bless
With Princes." (?)—WALLER to Henrietta Maria.

I have collected out of all the Standard Authors of Great Britain, Ireland, Spain, and the classics, wherever seen, the word "Victoria." Some have appeared in the earlier editions of the LONDONIAD. I had explored all the terminational vocabularies, and had traversed all the languages of civilization in view of writing Boutez rhymes thereon; but an ingenious young friend making the remark (thinking no doubt of a disease peculiar to red-tapists), "You'd better be careful, or you'll get *oria* on the brain," I at once dropped the affair, and may not take it up again, albeit.

"Rise, rise, ye Britons, thankful rise,
Extol your Empress (!) to the skies."—ABEL EVANS, D.D.

"At this the Knight began to cheer up,
And, raising up himself on stirrup,
Cried out Victoria!"

SAMUEL BUTLER'S "*Hudibras*," Part i., Canto iii., verses 697-8.

After receiving the Queen's and Prince Albert's names for the LONDONIAD, I thought the better way would be to let them have each a copy specially bound, instead of the numbers marked, which I did. The following letters I cause to be inserted here in the order of time in which they were received:—

"Major-General Grey has received the commands of His Royal Highness the Prince, to thank Mr. Lidstone for the books, which accompanied his letter of the 5th inst.

"Buckingham Palace, Sept. 11th, 1856."

[Please see the Prince's letter in the 10th LONDONIAD.]

"Colonel Phipps has received the commands of Her Majesty the Queen to thank Mr. Lidstone for the LONDONIAD which he sent on the 11th inst.

"Buckingham Palace, Feb. 20th, 1857."

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD,

Acting on behalf of a company of ladies and gentlemen in the New Dominion of CANADA, was prepared to negotiate for a transcript copy of the equestrian statue at the Holborn Viaduct, London, England, had it proved to be a proper one, but whose chiseller must be nameless upon the same page with

PRINCE ALBERT.

"Albert here from Germania advanced."—"Jerusalem Delivered," Book xvii. l. 528.

(Albert), "though a Prince, a Poet born."

FREDERICK THE GREAT OF PRUSSIA to Monsieur De Voltaire (1757).

"Albert—————."—TCHUDI, "Swiss Poet," 1386.

I have over 100 "Alberts" from as many different Authors in private keeping. Some appear in former editions of this work.

Who was almost the first from whom I received a letter after publishing a prospectus to the LONDONIAD.

He had done more for the expanding of the mind, and enlightening of the world, than all that destiny ever placed near or on a throne in any other land, and more than all the Kings of England put together since the time of Saxon Alfred, and before him.

The Poems appear in 1st, 3rd, 9th, and 3rd 16th LONDONIAD.

PRINCE OF WALES.

"—————Edward, Prince of Wales."

GILBERT WEST, "The Institution of the Order of the Garter."

The marble bust of the Prince of Wales, now in the Town Hall of Toronto, was presented by

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

(I should feel a peculiar happiness in sending thither marble busts of those great and good gentlemen, the most eminent in CANADA, who placed their names at the head of my first list in the following order: Hon. Henry Sherwood; Chief Justice, afterwards Sir J. B. Robinson; President McCaul; Mayor Gurnett; and our beloved Bishop, who would have placed his name first thereon had he been in Toronto.) A copy of this bust is in the Temple Library, London (England). No one will attribute to me any special predilection for mere princes, or a desire

"To compliment a Prince of Wales."

ROBERT LLOYD, "The Poetry Professors."

I was desirous of leaving with Toronto some memento of my affection, and I accordingly commissioned a Marble Bust for its City Hall, leaving the subject to Morton Edwards, the sculptor, who chose the Prince of Wales, and I paid him for the same One Hundred Guineas.

THE EMPEROR.

"Napoleon! thy name shall live

Till time's last echo shall have ceased to sound."—ISAAC CLASON.

The Author of the LONDONIAD was chosen by the inhabitants of Torquay to welcome Napoleon the Third upon his arrival at the QUEEN OF THE SOUTH. The Speech appears in a former LONDONIAD.

I did not wait for the advent of the Emperor to my Native Town in order that I might pay to Him the tribute, for in every LONDONIAD I have mentioned Him, and at no time, and in no place with greater pleasure than in those then present, and when all the world was declaring that the EMPEROR NAPOLEON alone must be of France ΕΑευθέρπιος.

In that speech occur the words, "while the Benevolent companion of your Majesty,

THE EMPRESS,

“With lovely mien Eugenie now appears.”
 DUNCOMBE, “*The Femehead, or Female Genius.*”
 attended through life, and for ever with the blessings of the poor and
 afflicted, the bright exemplar of crowned heads living, and yet to come,
 will be hailed as the (younger) Antitype of Helena the Great and Good
 Christian, the beloved Mother of Constantine. In the words of Berryer,
 ‘I almost hear the voice of posterity,’ in prophetic retrospective realiza-
 tion * * *

“Empress, the way is ready, and not long.”
 “*Paradise Lost,*” Bk. ix. l. 626.

That Empress renowned for “pietie, vertve, and gratious government,
 _____ that Emperesse,
 The world’s glory and her sex’s grace.”
 EDMUND SPENSER in Dedication of “*Faëry Queene.*”

And the lay of triumph may yet be sounded for the PRINCE IMPERIAL when
 France in

“Immortal vigour
 rising will appear
 More glorious and more dread than from no fall.”—MILTON.

“The happier reign the sooner it begin.”

With styll of venti, and sunbeam, Nature’ Illumination for ever flickering on
 my tomb be seen the words,—

“He wrote Eugenie a Defence of Women.”—DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

And I note, Mary of Guise’ Poem, written while sailing from France.

“A British bard to Gallia’s fertile shore
 Can wish the blessings of eternal peace.”—WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.

But,

“Frenchmen! remember Jena, Austerlitz:
 The first that made thy Emperor the lord
 Of Prussia, and which almost threw into fits
 Great Frederick William.”
 ISAAC CLASON, continuation of LORD BYRON’S “*Don Juan.*”

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS.

In the next LONDONIAD I will accompany my friends to

“_____ fair Brazilia’s wealthy land.”—WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

ΟΘΩΝ, ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ ΤΗΣ ΕΛΛΑΔΟΣ.

(Please see 8th LONDONIAD).

“Otho came next from Bavarian realm.”

“*Jerusalem Delivered,*” Bk. xvii.

“The Bavarian, more than King.—REV. SAMUEL COBBE, M.A.

“_____ but Otho

_____ stay’d and suffered fortune to repent.”

DRYDEN’S “*Astræa Redux.*”

LEOPOLD, THE 1ST KING OF THE BELGIANS.

(Please see his poem in the 7th, and his letter to the Author in the 10th LONDONIAD.)

There is no name of any country in all derivative, collateral, or equivalent, so often mention'd in the Great Poets of Europe as that which in our own time beheld

“Quiet to Belgian states restored,
And Leopold confess'd.”—ELIJAH FENTON.

Many quotations from these have already appeared in this work and others, to show how much was

“Due from Belgium to her Saviour Son.”—AKENSIDE, Ode 12.

LOUIS, KING OF BAVARIA.

(Please see the poem and his letter in the 10th LONDONIAD.)

“To Bavaria's Lord,

The Bold Bavarian.”

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D., “*The Vanity of Human Wishes.*”

“Who hath not read of famed Bavaria?”—THOMAS TICKELL.

“What can Bavaria do?

(What can she not? I ask of you.)

HORACE (Book ii., Ode ii.), imitated by Lord B. H.—(Paul to Faz).

“————— Bavaria mourned
The Chief—————”—ELIJAH FENTON.

“And the Macdonald.”—COLERIDGE'S “*Wallenstein.*”

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

“Sir John A. better name than either.”—REV. SIR JOHN DOLLIN, D.D.

HEAD OF GOVERNMENT OF CANADA.

AND THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

(*The Poem appears in the 13th Londoniad.*)

DURING the Summer of 1865, when the Delegates from Canada were in England, and a general Election was about to take place, I brought the Member for Kingston (but without his knowledge) into the field of candidature for the representation of Finsbury, not that I imagined for a moment the personal honour of a Prime Minister of Canada would thereby become enhanced even as a Metropolitan Member of the British House of Commons,—very far from it. Had he consented to stand, he would have been, so far as numbers go, the senior member, and where Mr. Torrens now is with 2500 votes ahead of him. We had formed a very powerful committee, and we intended to elect him without one farthing expense to himself, for at a private assemblage, called preparatory to a public meeting being held, a sum was subscribed of 380*l.* for the hustings, &c. I had a letter sent to me by one of the Principal Clubs, in which an offer was made to pay a fifth part of his election expenses on his being nominated, even in his absence, and a third part should he agree to stand and be present at the hustings; my mother gave me a blank cheque for the occasion. I may as well mention here that the Hon. John A. Macdonald knew nothing of all these things herein alluded to. I was however, perfectly conversant with so-called “State secrets.” Sir John A. was to have secured a seat in some English constituency, during the first session of a following Parliament—resign, receive a baronetcy, and return as Governor-General of Canada, and after the confederation had been firmly laid, to give up the reins of government, be created a Viscount, and a Perpetual Vice-Royalty of the New Dominion be established in the person

of one of Queen Victoria's sons and his descendants. The idea passed away in regard to the latter-part of the plan herein detailed after the "taking off" of Maximilian.

P.S. The following letter although marked private, need not now (that the occasion is past) be so considered.

QUEBEC, July 17th, 1865.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter addressed to me at the Westminster Palace Hotel, arrived there after my departure for Canada.

I am much obliged to you for bringing my name forward as Member for Finsbury, but my lot is cast in Canada, and I can give no divided allegiance, therefore I must decline having my name proposed as a Candidate for any constituency out of Canada. With many thanks,

I am, yours faithfully,
JOHN A. MACDONALD.

J. LIDSTONE, Esq.,
29, New Charles Street, London, E.C.

The Author of the Londoniad proposed William Cox, on Clerkenwell Green, what time he defeated

"Huncks of Lombard Street!"

alias Remington Mills; and on a certain stormy morning thereafter

"——— And kind Mr. Cox,
Do you know him?"—"*The Fudge Family in Paris.*"

"Thith Tham wath a Kontraktaw."—LORD DUNDREARY.

"Sam is dead,
The vulgar pathway to the unknown shore
Of dark futurity, he would not tread."

ROBERT C. SANDS' "*Monody on Samuel Patch.*"

"Morton,
Dark shades become the portrait of our time."

WALLER at the Louvre, in Paris, on New Year's Day.

"Morton, mushroom in oblivion lie."—GARTH'S "*Dispensary.*"

"Peto shall rob those men already waylaid."

SHAKESPEARE, 1st Part, *King Henry IV.*, Act 1st, Scene 2nd.

"Peto, how now? What news?"

SHAKESPEARE, 2nd Part, *King Henry IV.*, Act 2nd, Scene 4th.

"Nay, sir, stand not you fix'd here, like a stake
In Finsbury to be shot at."—BEN JONSON, *Bartholomew Fair*, 5, 6.

"——— thou walk'st further than Finsbury."

SHAKESPEARE, 1st Part, *King Henry IV.*, Act 3rd, Scene 1st.

"Cox, give me your hand!"

SHAKESPEARE, "*All's Well that Ends Well.*" Act 5th, Scene 2nd.

"——— all voices

Of Finsbury in our name."—BEN JONSON'S *Tale of T.*, i. 4.

"Sir John A. is bless'd with honour, love."—EDWARD ROLLE, B.D.

In an earlier day, and his own, Kingston, I wrote to him the words—

"You will be Sir John, they say."—EDWARD MOORE.

Yes!

I hope yet to see him established as the Viceroy of CANADA, the thaumaturgus of its peaceful epoca. Although from the very necessity—exigencies of circumstances arising from causes existing beyond the, its twilight dawn and their—shall I say happily, blending with the brightening years which he irradiated and to which he gave a history. Yea, from the lurid past in which was no fort known

"Superior to Frontenac."

CERRALIA—Author not truly known, but signed at Lambeth Palace Library with the name of Philip (meant for Cyder Philips), by Archbishop Tension. I quote from folio vol. 1736, J. T. S. L.

"And where the Indian's shaft, the Briton's ball, the sabre's thirsting edge
The hot shell shattering in its fall, the bayonet's rending wedge—
Here scatter'd death."—DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1899).

to the remote ages beyond them,

————— When Canada's painted tribes,
Drank Laurentine tides."

————— Prince of earthly streams;
————— Or roving northward, heard
Niagara sing from Erie's billow
Down to Frontenac."—ROBERT POLLOK, "*Course of Time*."

Where the nameless mighty wander 'mid shadows and almost dwell in fable
to that resplendent cycle when in another arena (with equal ardour, but
more beneficence of aim),

"This scheme of the heavens set,
Discovers how in fight you met,
At Kingston."

BUTLER'S "*Hudibras*," Pt. 2, Canto iii, v. 991.

"Proceed, Sir Knight, to scar our foes,
But don't the Irish Earl oppose;"

the next line may not be applicable to the Governor-General, certainly not,
but most assuredly is to "the Kenzie."

"That premier of all schemers."
SIR JAMES LOWTHER'S "*Seventeen Hundred and Eighty-two*;
or, a Sketch of the Times."

Although he may not lift his well-known voice in the legislative halls of the
Home Islands, yet beyond all of the capriccio-fama attendant upon political
existence in England, Canada, the land of breezy life—

"Whenever the sail of Sir John was blown,
The ice gave way and fled."—GEORGE HENRY BAKER.

HON. JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD.

(PREMIER OF UPPER CANADA.)

"Of the Race of Caledonian Monarchs."—WALLER.

"High Macdonald,
Worthy branch of old clan Ronald!"—SIR W. SCOTT.

PREMIER OF THE FIRST PARLIAMENT,
ONTARIO.

In the 1st 16th Londoniad is an article addressed to the genial and generous
descendant of the patriarchal princes who were the Lords of the Isles, when
the progenitors of so-called royal families in Europe were engaged in leading
bands of despoilers against the domains of their too-confiding neighbours.
Three letters from him to

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD,

which have been translated into Gaelic and French, and often reprinted,
appear in the 10th edition of that work.

The last time that I saw him he was engaged in an altercation with a
Yankee editor.

"Who from Macdonald's rage to save his snout,
Cut 20 lines of defamation out."

PETER PINDAR'S "*Bozzy and Pizzzi*."

HON. THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

ORATOR, POET, STATESMAN, AUTHOR, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL, AND MINISTER OF ARTS.—SHOT AT OTTAWA.

(A Song of OSSIAN, translated by the Author of the Londoniad, in his praise appeared in a former Edition of that Work.)

I said I shall soon take my departure from this moral Aceldama, this Laystall, the very theca pulvinaria of towns, and leave you to flourish among the Yankees like a Magnolia in a dismal swamp.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

last words to the Hon. T. D'A. McGee, on leaving Boston, Mass.

“ . . . to Arts like these devote thy tuneful toil,
And meet its fair reward in D'Arcy's smile.”

REV. WILLIAM MASON, “*Ode to Independency*.”

He like myself had spoken in favour of that damnable and accursed race of scoundrels before he had dwelt amongst them. How different his words after experience. His Poems published in CANADA, breathe all the spirit of a true patriot. “Come over here,” said he, to his countryman, “Come over to CANADA, this is the only free country for Irishmen in the world!” Go ask the student who hath mentally traversed all the political and natural circles of the globe, and before the question shall be completed, the arduous answer must burst forth

“Bear witness with me in my song of praise,
And tell the world that, since the world began,
No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays;
Or given a home to man!”—HENRY TIMROD.

“CANADA! 'tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretch'd from shore to shore,
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic roar.”—WILLIAM JEWETT PEABODIE.

Talk of joining, amalgamating or blending our destinies with yours!—

“Canadians scorn your vile behest,
Indignant passions fire each breast,
And Britain's banner waves;
Whole years they've felt the flame divine,
Its cheering light can they resign
To join with Yankee knaves.”—LORD JOHN TOWNSHEND.

SIR A. T. GALT,

HEAD OF THE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY.

The best known in Great Britain of our Colonial gentlemen.

“I am Syre Alexander;
LORD LYON, KING AT ARMS, “*Lyndsay of the Mount*.”

“Mr. Galt —————.”—“*Poems, Satirical and Humorous, by the Author of Lalla Rookh*.”

was renowned in many countries of Europe, for he wrote in more languages than one, and we call him the Great Galt. Please see former LONDONIADS. The *Galliad* contains about 3000 lines.

HON. M. C. CAMERON.
MINISTER OF STATE IN ONTARIO.

"By love, I found in Matthew."—HENRY BROOKE, 1745.

"——Crooks (a brother Scholiast)."—DAVID MALLET.

"Cameron——." "The Vision of Don Roderick," 10th Stanza.

During my progress through that University, acknowledged the Fairest Seat of Learning in the West, I resided at the Western Hotel, and here, side by side at the same table, was our chosen place for years. His conversation, always unaffected and edifying, still echoes in mine ears, and the subjects thereof form visions to my mind in other countries.

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS,
 (Formerly Governor in the West Indies),
FINANCE MINISTER.

"Such a Minister as wind to fire,
 That adds an accidental fierceness
 To its natural fury."—SIR JOHN DENHAM.

I have a Biographical Sketch of your ex-Excellency in Hudibrastic verse.

"Mine too her rich West Indies."—COWLEY'S "Poems."

The improper treatment to which he had (—) subjected (—) Demerara, prevented his restoration. RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD (*On Park Benjamin*).

"Why should I tell, to cross the will of fate,
 That Francis once endeavoured to translate."
 This, I from Churchill quote; "The Candidate."

"Why comes not Francis?"—WM. WORDSWORTH.

"——Francis comes enraged."—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"Ah, Francis! Francis well I meet
 Those looks are all deceit."—EDWARD MOORE.

"To Sir Francis I'll give up thy claps and thy hisses."—THOS. MOORE.

HON. GEORGE BROWN.

"He was a most sarcastic man, this (un)quiet Mr. Brown,
 And on several occasions he had mussefied the town."

FRANCIS BERT HARTE.

(KNOWN AS THE ROGUE ELEPHANT), AND THE
GLOBE.

"Have you seen the Elephant?"
 Well! please see Samuel Butler's Poem, "The Elephant in the Moon."

"——Lo, he comes,
 ——An arch rogue Brown appears.

COWPER'S "Task."

"——That daft Buckie Geordie——"—(ROBERT BURNS).:

This personage was once our Prime Minister for two days. A few years ago, I saw a document at Whitehall, in which George Brown's name was the thirty-seventh upon the list for the title of C.B. I then and there declared that it would take all the waters of the Gulf Stream, and more than a second Siloam, to wash him morally clean. I related his doings in

Scotland and in New York, and more than I can here repeat. His name was then marked out of the said list. I have a Satire upon him, of which the following quotation from Sir Francis Bond Head's Narrative (our former Governor in Upper Canada), will form the motto:—

"He is, without exception, the most notorious liar in all our country. He lies out of every pore of his skin. Whether he be sleeping, or waking, on foot, or on horseback, talking with his neighbours, or writing for a newspaper, a multitudinous swarm of lies, visible, palpable, and tangible, are buzzing and settling about him like flies around a horse in August."

And speaking of the compatriots of

"Lanky graceless George, son of Podgy Peter,"

we are reminded of Charles Lever's song, "The Man for Galway,"

"Ye think the Blakes are no 'Great Shakes.'" "

"The Blakes provoke our mirth."—CHARLES CHURCHILL.

"How dead to virtue in the public cause!
Shame (on) you Blakes."—AKENSIDE, "*A British Philippic.*"

"All who honour's paths forsake,
Will reckon each to be a Blake."—DAVID MALLETT.

One time he undertook
"Sober Sandwich to rebuke."

Ode to Lord North, on his being appointed Commander-in-Chief by the House of Commons, MDCCLXX.—Author not known.

but

"——— the gallant Colonel"—YOUNG'S "*Love of Fame.*"
turned upon him "with head and heel."

"Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed."—THOMAS MOORE.

TORONTO.

"The chief city of the West."

WALLER, "*Of the Invasion and Defeat of the Turks, 1683.*"

I inscribe the 2nd 100th LONDONIAD to the friends of my early years in Toronto: I have not forgotten them. Many may have passed away to other regions and states of being; yet will I hope to catalogue their names.

"Soft be their rest, children of streamy Lotha,
I will remember them with tears;
And my secret song shall rise in the groves of Tor."
OSSIAN, "*Carric-Thura.*"

Toronto was styled by Captain Marryat even in his time the most English city in America. I call it the model city of the universe. Nor is there any city in the western hemisphere that can in any way compare, considering the amount of its population, for the magnificence of its buildings; of the intelligence of its inhabitants I have spoken elsewhere, and have laid before the imperial metropolis of the mother country the names and businesses of more than one thousand of its inhabitants in the 100th edition of the LONDONIAD; here the old chiefs of races, many of which are now no more, assembled around their council fires—ages beyond remembrance, ay! long before the pale-face had crossed the great Salt Lake, in the peaceful times when

"Against the burning West
Glimmered the ruddy camp-fires."—BAYARD TAYLOR, 1825.

to the stormier epoch when—

"High through the gloom, in pale and dreadful spires,
Rose the long terrors of the darken'd fires;

Torches and torrent sparks, by whirlwinds driven,
Stream'd through the smoke, and fired the clouded heaven."

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1752—1817.

Then were heard those orations delivered in ardour, and so replete with forest imagery; from here ascended the War Songs—

"Dread swell of sound, loud as the gusts that lash
The matted forests of Ontario's shore."—WORDSWORTH'S "Sonnets."

The city of Toronto was not settled by Beggars as was many another town and city through the West. They were gentlemen in Britain in the days of the Charles', and long before, the Robinsons are the descendants of the old Kings of Mercia, and the Sherwoods from the Imperial Bretwaldas. They were the first men of the mother country, even before, under the tyrants of the Lower Empire, the states of modern Europe were formed. They had left their houses and lands in the south behind them in the warring ages for the expected Aiden of the future!

"Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
When first in the Land of Destiny
Their great forefathers trod."—THOS. MOORE, "Song of Innisfail."

How different to those whose lot was cast in another cycle of time, if not in another geographic circle,

Where the fierce Indian's war-cry rang,
Through hot and furious frays,
And the brave old pioneers sang,
Amid the battle's clang,
Their ciimes' inspiring lays.

The Pioneers of Ontario were veritably the

"Stars of the Western World."—MRS. H. W. PARKER.

whose headquarters were at Toronto,

"By wild Ontario's boundless lake."—SIR WALTER SCOTT'S "Marmion."

"Pride of the West."—JAMES A. HILLHOUSE.

Thus spake the bard who wrote one hundred years ago—

"From the bleak Atlantic main
To dark Ontario's piny shore."

"The wond'ring wilds admire the passing sails,
Near where th' bold ships the stormy Huron brave,
Where wild Ontario rolls the whitening wave."

COLONEL DAVID HUMPHREYS, 1753—1818.

"No pirate barque was ever seen to glide
With blood-red streamer, chasing o'er thy tide."

JOHN NEALE'S "Ontario."

Here flourished in our day the greatest and the best that ever from these Islands of Septentrional ocean, passed over the North Atlantic's submerged slopes and plains, who sought to extend the power of his clime, and rear the standard of salvation in that giant land of the setting sun.—John the first Lord Bishop of Toronto. Here are the headquarters of the United Empire Loyalists, those Unconquered Saviours of the West, who have rendered Classic that which was always Sacred, the Soil of UPPER CANADA. And you, the U.E.L.'s of UPPER CANADA, may your spirits ever exult vivified; adapting to your own peculiar situation the wonder words of Ajax in the 15th Iliad, when Hector flamed upon the enemy, and Melanippus glowed with inherent ardour, recalling ensplendoring memories and ruminating upon the characteristics of your race—say, "We have a character to maintain."

"Then glory to that valiant band,
The honoured saviours of the land!"—ISAAC McLELLAN, JUN., 1810.

Like mighty chiefs of prehistoric times, although deserving, many may not have entered

"Where Fame's proud temple shines afar."
DR. JAMES BRATIE'S "Minstrel."

inheritors of earth in a two-fold sense—

"Of nameless graves on battle plains,
And some by green Atlantic rills,
Some by the waters of the West,
A myriad unknown heroes rest."—HENRY TIMROD.

Often amid my journeyings in the forest I come to a sprung-tree, or to a clearance overgrown by underbrush,

"The sepulchre of mighty dead,
The truest hearts that ever bled."—DR. JAMES GATES PERCIVAL, 1795.

I may well remember thee, Toronto, fairyland of my pilgrimage, my advent hither on a Summer Sunday—

"'Twas sunset's hallowed time—and such an eve
Might almost tempt an angel heaven to leave."
J. K. PAULDING, 1779—1860.

before me rose from the bay, as if by enchantment,

——— Toronto's 'bristling spires,
Above her thousand roofs, red with day's dying fires,'
Venice of the (British) West!"—THEODORE S. FAY.

"With her tiara of proud towers,"

she sits by the upland ocean in latitude 43° 39' 4" N.; long. 79° 21' 5" W., or 5h. 17m. 26s. Greenwich *tempus tardus*, still more developed in her loveliness than in the hour of inspiration when the Right Hon. John Philpot Curran, the great Irish orator and poet, addressed—

"Thou Queen of the West,"

and lower down in the ages, Samuel Taylor Coleridge—

"Queen of the West,"

and still nearer our own times Professor Longfellow—

"The Queen of the West."

Adieu! (I quote Ellen's quotation in "*The Lady of the Lake*.")

"If not on earth, we meet in heaven."

We'll sit and sing in Glory, of the ages long ago,
When we together wander'd by loved Ontario.

"Canada." A poem by the Author of the LONDONIAD.

THREE STATUES FOR TORONTO.

I have a certain sum, the proceeds of a literary work, which I intend to devote towards the erection of statues, in Toronto, to three literary men, to represent England, Ireland, and Scotland. I should like Milton for England (Milton and Shelley are my favourite English poets), and Dean Swift for Ireland; Dean Swift, "the true friend of Ireland." However, I will leave this to the community to decide, more especially as to the great Scot.

"Three poets in three distant ages, &c."—JOHN DRYDEN, "*On Milton*."

Great Milton next
Unfettered in majestic numbers walks."—JOSEPH ADDISON.

And Tully's cerule chair, and Milton's golden lyre."—MARK AKENSIDE.

"————— Bard sublime,
Milton, name that shall never die."—WILLIAM SHENSTONE

"Milton all our grace."—ALEXANDER POPE.

"————— That mighty orb of Song,
The Divine Milton."—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

"————— Such
As Plato loved; such as with holy zeal
Our Milton worshipped."—ROBERT SOUTHBY.

"How many a rustic Milton has pass'd by."
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

"Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest."—THOMAS GRAY.

Many a single sentence in Milton's Prose Works, contains more meaning
than the most elaborate of "Burke's Orations."—LORD MACAULAY.

All the works of CHANNING embrace less than a page of the "Defence of
the People of England."—RUFUS WILKOT GRISWOLD, "On Milton."

What of Shelley?

"I hear with pleasure any one commend
So good a soul; for Shelley was my friend."
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

"Shelley! whom men have called the Eternal Child."
HENRY W. PARKER.

And I here in hurrying, recall to mind thy words of the—Author of

"Romance called History."—RICHARD SAVAGE.

The words "bard" and "inspiration" have a special significance when
applied to Shelley, the Poet of Poets.—MACAULAY.

And please see James Thomson, and Ebenezer Elliot.

"Let Ireland tell how Wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse engraved,
'The Rights a Court attack'd a Poet saved.'"
ALEXANDER POPE.

and the enlightener of the world for all ages.

"For thee, oh Scott!"—WORDSWORTH'S "Yarrow Revisited."

and Byron and Thos. Moore,

"Scotland—a country that has bestowed a Dunbar, a Buchanan, a Thom-
son, a Burns!"—LUCIEN BUONAPARTE.

Robert Burns, to note Byron, Sir W. Scott, Wordsworth, Fitz-Green,
Helleck, &c.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, KINGSTON,—Beattie's original marble bust of Robert Burns, is destined for the above-mentioned seat of learning, to which I present it, and I desire that therewith be associated the name of a young friend, Master Malloch, son of Judge Malloch, county Lanark, and nephew of Edward Malloch, Esq., formerly member for the county of Carleton.

It is known that this famous bust was for many years in India. The Marquis of Westminster and the late Marquis of Lansdowne were competitors at the sale. The first-mentioned nobleman withdrew immediately that it became known to him that the bust was intended for presentation to a public institution; and I have an excellent letter from the latter connoisseur and dilettant, expressing his regret at having enhanced the price, and offering that which of course I could not accept, to pay a certain sum towards the same.

I have lately had prepared for this famous bust a laurel represented in hammered silver work by our modern Quintin Matsys, G. Albon, which I will send with it.

"J. T. S. LIDSTONE, Esq., Author of "Londoniad," Beattie's original Bust of Robert Burns the Scottish Poet, that great sculptor's *chef-d'œuvre*, concerning which so many strange legends are extant, and not the least interesting are those which tell of its being lost for more than twenty years, and turning up again in a port of the Mediterranean, probably conveyed thither by some Consul of H. B. M.; thence sailing the Indian Ocean, finding refuge near the person of some descendant of Timour; coming from the late Siege of Delhi with other spoils to England; and at length falling into the possession of Mr. Lidstone, who intends sending it to Upper Canada."

Catalogue of North London Exhibition.

Macaulay in his Art Notes uses the following words, "This famous bust is now unhappily lost."

I am now engaged in preparing an Epic Poem, entitled the BROCKIAD. The motto is from a Poem by the great sculptor, Thomas Woolner, R.A.

Woolner on whom posterity will set
The wreath of Arts, hath not appeared yet
In any number of the Londoniad,
Although the poem for him is ready made,
'Tis known that, him on whom our benison
We pour, inspired Laureate Tennyson,
One summer evening in a garden
Relating the tale of Enoch Arden.
And must the hurrying Muse performe be brief,
My favourite Milton's portrait, bas relief,
He gave to me, this connoisseurs behold
Where Cellini's art doth itself unfold
In my mother's keeping framed in bullion gold.

CANADA.

I have long had a wish to see a perpetual light on Brock's Monument at Queenstown Heights, either by fire, properly so-called, or by gas connected with or attached to either of the following Colours:—***



Generations yet shall thrill
At Brock's remembered name,
True Martyr, Hero, Poet, Sage,
And he was one of these."—CHARLES SANGSTER.

By Cape of Hope.—MILTON.

I have just heard, 10/2/79, of the defeat of the oppressors of the Aborigines.

"So perish all
That would man by man enthrall."

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

(The Life-Boat Poem.)

"—— of the Percy's high born race."
 FITZ GREEN HELLECK, "*Alnwick Castle*."

" 'Uplift it!' said Northumberland;
 Whereat, from all the multitude
 Who saw the Banner rear'd on high
 In all its dread emblazonry—
 A voice of uttermost joy brake out.
 The Norton fix'd
 His eye upon Northumberland
 In Percy's sight."

WORDSWORTH, "*The White Doe of Roylestone*."

"The Great Northumberland."

EDMUND WALLER.

"The shipwreck'd men, half frantic, see
 The Life-boat ploughing toward them now."
 NICHOLAS MICHELL, 1862.

NORTHUMBERLAND! the song be His, and heard on every sea—
 The Life-boat! life-boat as it is, and as it ought to be.
 SALVATION! since the hour 'twas heard in Palestine,
 Ne'er yet display'd its power in act to equal thine.
 Th' Mariner amidst the storm—an universe in motion—
 Views Thee as an angel form upon the wing'd ocean.
 When the day of routine's past, and merit gaily smiles,
 Great Percy, to Thee at last shall rise the marble piles;
 Thy monument shall be the Earth, the Sea Thy trump of fame;
 Planets and races at their birth shall flash and sing Thy Name.
 Gladly I'd prolong the strain which so inspires my mind,
 But soon to Thee I'll sing again, thou second Saviour of Mankind.

THE IRON POEM.

"Give me Iron."—"Romeo and Juliet."

BENJAMIN WHITWORTH, ESQ. M.P.

"—— best beloved Benjamin."
 DRYDEN, "*Hind and Panther*."

"No Rechabite more shunn'd the fumes of Wine."
 JOHN DRYDEN, "*Absalom and Achitophel*."

Iron! what art thou? Ask the Artistic bard;
 Of metals th' most abundant, useful, hard.
 Thee might well the enlighten'd nations prize,
 For thou hast done much more to civilize
 The world, and lift our country to renown,
 Than any other metal to us known.
 Look o'er the globe; who was't their freedom sold,
 Those wretched races, in desire for gold?
 Who was the presiding Genius o' the main?
 Who held the Western World? Was it not Spain?
 What was she oncé? what do we now behold?
 A coward nation, sunk thro' lust of Gold:

But courage, honour and faith environ
 Th' race of giant minds that keep to Iron.
 Oh, well we know what Iron doth impart;
 'Tis God's Spirit breathed into every art.
 Mightiest Painters now enthroned on high,
 The suns and systems of our moral sky,
 With Iron oxides pigments do supply.
 In Chemistry thy combinations vast
 Into the shade all other metals cast;
 Nor in the mineral kingdom can we find
 One like thee to string the nerves, expand th' mind.
 Lo! Electricity, which fills the whole
 Creation round as with a living soul.
 In Magnetism, too, and such as these,
 We traverse rolling orbs and flying seas,
 Yea, all that I here name or trace,
 And millions more, from Iron spring.
 Of Iron, and our Iron race,
 I yet in lengthen'd strain may sing.

HENRY BESSEMER, EARL DUDLEY, EARL GRANVILLE, EARL OF
 LICHFIELD, SIR JOHN BROWN, appear as Iron Heroes in former
 Londoniads.



BARON GRIFFITHS'

IRON TRADE EXCHANGE.

Established June, 1849.

OFFICE 84, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

"Griffiths he."—DEAN SWIFT, "*The Prologue*."

"Griffiths, hail."—CHARLES CHURCHILL, "*Independence*."

"A Baron bold."—THOMAS GRAY, "*The Bard*."

"——— Cambro-Briton in pedigree,
 Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
 Full famous in Romantic tale."

JOHN PHILIPS, "*The Splendid Shilling*."

The Poem appears in a former Londoniad. I have had one thousand five hundred Colonial Names sent to me for a British periodical and I have chosen that owned and personally edited by the eminent personage herein and now mentioned. His magnificent work on Iron came to me, a short time ago with the following letter written upon the inner part of the front cover:—

TO J. T. S. LIDSTONE, ESQ.

DEAR MR. LIDSTONE,—Will you permit me to present you with my book on the Iron Trade, which I cannot pretend has any especial merit, but have much pleasure in making the offering to one whose intelligence and straightforward manner has signally attracted my attention in a very agreeable manner.

Permit me to subscribe myself, dear Mr. Lidstone,

Yours faithfully,

SAMUEL GRIFFITHS.

"Iron Trade Exchange."

84, Cannon Street, E.C., London, England.

L. ROSE AND CO.,



PATENTEES OF THE PRESERVED LIME JUICE BEVERAGES, PREPARED FROM WEST INDIA LIMES (PRESERVED BY A PROCESS UNDER ROYAL LETTERS PATENT), LIME JUICE CORDIAL, ROSINA, ROSE'S REFINED LIME JUICE, ROSE'S LIME JUICE CHAMPAGNE, ROSE'S QUININE WINE, 11, Curtain Road, Finsbury, London, E.C., and at Leith, Scotland.

ANALYTICAL REPORT.

"Apart from intrinsic excellence, ROSE'S LIME JUICE BEVERAGES, although PERFECTLY FREE FROM SPIRIT, have the peculiar faculty of retaining their composition, flavour, and therapeutical properties unimpaired for any time, and at any temperature within the ordinary climatic ranges, AN ADVANTAGE POSSESSED BY NO OTHER BRAND KNOWN TO COMMERCE.

(Signed) "WENTWORTH LASCELLES SCOTT,
F.C.S., F.A.S.L., F.R.S.S.A., &c.,

Analytical Laboratories, London and Wolverhampton."

"Rose cordials, Lime."—THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, *Poems*, 1865.

"Bear me, Pomona, to _____
_____ the piercing Lime."
JAMES THOMSON'S "*Seasons*."

"Some Cordial."—WM. COWPER.

"Their favourite Rose the Muses praise."—WILLIAM BROOME.

"And first behold this cordial hue,
_____ and fragrant syrups,
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thome,
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst."
JOHN MILTON, "*Comus*."

"The Princess then the general silence broke,
And thus, in loud, rejoicing accents spoke,
_____ Your Rose revere."
HUGHES'S "*Birth of the Rose*."

"Our ladies are fresh and fair, thro' Rose."
DR. SHERIDAN'S "*Ballad on Ballyspellin*."

Disease and eld, fly with collateral hor(r)ida,
As from the cypress of Ceylon, and fountain of Florida.
I desire to bear o'er the Lake region of Ontario
Products of the world's prime benefactors, L. Rose and Co.
For however much so-call'd Science may call itself mature,
We must, for perfectitude, perforce go back to Nature.
"Yankee compounds, erst with our people played the very deuce,"
But now home we hie to Britain, north and south, for Lime Juice.
Not like Moore's hero, the bard to Hygeia's fane clambers,
He heareth Dr. Inman, Sir Armstrong, Brothers Chambers,
What those eminencies have said, and proved, might well induce
Adventurers to ev'ry zone to take with them Lime Juice;

My world-famed hero's name will be a special guarantee
 To our 4,000,000 of all origins beyond the sea.
 In the coming season shall Argo a cargo carry,
 Under the guidance of Supercargo ex-Boatswain Parry,
 To the capital of our prairie-land Fort Garry.
 Here our chiefs, yea, all of each aboriginal nation,
 Utterly contemn that thrice-double-distill'd damnation,
 That brain, soul destroying, fluid Hades, hell-forestalling
 Horrible alcohol! Which the Muse is right in calling
 Concentred Phlegethon, only more so in the way of evil,
 Fire under its ev'ry form may become a purifier,
 But thou'rt Autonomy of all disease, thou liquid devil.
 ("Oh, Mr. Lidstone! And you, generally so civil!")
 I tell you what 'tis, if you bring whiskey here. I'll rhyme a-
 Nother pair of Bloomer slips off of you, Miss Jemima.
She.—Oh, Sir, I heard it said in babyhood you were precocious;
 But nobody ever told me that you were ferocious!

SECOND POEM.

Our nature more etherealised, nought may now embuit,
 While from Heaven's benignant hand doth grateful man salute
 Rose and Co.'s Lime Juice Beverages—all of the Lime Fruit!
 As a preventive against scurvy we here th' palm confer,
 If ought might, this would take the mangle from Yankee character.
 (Scene, picturesque! The natives, in their best array,
 At the gathering of the Lime fruit make lively holiday.)
 I thought that some Bacchantæ here held their revel-abode,
 This same great Brewery, or Distillery—Curtain Road.
 Such to me the Rose warehouses seem'd of very vast extent,
 I should think them unrivalled on either Continent.
 Here, as if entranced, I traced a hundred correlative
 Manufactures, to which they new life and energy give;
 And these, all considered, with their application of Steam,
 Well might the Bard, unique Roses' famous establishment deem.
 The great tun of Heidelberg reminded me of theirs—
 Oh, had Roses' Lime Juice been more freely used by Captain Nares!
 Ye maritimal heroes had not before illness quail'd,
 But the crew, unbroken, had back again to England sail'd.
 Roses' standard of salvation is in every zone unfurl'd,
 They stand at the head of, and supply, all the nations of the world.
 No Massachusetts' abortion now our people throttles;
 Our chiefs take heed that no Yank uses Roses' impress'd bottles.
 That which late came from Boston was a compound of poison;
 Roses' gives life in perpetuity, and health in foison.
 P.S.—Not now in CANADA, nor were ~~we~~ ever votaries
 Of lethiferous decoctions, called slippisoteries.
 I know not if what *he* saith be in a snort or a sneeze,
 The vendor appeared to me like some inardorous form
 Helimontological, thrown by subterranean storm
 Up from unimaginable depths of glacial seas.

Well! my Question, after what you have said about the Rosey Houses, I
 should like to become their Agent.—COLL (the great) MCLEOD.

"Son of the Mighty," replied the Bard, "I will represent the Roseæan
 Race myself."—J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

"Coll is a noble animal."—DR. JOHNSON'S "Journey to the Hebrides."

THE GREAT VENTILATOR, &c., POEM.

ROBERT BOYLE AND SON,



VENTILATING AND SANITARY ENGINEERS,
INVENTORS, PATENTEES, AND MANUFACTURERS OF BOYLE'S PATENT SELF-ACTING AIR-PUMP VENTILATORS, BOYLE'S PATENT SYSTEM OF VENTILATION FOR STEAM SHIPS. BOYLE'S SYSTEM OF VENTILATION FOR MINES, BOYLE'S IMPROVEMENTS IN FURNACES, BOYLE'S PATENT SMOKE CONSUMER AND FUEL ECONOMIZER, BOYLE'S PATENT CHIMNEY COWL, BOYLE'S PATENT SMOKE EXTRACTOR, &c., &c. Estimates Given and Designs Supplied. Prospectuses, Pamphlets, Price Lists, &c., Post free upon application. Government and Corporation Work Contracted for. Principal Offices and Show Rooms—110, Bothwell Street, Glasgow; Mansion House Buildings, London; & 8, Corporation Street, Manchester. Works—154½, Bothwell Street, Glasgow.

"In praise of Boyle."—DEAN SWIFT.

"Noble Boyle."—JOHN DRYDEN.

"Why need I name thy Boyle, whose search
Amid the dark recesses of his works
The great Creator sought?"—JAMES THOMSON.

"——— Artemisia talks of Boyle."

ALEXANDER POPE, "*Imitation of the Earl of Dorset*."

"Who shall grace, or who improve, like Boyle?"

POPE, to Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, on Building, &c.

"First in the friendships of the great enrolled, Boyle."

DAVID MALLET.

"Boyle shines magnificent."

YOUNG'S "*Love of Fame*," Part IV.

"Thy Boyle in wisdom found content."

LORD LITTLETON.

"——— Boyle, before the poet, lays
A table, with a cloth of baize."

POPE to Thomas Southern.

"——— recommend the good,
——— we owe a Boyle."

SIR SAMUEL GARTH, "*The Dispensary*," Canto V.

I had heard in Buffalo, in Western New York,
That they were scions of Boyle, great Earl of Cork
And as of old was stopp'd that flight of Jupiter Stators,
The plague-fiend, through their self-acting Air Pump Ventilators
Is arrested, Argo soon a cargo takes to the Lakes.
Too much of the attributive the Inventor not claims;
Still, I use them in my yacht Sappho, on the English Thames.
While throughout our mansions, cathedrals, all public halls,
Hospitals, &c., loudly for such CANADA calls.

Soon I'll have painted a transparency illustrative,
 And become in person an unpaid Representative.
 Testimonials? Our time's luminaries, no tapers
 Dimly burn for them through mere notices of newspapers.
 So long as Concordia stands our goddess-warden, her
 Oriflamme shall be emblazoned with the name of Gardner.
 By all our thriving settlements along each upland sea,
 Aye on the *qui-vive*, from Q. V. Street, London, Eng., E.C,
 We will invoke your aid, most trustworthy O. T. B. G.
 I know that for doing away with th' very distressful
 Smoky chimneys, shows Lady Bulwer's *Very Successful*.
 Henceforth th' extending market of the mighty West is won,
 For the head Ventilators of th' world, Robert Boyle and Son.
 While ever each architectural masterpiece to crown,
 That which, thro' science, hath capp'd the climax of all renown,
 Hail! "Boyle's Patent Chimney Cowl, for preventing a blow down."
 For buildings of th' better sort each eminent contractor
 Throughout these islands calls for Boyle's Patent Smoke Extractor.
 Th' Bard, while he on main ocean or sea-like lake takes his trips,
 Greet's Boyle's Patent System of Ventilation for Steam Ships.
 And along those fountains of the seas, CANADA's rivers,
 At all our settlements the Bard consignment, delivers.
 While each practical Thaumaturgus of science assigns
 The first place to Boyle's System for Ventilation in Mines.
 While of Adam's descendants, the superior races
 With light of soul, welcome Boyle's Improvements in Furnaces.
 And eke doth Observation, the tireless muse, apprise her
 Of Boyle's Patent Smoke Consumer and Economizer.
 We've discarded those erst sent from th' so-call'd United States;
 Here are Designs supplied, and here are given Estimates.
 By those who grace the globe like sun-irradiated Tor,
 Are Government and Corporation work contracted for.
 While we in CANADA, who high thoughts of Home-land nourish,
 Joy at sight of th' famous banner-rolle, "Let Glasgow Flourish."
 We greatly too rejoice that this is no Cockney botch-house,
 But what all nations must admire—a glorious Scotch House.



ALFRED MONK,

ORGAN MANUFACTORY, Sussex Terrace,
 Great College Street, Camden Town, Lon-
 don, N.W. Established 1862. Certificate
 awarded at International Exhibition, 1872.

"'Twas Monk whom Providence designed."

JOHN DRYDEN, "*Astræ Redux*."

"Fill with the magic of his mighty hand,
 That outline his creative Fancy plann'd,
 Then should a Monument eternal rise,
 Worthy of Alfred's glory to the skies."

J. H. PYE's "*Alfred*," Bk. vi., lines 623-6.

From Manhattan we had some thro' Van Groute and 's pal Fred Donk,
 But we all like English work, and thus hail Alfred Monk.
 We've driven out from CANADA each low Yankee carle,
 And greet a Scion of th' Crown's resuscitator, Albemarle,

Since th' spirit of reciprocation grew refractory,
 Hither we hie to Alfred Monk his Manufactory ;
 He hath trac'd Harmonious Science to its very germs,
 Hence he can make us First Class Organs on Moderate terms ;
 London's principal firms, risen to fortune and renown,
 Trace all their success to my Hero's Sire in Camden Town.
 Organs the most improved, Cecilia upon him smiles—
 Principles, Scales, Patterns, Designs of all Sizes and Styles,
 And what will much delight our myriads beyond the seas,
 Ev'ry organ that he makes he specially guarantees.
 The prices all are reasonable (and this we all salute),
 Why are they? ~~For~~ he orders, personally doth execute :
 The amount required, came in fast, which we did lately fund,
 For the 50 chapelries attach'd to St. Tammanund'.
 Fame, as with evolving nimbi, his blest brow shall crown,
 High heavenward ascend ye music notes from Camden Town,
 And blending with the spheres' encircle time's exulting years,
 Nor only Family Genius doth Alfred inherit,
 But won, in '72, th' Certificate of Merit.

THE EMBROIDERY POEM—SCHOOL OF ART.

M. LEADER,



WHOLESALE HABERDASHER AND HOSIER, IM-
 PORTER OF BERLIN WOOL AND GERMAN
 NEEDLEWORK, 9, New Inn Yard, Shore-
 ditch, London, E.C.

Pallas!—follow your Leader, this is no Yankee smasher,
 But Imperial London's great Wholesale Haberdasher,
 Who triumphs thro' British wisdom o'er Boston's day of dool,
 And supplies visitors with Hosiery and Berlin Wool.
 "The Leader," my practical hero's trade-mark,
 The *Leader* of Toronto in which thousands did embark,
 Bore us through lurid tempests and night as Erebus dark.
 Now for Shoreditch, London, E.C., and No. 9, New Inn Yard,
 The New Inn written upon by Ben Jonson, learned bard ;
 Yea, better than from others, even Pittman and Carlile,
 —A greater variety than elsewhere in the Home Isle.
 Here we have no Massachusetts so-call'd wheedlework:
 Hail! renown'd Importer of Berlin Wool and Needlework ;
 Lo ! adjoining ye septentrional London Railway,
 I bear such o'er the ocean, our Western Empire's Hailway,
 And say what hath me very greatly hereunto inspired,
 Much for Presentation that may be by our guests required.
 I need not here attempt to catalogue the whole, and why?
 Enlightened readers Leader's objects know as well as I ;
 Here we meet with better terms, let it ever be confess'd,
 Than at the other end of the capital cleeped West.
 Art! free of the revenue, which erst did the hard retard,
 I introduce to CANADA from Shoreditch, 9, New Inn Yard.

SECOND POEM.

Ask me why each Muse of Arts here the glory-palm assigns
 And Leader, through the world. Io! School of Art Prick'd Designs ;

Note, with or without Hand-Painted Colours whereby to work,
 For Embroidery and for Painting, Boston and New York,
 With all their boast, could never in such tasteful deeds engage,
 Lo that peculiar which is under Royal patronage,
 (Here all the wizard scenes which we attribute to Merlin,
 In Art's resurrection spring thro' textile known as Berlin.)
 South Kensington School of Art, where I many Ladies saw,
 Who for Embroidery, blest Art! could colour, eke, and draw,
 We ardourously delight in Art; but, above the rest,
 There is a mania for Embroidery in the West;
 And where the more highly-refined and educated
 May our Ladies be, the more with this they are elated,
 While with vulgarians nothing is appreciated.
 Muse! for truthful Progress, in this resplendent Art award
 Our second Musæa—here the intellectual well-spring—
 For all of the accessorial in Embroidering
 The Ecclesiastical, &c., which seems to sing
 In angel tongue, *par excellence*, called the Art Divine,
 Throws an etern halo 'round New Inn Yard and No. 9.

Queen Ta-pa-ta-mee and the Princess Louisa, who take high rank
 among the more enlightened Embroideresses of the world in this the
 Living Age appear in the present "Londoniad."



All orders for this house must
 come through the Author of the "Londoniad"
 or they will not be fulfilled.

J. H. KENWARD,
 IMPORTER, EXPORTER,

AND
 MANUFACTURER,
 4, Chapel Street, Edgware Road,
 London.

"TRUTH, crush'd to earth, shall rise again:
 The eternal years of God are hers;
 But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
 And dies among his worshippers."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794—1878), "*The Battle Field*."

Like Shakespeare's "trumpet of the morn" advancing hen-ward
 Mercurius woos the Art-Muse through J. H. Kenward.
 I hie not now nor ever did for our colonial gods,
Vide Thomas Gay to "Drury's mazy courts and dark abodes,"
 (Soul darkners) "Where porters' hogsheads roll from courts aslope,
 (Brain mystifiers) or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope."
 This quotation doth itself upon my memory fix,
 As found in *Trivia*, Bk. II., line 95-6:
 "Be thine my stationer," this from the *Dunciad* of Pope.
 Not for our beloved Aboriginal hierarchy
 Do I go to Covent' Simmons, or to Conduit' Starkey,
 That were only going Serbonian fen-ward,
 But the soul's solar path we traverse with J. H. Kenward;

Among CANADA'S great Races all Virtue's Exemplars
 We have, I ween, more than 100,000 Good Templars,
 Who J. H. Kenward's products will welcome with elation,
 From Number 4, Chapel Street, near to the Railway Station,
 And say what hath cast all the rest of London in dolours—
 Here I beheld it, Muse! printed in eleven colours;
 A work of Art worthy of Athenæ or Roma
 Is my worthy hero's New Registered Diploma.
 Astræ joining Pallas, saith "We'll not change the venu,"
 In *statu quo* let all remain, free of the Revenue,
 I take my thousands out our clime once charm'd, I will then ward
 The Yankee vandal off, thus welcoming J. H. Kenward,
 And what will to our ease of mind—all satisfaction tend,
 Here corresponding with him who is a personal friend.
 I will take with me, in my next Manitobian trip,
 His beautiful New Registered Carte for Membership.
 I require some personage with whom to correspond on
 Those Peace compelling Arts in the Home Capital, London.
 Good Templar Badge, no more acceptable Presentation,
 Could be made to the Sagamores of each Indian Nation,
 Or those beside on which many a chief great value sets,
 Letters, Tassels, Buttons, Emblems, Bullion Fringes, Rosettes,
 Stars, and I note all adornments required for Toilets.
 Sound it around our eleven thousand miles of border,
 Flags, Banners, all Good Templar requisites made to order,
 Talk to me no more of a Golden Age Restored,
 Here's a very Heaven on Earth to be adored;
 No one in J. H. Kenward's presence need feel strange,
 Emblems ever to their taste he will courteously arrange,
 And famed Dr. Oronhyatekha by each upland sea
 And cataract's flight, will know what suits us in each Degree.
 Our spirits are exultant, and every heart grows warm,
 From blissful associations that here our senses charm,
 At the sight of Lettered Banners each sacred Muse now imp
 Her wing, Lodge Mottoes, Lodge Furniture, Gold and Silver Gimps.
 No more shall Yank from Massachusetts come on vandal raids—
 Here all Constitutional in keeping, even to th' Braids,
 'Fore alcoholia genii I was startled with affright,
 Realized Earth belching elements, of *Arabian Night*,
 And those on which Milton's *Satan* took his "incumbent flight."
 It was a scene! worthy the fierce Muse of Isaiah—
 Hades wing'd in storms flying from th' presence of Messiah.
 These hurried from out the range of Being, in one fell sweep,
 As th' Temperance Fount from Heaven went rolling o'er the deep,
 In barque of pearl for Aiden-land on rainbow seas I rode,
 Taking my first Meridian from Hygie's abode,
 The blissful and inspiring 4, Chapel Street, Edgware Road,
 May ye modern Bacchantæ, experience our ruth,
 Yea, we'll turn tow'rd's our Hero whose chosen Motto's TRUTH.
 'Tis not against the role of right with a soul defiant,
 That I pass a Hundred Bards for W. C. Bryant.
 We will name a few together th' laurel ever crowning,
 Arbutnot, Bailey, Carew, A. & P. Browning,
 Churchill, Corbet, Cowper, Davies, Pope, Denham, Dryden, Gay,
 Though Suns and Systems never more were to light up the day,
 I'd undertake to render Orphic th' zodiac for aye,
 And to en-tropic th' universe with th' splendours of each lay;

Johnson, Milton, Mitchell, Mason, Pomfret, Sandys, Story,
Reed, Roscommon, Granville, Sons and Daughters eke of glory,
Swain, Tennyson, Thomson, Tickell, Waller, Whittier, Ward—
All Dynasties and Empires, shall outlive the TRUTHFUL Bard—
Shakespeare, Watts, Wordsworth, Bret Harte, Osgood, Cumberland,
Oh, ye shall never with the brainless sleep in Lumberland!

FREDERICK YORK,



87, Lancaster Road, Notting Hill, London,
W., PHOTOGRAPHIC PUBLISHER, MANUFACTURER
OF PHOTOGRAPHIC MAGIC LANTERN SLIDES. See
Catalogue of over 10,000 varieties. PHOTO-
GRAPHIC MAGIC LANTERN SLIDES OR DIS-
SOLVING VIEWS. All one uniform Size and Price. Slides
are not let out on hire. Cheques crossed London and
South Western. P.O.O. to be made payable at Westbourne
Grove. Prize Medals: Philadelphia, 1876; Paris, 1867 and
1878; Cornwall Polytechnic, 1833; Belgium, 1876.

"Say thou too, Frederick, was not this thy aim?
Thy vigils could the student's lamp engage."

DR. MARK AKENSIDE, *Ode xiii.*

"True Genius gilds the day;
With joy she sees the stream of Art,
Sees York to fame."—REV. J. BROWN upon POPE.

"Illustrious York, whose fame has flown so far."

JOHN SHEFFIELD, "*Duke of Buckinghamshire.*"

"_____ Immortal Fame
Fill'd her fond clarion with her Frederick's Name."

JAMES CAWTHORN.

Many a topographical and legendary work
We here behold illustrated by Squire Frederick York.
Soon my hero's fame, like unto an atmosphere shall fill
The world,—Lo! ~~see~~ 87, Lancaster Road, Notting Hill.
Almost Universal Knowledge the Human Mind embues
Thro' s Photographic Magic Lantern Slides;—Dissolving Views,
Thro'out meridional Americ his deeds are known,
And, like the morning's sunlight, hath the Eastern world o'erflown.
"Blessings on Science," said Bavaria's learned king,
Here Frederick York doth all its blessings forth to vision bring.
Like the illustrious John, "Him for my censor I disdain
(Dryden quote) who thinks all Science as all virtue vain."
"Far eastward cast thine eye (Pope's *Dunciad*) from whence the sun
And Orient Science (—general?) at a birth began."
"Science," twin with Sol, hath lit our Orb since th' days of Chiron,
Shakespeare, Milton, Hooker, Hammond—names I never tire on,—
Lo! Glanville, Howel, South, Lock, Fenton, Beattie, Byron.
Now I, with Frederick, pass thro' Classic and thro' Sacred Lands,
And living Nature, in'ts 70,000 aspects, forth in action stands;
Yea, he all her scenes in each zone thro' happy Art sublimes,
We live and breathe in or early or late-discover'd climes.

Here ev'ry action leaps to life from Truth or mythic lore,
 And by omniscient reflex to rapt vision start,
 Enpeopled Chaos and Night, O bless'd Eternity of Art!
 Forms breathing sanguineous, and all with seeming spirit rife;
 Mystic twins, 'twere hard to say which, only breathes the breath of life.
 Each *savant* thro' our planet in this truism agrees,
 That far ahead of th' world rank his Photo-Transparencies.
 Those 11×9 he hath produced in 4 styles,
 Yea, scenes of the capital of these Imperial Isles,
 He hath revived a second Renaissance, the brighter birth,
 And I have proclaimed in all the languages of earth
 To Him have been a greater number of prizes given
 Than to any other wight in his line under Heaven.
 And it shall be my glory-pride to bring them all in vogue,
 And for this full soon to give a rhythmical catalogue.
 I have seen some that were but the merest apology,
 While here truthfully reveal'd th' Monsters of Geology,
 Yea, leaf after leaf I turn, and the layers I unroll,
 And track th' eternal ages back of Nature's mighty vol,
 He doth for this delightful soul-expanding Art secure
 A place in Fama's fane, destin'd for ever to endure;
 Not far below the cycle of titanic literature.
 With him, I to th' endless cycle o'er time's singing ages crost,
 In company with adored Milton's Paradise Lost,
 Here I hail'd th' *Illustrated* by Martin and by Doré;
 Mine Fuseli', Westall', and Brydges' Edit' th' Turner glory!
 All that to the real and mightier ideal belong,
 Too, that mania of our epoca "Service of Song;"
 And here with freshening breeze ye Moral your Bard regales
 With views of Fairy Land, ever-blessed Temperance Tales.

ORIGINAL WORKS ESTABLISHED 1829.

MORGAN H. DAVIES,

Grange Road, Bermondsey, London, S.E.



ENGINEER AND CONTRACTOR, CORRUGATED
 IRON MANUFACTURER (either Painted or
 Galvanized), Contractor to H.M. War
 Department, &c., &c., MANUFACTURER OF
 ROOFS, WORKSHOPS, STORES, DWELLING-
 HOUSES, CHURCHES, SCHOOLS, SLIDING & OTHER GATES, DOORS,
 WINDOWS, SHUTTERS, &c., &c., for Home and Exportation.

"Of triumph others little knowed,
 For Morgan's cock the louder crowed."

PALMADURE TREHERNE (*Cornish Poët*).

"Davies was eminent."

T. L. PRIDHAM, M.R.C.S., L.

Our Contractors were erst by mere red-tapists gagged,
 Hence the Felt Cottages that so soon appeared ragged,
 But now Science' Aureola, Surveyors environ
 Thro' our Manufacturer in Corrugated Iron.
 Going over prairie Manitoba we find no timber,
 Here we'll rear our Lodges of the portable and limber.

In competition all in vain would Yankee battle her,
 The Muse—hies homeward toward London and Morgan Rattler,
 So nought of Gomorrah Boston's, or Manhattan New York's,
~~nor~~ Bermondsey, hail and Walker's Corrugated Iron Works.
 It was lately said unto me by a Cockney gaby,
 "Oh, Mr. Lidstone, do go and see Euston Road Braby!"
 I replied, "We do never hide our heads under zinc pails."
 Corrugated Iron for us, soon Argo with cargo sails
 Bending arrowy sunbeams, flatt'ning occidental gales.
 I have the funds, my power to negotiate—be this the proof—
 At all our stations I'll have a goods shed, circular roof
 And each other kind; now let the boastful Yank' howl, for ship
 I will, those so suiting, a peculiar kind of worship.
 Nor in gen'ral use my hero's deeds in England alone,
 But are greeted Letter A Number One in ev'ry zone.
 Not to Whitford—no—nor Darkford, nor any other ford
 I go: orders for Morgan H. Davies hath on me pour'd;
 As when mine arm's asleep, every artery tingles—
 Whenever I think upon the pluff of timber shingles,
 For lo! a Steamboat or a Railway Engine passing by,
 And th' succession of Warehouses at once to blazes fly.
 To th' Patent Corrugated Iron we long age assign,
 'Twas manufactured first I ween in 1829,
 (Here the Original, the centre and the primal seat
 All those have failed who as imitators would compete.)
 And since that time it hath steadily increased in demand,
 And the original alone is sought in ev'ry land.
 Where once, forests shadow'd the west; suiting Jaques of Arden,
 The open landscape glows with many a Winter Garden.
 Hark! the Ocean's turned to a mighty organ—sitch-wavies—
 The only one in his line and London—Morgan H. Davies.
 Again I say, he's one of th' Titanian Creators;
 All others are effete abortions—cleep'd Imitators.
 Th' strength imparted to Iron, in its successive ridges,
 Symbolize in my mind a continuous course of Bridges.
 This, hath innate perception to th' inquiring Bard disclosed,
 Hailed for Roofs, however large, and positions exposed,
 Yea, the entire Roof I notice in my mental march,
 Rivetted in one mass, becomes a self-supporting arch,
 With nought of scantling or of boarding to be overthrown,
 No loose slates or tiles to be away with hurricane blown.
 Thro' the elements convulsed did fiends like fishes wander,
 And the embattled atmosphere turned aerial Scamander;
 But these were no match, as once with the mighty Achilles,
 For in hay-ricks went th' bustles of Jemima and Phyllis,
 Tritons, Phœbus' son's antipodals, up rush'd, foaming cars
 And old Oceanus wildering, islanded the stars;
 Nor that which wreck'd King Ulysses when fain would gallop he
 Hippocentaur-like thro' floods, to Mistress Penelope;
 Nor those famed Winds that to her rest cradled Q. Dido;
 Heard in *Paradise Regained*, Orlando, Pastor Fido;
 Or when like rapids coasted by blasts came in sheets the shower
 That swamp'd Pilgrim Alfred's last refuge in Futvoys tower.
 Such storms would make ridges of slates and tiles go a long way
 In embleming an animal irate with its hair turn'd the wrong way;
 So th' wild sea that with Jonah made ship-hands and skipper daft,

Eke Euroclydon the east wind which broke up St. Paul his craft,
 With those most furious airs that opportune did come well
 To wing to his native Hades th' 'cursed vandal Cromwell ;
 Not this, that he caus'd Charles his head from its trunk to dispart ;
 Rise, Oliver ! take half the kings of th' world with all my heart.

☞ For certain portions of those public works now being advanced in Torquay, I with pleasure introduce the name of Mr. Davies.

LLOYD RAYNER,



MEDICAL AND GENERAL SHOP FITTER, SHOP
 FRONT BUILDER, AIR-TIGHT SHOW CASE
 MANUFACTURER, FIXTURE DEALER, MEDICAL
 LABELLER AND WHOLESALE DRUGGIST. The
 Largest Stock in the World of Goods on Sale.

Show-rooms and Offices, 333, Kingsland-road. Factories : 2,
 Downham-road, Kingsland, and Whitmore-road, Hoxton,
 London, N., near Haggerston Station, North London Rail-
 way. L. R., or Foreman, will be glad to wait upon Gentlemen
 to plan and advise. Estimates given for every description of
 Shop and Office Fittings, &c., and for Alterations. Omnibuses
 and Tramway Cars to and from the Bank pass the door every
 few minutes.

"Thou travellest over the world in vain, O Sun!
 Seekest thou the equal of Rayner? He who dwelleth
 In (the) Kingsland."—OSSIAN, *An deigh nam fiann*.

"Hence, ye vain boasters ! ask if Lloyd is there."
 CHARLES CHURCHILL'S Poems, "*The Rosciad*."

In Boston, Massachusetts, lived a wight named Floyd Trayner,
 Known for—nothing in particular ; not so Lloyd Rayner.
 Long years, the Muse of Arts was o'er the world a flitter,
 Yet found none to equal him, as practical Shop-fitter.
 Soon his deeds of our Seven Capitals shal' meet the ken,
 From London (Eng.), 333, Kingsland Road, Kingsland, N.
 Fittings and Fixtures, &c., utensils—need I stop
 In mid career to cavil with clown or fop ?
 There are few know so well as him th' requirements of a shop.
 And I note counter and shop drawers, however short or long,
 For such the best business men here perpetually do throng.
 A scientific Chemist he, so no hugger-mugger,
 Druggist of other kind than Ben Jonson's, Abel Drugger.
 Half remains unsung, as said Human Nature's greatest boast
 In the 7th Bk. of that Immortal work, "*Paradise Lost*,"
 Like the 10th of Nehemiah, the Muses disembogue ;
 Of Homerus' ships, Virgilius' Heroes, th' Catalogue,
 Ossian's Stars, Spenser's Rivers—Trees, Milton's Cities in vogue
 I bring, and wing them o'er the Earth's remotest clime and time,
 Of *catalogues raisonnés*, this I fain would make the prime.
 For ev'ry term in Chymic Science I'll read'ly find a rhyme
 Too for various manufactures which I herewith name,
 And hand my world-blessing hero to Fortune up and Fame.

I look, and behold my goddess Minerva's form pass by;
 Anon, the horizon's her helm, its plume, a wind-toss'd sky.
 Her presence illumines creation, hark! how loudly rings land
 And main, as she dilating fills th' world, coming from Kingsland.

LE GROS, MAYNE, LEAVER, & Co.



THE "PATENT INGERSOLL ROCK DRILL"
 AND "AIR COMPRESSOR." 60, Queen Victoria
 Street, London, E.C., and 5, Park Place, New
 York, U.S.A. The INGERSOLL DRILL may be
 seen working in nearly all parts of the world,
 to which references will be given on application. Contracts
 taken for all kinds of Mining Machinery, &c. Medals and
 highest Awards:—American Institute, 1872; American
 Institute, 1873; London International Exhibition, 1874;
 Manchester Scientific Society, 1875; Leeds Exhibition, 1875;
 Royal Cornwall Polytechnic, 1875; Rio de Janeiro Exhibi-
 tion, 1875; Australia, Brisbane Exhibition, 1876; Philadel-
 phia Exhibition, 1876; Royal Cornwall Polytechnic, 1877;
 Mining Institute of Cornwall, 1877; Paris, 1878. Illustrated
 Catalogues, Price Lists, &c., on application.

"The rock was so hard that the miners had been able to make but slow progress, and the work had thus become very expensive. To overcome this difficulty a most useful machine, known as the Ingersoll Rock Drill, worked by compressed air, was introduced upon the work. It is in principle the same kind of drill as was used in driving the Mont Cenis Tunnel; but the Ingersoll drill is much more portable, more economically worked and handled, and is a decided improvement on the original idea."—Sir Lawrence Palk, at the public demonstration lately of Torquay's completed Sanitation.

As in an island grove, midst vine-trellised trees we halt,
 And all the world a-glow, in presence of the great Galt
 I muse, over these delightful regions still linger Sol
 And Phœbus light my ardent soul to sing the Ingersoll.
 As 'fore the breeze of enterprise I sail on free and fast,
 I bear the paul of ratchet forged instead of being cast.
 Thus there'll be no obstruction as down thro' the world I go,
 Causing Antipodal light thro' th' globular mass to glow.
 Canada saith, "Hail! Messrs. Le Gros, Mayne, Leaver, & Co.!"
 The Genii of the Earth's interior and yegnomes
 Start at this invasion of their subterraneous homes,
 Thro' their irradiate halls where erst gems shot the varied ray,
 Science' soul-light in fountain streaming because in orbless day.
 Like Laurence Sterne's starling, other Co.'s are always shouting,
 But ours practical, them inexperienced are routing.
 Sound it thro' these Islands and the Empire State of New York,
 The Ingersoll in Cornwall was the only drill that would work.
 It from th' Diamond took the prize at every Exhibition,
 And where was the Burleigh when this entered in competition?
 I note in New York at th' Tunnel Avenue Improvements,
 All others proved ineffective; yea, dead in their movements.

The first words that I lately heard while entering the Mersey,
 Were, the Ingersoll triumphs at the Harbour Works, Jersey.
 Lo, th' Silver Medal, Manchester, August, '75;
 There none other did to th' heights of the Ingersoll arrive.
 Leeds and Falmouth in the same year, and the meed of Laris,
 Met it in this year at the world's great artery, Paris.
 I pass thro' Science' stellar sheen, more than Danaean shower,
 Description ! and Application in Inspiration's hour.
 Portability (please excuse the strain, I've but one quatrain,
 I ne'er used such before, and ne'er intend to use't again).
 Effectiveness ! Automatic feed ! and Motive Power.
 Now from sea to sea upon our International Railway
 Of, or Eastern or Western Nation, the Empire-hailway,
 And all owing to the unrivalled Ingersoll Rock Drill,
 Work'd by Mercurius' sons with extraordinary skill.
 Torquay, the Queen of the South, in point of Sanitation,
 Is not surpassed by city or town in any nation.
 Let no after generation doubt th' wonders I declare,
 My spirit wanton'd in the rock as thro' crystalline air,
 Here I saw where th' Fairy People had held their Pavilions,
 Thro' an interminable epoch, 1000 billions
 O' centuries—as many millennial circ' ago,
 As there are spray in th' foam-wreaths of Ontario Lago.

CHARLES NORMAN,



17, GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C., MANUFACTURER'S REPRESENTATIVE (the most extensive and practical) in London, for all kinds of Goods suitable for the British North American Colonies. BRASS AND IRON BEDSTEADS of Every Description; Chandeliers, Gasfittings, Pendants, Brackets, Hall Lamps, &c.; Boulinikon Floor Cloth; Patent Lapwelded Iron Boiler Tubes; Makers of Engineers' Tools, Iron Ship Builders' and Boiler Makers' Tools; Superior Mill Chisels and Picks; Cast, Shear, and Spring Steel, Files, Hammers, Saws, &c.; the Special 10-in. Lathe, &c., &c.

Vide Pope, ye Muse' theme shall not "lie on the shelf with Quarles,"
 But enliven ev'ry latitude with the name of Charles.
 I never yet knew, since I left my native Tor, "Man
 Of woman born" (Macbeth) to rival Charles Norman
 In geniality or in faculties perceptive;
 All CANADA will henceforth many orders send and give
 To him, th' Imperial capital's representative
 Of ev'ry nation's mightiest Manufacturers,
 Nor circumstance nor clime he in his enterprise deters,
 Like to Jordan's meandering thro' his rows of reeds
 Sings th' Muse, thro' him we receive all such are made in Leeds.
 "Leeds prop'd his fame," said Cowley; "of busy Leeds," said Dyer;
 From hence, Charles Norman thro' th' colonies is sole supplier;
 All circles of the globe his genius lights with lambent fire,
 From Morn, to where in roseate floods Sol the country bathes,
 Speciality of his Patent Combination Lathes,

All Hail! Yank' erst Gargantua-like, dwindled down to mice
 Lo! the descriptive specification of Lathes with price,
 &c. ; and these, discarding all the Gowkthrapple,
 And roaring Rentowel by th' church in clatty Whitechapel,
 Every skipper for shipment, the first place to Charles allots,
 For Brass and Iron Bedsteads, Folding Bedsteads, Chairs and Cots.
 The Muse, orb-pavilioned in Science' realm encamps,
 Brass-work, Chandeliers, Gas-fittings, Pendants, Brackets, Hall-lamps,
 Ye Corticine, to tell the truth, to introduce I'm loth,
 While he gives us long enduring Boulinikon floor-cloth,
 Some unsightly and unwarrantable as Yank' cububes,
 Came over with that ungallant order of Uncle Reube's,
 But here in great variety. see th' proper kind of Tubes.
 What! deal again with Yank? our colonists are nae sich fools.
 Lo! Engineers' Iron Ship Builders, Boiler Makers' Tools,
 Superior (leave Jonathan to dance his Bull-run reel),
 Mill Chisels and Picks made from "special" Improved Cast Steel.
 To-day the Bard for heavy sums upon his banker draws,
 For, &c.. Cast Shear and Spring Steel, Files, Hammers, eke Saws,
 The deathless Muse, wings sky-grain'd Danæa-like, doth shake her
 Aurum obrussum o'er our real Cabinet-Maker,
 And CANADA's 4,000,000's glad, will correspond on
 These and more subjects with him in the centre of London.

THE GENERAL BRUSH POEM.
 CROWDEN & GARROD,



FALCON SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.,
 beg to call the attention of the
 Trade to their PATENT COPPER-
 BAND PAINTING BRUSHES, which
 have given entire satisfaction

to all who have used them, and can be confidently recommended. The PATENT COPPER-BAND SASH TOOLS are also made to stand Varnish. The prices are the same as String-bound. PATENT COPPER-BAND OVAL GROUND BRUSHES are also a great improvement on the old make. PATENT COPPER-BAND DISTEMPER BRUSHES. These are a great improvement upon the old pattern. There being no knots to break off, and the handle being so formed that it prevents the bristles from coming through. PATENT COPPER-BAND NAILED STOCK BRUSHES. ORDINARY STRING-BOUND PAINTING BRUSHES. Every kind of PAINTING, FANCY, or HOUSEHOLD BRUSH is manufactured by this firm.

"The Wilderness Row people have given up the ghost financially, and those of the Red Lion Circle, I hear, are too small; but instead of adventuring to fifty places, you will meet with all requirements in Brushes here concentrated in the one establishment of Messrs. Crowden and Garrod."

All others are far below, and may never hope to cope
 With "the Falcon stooping from above."—Alexander Pope.
 Who is it saith "a Falc'ner Henry is when Emma hawks
 (Matthew Prior), with her of tassels and of lures he talks:"

"A Falcon tow'ring in her pride of place."—William Shakespeare
 "What a point your Falcon made!" This too doth with him appear,
 The high soaring of my noble Falcon's not stopped by air,
 We look into "Gentle Izaak," and find this notice there.
 Crowden & Garrod's market is th' whole rolling world I wit—
 "Vast domain where Falcons fail in flight." Your Bard translates this
 From th' Latin of Decius Junius Juvenalis.

"This is decidedly the place before all others for a brush."

SIR FRANCIS GRANT, *Royal Academy Speech.*

"To would-be competitors say tush,
 — When we put it to the push,
 They had not given us such a brush."

SAMUEL BUTLER'S "*Hudibras.*"

This is the Original House of Thomas Kent & Co.,
 Known on India's torrid plain, and 'mid the Polar snow,
 And such now I choose for our Beautiful Ontario.
 The stand they early took, and the progress they ever made,
 Exhibits them as the very head of the Wholesale trade.
 The style of the elder firm our heroes still maintain;
 Onward! while those of borrow'd name pant after them in vain;
 Yea, they made themselves by travelling personally known,
 And from the past their future years may in reflex be shown.
 'Twas told me on the bridge where Chaudier rushes
 To the Lower Ottawa, by our friend the Captain Marrod,
 That now "Thomas Kent" is not mark'd upon their Brushes
 But their cognominal appellative, Crowden & Garrod.
 Before "George Ranger" his famous shaving edict appear'd,
 Our Friend the Major had a woeful length of beard,
 "Bearded like a pard," saith Shakespeare, everlasting Bard,
 T. Campbell, "Whisker'd Pandoors," eke Bearded Lady Landdoors:
 Too for all Domestic use, Brushes you may here command,
 And those the proper kind for Painting, Patent Copper-Band;
 Their Imperial Quality to examine and compare,
 Our western chiefs brought all their great experience to bear,
 And thus, while arranging for consignments I was induced—,
 And found that nothing better could be by England produced.
 Savage in 's *Wanderer* speaks of "a tooth's minutest nerve,"
 Of all Tooth Brushes these the cause of happiness best serve,
 Unlike those concerning which a Lady Friend to me spoke,
 "They're very tedious—hairs coming out are like to choke,
 I can assure you, Mr. Lidstone, I thought I should croak."
 "Dear Lady," said I, "please come with me, I'll tell you where
 To get the late invented Tooth Brush that will not cast its hair,
 Their own peculiar Patent,—my heroes of Falcon Square,
 Live, Lady, o'er life's sands and waves, of health and beauty boast;
 With teeth, like pearls by coral caves on Ceylon's spicy coast."

STANLEY.—Answer to the courtier Dean of Westminster's *Un-travelled-traveller* is in type, but crowded out of the present edition, as are, too, the articles devoted to the Bishops of Gloucester and Bristol, and Winchester. Whitton and Whitton have marked their names upon my list for 250 copies of the Londoniad. Theirs is an honourable house, but this edition is filled up. La Grand and Sutcliff do., but I do not require them, neither a low character named Sainsbury. Gillet and Bland I have spoken for.

J. PANGBOURNE & Co.,

WHOLESALE LEATHER MERCHANTS, AND
MANUFACTURERS OF CLOSED UPPERS, AND
WHOLESALE MERCHANTS IN SHOE MERCERY,
GRINDERY, &c., 15, 17, Liverpool Road,
Islington, N.

"At Islington, the plan of future operations laid."—CHAS. CHURCHILL.

One whose achievements in CANADA caused to ring land
And Lake, and whose e'er famous Ancestors lived in England
When hips and haws grew plenteous in the Ward of Langbourne,
Said visit "Merrie Islington" (Cowper) and James Pangbourne,
For he, like me, was very well aware that the whole
Of Massachusetts could not equal th' Pangbourne Co. for Sole.
But the Bard having taken Pegasus by the crupper,
Declares this, the Crispianian fame for all of Upper.
I had heard it said, sailing rivers down the western woods,
My heroes are the renown'd Exporters of French Goods,
Our introducing such to Manitoba from old France,
On account of the Revenue, would greatly the price enhance.
But I could adventure free o'er cat'ract, and ocean's foam,
For a decade at least, if sent from England, home.
And oratorically illustrate before my trip
Might I. All Uppers in material and Workmanship
Are here warranted; to wear moccasins our chiefs refuse
Any longer; they and all their tribes will have boots and shoes.
Hence from th' pictured rocks and ringing Isles of Haute Elangbourne
To the split sea' whirlpools not inaptly called Fang-bourne,
I Upper orders to Liverpool-road and James Pangbourne
Bear. It was said to me by our mutual friend, Squire McLear,
Were you to strive, it would take you a quarter of a year
To visit, after having in your minute-book entered
The varieties of manufactures here concentrated.

MATHESON & GRANT,
ENGINEERS.



Address for Telegrams:—

"MATHESON, WALBROOK, LONDON."

32, Walbrook, London, E.C.

"Mr. Matheson tells me that Handyside's Works are not suitable for
Canada, the heads of our great institutes and enterprises will, however,
be glad to avail themselves of the services of a practical gentleman like him-
self, a member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, and the author of certain
large and valuable works. I enclose you Matheson and Grant's Engineering
Trades' Report."—Letters to CANADA.

FAC ET SPERA.

"A Derby-dilly" (George Canning) in such I may not go
To visit by Derventio, "Handy Andy" & Co.
But I adventure o'er ocean from th' silent Dalbrook,
To th' wilderness of human life agitating Walbrook.
Ye Muse saith bear, from Erie's Falls to Northern Gathé, son,
Science wonder work unrivall'd, by Ewing Matheson.

A WINTER GARDEN AND AQUARIUM FOR TORQUAY.

"Where the salt sea innocuously breaks,
And the sea breeze as innocently breathes,
On Devon's leafy shores."—W. M. WORDSWORTH.

"Preferred to a wonder, Tor."—CHARLES COTTON'S "*Wonders of the Peak*;" and please see CARRINGTON'S "*Dartmoor*."

"_____ to-day,
On the coast of Torbay."—W. S. LANDOR.

"Whatever England's fields display,
The fairest scenes are thine, Torbay."—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

"Already half (the people of) the world visit Torquay at least once a year, and I'm sure that were a Public Conservatory and Aquarium set on foot two thirds of the remainder would be attracted every season to this Montpelier of England."—LADY LYDIA SEYMOUR "*On Climaterical Association*."

A Lady Friend of the Author of the "Londoniad," having a certain sum of money beyond her requirements, and whose circumstances have placed her beyond the necessity of placing it to a Banking account, or of throwing it into any system of brokerage, asked him for his opinion in regard to the laying out of the same, which he gave in advocacy of a Winter Garden and Aquarium for Torquay. "Now, Mr. Lidstone, as you are generally in favour of provisos, I should like to know what proviso, by way of clause, you would advise." I replied, "I have ever declined giving advice upon any subject, but, in the present case, I will offer a suggestion." "O, do please, Mr. Lidstone, I am so anxious to—" I answered, "Let the proviso, in whatever form it may be made to appear, embody this sentiment, that the said endowment, or under whatever name your Beneficence may be flourished before the eyes and ears of living or prospective generations, shall not be made a means of enhancing the price of Building lots, or of raising rent, or tax of any kind." "So good of you! All things in pairs you know—" "Well, I'll pair off with this, that no contract be given out or goods received from any one or more who has not or have not already appeared, or who may not hereafter appear in the 'Londoniad.'" Thus ended this delightful prologue to, may we hope, an interesting drama.

So much of the sum of Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand Pounds Sterling as may suffice for the above purpose will be forthcoming any time, however early in the 9th decade of the present century.

PROFESSOR G. H. LEHMANN.

THE GREATEST GERMAN PHILOSOPHER IN AMERICA UPON THE YANKEES.

Re-translated from the English: I would gladly cause this famous letter to be printed in English for the present LONDONIAD, but there are too many prudes alive at the present time.

* * * Mein Gott, Herr —, Wissen Sie was die Yankee sind? Ich kannte sie ehe Sie im Embrio waren, und ich habe nie etwas Gutes von ihnen gehört. Sie sind die verfluchtsten Schufte die existiren. Ein

Yenkee ist immer ein Gottesleugner (Atheist) oder ein Scheinhelliger; er ist nicht wie jeder andere Mensch aus Fleisch und Blut und Seele gemacht; er ist zusammengesetzt aus den Auswurf der Menschheit, und immer von einem teuflischen Gestank umgeben. Eine Yenkee-dame ist immer geil; sie trägt immer die Hosen mit der Klappe herunter. Blutschande und * * * sind gewöhnlich unter ihnen, wie Holländisch zu Bette gehen in Western New York oder wie verliebt sein bei einem Irrländischen Begräbniss. Ein Yenkee kann nicht ehrlich sein, selbst wenn er sich darum bemühte, es ist gegen seine Natur. Ein Mondkalb möchte ehe suchen die Gestalt Gabriels anzunehmen. Ich bin in viele Länder gewesen und habe blos bei den Yenkees gefunden, dass man Fremde damit beleidigt, indem man schmutzige Epitaphes an ihre Wohnhäuser schreibt; ich würde vorziehen lieber in einem Schmutzloch zu leben als Ansteckung unter den Yenkees einathmen, diese schmutzigen Abkömmlinge von Hündinnen.

W. SMEATON AND SONS,



PRIZE MEDAL AWARDED FOR SANITARY APPLIANCES, INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1874. HONOURABLE MENTION, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1878. (BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT), PLUMBERS, HOT WATER AND SANITARY ENGINEERS, INVENTORS AND PATENTEEES OF THE IMPERIAL NEEDLE-BATH AND DOOR-ACTION URINAL. EVERY DESCRIPTION OF BUILDINGS HEATED ON THE LOW, MEDIUM, OR HIGH PRESSURE SYSTEM. BATHS, LAVATORIES, URINALS, WATER-CLOSETS, &c., FITTED UP WITH ALL THE BEST AND LATEST IMPROVEMENTS. PATENT IMPROVED TIP-UP BASINS. 9, Newcastle Street, and 10, Wych Street, Strand, London. Show Rooms—24, Moorgate Street, E.C.

"Hence have arisen in the minds of Smeatons the beautiful forms which their genius invented."—ALAN STEVENSON, LL.B., F.R.S.E., M.I.C.E., E.B.N.L.

"And Smeatons with no rivals."

THOS. WARD, "*England's Reformation*," Canto I.

I with the banner'd ages as upon a rainbow pons,
 Pass from sphere to sphere with Wm. Smeaton and Sons;
 And searching thro' th' universe found this to be the right House,
 Whose applicable and distinctive trade-mark 's the Lighthouse.
 Like Aldabaran doth their genius never vary,
 The cynosure of their existence, the Sanitary.
 Soon good ship Argo with a cargo to Ottawa steers,
 For those Edifices the glory of both hemispheres,
 From our best Sanitary and Hot-Water Engineers.
 In their Health-imparting line all London the palm confers
 On its prime Inventors, Patentees, and Manufacturers.
 In public Hall and private Manse we e'er on them depend;
 They plan their own works and personally superintend.
 Hail! we that which never yet did equal in England find,
 Imperial Needle-Bath with Shower and Douche combin'd.

Their Baths all kinds in varied language soon I'll describe,
 Catalogue, bring in vogue with native and adopted tribe.
 Into new life our great colonial families bloom,
 Cast therein by Wm. Smeaton and Sons' Model Bath-Room.
 Full soon Sanitary science a wonder story tells
 In our Parliamentary Buildings, Institutes, Hotels,
 All o' th' accessory they work in their appliances,
 And ev'ry collateral of the saving sciences.
 Hark! what doth Fama with her thousand trumpet-tongues declare?
 Unrivall'd for Heating by Hot Water, Steam, or Hot Air,
 Various kinds of Closet from Prospectus we select,
 Saith each famous Builder and Educated Architect,
 While I believe no existing firm or company hath
 Carried out so many Improvements connected with th' Bath.
 I pass'd into th' "shadowy land," mourning existence rath;
 Aphrodit' and Dian' were bathing in vapoury fons,
 Singing, had we while on earth W. Smeaton and Sons,
 We had transform'd each particle of spray to lustrous gem.
 Enter Pallas, (speaks), "And I'd have crown'd Hygia anew thro'
 them."

Pictures of loveliness my heroes' deeds, and all are chaste,
 Yea models in perfectitude, eke of Artistic taste.
 Ceramic miracles! ne'er did to their heights attain
 Those wonder-deeds from Orient lands brought o'er th' morning main;
 "I mean" (Milton, Ariosto,) their pans in porcelain.
 Say, what is't hath given to Massachusetta Yank a rap?—
 They're Wholesale Agents for th' Bower Patent Screw Gas Trap.
 All these I show in Illuminated Transparencie,
 And with mental refraction enchant our people o'er the sea.
 Dr. Oronhyatekha, a verbal explanation
 Of this, these, and those will give to our uprising nation.
 And instead of from "Derventio" (Derby) Handyside,
 Our lively multitude all ardourously embued,
 From loud Chaudière to Ottawa's silent *Sandy-side*,
 And Ocean's eastern slopes to Sun-set's Irradiate Mons,
 For Lawns, Rockeries, Ferneries, greet W. Smeaton and Sons.
 The course of Sanitary Science as upon a map
 I trace thro' later ages and welcome "th' sewage gas trap."
 This and other deeds, each in their way the greatest feat on
 Record, hath been expatiated on by John Smeaton,
 May we sincerely hope that these stray waifs may yet secure
 A place in the archives of National Literature.
 I find that our family firm had been able to gain
 A place for models only lately on the banks of Seine,
 Each the Invention of which might well form a New Era,
 From 'midst th' congregated nations in the Trocodera,
 Or unto their Artistic Bath-Room, specially design'd,
 Had the Grande Prix (Grand Prize) or the Gold Medal been assign'd.
 And yet even here they stood (Lloyds), "Letter A, Number 1!"
 Yea! like unto th' Colossus of Rhodes, singly and alone.
 In unique adaptation that which in the History
 Of the "Sanative" (—Chaucer, Bacon, each our country's glory)
 Too will form an epoch is their "tip-up" Lavatory.
 And well may it be our clime' and the human race its boast,
 "Here (note!) are no cocks to be turned on or plugs to be lost."
 O, Sanitation! millions who sought the Stygian coast

In classic times, and thro' the mediæval ages down,
 Had lived long brightening years, in unexampled renown,
 Did'st thou, blest Science, in their day, Health's Goddess' temples crown.
 I thought 'twas Chaos from its old dominion rifted,
 As ghosts like visible winds athwart the horizon drifted,
 Taking forms from sunlit snows thro' thousand winters sifted,
 She comes again to earth, transform'd to song-enchanted fons,
 Meandering through the world, "William Smeaton and Sons."
 The "Imperial Needle-Bath," acmé of immortal mind,
 All here required in modern household see at once combin'd,
 Art, Science, and Philosophy might here entrance mankind,
 That space is by their slop-sink saved, ye Muses here behold
 And witness well; as th' arrangements for Water Hot and Cold
 (Glory-deed!) with the basin up into the wall will fold.

THE PICTURE-FRAME, &c. POEM.

A. MIRANDE,



DECORATOR, UPHOLSTERER, AND GILDER,
 LOOKING-GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MA-
 NUFACTURER, 16, RATHBONE PLACE, OXFORD
 STREET, W. All kinds of Repairing at
 moderate charges. Estimates free.

"The Master Carver."—JOHN DRYDEN,

"Whose skilful hands enfold,
 With circumfusile gold."—ALEXANDER POPE.

"Here shall be said he with the Minstrel came,
 If but the picture might deserve a Frame."

DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENAL.

The Art Muse now over all CANADA's New Dominion,
 Simrogh-like, broad as the sky shall spread her harping pinion,
 And from Ocean's organ billows, to the lyric stream of Lirande,
 Which like unto molten luminary flames,
 Each great Race and Institute shall rapturously salute,
 For two decades to come our A. Mirande;
 In much that our Colonists require of picture-frames,
 Your Bard a portion of peculiar knowledge will impart,
 I personally transmit Picture Frames as works of Art;
 Thus the perceptive faculties being open'd ken you,
 Readers, I send such Art achievements out free of the Revenue,

And thro' out all those countries of the Blest,

"By mortals call'd" the regions of the West;

I will in their various idioms send forth strictures,

On the mode by all ages adopted for Framing Pictures,

One trait in A. Mirande's character must him befriend

And a good reason that we ought upon him to depend,

He himself doth ever personally superintend,

I have no objection to an Old Italian Picture Frame,

But the modern kinds are trashy, and to Art lay no claim,

Too those Art curs'd abortions, from Vandal Yankeedom,

Never more across the Frontiers to CANADA shall come,

That which we cannot make ourselves we'll have from England home;

And thus discarding 1000 others A. Mirande bring,
O Muse, take him under your protecting wing.

"Ample room and verge enough" (Gray) he ne'er attempts to squeeze a
Miracle of Illuminative Art so full of grace,
Into a contracted frame, Lo, that by the Princess Louisa,

Made especially for me by A. Mirande, Rathbone Place,

This shall pass th' Atlantic in other mode than Leander,

In a Frame glorified by the Classical Meander

A design which now sets the educated mind a-glow,

As it did on th' plains of Elis 3000 years ago.

In eager fancy I was borne, as here I gazed elate,

Back to the Ptolomeean age and Egypt's early date,

Thro' classic Græcia on I pass'd, with burning pinions thence,

To where Athens with Roma shar'd once her pre-eminence;

Thro' Pompeii I passed along, so late the buried clime.

Which rivalled once the excellence of Corinth the sublime.

From many a wonder age I classic carvings trace,

I turn to the famous A. Mirande, 16, Rathbone Place,

I look'd upon each glorious work, I turn'd and look'd again,

And my soul like *that* fairy mirror, its image doth retain.

And thro' eventful years to come, inspir'd with the idea,

I'll dwell by Nilus' realm, and woo self-repeated Rhea.

Like unto Monmouth or McMahon the Bard had found's ditch,

Adventuring for Picture Frames to unclassical Houndsditch.

But in his object, and heroes, choosing none others, blest

Thro' all our Colonies supplier destined in the West;

Th' Rhyphographical style o' Yank to describe doth bewilder,

But all is pure and tasteful with our Carver and Gilder.

"——— Do thou vouchsafe to Illuminate;

Ye pictures were of passing worth."—EDMUND SPENSER.

"——— Royal bounties

Are great and gracious."—PHILIP MASSINGER.

Those two beautiful Pictures, Sacred Subjects, lately at the Author's Mother's place in London, and which to the educated mind must ever recall the more resplendent epochs of a delightful Art as practised in its full magnificence by the Illuminatorii of Mediæval times, were drawn and coloured by the Princess Louisa; under the tuition of Sir Albert H. Warren (please see the 100th "Londoniad"), and by her kindly given to a Bazaar organized for the advancement of Art, are now being framed (the style, &c., being all left to himself) by Mr. Mirande, in process of time they will be at the Exhibition.

From the ingurgatorial cycle of Dirande

And Ocean' dithyramb' to star islanding Girande,

We'll invoke the timely aid of Mr. A. Mirande.

I and Pegasus, o'er Earth's tow'ry kingdoms rode apace,

With all the winds, till we met hostelry in Rathbone Place.

Here I beheld the most wonderful Looking-Glass Frame,

(Caryatidæan-figured pillars evolving flame),

That ever down Time's slopes thro' aledæal ages came,

And the most beautiful carving for Horologic stand

That e'er exemplified th' curve to an enlightened land.

Virgilius-like with Dante I take him by the ear

And since have shot the moon his erst neighbours, Brothers Polak,

He shall be our supplier from Niagara to Tolak.



E. POWER,
SEAL ENGRAVER, DIE SINKER,
AND CRYSTAL ENGRAVER,
 40, Hatton Garden, London.
 ALL KINDS OF ENGRAVED AND PAINTED
 CRYSTALS KEPT IN STOCK.

"Among the rest Edwin came."—MALLETT.

"Art with Power."—DR. YOUNG'S "*Night Thoughts*."

"Engraved in characters that shall last and tell deeds to posterity."
 GOVERNOR EDWARD EVERETT.

Ye Sciences, advance in more than Danaean shower,
 And Pallas walks in light through the might of Edwin Power,
 Strong-i'-th'-arm, Soho's So-and-So, eke Ortnor and Houl,
 I've sent to Hades long ago with Stote the Yankee ghoul,
 And eluding in the capital each shoppo shaver,
 I hie hitherward to our practical Seal Engraver.
 Seal Engraving! yea, I'm borne back to th' Classical Antique,
 The splendours of old Roma, and the glories that were Greek.
 The higher, finer polish E. Power doth not neglect,
 Famed for giving a vigorous and sculpturesque effect.
 He not merely a manipulator but the thinker,
 And intellectually ranks th' world's A 1 Die Sinker.
 My crystal planes were perfect—large, nought could be completer—
 I handed them to him straight from the goniometer.
 Hence arose the work that three parts of a continent charms,
 Reveal'd in Art's early grace, CANADA'S Coat of Arms.
 The Design was lang syne pourtray'd by the enraptur'd Muse,
 And such upon a stamp of purest crystal now I use.
 Henceforth shall our Colonial orders be the dower
 Of the Hope of Nations, Minerva's Son, Edwin Power.

FRANCIS AND CO.,



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 ELECTRIC BELL MANUFACTURERS (BY AP-
 POINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT,
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 Garden, E.C. Warehouses—New Kent Road, S.E.

"Francis, beneath the laurel shade,
 And in the electric blaze, most grand."—VOLTAIRE'S "*Henriade*."

Pallas, Science' patroness Prime o' celestial madams,
 Takes me not to Russell, Sax, Sanderson, Coad, nor Adams.
 But, in order that the Western Minstrel might enhance his
 Fame, and CANADA's glory, hies to th' Co. of Francis.
 Muse, in Earth's thousand languages and notes of warning tell,
 And awaken th' Occident, they make for those who but sell.
 Avaunt, all ye mere trady loons, *id est, pede secum*,
 Will hail F. R. Francis' Electrical *vade mecum*,
 For in London (Eng.) I sing, that 'bove Boston's or New York's
 We will welcome from Home and the Eagle Telegraph Works.

And in order to evade Yankee exactors,
 Nought your Finance Delegate deters,
 CANADA greets our Telegraph Engineers, Contractors,
 And Electric Bell Manufacturers.
 From "rosy dreams, and slumbers light" at night,
 Us, no burglarious attempts affright.

North of Toronto, Henleys laid all our telegraph lines,
 But now the palm to Francis and Co. our Colony assigns.
 "'Twill out!" In vain the reserving spirit itself up-pents,
 Submarine cables, o'er-land lines, Telegraph Instruments.
 All the other in wonder-language I will soon describe,
 Catalogue, bringing in vogue with native an adopted tribe,
 All of intonation known to legend'ry Syr Trystem
 Partake of th' vulgar real, compared to the rapt ideal
 Emanation of the soul, their Electric Bell System.

To our Aboriginal Melchisedeek, King Peter,
 I Francis' Adjustable Electric Thermometer
 Took. Here 'tis that each eminent Builder and Architect
 Doth what he or they require ready at list ~~for~~ select.
 The horses of the Sun are galloping towards that day
 In which the jingling sort of Bells will all be done away,
 And Electric Science, thro' ev'ry nation bear the sway,
 I trumpet to Art's resurrection the upheaving West,
 Hark! Echo! "Here all materials are of the very best."
 From hence, better than from th' so-called United States,
 Creation, with all your Zodiacs cease meanwhile to roll!
 Great Nature suspend your courses from utmost Pole to Pole,
 Listen, O tremulous Heaven, to the truthful story,
 There, th' "Duty." "As I gness" (Spenser) were prohibitory;
 NOTE! ~~for~~ Here for large numbers are given special estimates ~~for~~
 Wonder? that from th' old system the world hath shown estrangement,
 As in th' crank, erst had from Yank, liable to derangement.

Electricity, as with a human soul,
 Filleth the whole world around from Pole to Pole.

(Need I on this subject be ever more dilating,
 'Tis God's voice thro' the universe reverberating;
 O'er Time's entempest'd main, like Arion on Dolphin' back,
 I tread th' living rock, volcano-torn, and 'gainst the lamp of morn,
 Which now, midst Demogorgon realm, surges wild and blind and black;
 Anon I "ride on the volleyed lightnings thro' th' Heaven,"
 Amidst exploding spheres and lawless cycles driven.
 The seas of the stars have burst attraction's bars,
 Crowded on night, and wash'd away the day,
 And meeting in conflict roar thro' wilds without a shore,
 Embleming the more dreadful Biscay Bay.

There! myriad system-wreck'd of sun and planetoid,
Like burning sands, are flying o'er creation's desert void.

But Science comes—Minervian form!
My Mentor and my warden;
I in fleecy clouds outstrip the storm—
Am safe in Hatton Garden.

P.S.—Henley Brothers did all our Electric Telegraph work north of Toronto. They were introduced by the Author of the "LONDONIAD," and paid by him.

🏆 WINNER OF THE CHALLENGE STAKES FOR £600 A-SIDE
AT THE SAFES CHALLENGE CONTEST, PARIS EXHIBITION,
1867, BETWEEN THE AMERICAN BANK SAFE AND
CHATWOOD'S "INVINCIBLE."

SAMUEL CHATWOOD,



LANCASHIRE SAFE AND LOCK WORKS, BOLTON,
13, Cross Street, Manchester, and 120,
Cannon Street, London, E.C. Prize Medals
Awarded at Oporto, 1865, "For Superiority
in Manufacture of Safes." Dublin, 1865,
"With Special Mention of Chatwood's Patent Wedge-
proof Fasteners." Paris, 1867, "The only Medal for Safes
of British Manufacture." Havre, 1868, "Ditto." London,
1873, "For Safes." Philadelphia, 1876. Gold Medal
Awarded at Paris Exhibition, 1878. Vienna, 1873. Extract
from Official Book of Awards. 290, CHATWOOD, SAMUEL.—
Gross Britannien, Bolton, and London. "*Feuer- und
Einbruchsichere Cassen—Verdienste Medaille*." Fire and
Burglar-proof Safes—Medal for Merit. All other Medals
awarded for Safes were for "*Feuerfeste*" Fire-proof only;
none receiving mention of the "*Einbruchsichere*" or "Bur-
glar-proof" quality, save Chatwood's.

It is a most resplendent morning!
Sol ascends the heavens adorning;
Samuel th' wreath irradiates thy brow—
'Tis the same Samuel, I behold him now,
I see him on the sacred hill in glory,
Destined to glow aye in th' rolls of History;
Victory is thine, the prosperous breezes blow.
Though drest in mail and moving with fiery hail
The sons of Baal against TRUTH could not prevail,
But startling the nations with their wild alarms;
To their dark clime meander'd in serpent trail,
Thus while their panoply of tower and power were riven,
Plenteously was pour'd down from Heaven,
Victory with victory on Samuel's all-conquering arms.

COUNT VITORIO ALFIERI, "*Dramas*,
translated and paraphrased from the
Original Italian by the Author of the
Londoniad."

"Where in Paris opposing parties twain,
 One by Fraud, one by Truth, sought th' prize to gain."
 MONSIEUR DE VOLTAIRE, "The
Henriade," translated by the
 Author of the "Londoniad."

With Chatwood's Safes unrivalled in either hemisphere,
 I, in my Argo with a cargo o'er Atlantic steer,
 And ope' th' British West t' our unconquer'd Bankers' Engineer.
 And though th' Yankee vulture up a screaming braggart vaults,
 Chatwood's Safes being so free from ev'ry other maker's faults,
 Like Shakespeare's heroine's "Invincible 'gainst all assaults."
 Erst the exulting nations beheld his "deeds of derring
 Doe" (Spenser), when British Science wrought the fall of Herring—
 While CANADA for ever ousting all the deeds of Yanks,
 Chooses only Chatwood's for her New Dominion Banks.
 And I, who lately helped herein to alter the venu,
 Take his Safes thro' our Provinces free of the Revenue.
 Our Great Orator of Science shall give an Art Lecture
 In ev'ry settlement on their mode of Manufacture,
 And show how Lancastrians the Yankee Safe did fracture.
 Who was it, and I ask this question with peculiar pride,
 That hath broken down ev'ry Safe Maker in the world beside?
 His name is borne on all th' winds, and echoes in ev'ry tide.
 Your Oriflamme Samuel aureola's all the sky,
 And the genius of all the nations doth at once defy,
 Yours are the only Safes on which all countries can rely.
 Ever bootless th' aim against your Safes, Fire and Burglar proof,
 As the lost Fiends' attempt to storm the ethereal roof,
 Witness, if you please, though the Germans wrought for the Yankees,
 And their Titanian blows came in a shower of seas,
 Yea, though like so many Thors of the Norse their hammerers strove,
 Or Stygian deities batt'ring th' Universe of Jove,
 While th' Herring Safe by Bolton men was soon to ribbands torn,
 Chatwood's remained intact as when first o'er the channel borne.
 Now, I as the New Dominion's Finance Delegate,
 Instead of importing Safes from any United State,
 Will all my active aid in resource and interest give,
 To Samuel Chatwood as his unpaid Representative.
 By ye Fate wrought, I read the tale in web and woof,
 Some, fire awhile resist, but in Chatwood's high behoof,
 We draw his th' only Safes that are both Fire and Burglar proof.
 Gitche Gumee (Lake Superior) like its copper hills,
 Which some indention with gunpowder th' adventurer fills,
 All his attempts are vain, nought to reward his toil and pain,
 The "Villainous Salt Petre" comes whizzing out again,
 So vainly his perceptive bumps the arduous burglar chafes,
 E'en "Nitrous compound" vapours scold-like from the Safes.

THE SECOND PART UNIVERSITY 1st PRIZE
 POEM—EXTRACT.

I hail the Metallic Gods; far from each braggart dolt on
 Steril Naragansett, they've emigrated to Bolton,
 Fam'd in old Derby times, now the residence of Tubal Cain,
 "Men call'd him Mulciber," thence Vulcan in many a strain,
 (Lo! Hesiodius' Kosmos; Ischys, Bie, Mechane,

Brontes ! Steropes ! Arges ; the myriad-name beside,
 In whom were all the Lightnings, and Thunder personified,
A Mulcendo ferrum, lo, Ovidius' Met. 2. 5,
 Oh, Muse, we will soon to a classic altitude arrive.
 Apollodorus, Homerus ; Cicero de Nat. D. ;
 Herodotus 2. 3 ; Varro. d L.L. ; please Q. V.
 Whom shall I choose alone for Safes with ardour, asked I,
 And raised (*dernier ressort*) tow'rd heaven mine wistful eye,
 Minerva came, th' plume on her helm shook like a stormy sky,
 No longer veil'd ; her *peplum* for the nonce she flung away ;
 Which a lawless *Via Lactæ* thro' wilds of Chaos did stray,
 Till Chance and Night join'd, this in a firmanent to display,
 Where orbs in Glory, Hymns eternal, 'mid soul-light rehearse
 Her praise, and sing into new life a mental Universe.)
 And thus she spake celest' what I in mortal words repeat,
 Didst ever with a Yankee deal, and not find him a cheat ?
 I beheld and heard no more till the Arts' Patroness' targe,
 Did to the expanse of Heaven's circumference enlarge.
 At once her form dilating involved the Horizon,
 Drest in Metathesis of Day ; seas foaming fring'd her robe,
 Zodiacs and ringing constellations blazed thereon,
 Equisonant wi' many a florid song-empassioned globe.
 From where Ocean in his arms clasps the Morning to his breast,
 To where the God of Day 'midst seeming flower-beds sinks to rest,
 In the roseate Lajos of the all-enchanting West.
 Trumpeter rivers in our clime's occidental section,
 Join th' cataractal reveille in th' Sun-time' resurrection.
 Whose genius is it that sets isles and continents a-blaze,
 Such as then upon prophetic eyn of the minstrel broke,
 Rhetorical Panorama ; exhalations in Eve's haze ;
 Torrential fires streaming hells, and flying skies of smoke.
 Let us hie to the wigwam of Francois Lemuel Ghatwood,
 Aboriginal chief and prophet, he to each nation
 In Iroquois is proclaiming the New Salvation
 Of an awak'ning Era brought by Samuel Chatwood.

ALEXANDER KELLY,



'THE "IMPERIAL" RAILWAY CARRIAGE ROOF
 LAMP. KELLY'S PREMIER DOOR AND GATE
 SPRING. The simplest, neatest, and most
 effective Door-Spring ever made. Needs
 no skill to apply it, and always in order.
 Full directions with each spring. Highly recommended
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 News*; *Ironmonger*; *Royal Institute of British Architects*;
Society of Arts Journal; *Illustrated Carpenter and Builder*;
European Mail; *British Architect and Northern En-
 gineer*; *British Trade Journal*; *Herapath's Railway and
 Commercial Journal*, &c., &c., &c. 19 and 20, East Corri-
 dor, 59, Mark Lane, London, E.C.; and 3, Cope Street,
 Dublin.

"A, ni Chealleadh (A Kelly), Son of the Heroes of Old."—OSSIAN.

"————— Alexander of the North.

JAMES THOMSON'S "Winter."

"Kelly, oh, pride of the Gael!

At the goal of delight and of honour I am,

To boast such a theme."—TURLOGH O'CAROLAN, 1670—1733.

I seem imbued with th' spirit of Milton and of Shelley,
 Inspired as I am by deeds of Alexander Kelly.
 Creation's planetoidal towers encampaniled ring,
 To the strain hailing (British Patent) Premium Door and Gate Spring.
 Such I, to our 4,000,000 in homesteads and pavilions,
 Will in the brightening and immediate future bring.
 Your Minstrel was the first to exhibit it to the Lamb
 Of March, who said, "the Spring can also be fixed in the Door-jamb."
 Ye *modus operandi* at first the wisecracks posed,
 But, presto! and lo, 'tis out of sight when the door is closed.
 Nor will I e'er believe that thro' these door openings, Dames
 Bardell and Cluppise (Pickwick) could ever have played their games.
 And now across the horizon doth my Pegasus tramp,
 With A. Kelly's "Imperial" Railway Carriage Roof Lamp.
 Late when publicly shown to th' number of 27,
 The world's best, the palm was to the "Imperial" given.
 Muse! speak in all its attributes of a hero thrifty, thine,
 And mentally endowed, ~~65~~ Ceres circle, Mark Lane, 59.
 This Lamp alone, shall be by the enlightening minstrel sent,
 Over that mighty railway, our Western Empire's hailway,
 Stretching from ocean to ocean, across the Continent,
 Soon in many tongues shall auricularly meet our ken,
 Its advantages (I'll proclaim them) to the number of ten.
 Others may be call'd good, but here, with all due deference.
 Our Empire Colony will give to this the preference,
 We'll note the testimonials—so unrivall'd reference.
 I welcome its Proprietor as one of Science' stars,
 Lo! here th' use of Petroleum on Railway cars.
 Dr. Oronhyatekha will for this give a lecture
 On 'ts applicability and mode of manufacture.
 While Yank flies as in a diabolus of a funk,
 Not unstriped, but unstar'd from all stations of the Grand Trunk—
 Our greatly-gifted Thaumaturgus is no shabby wight,
 His intellect and education give London new light.
 Horace! Cicero! Talk of Tuscan villas, Sabine farms,
 His suburban residence 'tis that the Art Student charms.
 Like our chieftains of Glengarry, from Ben Loch, and heather,
 He's genial and aboveboard, nought of fuss and feather.
 His advent to Earth—in mortal language he was born
 Amid the romantic scenes of classic-moyen Lorne.
 Selma! Morven! Morning Land of Song, Ossian's lays
 Flash in cat'racts thro' th' Highlands fountain'd in far Celtic days.
 (A note, for those afar, who took me by the infant hand,
 He, like them of Albin race.—O proud, unconquer'd land!
 Where cairns are Nature's orators, and rivers roll in song;
 And heroes' souls, in airy halls, on misty mountains throng.
 Th' sublimer patriots of time from Scotland take their cue,
 Though th' Cæsars all other forms of governments o'erthrew,

Over the clans of Scotland the Roman eagles never flew.)
 Muse, note! his sovereign ancestors were the Lords of the Isles,
 And they sleep with nameless kings and chiefs in "Iona's piles;"
 Fama upon his bright inheritance of glory smiles.
 His living relatives are sheriffs, and eke magistrates,
 And 's friendship is sought by the great of all Earth's rival states.
 When he shall visit glorious Ontario,
 Not like a lonely pilgrim will he there wander,
 For I myself will with him personally go,
 And introduce to our Great Families, Squire Alexander.

SIR GEORGE CARTIER, M.P. FOR MONTREAL,
 (PREMIER OF LOWER CANADA.)

"Syre George wes he,
 Ane nobill Knycht of great auctoritie."
The Buik of the Chronicles of Scotland; or a Metrical Version of the History of Hector Boece; By Magr. WILHELMUS STEWART, circa 1481, Bk. l. 61, 154—5 verse.

"He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,
 What time he rear'd the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height,
 And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key,
 And they welcomed back Cartier from his perils over the sea."

"*Jacques Cartier*," by the HON. T. D. MCGEE.

"Shall I recite what now is doing,
 Or what for future times is brewing;
 Or triumph that the French see all
 Their hopes at Montreal?"

ROBERT LLOYD, 1733-64.

In his speech delivered at Fishmonger's Hall, London (Eng.), Please see the 100th "Londoniad," were sounded the following words, "the accursed Yankees! Annexation, we look with horror upon it."

What a great Irishman said of the Yankees,—HON. T. D. A. MCGEE.
 Something was shown in print from amidst the crowd in front of the hustings (at the West Montreal Nomination). Mr. McGee on seeing it exclaimed, "Oh, dis-commend me, if you please to the Yankees, for a pack of dirty soul'd scoundrels . . ." Please see this delectable speech in the 100th "Londoniad."

SIR W. E. LOGAN, LIVING IN CANADA.

The Great Geologist poem appears in a former "Londoniad."

"Logan, hail!"—CARRINGTON'S "*Dartmoor*."

"All the world knew long ago,
 Sir William."—DEAN SWIFT.

"In the front of all
 Logan, crown his head with bays."

DRYDEN, "*The Art of Poetry*."

"Happy days to Logan."—ROBERT BURNS.

LETTER FROM SIR WALTER TREVELYAN, BART.

“ ——— whom Temperance doth still vigorous keep.”

COWLEY, “*The Davideis*.”

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE.

Paraphrased by the Author of the Londoniad, and by him inscribed to those 500 gentlemen who form the General Council, is now being issued in fifty different languages. (Please see the 100th Londoniad.)

THE HONOURABLE SAMUEL TILLEY, C.B.,

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

Mentally I wing my way over the Atlantic with the rapidity of a glance, and in the midst of Acadia, that renowned land of Evangeline, I accompany thee

“ ——— amid the mazy Groves,

(Sweet solitude!) where warbling birds provoke

The silent Muse, delicious rural seat

Of St. John.” — JOHN PHILIPS, to Lord Bolingbroke.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE HONOURABLE RÉNE
EDOUARD CARON,

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF LOWER CANADA,

Called the Province of Quebec.

* * * The tribute which I then paid to him and to certain members of his highly educated family hath passed into several languages. It is known that the Hon. Mrs. Caron, his wife (and I prefer that name to the Yankee-fied appellation, *his lady*), in her origin sprang from the same family as Stephen, Count of Blois, King of England.

“ And you, Illustrious Sir, receive as due,

A present destiny preserv'd for you.

This, the way to Conquer at Quebec.”

LORD GEORGE GERMAIN.

Highest of earthly honours, from the great and good to be descended, they alone against a noble ancestry cry out, who have none of their own.

BEN JONSON.

On Thee Futurity shall cast her eyes,

Laurels already wreathed upon your temples rise.

La Henriade, Chant vii.

Author of the *LONDONIAD Trans*.

I remember as it were but a season ago, when at seven years of age, began my pilgrimage in the Western World—the Waters—I believe they call them—the St. Charles’

“ Still roll in the Bay, as they roll'd that day

When the ‘Ottawa’ moor'd below,

When the sea was wild, and the sky was black

And white the shore with snow.”

HIS EXCELLENCY THE HONOURABLE
ALEXANDER MORRIS,

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF MANITOBA,

Is advancing the Cause of Temperance greatly in the Prairie Province. I had the pleasure of being acquainted with him in very early years of life. The last time that I saw him was when his ever-honoured Mother, himself, and the (now) Author of the LONDONIAD were guests of that true gentleman, Squire

"Wilkinson by Nature form'd to please."

CHARLES CHURCHILL, "*The Rosciad*."

"Oh Wilkinson! who can sing
And not an offering to thy Altar bring?"—HON. CHARLES YORKE.

Who at Caledonia Springs had

"Rear'd an Eden in the waste wilderness."—MILTON.

Our dwelling was

"A stately building in a spacious wood."—POMFRET, "*The Choice*."

"I heard of Alexander's fame,

And wished him tell the wond'rous tale again."

NATHANIEL LEE, "*The Rival Queens*" (Act III., Scene 2).

"In homage to the Mother

Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,

With all his Father's virtues blest,

Morris"

ALEXANDER POPE.

"Midst grassy seas in *sober* Manitoba."

"*Picturesque Poems*," by CAPTAIN DONALD CAIRD MACOSSIAN.
A Poem descriptive of Manitoba appears in the 100th LONDONIAD.

"Alexander was her guard,

By his command we boldly cross'd the Line,

And bravely fought where *stars* arise."—JOHN DRYDEN.

"Alexander led in love and lee ———"

ANDREW, OF WYNTOWN, Anno 1285.

"——— Honour to him Alexander———"

DR. THOMAS SPRAT, Bishop of Rochester.

"Tried men at Killicranky were arrayed,

And here you have

Tried men at Garry."—WORDSWORTH'S SONNETS.

Here is a field for enterprise, O ye! of Bucolic predilections

"Who not with body's waste the soul have pamper'd,

Who as the clear North-western wind are free."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"Just as I prophesy'd!—The storm begins!

And thou art off—for Wimbledon."

DR. WOLCOT, "*Mr. Pott's Flight to Wimbledon*."

DR. ORONHYATEKHA (the Burning Cloud), Representative of the Good Templars, a Temperance body numbering close upon two millions on the Western Continent, and 100,000 in Canada. Your speech of

February 24th, 1869, hath made you famous over Europe. My address to you appears in all the Languages of the West.

P.S.—It is known that a few years ago, our highly educated and genial Hero, in competition bore off the Prize.

“Where the slow descending sun
Gilt the bowers of Wimbledon,”
SIR WILLIAM JONES, “*The Muse Recalled.*”

Before his father's time the Yankees used to come over to CANADA in order to buy the rich furs of the Indians, and this they did generally for mere trifles; but that would not satisfy those greedy wretches, who, by playing at some kind of dice, having previously provided the Natives with grog

“The Canadian-Indian
At first the traders' beverage, shylic, tastes.”
WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE'S “*Sir Martyn.*”

very often drugged, would win all back again, and thus leave the too confiding Indian without anything to remunerate for the past, or to live upon for all the next season. They were generally preceded by a sort of horse-jockey, dressed up like a preacher—

“Apostate, atheistic! or bent to ill,
With seeming sanctity and cover'd fraud.”
PHILIP'S Poem “*On Cyder.*”

• “Be by a parson cheated! had you been cunning stagers,
You might yourselves be treated by Captains and by Majors.”
SWIFT'S Poem on the “*Five Ladies at Sots Hall.*”

but Oronhyatekha père ventured many times upon a hunting excursion against them, this was—

“A Yankee chase worth forty Chevys.”—JUDGE TRUMBULL.—1750-1831.
And the Yanks even to this day,

“Remember the woods where in ambush they lay,
And the scalps which he bore from their nation away.”
PHILIP FRENEAU, 1752—1832.

and the many that he

“Scalped on the lost battle's plain.”—ROBT. C. SANDS.

Oh yes! Sire of The Burning Cloud, thou didst like Milton's Good Friday Muse—

“Beget a race of sighs upon each pregnant cloud”
(— of tobacco) smoke in which they were wont,
“If great things may be compared to small.”

VIRGIL AND MILTON.

like classic heroes to embower themselves.

“Yet you as kind as they were vile,
Shot at them from behind the while,
Yes! you like a tiger Yanks pursued,
Who had in papoose blood their hands embued.”
TRUMBULL'S “*Poems,*” 1750—1831.

“Sing Io Pæans, through the land,
No more the Yankey coward band;
Bring poison'd fire-water,
And all demur to speak of fur.”

ST. TAMMANUND'S CATHEDRAL.

"Tammanay, the chief renown'd of old."

PHILIP FRENEAU (1752—1832).

Instead of rearing fifty Chapelries over the immense North-West Territory, at my suggestion all the resources will be concentrated here.— (Please see the 100th LONDONIAD.)

"Tis (J.) George Bowes that leads the Band."—WM. WORDSWORTH;
and Sir W. SCOTT, "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*."

JOHN GEORGE BOWES, Esq.,

Mayor and late Member of Parliament for Toronto.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

Letter of Introduction when I first went into public life:—

"TORONTO, January 29, 1852.

"The bearer, Hon. J. Spencer Lidstone, Bard of U. C., wishes an introduction from me to some of the literary gentlemen of . . . not having such acquaintance in . . . I can only state in a general way that Mr. Lidstone is a favourite in Toronto. He purposes writing a Poem on . . . during his visit to that city.

J. G. BOWES, Mayor."

"The principal reason of his visit . . . is to have prepared some engravings for a grand pictorial work for British America, and to negotiate debentures.

J. G. B."

"No mere theologue, from Torquemada on to Burnett,
Ever practis'd Christian benevolence so much as Mayor Gurnett."

ORATOR OF THE WEST.

"And the whole country griev'd for their ill-fate,
To lose so good, so just a magistrate."—WALLER'S "*Epitaphs*."

PRIVATE LETTER FROM

GEORGE GURNETT, Esq.,

FIVE TIMES ELECTED MAYOR OF TORONTO.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

"TORONTO, Sept. 2nd, 1851.

"MY DEAR ———,—The bearer, Hon. James Torrington Spencer Lidstone, a gentleman of independent means, who has resided for many years in this city, is about to visit . . . He has rendered himself very popular in Toronto, and is correct and honourable in all his transactions, and has always maintained a good credit.

"May I solicit your countenance, and that of my other friends in . . . to his undertaking? Believe me, Yours faithfully, GEO. GURNETT."

This note was addressed to that famous Mayor of Buffalo and renowned Orator H. K. Smith, who in his letter to me when leaving the shores of Erie, will be published *in extenso* hereafter, the following is a quotation therefrom:—"The explanation of the terms given by you rendered the object so manifest to our minds that the settlement of affairs between the

two cities (Buffalo and Toronto), which had been pending for upwards of two years, causing great weariness, loss of time, &c. (the " &c." alludes to the expense), were, by your activity and intelligence and proper explanation of circumstances, brought to a close, pleasing all parties (and I hope, indeed I know you must have pleased yourself), in less than twenty minutes."

SIR GILBERT SCOTT.

"The grave Sir Gilbert."—POPE'S "*Moral Essays*."

(Please see the 100th LONDONIAD.)

JOHN GIBSON, GREAT SCULPTOR (ROME).

— "Gibson,

Oh! great Restorer of the good old age."—ALEXANDER POPE.

The "SCULPTOR" University First-Prize Poem, appears in a former LONDONIAD, of which he is the Hero. He would have made me his legatee, but this I neither desired—nor would accept of anything except that glory-relievo of the world, which is now at my mother's place in London (Eng.), Cupid and Psyche; and here

"The Arts Dante hail'd, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso."

WM. CLIFFTON (1772—1799).

Portrait Busts in Alabaster, below the Academy size, which came to me from him by way of Leghorn.

JOHN RUSKIN.

"To him who told of Venice, and reveal'd
How wealth and glory cluster'd in her Stones."

JAMES T. FIELD (1820).

(Please see the next LONDONIAD.)

MAYOR YATES.

"Birmingham."—SIR SAMUEL GARTH'S "*Poems*."

— "So appear

The increasing walls of busy Birmingham,
Where reddening fields rise and enlarge their suburbs."

JOHN DYER'S "*Fleecce*," Book III.

"Yates, you all did love him."—EDWARD MOORE (1720-57).

Edwin (Please see him as the hero of DR. JAMES BEATTIE'S "*Minstrel*.")

"Lo, Yates! without the least finesse of Art,
He gets applause."—CHAS. CHURCHILL.

— "The Mayor of Birmingham."

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, "*Economy*."

Birmingham (Grotesque Note on).—P. PINDAR'S "*Physic and Delusion*."

TORONTO.

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION
FOR BRITISH AMERICA.

THE NAMES OF PERSONAGES PRACTICALLY CONNECTED WITH THE ARTS IN TORONTO. Chosen for the NEW HUNDRETH LONDONIAD by its Author, JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE, Canada Finance Delegate (Copyright).

LITERARY GENTLEMEN IN TORONTO.

"Those were the prime in order and in might."—JOHN MILTON.

Here are Bishops, Archbishops, D.D.'s, M.D.'s, and LL.D.'s, Doctors of the soul and Doctors of the body, Professors and Governmental Officials all Mental Illuminators, but I have left out ye prefixes and adjuncts, as I desire that no invidious comparison be made between those personages whom I have the peculiar happiness of here and now introducing into the NEW LONDONIAD, and whose names for the greater part will be readily recognized in Britain, and our day as they will be most certainly, by the whole world in the after-time. I am, however, relieved from all sensitiveness in this matter when I consider that neither Shakespearo nor Milton had any titles "before or after" their names.

BARRETT, MICHAEL, BARTLETT, WM. R., BELFORD, CHARLES, BETHUNE, A. N., BOYLE, PATRICK, BROWN, J. GORDON, BUCHANNAN, O. R., BUCKLAND, GEORGE, CARROL, HENRY, CHERRIMAN, J. B., CHRISTIE, D., CONNON, C. W., DEWART, EDWARD H., ELLIS, JOHN C., FULTON, JOHN, HINCKS, WILLIAM, HODGINS, J. GEORGE, HUTCHINSON, D. FALLOON, LYNCH, JOHN J., MCCAUL, JOHN, KINGSTON, J. T. PERNET, EMILE, ROSE, SAMUEL, ROWE, WILLIAM, SANGSTER, JON. HERBERT, STEWART, WILLIAM SHUTTLEWORTH, EDWARD B., STIMSON, ELAM R., TAYLOR, LACHLAN, and the AUTHOR of the LONDONIAD in former times.

PERSONAGES AND INSTITUTIONS PRACTICALLY
CONNECTED WITH THE ARTS

IN CANADA.

"All these were honoured in their generation, and were the glory their time."—Eccl. xlv. 7.

Compiled and arranged especially for the Londoniad,

By JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE,

FINANCE DELEGATE.

(COPYRIGHT.)

About 3000 appear in former Editions.

HON. MALCOLM CAMERON (OTTAWA),
PRESIDENT OF CANADA TEMPERANCE CONFERENCE.

"———In the teetotal front,
Modest Malcolm stood as wont."—EVAN McEVOY, *the Anti-Bacchanal*.

We knew him in Upper Canada and Lanark, before he adventured to Port Sarnia, and went with him in either territory thro' many a racking field,

"When in the Blaze of Lightnings and a Storm,
The Banner of the Mighty waved in Air."—HENRIADE.

"And wild and high the Camerons gathering rose."—BYRON.

I early wrote a poem on Parliamentary Character, in which I introduced our Pioneer of Civilization. It is now in the British Museum, London (Eng.). (Please see the supplement.)

I received £50 from CANADA lately to be used in opposing Kerr at the Kilmarnock election; but it appears, by a kind letter received from the opposing Committee, that it was not required; his opponent and our friend is safe. If £1000 be required it will be forthcoming.—J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

Extract from the Venerable Archdeacon Sandford's Speech at the Arundel Rooms, London (England).

"At the last Auxiliary SOIRÉE, I sat beside one of the noblest specimens of human nature that ever I had the happiness of conversing with in my life, while next to him sat a very charming lady. It turned out that the lady was the gentleman's mother, who had been a Total Abstinence thirty-five years, and who is present to-night, a living testimony to the fact that abstinence preserved the beauty of youth." (Please see my tribute paid to him in the 100th Londoniad.)

P.S. The Author of the Londoniad and his Mother are here alluded to.

J. T. S. L.

ARCHDEACON SANDFORD.

"Whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent,
Would have been held in high esteem by Paul."

"My benevolent and excellent old friend."

SIR W. SCOTT, *The Antiquary*.

Please see Milton's *Elegiarum Liber Eleg. VI. AD CAROLUM DEODATUM*, line 55, "At qui bella refert," &c.

COVENTRY.—I respectfully refer the intelligently industrious student to Geo. A. Green, O. pl. iii. p. 22; and to Percy's *Reliques*, and Drayton's *Polyolb.* 13, p. 922, Orig. Edit.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

BUFFALO, Nov. 25th, 1851.

"On Erie's Banks."—THOMAS CAMPBELL'S *Pleasures of Hope*.

To Honourable James T. Spencer Lidstone.

SIR,—We, the Corporation of Buffalo, understanding that it is your intention soon to leave our city in order to proceed to those of Toronto and other places, cannot allow you to depart without expressing our warm approbation of your high, honourable, and gentlemanly deportment during all the period of time in which you resided amongst us. Wishing you success in all your literary undertakings, we remain, with great respect and esteem,

L. F. TIFFANY, Mayor *pro tem.* GEORGE L. HUBBARD, [Plumber].
 [Banker]. A. MCKAY [Upholsterer].
 MYRON P. BUSH [Carrier]. HARRISON PARK [Artist].
 PAUL ROBERTS [Clothier]. M. W. HILL, M.D.
 C. S. PIERCE [Lumberer]. A. S. SWARTZ [Railway Car Maker].
 JOHN WALSH [Broker].

The Mayor of that day, JAMES WADSWORTH, was absent from Buffalo, but his letter to me has been already printed. The above formed the entire corporation of Buffalo; there were no councilmen as with us; Lucius F. Tiffany, Esq., was Mayor afterwards. There is a poem in the 12th Londoniad which I wrote for my dear friend, that perfect gentleman, while he was yet alive; it appears too, in the QUEEN OF THE WEST, and I had a desire to incorporate it in the Londoniad.

The Inhabitants of Western New York, and who are our nearest neighbours in the northern States, must not be confounded with Yankees having their Head Quarters in Boston, who are altogether another sort of people, who render themselves still more odious to the rest of the world by the detestable, cowardly vice of hypocrisy, under the veil of which mean villanies in every form are practised by them. With its inhabitants all the horrid monsters represented by Milton as guarding the ford of Lethe, may not be compared.

J. HALFORD,

ARTIST, 156, ADELAIDE STREET WEST, TORONTO.

“Artists and Bards, Brush, Pen, and Spirits free.”

HORACE, “*Art of Poetry*,” Author of the “*Londoniad Trans.*”

The two Beautiful works spoken of in a former Londoniad as emanating from the easel of Mr. Halford, and which were Painted expressly by the Artist for the Author, are now in Metallic Frames as perforated and chased by the Head of the Illustrious House of Hatfield, who was engaged thereon for nearly a year. I should have written a long letter to our Artist ere this time, but I had made up my mind to inscribe to him “The Centenary of the Royal Academy,” which, however, I would like to re-write before sending it to press. I find that it contains 7500 lines, and must necessarily take some little time. I and my Mother desire to be kindly remembered to our never-to-be-forgotten friend, Mrs. W—

The following is from a letter written by Mr. Halford to the Author of the Londoniad:—

“ * * * wishes me on this occasion to act as his secretary, and acknowledge the receipt of your very interesting letter; and also to thank you for the “Standards,” and the excellent work on Canada which you sent out by me last year. As I was privileged to look over your letter, I must say it was with a great deal of pleasure that I read it, calling back to my mind

as it did the very pleasant and agreeable time I spent during my late sojourn in London, at your house and in your society and that of the excellent and kind-hearted lady your mother. It seems almost like hearing from home to get a letter from England, and it is always with great pleasure that I receive one. Thanking you for all favours, and wishing you and Mrs. Lidstone health, happiness and success * * * * also wishes to be kindly remembered to you both, and accept the same from

"Yours faithfully, J. HALFORD."

* * * * Minerva is my constant attendant, although sometimes 'not palpable to sight,' yet, without the aid of Il Divino Ariosto, she reveals herself to me in peplum dight whenever invoked; within the last few moments I have paid a visit to my lares and penates.

"And gazing there awhile alone."—BYRON'S "*Isles of Greece*."

I mentally ejaculated, and soon may those "Art Critics" become expatriated to where, according to Milton, "good Josiah drove" the Demon Deities of Philistia.

When all at once (beyond the Classic Gratia or the Nazarine Graces), the triune Mentala, speaking in one voice, used the words of Gay's "*Espousal*."

"We own Josiah,
And when Josiah would his love pursue;—
If that Josiah were with passion fir'd,
Warm as the zeal of youth when first inspir'd."

I heard no more,
But fell in air over the gallery floor.

The next, I knew, Pegasus with me pranc'd,
O'er globular isles in vision-land, and here was I entranc'd.

ANTI-YANKEE LETTERS.

(APPEARED IN THE 100TH "LONDONIAD.")

"Against Yankee-land

Be Britain's thunder hurl'd,

In triumph let our Navy ride,

Whilst Sandwich cries with pride,

'Old England'gainst the world.'"—LORD NORTH.

"London is lost in smoke and steep'd in tea:

Yankee! there none can lisp the name of thee."

HON. JOEL BARLOW, 1755—1812.

"Yankee loon, beware your crown!

There's kames in hand to claw that."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"If you think it fair,

Amongst known cheats, to play upon the square,

You'll be undone."—JOHN WILMOT, Earl of Rochester.

"Preaching and gaming by 'hook and crook,'

And what the naturalists call over-reaching,

A decent living, the Virginians look

Upon them with as favourable eyes

As Gabriel on the devil in Paradise."

FITZ-GREEN HELLECK, "*Poem on his Native State, Connecticut*."

This quotation will remind the reader of "the Yankee engaged in unseemly endeavours," glorying in speculation. A people among whom the words "cheat" and "clever" are the synonyms of each other; and this system of roguery is carried on

"In the clime of your Mathers, where laughter was crime."

SAMUEL GRISWOLD GOODRICH, 1796—1860.

Pious Cotton Mather the Doctor of "Theologic gloss." (MILTON) notoriety in his *Magnalia*, calls the Quakers "devil-driven heretics;" this is that Mather whose name hath been rendered familiar to the inhabitants of these islands of a northern sea, by means of Longfellow's poem, *The Phantom Ship*; he could believe impossible things, but not in Virtue as being connected with the only people who themselves never persecuted. This old wretch, should any *contretemps* arise among the Puritans of early Yankeedom, would always sleep over the matter; and like the Meccæan impostor he would be sure to have a revelation by the morning, as in the case of an infant eight months old, whom this exemplar of what is called Religion, among the Yankees, ordered to be put to death because it was the offspring of heretics, "the Lord told him to do it." Surely this is sufficient to keep any one from favouring the doctrine of Universalism, and to convert to other belief those who "are already communicants in that church." I saw in the court records of Boston, Mass., an order bearing the signature of Edward Rawson, that the son and daughter of Laurence Southwick were to be sold into distant countries in order to answer fines which they were unable to pay. Their father had already been for a Anti-Mather affair deprived of all his property, for having given shelter to two Quakers. Those individuals came from Salem, a neighbouring town, where those Yankees burned poor innocent women for witches, it is said; but ostensibly that those greedy people might become possessed of their goods and chattels.

J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

This I said, I guess, two weeks ago to a certain.

"—pert, prim prater of the northern race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face."

CHURCHILL, "*The Rosciad*."

Who replied, by saying, "A honest man can't live in Massachusetts,"—
thar (there)

Our Lieftenants, and Docktors, are notion jobbers,
Our Gin'ral's, Kapt'n's and Maadgers hen-roost robbers.

Such have become generally known since the time that *Beast Butler* first started.

"From Boston in his best array."

JUDGE JOHN TRUMBULL, 1750—1831.

"Oh, Jonathan!"—WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, "*Author of the Chase*."

"_____ It will come to pass,
That ev'ry braggart shall be found an ass."

WM. SHAKESPEARE.

and when

"This to Jonathan shall come."—DEAN SWIFT.

It may revive in his memory the challenge I gave unto him lang syne, asking him in the words of Alfieri that glory of the Italian Drama,

"Why, Jonathan, put off the fight?"

What too of the Trent affair? in either case

"Jonathan was gentle as fair Jordan's useful flood."
COWLEY'S "*Dauides*," Bk. 2nd.

Herr Teufelsdröckh Secundus, so well versed in Art and Nature, saith that a real Yankee is a *homo caudatus*, not even like the Satyr

"In nothing good, and wanton"

Of Hesiodus, or the Faun in old sculpturesque works; but both he and she have a caudal appendage, fox-like, red, long, and bushy; truly, to use the words of Thomas Otway, in that land of "notions,"

"Mother and Son are notions, very names
Of worn out piety, in fashion then
When dull old Saturn ruled the race of men;"

"They are neither man nor woman,
They are Ghouls."—E. ALLAN POE.

even "the children" (!) in whom the juvenility of other countries seems expressible in the word Cherub, are stunted hags and warlocks.

"————— The little sin-
Ner, to more than manhood grown,
E'er childhood did begin."—THOMAS WARD, 1807.

"You drag your brood thro' life's most miry track,
And the first knowledge you impart, alack!
Sordid wretch, is the worth of a greenback."

THE AUTHOR OF THE "LONDONIAD," "*Imitation of Horace*."

I was at one time a sojourner for a few moments in the ancient city of Manhattoes, or the transatlantic Gotham, when I heard

"A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst,
With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry
Bade strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy,"

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN, "*Pan in Wall St.*," A.D. 1867.

But Donald, like "Rab the Ranter,"
Struck up his chanter.

"Describe to me a Yankee-she."—T. D'ARCY MCGEE.

"You foul witch; you polecat; you minion."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Boston! in every Yankee-she, you see a frightful hag,
Skin yellow as duck's foot, each tooth like a Mississippi snag;
She's compounded of Sycorax, Xantippe, Jezebel,
Moll Tearsheet, Meg Merrilies, and Mother Damnable."

For a Yankee-she please note.—EDMUND WALLER'S 5th Epigram.

"New England's annoyances, you that would know them,
Pray, ponder these verses which briefly do show them."

PASTOR TARBUCKET (1627).

The following is a Speech delivered by a learned Scotchman, DR. DUNLOP,
Author of A HISTORY OF CANADA.

"————— Methinks I see,
A walking University."—ROBERT LLOYD, "*The Poetry Professors*."

I demand that no quasi Yankee enter his vote upon my tally. . . .
 "You'll be money out of pocket." You've heard of the dismal swamp in
 the old dominion (Virginia), but there is one down East whose Erpetology

"Outvenoms all the worms of Nile"—

Whose moral natures, if allowed to take forms would for ever frighten from
 its pursuits (of knowledge?) the most arduous student of Natural His-
 tory. True learning I may not call it, a more unnatural history might
 never be conceived, for in none of those latitudes extending between Aries
 and Libra, and Cancer and Capricorn, Equinoctial or Solstitial, was ever
 produced so loathsome a creature as that morally mis-shapen, slimy wretch
 called a Yankee. (*Vide* the 100th Londoniad.)

WHAT A SOUTHERN PIONEER says upon the same subject,—

"Nature Boon."—MILTON.

Colonel Boon, the founder of Kentucky (called formerly the dark and
 bloody-land).

"After getting the Farms ready for my sons, I purposed to migrate up the
 Mississippi. Some of my friends asked me why I intended leaving the
 country I had settled, and in a manner discovered. I told them that I
 would not live within a hundred miles of a damned Yankee.

(His Autobiography in the British Museum.)

NOTE by the Author of the LONDONIAD.—Colonel Boon had three sons
 slain by the Shawnee Indians in battle,

"By the dusk halls of Kentucky's cave."—WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

"Within Kentucky forest aisles."—JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, 1810.

And yet he says they were the only people who never cheated him, and who
 were his truest friends when they became acquainted with him. Our
 Indians in CANADA are truly our good friends—how is it with the so-called
 United States, where the Aborigines have been greatly wronged.

What an Eminent French Gentleman, the CHEVALIER LAVELLET-
 DUPONT, the Prince of Financiers, saith concerning Yankees:—

"There seems to be a degree of moral turpitude inherent in Yankees,
 totally unknown to any other people. . . . in my youth I travelled or
 voyaged from * * * and found that every nation was being honoured for
 some virtue at least implied or ascribed, except, the evil-minded Yankee."

In greater amplitude this denunciatory letter appears in the 100th Lon-
 doniad.

The HEAD-PREMIER of the New Dominion. Remarks concerning the
 Yank. (in reply to an interrogation, made in Parliament), by Sir
 John A. Macdonald.

"What! publish it, and let the Yankees know all about it. A Yankee
 is the modern *Αυτολυκος*. Not only is Yankeedom the Autolykus of
 nations, but the Yankee himself is truly the Jonathan Wild and Blueskin
 embodied, without possessing that redeeming feature in the character of
 Jack Sheppard, namely filial affection."

In the same strain of calm and forcible language is the character of Yank more fully expatiated upon by Sir John A., as per the 100th Londoniad.

The PREMIER OF UPPER CANADA in allusion to the Yankees. The Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald. A descendant of the Lords of the Isles.

"Who said so?" "Why, old Chandler, of Worcester, Mass." "Who is old Chandler, of Worcester, Mass.?" "A regular Yankee," "Not an irregular one" (Laughter). "Well, if you believe a Yankee, no one will believe you. . . . Will that *fil de la chienne*—the Yankee—be believed and trusted by honourable communities.—There stands your Yankee

"Monster, abhorred of gods and men;"

whose sobriquet, *nom de guerre*—*plume*, cognomen, or if you'd rather *alias*, is the synonym for living lie in every country."

The sentiment here embodied would seem to be still more fully developed in the centésimo Londoniad—*quod vide*.

LETTER FROM OUR NATIVE PRINCE,

(TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.)

Tentorium Principalis. Hecatompopylo-inter-Hecattonnesi Kanata.

1st, 3rd, 79.

MY DEAR JAMES,— * * * You have sent me some of the finest things in this world, and I had a hope that you would have arranged for the Sanzio di' Urbino, but after knowing that it was not for sale, I rested content. (The following letter I received some time last summer in regard to the picture herein alluded to.)

Christie's, Pall-Mall, S.E., Thursday Morning.

OUR HONOURABLE SIR,—We must tell you, *under the rose*, that the Rova R. will not be sold, it is only entered in the list to attract custom to the other articles in the catalogue.

Yours Respectfully (I never could decipher this word or words, for, like the sergeant in the drama, it was written in a de-de-crabbit hand.— J. T. S. L.)

A. H. LEMOINE.

P.S. It is expected that the bidding will go on till it reaches 9 or 11,000 pounds, and even should all bidding cease, the Charles Martel, or Thor the hammerer as you call him, will carry it up to £20,000, after which it will be returned to its sanctuary * * *

A. H. L.

The above "remarkable correspondence" relates to a subject which

"A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung."—ALEX. POPE.

This picture is called the Novra or Rova Raphael, and it would seem that it is not to be sold for any amount of money. But why the owner of this immortal work should condescend to shop trickery "I am at a loss to know." A friend of mine said unto me a short time before the arrival of that eventful day here and now spoken of, "I have three streets of houses

which I do not want, I will sell them and buy the picture, I will over-top every competitor, my heart is empty, and I want something to love." When he knew it was not for sale he strove to negotiate for the original Madonna of the Rosary, now at the Author of the Londoniad's Mother's place in London (Eng.). I, speaking for my mother, said "You are welcome to cause as many copies to be taken for yourself and friend as you like, but the Original will be kept for Presentation." Have you ever been able to find out the purchaser if it was ever bought? Of the meeting of the Holy Families I would most willingly cross the sea to behold it (at this present moment I do not, nor will George Donaldson, I think, be the likeliest personage to find that out; this alludes to an affair which took place in the West of London, viz. (here comes in Brooks affair, in present New Hundredth Londoniad). Have you found any Furniture people sufficiently artistic to make for Presentation? (over 100 Furniture people have presented their cards to the Author of the Londoniad, but hitherto I have not seen any of their productions worthy of being placed in category of Art and as such that introduce free of Colonial customs.) The specimen alluded to by you in a former Londoniad, was what is called an exceptional piece of work. (Here to let the printer have Mr. Orтели's affair in print.)

The people were very glad to receive what you call the nether habili-ment, and did not appear to be straitened on first putting them on (our Prince here speaks of twelve hundred dozen shirts sent to them by the Author of the Londoniad, they were made expressly for this market by JAMES McDAID, Spa Manufactory, Blue Anchor Road, S.E., and 78, Queen Victoria St., E.C., London (Eng.), and not by Buchanan and Hogg of Adle St., E.C.). I suppose for your large books, so far as the binding goes, you will search for a supplier in Bermondsey, the Vellum and Parchment will be supplied by CHARLES SPARKS, of Salisbury Square, Fleet St., E.C., and Bermondsey, S.E., who supplies those who contract in Canada with the New Dominion Government. Do you think you have secured to our cause the proper Memorial people (I have had a great many wherefrom to select, and I am sure that neither Woolvine, Saunders, Matthew Johnson, Physic, Wren, Granite Field, nor any of the 500 others including George Mitchell will in any way be so able to help you as Squire JAMES PUSHMAN (Lander & Co., Kensal Green), in all that relates to your intended cenotaphic Mausoleum). How much longer should you suppose the Ecclesiastical adornment will take to perfect (this alludes to the Renaissance Screen spoken of elsewhere, destined for St. Tammanund's Cathedral. MR. CLARE, of the Elephant and Castle St. Station, provides the same which came from Italy, and Geo. Alf. Rogers, son of the great W. Rogers, will become the resuscitator, and the moment that it is ready I will pay both parties—deducting the percentage.) Would the Maddox St. people be able to fulfil the order (so far as financial resources go, MR. BAUERRICHTER, who is now my near neighbour, would be able to do 100 times as much). How does your Building Society Progress, and the Colonial Club? (the first mentioned is strong, the list for the latter was so filled up during one afternoon, that no more stock was issued.) Thomas Bouffler, Esq., is the presiding genius here. I will write a special letter to you regarding this, I was glad that the perception which you inherit from your mighty ancestors enabled you to take into one view the entire horizon through which certain scenes once shimmering in doubtful haze revealed themselves in full form of loveliness. I have already made known unto you the South Molton St. characters, we will let them rest, if you please, while I may close this notice, by saying that I have had over a million of dollars at once in the hands of Thomas Bouffler, Esq., Banker, John St. Road, E.C.

Colonel Antrobus says that the reason that you write such beautiful prose is because you cast it into poetry first and then untag the lines (our prince means to say that I find an equivalent for each alternate rhyme, and then throw all the subject-matter out of *measure* into prose. The only time I remember doing this was on the occasion of delivering the Land Reclamation Speech, which appears in one of the 16th Londoniads). I and Manotoniwis were looking over some of the proofs of the New 100th Londoniad, when Kanatamtero came in—and he is a good classical scholar—and like a good general he is not easily surprised, but he said that all the range of literature could not supply more applicable mottoes or apt quotations than are destined to grace the new 100th Londoniad, and that you have given to the present Edition a high literary character. (We all know what Dr. Samuel Johnson said in regard to the force of an apt quotation, and feel its effect often in a public assembly; Mirabeau would address an assemblage of arduous natures amid silence, it may be, for two hours, or more; but when he gave a spirit-stirring couplet or the words of some Immortal who lived in other days, then rung the plaudits.) Your Great Work on CANADA will be the 8th wonder of the world and Niagara is one of the 7 (Napoleon's Work on Egypt is well known, but to the general public I should suppose that Audubon's 5 vols. on the Birds of America is still better known; these are five feet each vol. vertically, and four feet ten inches across, and one inch and three quarters in thickness, and while the greatest literary work of any nation, viz. the author of the Londoniad's CANADA will be the same size as Land Surveyors would say in area of superficies as the books last noted, it will contain seven Volumes, One for each Province (complete in itself), and be three times the thickness, and contain twenty-seven times the amount of Letterpress, and eleven times the number of Pictorial Illustrations). We are glad that you are going to personally represent the British company (this alludes to Messrs. Rose, the great Lime Juice, &c., people). Some that was sent over from Massachusetts, on being tested by our Native Chemist, Dr. Oronhetka, was found to contain fusel oil (in health-deteriorating quantities). We closed against them the gates of the Prairie-land. We read with rapture what was said (sent to our chiefs in print) by your Uncle the Builder, in regarding the Ventilator Moore, the (I cannot make out whether this word is Boor, Bore, or Boar) of Clerk-en-ye-well. We have a good many specimens out here among our Native population, both natural and artificial, of Scottish origin. (My chosen Ventilators are, instead of Charles Billing, D. O. Boyd, H. W. Cooper, Fraser Bros., "Hayward of the Dog and Pot," J. S. Sturnes, Waller and Co., and the Watson people, the famous House of Messrs. Boyle and Son). I see you have your own name attached to Church Organs on the cover of the Londoniad (I did this because I personally superintend their erection, and in order to guard my friends against aught of the nefarious). Some one told me that you were going to introduce Helbronner to us. (I am well satisfied with Mr. Leader, because he is constantly in the midst of his business, and he understands the nature of all textiles suiting our better class of families for peculiar work, than I do. I introduce him as, *par excellence*, the School of Art purveyor). Our people will greatly rejoice upon the arrival of the regalia (it so happens that I did not give the order; I have fulfilled all that I promised to do, but the thirty-seven Lodge-outfits here alluded to will probably emanate from Mr. Kenning, the character with whom I at first intended to deal appears to have too much of the Yankee about him). How have you progressed with your small ship man (an order came to me last September for two; but I thought the better way would be to work the oracle for 7, one for each Chieftain. Accordingly this I did, but I did

not much like the manners of the builder, and so have not yet opened up negotiations. Persons who are *always* in a hurry are not good business men, they do nothing completely or perfectly). The blessings of millions are on the head of your Hero. (I intend to call a township after Mr. Whitworth). Your Life Boat Poem is now being wrought by our Educated Ladies in Illuminated Needlework (I desire to make a remark in passing, the Duke of Northumberland's Charles the X. Vase, deserved a better fate than that of falling into the hands of a shopkeeper of the Daniell school. I hope that the occasion may never arise by which another resuscitation may be required; but, should it, may the practical potter, and, above all, the Artist's aid be invoked). Our people in another season will have done away with Moccasins; and, as English Leather is superior to any other kind in the world, we shall have to ask you for a supply of hides habilitatio. (My sewed upper's people are James Pangbourne and Co., my near neighbours). Our prince here speaks of a low character, named Gascoigne, who, like Ananias, came with a lie in his mouth, saying that he Invented and Designed all for Hodges, a Featherstone Street Maker, and marked his name for a large number upon the list of the present LONDONIAD. Mr. J. J. Lane, however, is the most intellectually gifted, and the most practical personage in his line to be found in London or Britain). Our Queen (whose teeth, like Moses' eyesight in his old age, are as sound as ever; but she dreaded using a Brush since the Red Lion Square abortion broke to pieces, and represented a chewed porcupine in her mouth,) felt satisfied, after reading your Brush poem, and will take to the tooth-brush again (in Domestic Economy, and in the various Arts, the Brushes of our choice are those by Messrs. Crowden and Garrod). At all our Institutes, and in all the settlements of the Educated, will be greatly welcomed those works by Mr. Frederick York, and the peculiarity attaching itself thereunto will be that his productions, being Works of Art, will enter free of the revenue. At the opening of the New Town Hall, at Milton, the county-town of Shakespeare county, a grand feature of the festivities will be your Illustrations of *Paradise Lost*. Booker and Somebody, in a street leading out of Fenchurch Street, are not Manufacturers, but sellers of Ironmongery, therefore their Prospectus of a New-fangled corrugated-something must pass for nothing. I have chosen the Original Works, those of Mr. Davies,—

"Bless us, Morgan, art thou here, Man?"

DEAN SWIFT'S "Legion Club."

Lloyd Rayner is a practical chemist, and well-known. Your requirements—which may not be said of those other show-case makers which you name—and who are, I verily believe, not one remove from common carpenters, speak as you like of your Drews, Sages, Kitsons, Edwards's, Nattalis, &c. I think, as Manufacturer's Representative, you are all right as regards Charles Norman. Please see private Letter. Mr. Darlington gave a verbal order for the present LONDONIAD; but I could not choose his Drill, for Mines I should be disposed to hail him in preference to Johnson—not Johnson and Matthey, of Hatton Garden—who are gentlemen, and at the head of their line in the world (*vide* 16th LONDONIAD); but Johnson and Sons, of Basinghall Street, and a host of others; but he would have to disengage himself from clowns in the outer office before I should be disposed to introduce Colonial Business to him.

I write thus the more freely because he appears himself to be a very good gentleman to speak to. The Hon. Major Beaumont, M.P., is my Mining Engineer (*vide* 99th LONDONIAD). *Apropos* of Mining, a few

years ago, in a square in Austin Friars, at one Murcheson's, a Copper trader—a sort of Uriah Heep—used the word foreign in regard to CANADA. Had this been a mere inadvertency I might have passed over it smilingly; but the evil spirit in which it was spoken (albeit, I hope ever to remain “foreign” to some country), almost caused me to enact the drama of St. Dunstan, when that old metallic saint caught hold of the tempter by the nose, or that more recently performed by George Cruickshank, Senior. (Please see the New 8th LONDONIAD), when that Art veteran served a Fleet Street Publisher in the same way, minus the pincers, he using his forebones, for continuously using his the veritable name for that of another bearing his cognomenal appellative in connexion with certain Illustrations to Books.

Sandy, at Leigh's, said that B Fiesche ought to be sauterized for asking you to go to Shoppy Mortlock after the Mighty Potters you have dealt with, O'Loughlin made a rhyme, by saying, “he ought to be cauterized.” (The Potters of the LONDONIAD were nearly 100 in number (*vide* the 13th LONDONIAD, *q.v.*) Among them were—

Adams & Co., (who are now superseding Wedgwood); Adams, W.; Barlow; Beech & Hancock; Bodley; Boote, (superseding Minton); Bowers; Broadhurst; Brown-Wehead; Moore & Co.; Bromfield; Copeland; Davenport & Co.; Edwards; Elliot; Liddle & Son; Godwin; Goss; Heath, Blackhurst & Co.; Hill, Leveson; Hobson, Thomas & Co.; Holland & Green; Kent, John; Knight, Joseph; Livesley, Powell & Co.; Lowe & Abberley; Macintyre, James; Mills Brothers; Minton, Herbert; Morgan, Wood & Co.; Old Hall Company; Robinson & Leadbeater; Shaw, Anthony; Skinner, William; Stubbs, William; Tams & Lowe; Webb & Walters; Wedgwood & Co.; J. Browne & Son, (near Derby), 17 Wharf, Macclesfield Street, City Basin; Wedgwood & Sons). The Ancient Books and the Modern folios came to hand, and we appointed a day of celebration (in regard of the same). I will take all the Black Letter copies that you may be disposed to send me, as I intend them for a Library-Altar in St. Tammanund's. Manatoniwis desired me to ask for the names of those whom you might think fit (to introduce as Booksellers of good works “out of print,” &c.). I should say Quaritch for *peculiar*s; but one who, without any extraordinary cause of animation, would enact singly the part of Sterne's army (which “swore Terribly in Flanders”) in private or general conversation, disregarding the feelings of those present; and, as the Earl of Harrowby would say, “the customs and usages of society,” would certainly not suit us. Sir W. Scott saith (“Mine nor Thine”). For the be-thumbed and according to taste of the *Athenæum*, Miss Nancy, John Thomas coffee-shops and Lending Libraries, Parsons might do for the commonplace, and ill manners “by all means,” as Barlow, the *tapster*, would say, “go to Bumpus;” but, for variety, no one may in London equal Henry Sotheran; but I would not recommend either of those, nor indeed any other whose Second-Hand Book Shop hath come under my notice. (I will supply you from private sources, and to which the mere seller would not be admitted). Our native prince here asks a question in regard to the Ecclesiological. Jones and Willis, of Great Russell Street, and Pratt, of Covent Garden Circle, are upon a par to rank with Smith, and Searcy, and are altogether too shoppy for those who have dealt with Hart and Son (2nd LONDONIAD); Thomas Potter and Son (9th LONDONIAD); David Walters and Son, and Norris and Co. (16th LONDONIAD); Benham and Froud (20th LONDONIAD); (those are the great Houses that I introduce). How does your Cornish Man progress? I thought the better way would be to buy him out, which I did, and he has retired into private life with the amount to Basingstoke. Rids-

dale, Brothers, were his makers, and they bear a very good name). (Kelly's Patent "Imperial Railway Roof Lamp" is fast superseding all others). I hope you may fall in with some firm, other than mere glaziers, for our painted windows (I would not fulfil the order for Clayton and Bell, but you will see whom I have chosen), I desire to mention here that James F. Redfern (11th LONDONIAD), who made the most beautiful Alabaster *reposé* in Europe, which is now at my mother's place in London (Eng.), was the Designer of the Crimean column, reared in the Sanctuary at Westminster. I hope always to honour the Artist and the scientific personage, and therefore I desire to make public this branch of by no means *secret* knowledge to me that the clock in the tower at Westminster was made by Smith and Sons, of Clerkenwell, E.C. (*vide* the 3rd LONDONIAD), as Mrs. Donaighy was wont to say, "Hark! what a crack that gives, and nothing broke,") could you animate your Educational publisher to set up an Establishment in our midst (I will see), (the reason that I chose Mr. Toleman, instead of Woolams, Williams and Cooper, Aubert, Jeffry, Ridley, and others, was this, our mutual Friend, the Hon. Mrs. Mackenzie, now married to my mother's first cousin (1st LONDONIAD), said unto me, "I hope we may never forget the good he did to our cause, he is a heroic and an honourable gentleman, and when the time arrives I hope that you will put him into the LONDONIAD, and do for him all the good you can" (but see Allan and Son.)

We must be very careful and not misprint the second letter in the surname, for while, to quote from our Minister of Arts, Murby is a coarse, insolent fellow, Mr. Morby is an honourable gentleman, he was introduced to me by the eminent S. C. Hall, a tribute to whom, and his world-famous consort, will appear in the next LONDONIAD. I know not if now, as in Dr. Young's time,—

"Virtue outbuilds the pyramids."—*Night Thoughts*.

But it strikes me that "the virtue hath gone out of ye City Road House." The following appeared in the last LONDONIAD :—

"Had Samuel Carter Hall, Esq., or Squire James Dafforne (to neither of whom have I spoken concerning this subject), aught to do with the "Art Journal," financially I should have invoked their aid towards supplying a certain number of copies at each issue to our newly acquired Province of Manitoba, but as circumstances have lately arisen favourable to the project set on foot by the Chiefs for the Introduction of a British Periodical, that certain number at my suggestion will be supplied by Baron Griffiths, to wit 1500 Copies of "Griffiths Iron Exchange (each issue)." James Torrington Spencer Lidstone (Author of the 100 LONDONIADS), Friend of Ta-pa-ta-mee, Matiewaibae, Crenevirem, Konquawis, and Alesandre."

I find that the first thing enlightened persons inquire after, before choosing a residence, is in regard to the Sanitary. I was reading an excellent treatise upon this science a few days ago, and I wonder that the subject was not so greatly thought of before, for, as you say, the many millions that went down to the tomb plague-stricken in, or Classic or Mediæval times, might have lived to glorify humanity, and their descendants, in all following generations, have spread in fertilizing streams over the waste places of the Earth, the storm that gathering, stood in suspense over Sandringham, that darkened the day in Darmstadt, had never been known did Sanitary Science flourish there as with my Philosophic Heroes of the New Hundreth LONDONIAD ~~by~~ W. Smeaton and Sons.

From time to time I have received orders for Murray and Heath (7th LONDONIAD); but I have never fulfilled them. If it be asked why I did

not, I will direct the inquirer to "Notes of the LONDONIAD." My suppliers from henceforth will be Messrs. Wratten and Wainwright.

Jeroliman says that he rather felt glad than otherwise, that you did not undertake the commission, for you understood the subject so perfectly. (This is in regard to Electro Plate, &c. No! I did not fulfil the order, because I could not find any Sheffield firm sufficiently truthful. Liddell and Co., Adkins and Sons, Webb (of King William Street), Hodd and Linley, those people in Thavies' Inn, so obscure that I may not recall their names in the hurry of writing; Hutton and Sons (John Newill and Sons, I should choose for cutlery); Edgware Neal is altogether too shoppy for export, while Clerkenwell Marr and Phillips are so small that I would not look at them. (As Electrotypists, T. M. Hare is very good, and Mr. Franchi, who is my personal supplier, and sole maker to the Art and Science Department, South Kensington, is worthy of all praise). *Apropos* of electro-plate, let J. alter his order, and I will supply him from Mayors, Yates, and Prime, or Thomas Fearn, the originator, and to whom the elder Elkington owned his indebtedness. I will not give my order to Curmudgeon Garrard, or to Hunt and Roskell. (I dealt with them once, and "thereby hangs a tale.") Our honoured Prince here hath an elaborate article on stable-fittings, for a former LONDONIAD.) Messrs. Cottam and Cottam marked their names upon my list. They were at the head of their line as Ironfounders, but, unhappily, I had seventy-five ironfounders before that upon my list, not one of whom could I find room for. I was not, at that time, prepared to operate upon our Western Races in regard to stable fittings, and when the time had arrived for that purpose the business had passed into the hands of partners belonging to the Dodson and Fogg school. Your Jeames, or Allan, and Burton, I should not care to do business with, while Musgrave, for whom I lately received several good orders for stable fittings, I find are in "the stove vending way." I do not require them; besides, there are so many partners, like the "Long firm," or John Bright's Scotch terrier, no one may comprehend which is head or tail. *Apropos* of doggie, Moorgate Clarke is cur-tailing his business. As Pat O'Donnell was wont to say, "rekwesant in payce," thou corporation noodle composed of the two Peters, Schlemihl and Funk.

Our Native Prince, Alexander Tecumseh, here asks a question in regard to a superior kind of Furniture. (I may answer that I have received the names of over 100 persons "engaged" in the Furniture Business," not one of whom comes up to my *beau-ideal*, and Shakespeare's line—

"Fit it with such furniture as suits,"

certainly not in the City Proper, nor in the suburbs, upon its morning side. Maples' once took my fancy, because of their bearing the name of CANADA'S emblem. (Their catalogue, of encyclopaedia proportions, is now lying before me. When I first opened it, and after

"— Musing there (on), awhile alone."—BYRON'S "*Isles of Greece*."

I was reminded of John Gilpin's shop in Cheapside (*vide* Wm. Cowper), and mentally ejaculated, this smacks too much of the draper; besides, our friends Jacques and Hay, of Toronto, can do all this for us. . . . The nearest approach to what I desired I found at Wright and Mansfield's, but for extensiveness, variety, and more elevated art, there are none to equal that House in the more westerly part of Oxford Street; besides, such works as are here to be seen are the most fitting for Presentation, and such only—they being truly artistic—as I might introduce free of the Revenue. A very important feature, too, I find, but not in connexion

with Messrs. Gillow—but I can provide our colonial families with residences during their stay in the Home Islands myself. (Note.—I will attend to this personally.—J.T.S.L.) I should like you to send me a little colony of practical Aquaria Engineers. (I have not yet decided upon this affair. I certainly should not apply to Marylebone Works, and Robinson, late Edwards and Co., or Turner, “up in them parts.”) Whom would you recommend for fire-proof windows? (Not Jones, of Goswell Street, he is too small; the Edgware might do; and until Harris, of Bristol, shall have fully established a representative house in London, I shouldn't fuss about.) (Mr. Blackwell, Oxford Street, and not A. Davis, Strand, I have chosen for saddles, &c.) Mr. Pether is a civil gentleman to speak to, but I think Gibbs' patent would suit you better. I have not room for them in the LONDONIAD. The great Richard Gunter is my Art Confectioner, and not little W. S. Cadman. E. Pink is scarcely one remove from a costermonger; the articles I send you are from the eminent Burgess, in the Strand. Green, Holland, and Sons, are very gentlemanly people, but I would not fulfil your order for their Levitt. The Thames Street people for cement, and not Richardson, nor Francis. I took the books away from Kitcat's, whom, I believe, are very worthy people, and gave them to prompt Mr. Egleton. I have sent your japaning order to Griffiths and Brouett, instead of giving it to Orme, Evans, and Co. Perkins' are too coarse a lot for me to have any dealings with; they are not related to Messrs. Perkins, the worthy Hot-water Engineers. Barry and Reynolds, I believe, are good enough in their way, and so is the Leeds House, Scarfe's; but Cadburys are fops, and Epps a patent medicine homo. My Chocolate people are Collier and Sons. Forrest, for Chandeliers of London make, and not J. and J. Jeal. Neither Vanner and Priest, nor Miller will do for softening your leather. In the first-named there is too much of the Chuzzlewit and Clinker, and the last would represent Scapino and Marplot. Let your Secretary ask James Beaty, or his nephew, of Toronto. I could not, up to a certain time, find the Baileys—

“All partial evil, universal good.”—POPE.

They do not make anything; theirs is a sort of Caleb Quotem house. Your Compressed Tea vendors represent in person Count Ferdinand Fathom, Gines de Passamonte, and the witty rogue in Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, spoken of, too, by Sir W. Scott, and of whom we read as being among the *Argonauticae* (hight Autolyceus), the very Donald Caird of the middle ages, who not only metamorphosed his neighbours' goods, but, imbued with a Protean spirit, passed at will into the aerdal Metempsychosis himself. Speaking of tea, what about Phillips, King William Street, not for their tea, as once went W. P. Lett to an impudent fellow in Sussex Street, Bytown, and whom he deservedly satirized, but for their “Oriental goods,” which please Q.V.). . . Here is an enquiry relative to a peculiar preparation for preserving ships' boilers, &c. I brought to London last year a large order for Buchan and Co., but did not send it on. J. Abbott's, I believe, is good, but I do not frequent taverns. Vian and Rhetjen's I do not desire to become acquainted with; but Mr. Lublez, whose organization is of a higher order than that of any other here mentioned, he being the best orator of all the business in London, hath marked his name upon my list for the LONDONIAD, and will appear therein, at the earliest possible moment that space shall be declared open. I have been asked to send some specimens of Worcester or Belececk porcelain, for our better class of colonists. I have chosen the Fermanagh productions, amongst other reasons for the following:—I had made up my mind never to do anything with the Worcester's (although my business

transactions have been with 100 potters at Stoke-upon-Trent, which took up the whole of the 13th LONDONIAD), because when our enlightened Minister of Arts paid a visit to their "show-rooms"—I think they were then in Hatton Garden—he was met by "a coarse swell of a fellow named Binns," a sort of

Bully Dawson, Colonel Jack, or Drawcansir. Speaking personally, a more genial, business-like gentleman than Mr. M'William, I would not desire to communicate with; hence the orders for the Irish potteries.) Have you decided on whose "Packing" to choose? (Such an article is made by Feldtman, Capt. House, Tuck and Co., and by some one represented by Wigzall and Halsey, but the article is of too unimportant a nature for me to be concerned with. The two first are supposed to be at loggerheads with each other, but, like Townsend Brothers, the old and young Jacob work into each other's. Here is "the cap'n" giving "his mate" the title as Cervantes did to Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, Prince of Liars, meeting with retort in the true spirit of Charlemagne's General, hight Roland to Oliver, his fellow paladin, one incredible lie for another, each striving, like young Norval's father, "to increase his store." I should prefer the house of Whyte and Ridsdale, to the Bohemian opposite, whose name does not readily occur to me (Boseck and Timme), but I desire high art.) Squantani and Co. is a Lilliputian house; very good, no doubt, as far as it goes, but I have had Conisbee and Dryden and Co. for Presses, and H. Caslon and Alderman Figgins for Type. I should not be disposed to go to Ludgate Circus, if, even in the words of J. Quincey Adams, did

"I want a monster printing-press, with 50,000 ems."

I will send you the names of a good firm instead, of Appleby's, and Chapman and Sutton for Winding Engines, Hoists, and Winches. Instead of Faber or Illfelder, I send you Pencils from the great Cumberland mine owners represented by that true business gentleman, Mr. Harrison. Hurry and Plunder, among the old Saxons, were synonymous terms. I do not intend to apply harshness to a meek, advertising Pillacoddy, but I have no room for him in the LONDONIAD. Pooley and Sons scales. I sent the order to Mayor Avery, I took care that neither Fairbanks, nor any other Yankee Alfred Jingle, or Scapino, should make anything that I could overrule in regard to payment, &c. I would prefer Alfred Pyrke's designs to those of Hancock, Bruton Street, but Mr. Phillips, of Cockspur Street, I have introduced—Alfred Bishop's preparations or Dr. Hill's; you can choose yourself. I decline to have anything to do with even Doctor Dove (Southey), certainly not with Dulcamara (Donizetti), or Slop (Sterne).

I would prefer Pottam and Vinson to ferret-eyed Bradford (who, I believe, is a descendant of Jonathan Bradford), and with whom a friend of mine dealt once, and afterwards said that "one pill was a dose." A letter came from them at 9 a.m., asking me to be in the street famous for its three Tailors of "we, the people of England" notoriety, about 10 o'clock the same morning. They, no doubt, thought "business was slack," and that I was sitting down, waiting for a job. My correspondence at once ceased with Tooley Street. We, however, remember the words of Baillie Nicol Jarvie (Sir W. Scott's *Rob Roy*), when expostulated with by a poor lady, when engaged in taking what she had, "business is business, ye ken, mon." Holland and Holland, the senior partner appears to be a good old gentleman, but my field of action will lie between M'Dougall, Mr. Grant, and our British officers in St. James's Street. Harris, of Mansell Street, are very good in their line, but the Foxhead people of South Audley Street are better. I will send you the goods from thence. Aitken and

Jessop—I should prefer this cupola to that of Williams or Wilson, but when about to ask for the estimates to be sent in by them, I found that the patentee and proprietor was Mr. Lublez. Please see *Ante*. I have not seen any of the partners of Webb', the glass people, as they live at Stourbridge, but I will supply you very readily through James Pellatt Rickman, grandson of the Great Apsley Pellatt. Since I saw Mr. Laurie, I have thrown Wake and Dean overboard. I send you the \$1000 worth of Auro-Ayesticon, from E. N. Girling and Co. The Ely Place people might have had this order, small as it was, had their prescience been well developed. Neither Lowther, Haskins, Chelsea Williams, nor the Kilburn Co., shall make the Window Blinds, but the proprietors of the CANADA Works. The India-rubber people of Upper Thames are but in a small way. Mr. Birley, M.P. for Manchester, will supply you, and this, too, instead of Hancock and somebody.

I know the Cannon Street Trade Journal was but a paltry affair. I only sent you a specimen copy because you asked me. George Mitchell might do well enough for those who could condescend to use him as a cat's-paw at public meetings, &c., but he is a very ignorant man, and it behoves those who may be inclined to push him forward to do so by some invisible means, and remain themselves in the background. The prospectus to the Horseshoe had neither name nor address attached to it, and we might as well single out a bubble in the Maelstrom as to search for its inspiring genius 'mid the wilderness of human in London. I have not been to Edward Stean's—Barking is too far away. Truly, life in this world is made up of coincidences—

“I dreamed a dream, but 'twas not all a dream.”—BYRON.

For yestreen Aaron—Patriarch, Prelate, Brahman, Mufti, Rabbi, or whatever the theologic' technic may—stood palpably before me, as when he oleageanized himself before the altars of Israel, and spake these words: “How are you off for soap?” I replied, “Very well, thank you, Deacon; and if cleanliness, be next to Godliness, your outer habiliment would be none the worse for a souse in suds, and my soap man is Squire Freeland, of Toronto.” The legislator immediately took wind for Ontario. I have not yet seen the Paper Feeder. B. Franklin Fuller, I was told, shot the moon. My answer regarding guns, in a former part of this letter, will apply to Alexander Henry. In regard to W. Hawkins' Gauge. Hawkins femme presented herself. I thought of Omphale be-slipping Hercules, and Xantippe bedewing Socrates, of Petruccio in the *Taming of the Shrew*, and the “Henpecked Husband” (Robt. Burns, his Poem)—and departed disengaged. I had heard of Banbury Cakes, but Henry Stone, of that town, hath invented that which I hope to see in all public libraries and reading-rooms, but as his London representative is but a retail stationer. I have not yet given any order for any number of what Lord Dundonald would call “the Instrument.”

Beyond all titles, Heaven preserve me from that of Professor of the Proskaur and Blandi School. I find their catalogues here. I do not introduce Merry Andrews into the LONDONIAD; I leave them and their compeers to Harlequin—Arlequin, Arlecchino, so well known in French, Spanish, and Italian Comedy, and to the student of old French bog-Latin, and D. and Old German, heirlekin, hellequin, and helli-something. Prof. Norris is your best man here. There are 1000 and 2 more, whom I may not mention for want of room, who have presented their names for the New Hundredth LONDONIAD. Our intelligently industrious Prince, at the close of his letter saith, please remember me with affection to the people

of England, Ireland, and Scotland, never forgetting the *true* Britons, our Welsh friends. My love to your ever-blessed Mother and to yourself.

Yours at command for things in general, and everything in particular,
(Signed) ALESCANDRE.

The enlightened reader will find, for the greater part, the meaning of the questions in the above letter evolved in the answers.

J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

EDWARD FORDHAM FLOWER, ESQ.

"A rarer spirit men ne'er did steer humanity."—SHAKESPEAR.

At the last Annual Meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, when you kindly gave unto me a copy of your book, "A sequel to Bits and Bearing-reins," immediately arose to my memory the words of "him who did more for the Roman name than all its Consuls and Emperors."

"Continuo pecoris generosi pullus in arvis
Altius ingreditur et mollia crura reponit.
Primus et ire viam, et fluvios tentare minaces
Audet, et ignoto sese committere ponti;
Nec vanos horret Strepitus."—VIR. GEO.

being assured, as I was, that this freedom of action had never met with exemplification in the Noble Animal had the cirque of old Roma been cursed by the presence of the Roués and Harridans of Rotten Row

"Who there repair
To take their dose of Hyde Park air."—GAY, 2nd Epistle.

I will pay a tribute to your excellent worth in the next Londoniad (our noble and beloved ex-President the EARL OF HARROWBY, whose son Lord Sandon I hope yet to see established as Governor-General of CANADA, hath already appeared in several of the Londoniads) LORD ABERDARE will appear in the same edition with LADY ABERDARE, to whose kindness and heroism we owe the success attendant upon the efforts vouchsafed by the Friends in these Islands towards rearing and endowing the Temperance Hospital.

SIR HENRY JAMES, Q.C., M.P.

1, New Court, Temple, E.C.

"My private Lawyer."
—SARAH JENNINGS, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

"A man of ready tongue and wit
A politician who could hit,
And sway with eloquence,
Henry James."

—WILLIAM PITTMAN LETT.

"— If he had but kept the field,
In time had made the City yield;
For great towns, like crocodiles, are found
I th' belly aptest to receive a mortal wound."—BUTLER'S "Dural,"

I do not remember having taken more than one Lord Mayor for a hero since dauntless Salomons came on

“And merit by the multitude was crowned :
With David then was Israel's peace restor'd.
JOHN DRYDEN'S “*Absalom and Achitophel.*”

And that was when

“————— heroic James appeared.”
DRYDEN, “*Threnodia Augustalis.*”

“Lawrence of virtuous father virtuous son.”—MILTON.

If there were sensible, and honourable men in the corporation would they allow a fool to preside in the Sheriff's Court affected by

“————— lunacy beyond the cure of Art.”—HORACE.

As our French friends would say

“C'est un sot a vingt-quatre carats.”

Robert Burns asks very pertinently

“Has old Kilmarnock seen the de'il ?”

Whether or not it has lately heard

“The piteous beast pleading plaintiff cause.”
—SPENSER'S “*Faëry Queen.*”

And if as canvasser Ame de Boue is to represent its industry of shawls, carpets, boots, and shoes

“Now, auld Kilmarnock ! cock thy tail,
And toss thy horns fou canty.”

Here's one—

“Who raves and blunders nonsense thicker
Than Alderman o'ercharged with liquor.”
By JAMES BLACK-WELL, Operator for the feet.

“Where the city-coach is, there
Is the true essence of the Mayor.”—CHURCHILL'S “*Ghost.*”

COUNTY COURT.

“I have unmasked the villains.”—MR. PLIMSOLL.

That the effects of my County Court Circular are being felt may be witnessed in the defeat of Sir E. Wilmott's Jurisdiction Bill.

“Sir Eardley placed on her bench of law,
Wilmot trembled.”

JACOBUS CAWTHORNE, A.M., Scholæ Tunbrigiensis Magister.

As Galileo said of the Globe, “it still moves,” and before long others shall have

“Pressed the bed where Wilmot lay.”—ALEXANDER POPE.

All honour to Sir Stafford Northcote (please see an earlier Londoniad) these plethoric owls did not get 500*l.* each per annum; let the move be now for retrenchment.

“Pray take a civil turn to Mary-bone.”—DRYDEN, 21st “*Epilogue.*”

“Wheeler, but oh !”—DEAN SWIFT

“Battered bullies play,
 _____ at Mary-bone.”—POPE, “*The Bassett Table*.”

“Wheeler stops the County Court,”
 President Elector, St. John Honey-wood, 1765—1798.—Vide the *Themsisiad*.

“In Bloomsbury,
 _____ at twelve my cause comes on.”—POPE’s “*Satires*.”
 Before one—

“Grown old in villainy, and dead to grace,
 Hell in his heart, and Tyburn in his face.”

CHAS. CHURCHILL, Vide the *Themsisiad*.

“Makes madam quite a saint appear,
 And makes an oracle of Cheere.”

CHAS. CHURCHILL, “*The Ghost*,” Bk. 4. Vide the *Themsisiad*.

Historic couplet for an Inscription to be placed over a gate—

“Then o’er the gate, &c.”—AKENSIDE, “*Pleas of Imag.*,” Bk. iii. ver. 142.

“The Duke of Kent in CANADA was always ‘scarce of cash,’
 But he took care to give the soldiers plenty—of the lash.”

MR. GLADSTONE.

The ὁ πονηρός.

THE LAETUSLAPISÆNIAD.—THE GREAT SPEECH PARAPHRASED,
 appears in the 19th LONDONIAD.

“No place on earth (he cried) like Greenwich.”
 POPE to BOLINGBROKE.

Erst, the sobriquet obtained by him was Testy Will,
 (But his name in history must be Coercion *Bill*.)
 He who’ spoil’d the Temples of his God I ween,
 Would not be slow to sack the Palace of a Queen.

“Let no such man be trusted.”

Let us hope that although *Testy Will*, alias “Coercion Bill” may not
 much longer recline

“Beneath the tempting shade of Greenwich boughs,”
 GAY to PULTENEY.

that, under happier auspices may Scotia meet him than did Jeanie Deans
 the reprobate Robertson.—Vide SIR WALTER SCOTT’S “*Heart of Mid-
 Lothian*.”

ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS REWARD.

A most honourable and substantial CANADA personage, having been ill-
 affected by some one or more of those “institutions” called Trade Protec-
 tion Societies, I offer the above reward, hoping thereby soon to acquire
 knowledge, whereby a full development of attending circumstances may be
 made public; for I look upon it as the scandal of our time, that a Brave,
 Generous, Educated, and Enlightened Gentleman should be secretly and
 underhandedly attacked by low catchpennies and hireling cowards. I
 only ask that the attendant circumstances be revealed, openly and above
 board.

I called upon Mr. Hartley (Head of Stubbs') and am convinced that no evil in regard to the above emanated from thence. Not so with another, a petty concern up by Newman Street, W., and I had so worked the oracle, that my man, like a second Marchades (almost) laying his hand upon the shoulder of Bertrand de Gourdon after his fatal arrow had pierced Cœur-de-Lion, was ready to pounce upon "the Secretary," or "what-d'-ye-call-it" (Milton), when the coward (and cowards, as our Friend Frank Buckland hath it, are always cruel) decamped by a back-door, and has not since been heard of; but—

"Let him be girt
With all the grisly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
Harpies and hydras, or all the monstrous forms
"Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out."

MILTON'S *Comus*.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

"Bellum nec timendum, nec provocandum."—PLIN.

"Audaces fortuna juvat timidosque repellit."

This poem contains over 3000 names, and appears in a supplement with the motto—

"Turn on the bloody hounds with head of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay."

WM. SHAKESPEARE.

"By the Lord! ply them with satires, them with satires ply
Satires wound more deeply than when fiery arrows fly."

MAHOMET'S *Alcoran* (Translated and Paraphrased from the
Arabic by the Author of the LONDONIAD.)

THE LAND RECLAMATION OF ENGLAND.

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as a great bird, mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her endazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam."

JOHN MILTON, *Prose Works*.

I publish the Agrarian lex, upon my native Tor;
I swear, back to my countrywomen, and men, to bring land,
Raise the Standard! I'll march the mightier Conqueror
(Over the *Foe amidst*) of the more Glorious England.

"The stranger came with Iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
* * * * *

Think'st thou we will not sally forth
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?"

SIR W. SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake*.

☞ Please see the Manifesto.

☞ The Author of the LONDONIAD will enter the arena of conflict at an early prospective date.

"But rouse thee, man! Shake off this hideous death;
Be man! Stand up! Draw in a mighty breath!
This world has quite enough emasculate hands,
Dallying with doubt and sin.
Come—here is work—begin!"

ERASTUS W. ELLSWORTH, 1822 (The Engineer Poet.)

LIDSTONE, LUDSTOWN, AND LONDON.

"A personal matter! a personal matter! a personal matter!"

GEORGE GUELPH.

Lidstone and Ludstown are one.

"Just here, as ancient poets sing, there stood
The noble palace of the valiant Lud."

WM. KING, LL.D., "*The Furmetary*."

There is a great amount of so-called property in London

"——Ware and Troynevent in Middlesex,
Troynevent was the antient name,
King Lud brought it to be called London.

"*Oneirophilos Gymnastia*," (the Author
is unknown.)

which when sold or let out by its corporation is unaccompanied by any deed to show that they have anything to do with such property more than the so-called purchaser or tenant. The fact is, they have no right to such houses and lands as are here alluded to. The old occupiers in their families died out, of plagues in the middle ages, and now that the land reclamation of England is about to become the *moving* question throughout these islands, I will not say that "I intend to put in my claim." I would disdain to claim aught from those who have no right to what they themselves claim; but, in the name of an original right, I will seize on that which originally belonged to my ancestor, King Lud; and although I may not require all this for personal use, I intend to make all such houses and lots public property, and to order that the income to be derived therefrom instead of being expended upon the gorging of every red tapist and so-called Royal Ape that comes the road (who for all the purposes they serve in the economy of Nature, might as well have been created swine), be devoted toward the alleviation of City rates and taxes.—Extract, Inauguration Land Reclamation Speech. Please see the last LONDONIAD.—J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

I was speaking one day to

"The man who calls me cousin."—(ADDISON on Budgell.)

and people call him "Tom O'Coombe," regarding the time that

"——Brute."—SIR JOHN DENHAM'S "*Cooper's Hill*."

"From Troy's famed fields sad wanderer o'er the main."

HOMER'S "*Iliad*."

passed by his ancestral hut while sailing through the woodlands of Dyfnant in order to establish his seat of empire up the Dart at Toteness, he would fain believe that this noted emigrant was but a mushroom (Metaphysical-metempsychosis) compared to Lud and since that enlight'ning hour especially upon a regatta day when all the fine mesdames come out with their ribbons flying, we realize the scene from Shenstone

"Lo, Dartmouth on whose banks reclined,
While busy fancy calls to mind,
The glories of his line."—(Traced from the "*Patriot Monarch*."
"O Caratac! O nobill prince and king!—AULUS PLANCTUS."

T. B. (afterwards Lord) MACAULAY, in regard to the (future) AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD. During the evening Geikie showed me a printer's proof-sheet of "McDonald's, Cluthan and Malvina," very good for a professor. (It would seem that the Right Hon. Gentleman knew all the time that Professor G. was the Author.—J. T. S. Lidstone), and exhibited in manuscript a description of Minerva, which he said, quoting, as I perceived, from Duychinck, on Natty Leatherstocking, in Cooper's novel of "The Pioneers," has all the freshness of Nature, the first fruits of civilization," and he might have added with Carlyle "one melodious synopsis of Man and Nature in the West." I found it, however, to be the production of a young Devonian, a Sophomore in the University of Upper Canada . . . here is exemplified all the vivid, picturesqueness, and life-like action claimed for the Voice of Cona by his most ardent admirers, and an outburst of sublimity unknown to former ages, any single idea in this short and vigorous "Pallæan Mentala" far transcends in power of thought and truthfulness all that has been foisted upon the world for such in the numerous writings of "the Author of *Satan and Woman*," and "the Omnipresence of Deity." Macaulay's Letters following his Essay on the True and False Sublime. (Please see the 7th Londoniad.) I have introduced this simile into Mr. Chatwood's poem, at pages 70, 71, and 72 of the present Londoniad

He tower'd above the Universe at Arts' emporium
In Sequana' Isle Lutetia Parisorium.



"Excusation of ye prenter,"

BELLENDEN *trans* HECTOR BOECE.

As the printer is filling in from the end of the present Londoniad, and I am led to believe that there are but very few pages to spare, I desire to say a few words, it is not because the following articles are less important or interesting than the rest, that they (although being set up in type) are reserved for the next, a few, however, may possibly appear in this Edition. They are all in that which a friend has called "the Spencer Lidstone style" viz. with mottoes and quotations.

HON. COL. PRINCE, SIR JOSEPH HOWE (Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia), EARL OF DUFFERIN, HON. MCPHERSON, THE RIVERS AND LAKES OF CANADA, DR. LIVINGSTONE *versus* STANLEY, KING OF HANOVER, BILL OF PRUSS AND BISMARCK, PARIS EXHIBITION, ITALIAN EXHIBITION, DEAN STANLEY and Leopold, EARL SHAFTESBURY, DUKE OF ARGYLL, the Leitrim affair, LIDSTONE AND LUD'S-TOWN, JOHN BRIGHT, SIR JOHN YOUNG, the OBELISK, called Cleopatra's Needle, BEACONSFIELD AND SALISBURY, Cyprus, (*slightly satirical*), EARLS DERBY AND CARNARVON (*purely panegyric*), SIR ALLAN N. McNAB, ROBERT CONROY, ESQ. (Aylmer), COUNCILLOR DUNLOP (Pembroke), To my Cousin, REUBEN LIDSTONE, ESQ., 25 years a Resident in Albany, N. Y., SIR A. H. LAYARD, THE ITALIAN MINISTER, TECUMSEH, POLAN, OSCEOLA, PETER JONES, the Melchisedic of the West, His Excellency SITTING BULL, SQUIRE GOODMAN, AND ORATOR RICHARDSON (March),

" Good John indeed, with beef and claret,
 Makes the place warm that one may bear it.
 He has a purse to keep a table,
 And a soul as hospitable."

DEAN SMEDLEY'S "*Petition to the Duke of Grafton.*"

———— " A Colonel,
 A jolly, first-rate man,
 On whom we boldly dare repose
 To meet our friends or meet our foes."—DAVID MALLET.

The Poem is in the Library of the British Museum.

Of all the sneaks in God's creation the Yankee is the meanest. He'll throw a sprat to catch a herring, but he'll rip the herring up quick in no time; minus any sauce except his own impudence, and serve you with the sprat, swearing he gives it at first hand.—*Col. Prince on the Yankees.*—*Extract from the 100TH LONDONIAD.*

! " Exil'd demi-gods their ruin'd seats deplore."
 " *Virgil's Tomb,*" Naples, 1741.

HIS EXCELLENCY SITTING-BULL.

" Sitting-Bull, if he has not gone, he is sitting there still."

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

Please see a Poetical Biography of this interesting personage by the Author of the LONDONIAD.

A gathering tempest had swelled up his leggins; he had only to move,
 and strange fancies possessed and bewitched the bewildered Yank.
 As at Bull run,

———— " Still you laboured on—
 Hearing the far *Manassas gun.*"—H. MELVILLE.

Verily, like the war-horse of Scripture, you snuffed the battle—*from afar!*

" The war-whoop sleeps, but soon for thee shall wake,
 Illustrious Chief."

WM. THOMPSON, M.A., "*The Poetical Calendar.*"

The Yankee vulture is turned to a fitting gull,
 O'er entempest'd wilds traversed by Sitting-Bull.

" Can fleets or troops such spirits tame,
 Although they view their wigwams' flame,
 And levelled each village?"

'Midst distant wilds they'll find a home,
 Far as unsubjected Indians roam,

With nought for Yank to pillage."—LORD JOHN TOWNSHEND.

In CANADA unmolested may

" The fertile land the Indians rove,
 Or hunt at large through the wide echoing grove."—THOMAS TICKELL.

If not quite like Arimanes, seated on a throne of *material flame*, furious and locomotive, his own spirit proved the means of progress! over the angry land that seemed to respire in volcanoes, while the tribes emblem'd Demonisi just broke out from perdue.

Mighty tribes have vanish'd, some perish'd by slaughter,
 Many more by disease, and more than all by Fire Water.



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"I was not forgetful of Sparks."—KING CHARLES I. OF ENGLAND.

"In the Sarcophagus they had the Books fresh as newly written, being
written on parchment and vellum."—LORD BACON.

And now it is that your Financial Delegate embarks
From Imperial London, and the practical Charles Sparks.
We never could use those sorts from Massachusetts sent,
And which were all undeserving of the name of parchment.
But now our Argosies upon delighted Ocean toss,
Laden from Salisbury Square and Street yclept Cross,
And our tribes in all Western languages I will tell 'em
Where to get or white or green, the various kinds of Vellum,
And though the Wolvine Yank alternate yelps and barks,
For CANADA 7 vols. I'll invoke thy aid, Charles Sparks.
'Twas said to me lang syne by gallant Captain Horril,
You will find Charles Sparks a trustworthy wight for Forril,
And in our Colonial archives shall very soon be seen,
Many of my famed Hero's skins, pure white or fadeless green,
From where Montmorency roars, to where Niagara not slumbers,
O'er joyous floods and lands I'll verbally repeat the *Numbers*;
Or rather in a more general parlance apprises
Ye Bard, our Colonial institutes of the sizes,
Ousting the Yank, observation me enables
To turn upon that impious pack their rapping tables,
And place in loved ONTARIO's lap Charles' luggage labels.
All, the Minstrel in his capacious memory marks
That which shall embrace our records, hail Squire Charles Sparks.
I rode the winds of centuries and gathered th' rays of all the days
That ever flash'd on time, and lo! a miracle sublime;
A thousand years had rolled away, yet are they all well kept?
As if they just had sprung to life and not a decade had slept,
The sentences all flew out and became transformed to larks,
Thrilling their new morning with the immortal name of Sparks.

Several copies *apropos* of the Author of the LONDONIAD's large work,
CANADA Illustrated, will be got up in vellum covers for presentation.
Institutes, &c., and herein especially I shall have to invoke the aid of Mr.
Sparks.

This famous house has supplied the Government for more than thirty
years.

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The "Gurney Stove" is used in the Department of Science and Art, in Twenty Cathedrals, including St. Paul's and York Minster, and in more than 2200 Churches, Public Buildings, and Private Houses in England alone; also very extensively in France, Russia, Sweden, and the Continent generally.

"Hail, Woodcock ———."—SIR JOHN DENHAM'S *Poems*.

"The Harmony of *sounds* to Dr. Burney,
That of Science to Sir Goldsworthy Gurney."

J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

What object can be more important, say,
To our health and comfort in the present day,
Than this, the best of all efficient modes
O' warming and ventilating our abodes?
None! whose attainment seems to be
So entirely simple in theory,
But in practice difficulties countless, vast,
In every branch of science unsurpass'd,
Till our Immortal Company arose,
And did the secrets of pure health disclose;
And the main feature of that great success,
Which doth their great unrivall'd system bless
(And may be traced to a natural cause),
Was the right application of those laws
Of convection and conduction of heat,
Under which the air is warm'd (so complete)
And moisten'd in ratio exact,
With its increasing temperature kept intact,
And thus, as surely as the fiat of fate,
Preserved in a natural and a healthy state.
Science no higher reference affords
Than th' "Report of the Committee of the Lords,"
Which I have, too, been lately poring o'er,
Printed July 19, 1854.
Throughout the length and breadth of all our land,
We find this glorious system in demand;
And Gurney's world-wide fame's a guarantee
'Twill triumph soon beyond each bounding sea.
Now while rallying mem'ry it recalls
What th' great Sydney Smith said of St. Paul's,
And which did antique ventilators vex,
"You might as well attempt to warm up Middlesex;"
Nevertheless, it has by us been done,
Science's greatest triumph 'neath the sun.
Museums alone, nor legislative piles,
Hospitals, and in cathedral aisles;
Through edifices once so chill and dank,
The healthy currents flow, and who to thank?
Gladly I'd mention all, but they're many,
The honour'd names that form our Company
But I'm directed by the Muse, my Mentor,
To hail the Manager, Secretary, Inventor.
More than with the burning ardour of "Knycyte, in-joust or tourney"
Shall Chronos in new life turn adoringly to "Gurney,
Even as Gheber, and eke Druid, having affianced

Too, in fiery glow, I worship here the blaze of Science,
 Fame's trump for "Gurney" thro' th' world hath Being bereft
 Of other sound, there is no space for echo left.
 Testimonials innumerable as rays that wing the day,
 As sands that strand the Ocean, or its particles of spray.
 From the brightest sons of light that ever graced Minstrel's lay,
 Because of these and more, we've lately form'd a fund,
 (Though the Sacred College here unmercifully hath pun'd)
 For the Cathedral of our Native Saint hight Tammenund;
 Still uncanonized! Yet in "the next age" (Bacon) I wis
 He filling th' world with glory will soar th' apotheosis,
 While CANADA for aye ousting th' so-called United States,
 Greet Squire Woodcock's *modification*—Patent Fresh Air Grates.



R. HARRISON AND SON,
 COACH BUILDERS
 (SILVER MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1878),
 1, Stanhope Street, Euston Road,
 London, N.W.

"In a graceful sleigh, drawn by spirited steed,
 You glide o'er the snow with lightning speed,
 Whilst from harness decked with silvery bells,
 In sweet showers the sound on the clear air swells,
 And the keen bracing breeze with vigor rife,
 Sends quick through your veins warm streams of life."*

Mrs. J. L. Lepröhon, *Winter in Canada.*

I pass'd from the tents of cloudland trilling my vesper,
 O'er Eve's roseate downs on a visit to Hesper,
 Returning, I acted Zephyrus' blackfoot to Flora,
 And, overstaying my time, early met with Aurora,
 She smilingly said, Bard of the LONDONIAD, between
 Us both, I think of soon dropping this aerial machine,
 And taking to that which substantial may be, though, limber,
 I will en-spirit the iron, and vitalize the timber;
 Brave Lady of the Morn! we'll hie to Messrs. Harrison,
 Thence drive Day thro' chaos, and of old Night Storm th' Garrison.
 The Bard of their good work himself did thoroughly acquaint
 Carriages of unrivall'd make without lining or paint,
 While their own peculiar cover'ng of stretch'd leather
 Renders them staunch against the most tempestuous weather,
 Here, too, I saw that Landau which won them a world's renown,
 In contour, lightness and compactness, the best in Paris shown,
 To view the material and glorious workmanship
 I over the red Atlantic would have taken a trip,
 To the noble, and the generous to their Animals
 These of highest perfection ev'ry attribute recalls
 The wheels are closely coupled, and the whole
 Emblems Guido's Morning Chariot's roll,
 No unpleasant jolting or vibration
 In these th' glory of our Age and Nation,
 The Boxes of the Wheels my heroes have
 Bedded in India-Rubber Cushions in the nave,
 And their patented principle upon which they make the head,
 Exemplifies how they, of Carriage Makers, take the lead,

From the inner-side, even a Lady with the greatest ease
 May raise or lower; such I introduce beyond the seas,
 Yea, from those whom all the graceful Sciences environ,
 Who make their own wood-framing, and all the work in iron.
 By simple mode the seats are lowered or elevated,
 The Landscape undulates, our Dulcinea is elated,
 For can be shown to Corydon how she's hablimated,
 Our firm sent as the Italians, say, many a Gutta,
 Off lately to the city of Palaces, Calcutta,
 And those are th' carriages of their build that we now behold
 Careering instinct with life thro' the land of Leopold,
 Not only in New York, but under ev'ry nation's flag,
 With gentlemen drivers may be seen the Harrison Drag,
 While the Bard far removed, let us hope, from aught of shod(d)y.
 Or th' parvenu, ordereth from hence his coach's body,
 Which, under his immediate inspection, be't stated,
 Is properly trimm'd and artistically decorated.
 I spake to th' Sagamores around the council fires of Goba,
 Saying, they shall supply our Nations in Manitoba.
 *Of ye orbicular motion I this said long ago,
 Your Wheels will be all supplied by our great Toronto Co.
 Eke bodies we place on Sleigh runners flying thro' the snow.

JOHNSON BROTHERS AND COMPANY

(LIMITED),



ENGINEERS AND CONTRACTORS, PATENTEES
 AND MANUFACTURERS OF IRON FENCES FOR
 English, Foreign, and Colonial Railways;
 for Colonial Sheep Rups; for Canada,
 Australia, New Zealand, the East Indies,
 Cape Colony, South America, &c.; and for Home Use in
 Parks, Ornamental Grounds, Pastures, Fields, &c. Wrought
 Iron Entrance Gates and Ornamental Ironwork. PATENTEES
 AND MANUFACTURERS OF GLASS AND IRON BUILDINGS ON IM-
 proved Principles for Hot-Houses and Conservatories, and
 all descriptions of Horticultural Buildings, for Railway
 Stations and Platform Covers, Covered Markets, Studios,
 Sanatariums, Covered Homesteads, &c. 6, Waterloo Place,
 Pall Mall, London, S.W.

"My song to horticulture might extend."—VIRGIL.

Personages of taste stone barriers would not desire,
 And th' wooden kind is liable to destruction by fire.
 Hence for Horticultural purposes, those made of Wire.
 Our's th' Manufacturers, not mere consignees or factors,
 But the Practical Engineers and world-famed Contractors.
 I examined well their *stronger standards*, and after that
 Decided upon discarding ye upright, yclept *flat*.
 Whate'er claim Massachusetts Yank may have, alleging
 That his are best, I choose the Johnson system of Wedging.

Never more like hurdles that kept out floods from early Rome;
 A perfect picture is render'd each Colonial home.
 Let the Midlands and the North of the coarse unwieldy boast,
 I'll guarantee the Johnson quality, and as to cost—
 Nought equal can I trace of Pittsburghs, Bostons, or New Yorks,
 In that of Waterloo Place and the Brockley Iron Works,
 All their deeds immediately most fully I'll describe,
 And introduce to the chiefs of each British native tribe,
 While the arduous descendants of each Home British race
 I'll supply from th' Imperial Isles and Waterloo Place.

THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDINGS POEM.

Hereafter our great Colonial orders to fulfil
 I go, certainly not to Chelsea nor to Brierly Hill.
 Our nations' not treated as Transvaali or Maories,
 Joy in Buildings for Hot houses and Conservatories,
 And we hail, though "th' Infernal States" (Milton) keep up a great eruption
 Horticultural Buildings, Improvements of Construction;
 The environs of the Homesteads of our British races
 Never more the ordinary wooden house disgraces,
 Defects, and heavy erst (what our pioneers elated
 Is this, and let it be in Motherland and tongue stated)
 O' th' maintenance of Ordinary Houses obviated,
 The Framework of wrought iron extra of special sections,
 Ne'er become depressed, nor are they subject to deflections.
 Light they appear, are always strong, though small may be the weight,
 All these will tend to enhance their value regarding freight.
 While the *modus operandi* of applying the Glass,
 I'll show in a transparency as I through the nations pass.
 Eternal Science to these structures doth soul-light impart
 Nature blooms in ceaseless spring 'mid those perfect works of Art.
 A season yet have to run my CANADA debentures,
 Then with th' Head Co. of the world shall be my prime of ventures.

THE GATE POEM.

The Author's University 1st Prize Gate Poem appears in the 3rd LONDONIAD; it will be reprinted, together with Messrs. Johnson Brothers and Company's Poem as they appear in this, the New 100th LONDONIAD, in one of the Seven Vols. CANADA Elephant Folio Edition, now being prepared for the Press.

Our Company's real Art "STUDIES OF WROUGHT IRON ENTRANCE GATES"

(To equal in vain have striven th' so-called United States
 And which came upon these Robbers like to a sirocco),
 I've placed in our Great Library bound in best Morocco,
 Together with separate and collective Catalogue,
 Glory—deeds! therein represented I will bring in vogue,
 And, *pro personæ*, will every act et motive give,
 Them throughout th' Occident as unpaid Representative.
 ART and LITERATURE! that Time nor storm shall e'er invade;
 The Greatest Names and Largest Number e'er on List display'd,
 Those supplied by our Co., and that grace the LONDONIAD.

A large Colonial order for Jones, Bayliss, and Jones, of Crooked Lane, E.C., and Monmouth Works, Wolverhampton, came to hand last September, but I would not fulfil it, but re-ordered their catalogue to be thrown out of our Public Library.

MARK FEETHAM AND Co.,



FURNISHING IRONMONGERS & STOVE MAKERS
TO HER MAJESTY (SILVER MEDAL, PARIS
EXHIBITION, 1878), GAS FITTERS AND BRASS
FOUNDERS, BELL HANGERS AND LOCK SMITHS,
MANUFACTURERS OF STOVES FOR WARMING
LARGE ROOMS, HALLS, AND CHURCHES, WARM AND SHOWER
BATHS ON A SIMPLE AND APPROVED PLAN, ROOMS, HOT HOUSES,
&C., &C., WARMED BY WATER. SMOKY FIRE PLACES PRE-
VENTED. No. 9, Clifford Street, Bond Street, and No. 17,
Soho Square, London.

“Studious they appear
Of Arts that polish life, Inventors rare.”—MILTON.

“This is the safest stove.”—EVELYN.

“An old-fashioned grate
Consumes coals, but gives no heat.”—ADDISON and STEELE, “*Spectator*.”

From all in the home-land I choose Messrs. Mark Feetham and Co.
For our 7 capitals and towns in Ontario
Theirs may well be call'd, *par excellence*, the Pallæan fane,
The grandest that I e'er saw adventuring o'er the main,
Why need we wonder, theirs the Royal House, and they stand,
Vide Lloyd's, A, Number 1, in the Imperial Mother Land,
For Art accessoræ, and th' resources at their command,
The common kinds of cooking stoves we get from 3 Rivers;
But your Financier, soon to Manitoba delivers
Th' Metallic glories of our age, to change the venu,
Having help'd, our chiefs from Collingwood up to Fort Garry,
Gladly those free of th' revenue in their own craft carry.
Those more especially which each great family approvès
Are their Ceramicæ alto isola Warm Air Stoves,
And hailing these from our Artistic Makers to the Queen,
We greatly prize science' acme so tasteful all and clean,
While, for our Colonial Institutes,
Each Learned Society such salutes;
Yea, more than any from the so-called United States,
We greet Mark Feetham & Co's. Warm Air Ventilating Grates,
Immediately their form and adaptation I'll describe,
And bring them too, in vogue, with native and adopted tribe,
While those suitable for Bedrooms shall put the close kinds to the rout;
Lo here are special Designs prepared, and eke throughout,
Let Brown, Green, Boyda's, Douglas', Chambers, Constantine, Welwood,
vaunt,
With the Leamington, I for each Parliamentary Restaurant,
From those, and 100 others choose, and a market prepare
For the great Co., 9, Clifford Street, and 17, Soho Square,
Nought of the Bombaciat', here the Art Minstrel befofs,
We welcome the beautiful their truthfully designed Fire Dogs,
Which all our British races on the Western Continent
Will joy in, as articles of vertu and ornament

(Of Clement, Dunstan, Adrian us Art History acquaints
 How they glorified their epochs as Metal Working Saints,
 And many a crown'd-head from Gyges on'to Charles the 5th,
 In Artistic Metallurgy exemplified a thrift),
 While I, and this I mention with peculiar elation,
 Take their Chimney Pieces o'er the sea for presentation.
 Ærial visitants! My soul did flesh-divested rove
 With you, where Naiad throng'd streamlets carol'd thro' lyre-leav'd
 grove,
 A new Minerva saw I leap from forehead o' later Jove.
 With such mighty birth, that o'er-teeming fiery brain of his
 Enkindled the world to an Aurora Borealis,
 Th' Horizon quiver'd, lost in an over-shadowing main,
 Blinded for the nonce (Robert Burns) "I look'd and look'd again!"
 All th' Metallic wonders of Titan ages long gone by
 Were weirdly depinctured on a Miraculous Sky,
 On which (Soldan-like-carpet-Moslem lore) did the goddess fly;
 Hark! Echo (Ovid!) (the Pallæan Deity fleeth Ham
 Scut and Skunk of Yankeeedom, and o'er the dome of Feetham
 Respires in Day,) th' most valued o' th' Gods was Vulcan of the Fire,
 Venus was his femme, whom, *on dit*, loyalty did not inspire,
 Homer, of Vulcanus, hath a fine description given, Il. 1, 57, 15, 18, 11, 397.
 He liveth Immortal in Clifford Street, the famed abode
 Of Art, and where holds high residence each Kosmosan God.
 Theirs the Intellectual Workers, to whatever land they may resort,
 Having wrought for the Company of Feetham is ever a good passport.

THE KENSINGTON SERIES OF READING-BOOKS ILLUSTRATED.



Including READING, WRITING, ARITHMETIC, DICTATION, COMPOSITION, SPELLING, DERIVATIONS. By J. W. LAURIE. Pronounced by all who have seen it to be the "very best series yet published." LAURIE'S "Indestructible" School Desk (supplied to Schools in every County in England). Carriage paid to destination. LAURIE'S School Apparatus and Furniture. LAURIE'S Physiological Models, Relief Globes, Wall Maps, Pictures, Scientific Diagrams, School Stationery. THOMAS LAURIE, Educational Depository, 12, Stationers' Hall Court, London, E.C.

Καὶ ΒΡΕΦΟΣ διδάσκειται
 Λέγειν, ἀκούεινθ', ὧν μάθησιν οὐκ ἔχει
 Ἄδᾶν μάθητις, ταῦτα σώζεσθαι φιλεῖ
 Πρὸς γῆρας οὕτω ΗΑΙΔΑΖ ΕΥ ΠΑΙΔΕΥΕΤΕ.

EURIPIDES.

"Exigite ut mores teneros ceu pollice ducat,
 Ut si quis cera vultum facit."—JUV.

"To grasp success they all seem'd in a hurry,
 But this attended only upon Laurie."

SIR JOSEPH HOWE, "Chedabucto," A Poem.

From the Sea that sepulchre of elder continents to Maurie
 Ringing among th' Resurrection Isles, I bear the deeds of Laurie.
 I search'd not only thro' th' Imperial Metropolis
 But throughout Britannia's Island-Kingdoms, and I wis
 Found in J. W. Laurie's New Series, the best,
 And thus suiting our late-born generations of the West,
 In collating and arranging these, many years were spent,
 From the better kinds of reading-books on either continent,
 The World's most renowned authorities this plan saluted,
 And to the famous Laurie Series contributed.
 I have all the known systems before our Sagamores placed,
 And th' subject matter, eke graduation of language traced,
 And discovered all to be on a perfect system based.
 Too, saith the Bard, who on a vital subject now descants,
 These Books are suited ev'ry way to Governmental wants,
 Although (here a more elevated station they may claim),
 Being more comprehensive in their educative aim,
 Than any that have yet been sent out by the Government.
 Knowledge the more 'tis imparted like light and like fire
 Exhausts not its source but flowing, spreads broader and higher.
 Muse! say what all at once did peculiarly elate us,
 It was Laurie's, School Desk, Furniture and apparatus.
 Such the great colonial market will be after winning.
 No Io Pæan to Wake and Dean, Coleman and Glendenning.
 While latitudes not yet reach'd by steamers, rail-cars or trams,
 Exult in Laurie's Maps, Globes, and Educational Diagrams.
 Knowledge imparted by my hero doth me enable
 To proclaim to the chiefs of each Aboriginal Nation,
 That th' unique "Indestructible" School Desk, Seat and Table
 Is guaranteed 3 years.—Carriage paid to 'ts destination.
 This last concession, I at least may not require off-hand,
 While free of the revenue they'll pass to our prairie land.

CARLOS (W. I.) AND KING,

WHOLESALE AND EXPORT MANUFACTURERS,

66, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

SPECIALITY FOR ONYX GOODS.

The famous Beresford-Hope Brooch, now in possession of the Author's mother, was mounted by the above practical gentlemen. I have a long poem written upon them, but their card went down into the cellars of the Long Sault Rapids, with a variety of other articles, as auctioneers say, "too numerous to mention." Many Sons of Art in Hatton Garden have appeared from time to time in the LONDONIAD. Messrs. Hughes (Atlas Works), Hicks, Fuller, Ghialin, Richards, Ortelli, Casella, Elliott, Adams, Johnson and Matthey, Messenger and Son, Ex-Mayor Manton (and Mole), F. Larard and Co., and it may be some others.

I received a note from Tesel Tecumseh, just as the last sheet of the present LONDONIAD was about to be struck off, advising me that three tons of maple sugar awaited my order at Mantawanin Fort. This will not be sold, but I intend to make it an offering to some Confectionary Firm—Richard Gunter, were he now alive, or perhaps to E. H. Hill and Co. (late Hill and Jones). This last in preference to Castell and Brown,

Batger, F. Allen, Nelson, Dale, and Co., R. Sallman, Sansome and Co., H. Schooling, Thos. Smith and Co., Sparagnapane and Co., A. J. Weatherly, C. H. West, W. and Co., Volckman, Wotherspoon and Co., Clark and Somebody, Hackney.

☞ Biscuits.—Fitts', of CANADA, are famous for the plain kinds. Wright and Drew would not be of any service to us—certainly not! Parkinson and Hatfield, who are too coarse. But for Peak and Freaan, and Huntly and Palmers, I might have opened up a thriving market; but I only delivered them for Presentation. These are the best in England.

☞ I have not yet decided upon the Bronze. The Phosphor Bronze Co. are not sufficiently truthful for me. It is a wonder that Henry Bessemer allows his name to be made use of by R. J. Allen. I was prepared to give a large order for Ald. Sheard, H. Harper and Son, and Cumberland, M.P. for Algoma; but I desire to say that, while the senior "partner" seems to be a sensible personage, I at least should not be inclined to deal with the other, who, eyes like two burnt holes in a blanket, emblem, I should imagine, his mental optic—in fact, he is what orator Nassengton would call "a contemptible scut."

A prosey old crone, named Smith, calls himself "the Head of James Russell and Co;," hence, the order for sixteen thousand dollars worth of tubes I shall take elsewhere. The Red Hill curmudgeon I have not since seen, nor do I desire to do.

Swine Besley, Baldy Stone, and Cod-mouthed Cotton, are in the corporation satire which I send unto you. Blubberchops Bros. I have made Teufelsdröckh brose of in the Themisiad. There is, besides, an episode therein regarding a rampant pettifogger turned cock-laundress.

JOHN BRIGHT.

"Enter Mr. Bright."—DRYDEN, "36th Prologue."

"Upright Quakers please both man and God."—ALEXANDER POPE.

I give my Friends mentioned in the present LONDONIAD each a copy of my last University First Prize and Great Scholarship Poem, containing Fourteen Hundred double lines, and taking in 4000 years of the World's History.

JOHN BRIGHT AND RICHARD COBDEN.—The Friendships of the Classic Ages. (Please see former LONDONIADS, two of which were devoted to Birmingham.)

I do not reflect upon a person because he happens to be a coal-shoveller; but such an one may not certainly be a man of science. I here allude to one Atkins, late Winfields, the Brummagem Bank robbers. A new edition of the satire is now being published. My Brass Founders are John Warner and Son, of Jewin Crescent, E.C. "To-morrow next," as our old poets say, I will enter upon the chase against Rogues Hazard, those fellows pretended that they were going to print me one of the LONDONIADS. They received money from the Author's mother, wherewith "to buy paper;" they, however, lived awhile upon the amount, and then gave up the ghost financially.

"Beest thou Bird or devil?"—E. A. POE.

I should have served this rascal as Mrs. S. C. Hall describes a quasi Editor being served by a friend of hers, when

"Smack went the whip."—WM. COWPER'S "John Gilpin."

But it would appear that he only ventures out, owl-like, "in the darkness of night."

The head of the illustrious house of Fortescue, M'Alpine, and Desmond hath marked his name upon my list for 2000 copies of the LONDONIAD, and our Native Prince, Alesandre, hath done the same for 5000 copies, but I can only supply them out of the next Edition.

J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

NEW DECORATIONS FOR STAIRCASES.

JAMES TOLEMAN,

MANUFACTURER OF PAPER HANGINGS,

17, Goswell Road, E.C.

Specimen Rolls of the New Dado Decorations for Staircases (a novelty in Paper Hangings) are now ready, price 3s. each.

DECORATIONS FOR ROOMS.

Private Patterns Coloured and Printed for the Trade.

The Great Art Poem was lost in the Fire.

WORKS ECCLESIASTICAL, HERALDIC, AND ORNAMENTAL.

W. G. TAYLOR,



(LATE O'CONNOR & TAYLOR), ARTIST IN STAINED GLASS PAINTING, CHURCH DECORATION, DESIGNER OF MEMORIAL BRASSES. The House Established Half a Century. 4, Berners Street, London, W.

"And storied windows, richly dight."—JOHN MILTON, "*Il Penseroso*."

"A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with ——— imageries,
* * * * *

And diamonded with panes of quaint device
Innumerable, of stains and splendid dyes."

JOHN KEATS, "*Eve of St. Agnes*."

"Taylor, their better Charon, lends an ore."—POPE, "*The Dunciad*."

"Taylor! it may be averr'd he's a Christian."

DR. SWIFT, "*The Yahoo's Overthrow; or, the Kevan Bayl's New Ballad upon Sergeant Kite insulting the Dean*."

"Taylor!" The enlightened Reader will please quote 510 page, Nares Glos. W. et Ph., 2118, *G. Brit. Lives*.

On lightning wing I circle space, and cross ciel weald sublime,
And trump to life' cecilean age again and glory-time,
And as to *via* maestro and eke the learners' street,
Lead the nations rapt to furor, into Berners Street.

Inspir'd from thence I into th' brighter resurrection sing
 Those, like him, famous for composition et colouring,
 With wing of wonder lay I th' ressent'i Zodiac strike,
 In composition colouring, lo! the glacial Vandyck.
 His works had charmed that dilettant L. L. Eschi,
 Being, as he is, in stained glass the later Brunelleschi.
 Deeds of the mighty! that could inspire soul-Titanian lays,
 'Twill be said in after-times, "There were giants in those days."
 See in new creations vision'd Aiden's ardour day "Lor,
 Mon," (Robert Burns), from sea to cataract, du Maylor
 Like unto an Easter-dawn expands the soul of Taylor.
 Th' Heraldic, ancestral deeds in one long act prolong,
 Can those who call it a new Art make their position strong?
 Not Moyen merely, we read of this in Dan Homer's song,
 And how, since Manitoba hath in prosperity sunn'd
 Itself, his deeds shall grace the Cathedral of St. Tammanund.
 What doth Art's ev'ry other form, in loveliness surpass,
 And ensplendouring decorate, O Muse! but stained glass,
 Squire Taylor's thoughts assuming form appear to me so grand,
 Dante and Milton pass by me ~~in~~ in ~~and~~ and I stand
 A flesh disintegrated spirit midst enchanted land.
 Mine eyes, his ideas o'er voidful time appear to these,
 Flashing thro' chaos an universe of luminaries,
 Which float in their own glory, like garden-island seas.
 Each conception so bold, 'tis Ajax and Agamemnon
 Th' apotheoses soar'd, metempsychosed into one.
 I behold the rainbow of a Noachadæan time,
 Arch'd in solielitanic guise over this triune clime.
 Populous its arch with Prophets, Martyrs, Apostles, Saints,
 These, leaping into position, represent th' Glass he paints.
 With all that we know of their symbols, emblems, attributes,
 All quivering, as with animation your Bard salutes,
 Striking the loudest lay, even in this soul-chilling weather
 Ever heard, since first the Sons of Morning sang together.
 Examples of the early masters my hero doth define;
 (Here, all the world's polite notions to him high place assign),
 Their Great Names, fain would I let Earth thro' etern ages know,
 But their fame in Heaven by Angels was sounded long ago.
 In Mansions, Abbeys, Chapels, and through Cathedral aisles,
 In Minsters and in Churches, yea, all consecrated piles,
 His deeds are in ev'ry county thro' th' Imperial Isles,
 And as ever thro' th' world I went with him on pilgrimage,
 I walk'd on Art-enchanted ground through many marvellous age
 By the "Beautiful Lake," Ontario, 1000 leagues from Thames,
 In thy Cathedral, Toronto! 'twas I placed his St. James,
 Prophets and Saints there flame in Art with all their varied names.
 Kind Natures yet uncanonized must through probation pass,
 Then soar the rapt æleo in Taylor's Painted Glass.
 "Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!" this wrote Thomas Campbell
 But ne'er did thy ensplend'ring epoch tale or legend tell,
 Thus to electrify the nations or bind them with a spell,
 Such as expectant floods and lands from ocean to Gaylor
 Thrills with seraphic ardour at th' mental deeds of Taylor.
 And well deserving of the praise Vasari hath given,
 To console mankind this glass was rained down from Heaven.
 Windows! Cherubic Visions of Angel-life on seeing
 I sing myself into another state of being.

THE COLONIAL CLUB AND LARGE TEMPERANCE
HOTEL,



CANADA.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD, (and for which the Freehold hath been secured), is now being reared for the reception of our better class of Colonists, near Islington Green, in close proximitous route to every public thoroughfare in the Imperial Capital of the Mother-country (London, England). Reared on the Brannon Patent Principle (which hath been applied after severest tests, &c., upon this and all other known modes, by the great *savans* of our time to St. Paul's Cathedral), it will be found to be decidedly the most Fire Proof Building in the world, while all that relates to Sanitary Science in the broadest acceptation of that term, ventilation, &c., profusion of water warm and cold, will cause it to rank far above any Hygienic Establishment at the present time known in Europe or America. In Architectural Design the Building, truly Palatial, domed (and flat-roofed, laid out in a garden of choicest native plants and exotics), will be seen afar off by the corner, and from whence, because of the gradual ascent of its site, may be viewed all the districts of London and its environs, in full expansion, bounded only by the horizon.

No objectionable impost here that tells
With trumpet tongue 'gainst your English hotels,
So that visitors have most truly said,
"We never know when our bills are paid,"

will meet with any recognition here; while all of the accessorial being brought to bear under our especial supervision, as in the comfort of a family mansion, it may be well supposed that the guests will truly find a home. A peculiar feature in this Magnificent Establishment will be that of intelligent and educated ciceroni to accompany visitors through the capital free of charge. The Building itself will be truly a repository of Art, and any periodical, British or other, will be placed upon the file at the suggestion of any Colonial gentleman, for whose special use there will be a free Library of more than 5000 volumes, generally in *Belles Lettres*, which I personally place for their kind acceptance. I will at an early prospective period cause a detailed prospectus to be issued. There will be, besides, a large carriage department, a post-office, telegraph do., and bank, in connexion with the Colonial Club and Large Temperance Hotel.

P.S.—There will be a separate entrance to each suite of apartments,

Family and other, the *cuisine* will be of an unadulterated quality, and at the same time *recherche* and substantial, and all friends will, at the earliest possible moment, be introduced into honourable society.

N.R.—This will not be looked upon as a mere advertisement. I address our Colonial kinsmen with great respect and affection.

JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE,

RESIDENT CANADA FINANCE DELEGATE IN ENGLAND.

21, Goswell Terrace, E.C., London (Eng.); Tomorham and Torquay, Devon; Selma Hall, Morven; formerly of Toronto and Ottawa, Upper Canada.

March, 1879.

LANDER & CO.,

(Established 1833), MASONS, &c.,

to the General Cemetery Com-
pany, Kensal Green: and at the

Hanwell Cemeteries. Statuary, Tombs,
Monuments, and Head-Stones erected after

the most approved Models, and kept in repair. Inscriptions cut.—JOSEPH PUSHMAN, Manager.



“ ———Grieve about the dead,
— Bid the Rose tree o'er them bloom,
Fondly deck their bed,
And sanctify the Tomb.”—*Bulwer*.

As 'round Achilles' tomb with his friends went Alexander,
So do ye Musæ those of the Company of Lander,
Crowning them “ with Laurels (Lycid) and Ivy never sere,”
By valley, plain, and headland, we their Memorials rear,
Thence turn eyes with blinding tears thro' many a lonely year.
Scions of Noblest Ancestry; CANADA the meed be hers,
Not to let her Immortals lie in forgotten Sepulchres.
While hearts are warm and Memories charm and loveliest Art,
May the enduring grandeur of high Memorials impart.
As thro' the city of the silent Kensal Green I wander,
Tombs the greater number find I by the Co. of Lander,
And though fain would undertakers to our feelings pander,
We go to practised hands and *minds* for Tomb or monument,
—Those who personally superintend each order; by whom are sent
Loved Memorials to every Isle and Continent.
The Rise and Fall of many firms our Company survives,
Pygmæi v. Heraclidæ where competition strives,
☞ Establish'd Lang-syne in 18-33.

[Be kindly pleased to see the One Hundredth Londoniad].

THE BOUFFLERIAN BUILDING SOCIETY.

156, ST. JOHN'S STREET ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

I have caused this system to be applied to
THE YOUNG MEN'S HOME AND LARGE TEM-
PERANCE HOTEL. (Please see the 100th
Londoniad.)



“ Bouf(f)ler, secure your fame.”—EARL OF DORSET.

Bouffler well deserves our praise.”

VOLTAIRE'S “*Henriade*,” Canto 1.

Muse! flush the nations with your Day-evolving Gonfanon,
And hail the later Salvation thro' the Patent; Brannon'

As o'er Iran wrapp'd in fire, and gory,
Was heard the redeeming voice of Selcho,
So on that apex of England's glory
St. Paul's dome, we list the words of Elcho.

(Please see his famous letter upon this subject.)

Yea, truly Science here beaming hath thrown a halo of salvation around

"——— Paul's stupendous dome."—ISAAC CLASON.

and

"A debt immense of endless gratitude."—MILTON.

the world will owe

"To Chartres."—POPE's "*Moral Essays*."

I have somewhere, and at some time praised the Owner of the Patent

"And something said of Chartres."—POPE, Satire 1.

and a poem

"For Chartres' reserve."—POPE, 4th Epistle.

his Lordship's appreciatory notes upon this subject are now encampaniling
the world.

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON,

HOLLAND PARK ROAD, W.

"On the demise of Sir F. Grant, he became elected President of the
Royal Academy, and was knighted."—COOPER's "*Memoirs*."

"I was invited by the Council of the Society of Arts to accompany its
members on a visit to the Manchester Exhibition, which I did. In the
same railway car were seated my great glass Hero, Apsley Pellatt, whom
I preferred, as I do now his grandson, James Pellatt Rickman beyond
yours Oslers, and Webb and Co. (James Green appears in the 9th LON-
DONIAD), 'and all the rest,' 'Luke Limner,' and old Baron Rothschild,
who carried his unique ceramic candelabra all the way in his arms, and
brought it back with him again on his return to London."—"Autobiography
of the Author of the LONDONIAD." All who visited at that time the Man-
castra of the Romans, first reared by him whom the Spanish poet calls

"Titus of noble qualities"

(although I should suppose that the last and lost defenders of their loved
Cerushalaim, the Hierosolyma of the Greeks, the Salem of him whom
the Moslems call Mossa, the Jebusta of the old gods of Canaan, the capital
of "the Holy Land" of the Jews and the Christians, would not be disposed
to attribute any peculiar virtne to this son of Vespasian and Flavia Domi-
tilla), will remember our Art hero's picture, "The Triumph of Cimabue."
Verily, the pupil often transcendeth the tutor.

"——— Cimabue eclipsed Giotto."—DANTE

"The Triumph of Kanata," by Sir Frederick Leighton, will form one
of the Illustrations to the Author's CANADA, in 7 vols., elephant folio.

A Poetical Biography of Sir Frederick appears in "The Centenary of
the Royal Academy," by the Author of the LONDONIAD.

"Smit with the love of English Arts we came,

And met congenial, mingling flame with flame."—ALEXANDER POPE.

Ring out my lyre ! tell where the Arts did smile
 Ere they with Reynolds and with Leighton bless'd our Isle.
 Raise I through wonder-world th' enchantin' song,
 As 'midst the Arts revived I pass along.
 Till from that o' th' Golden Horn and Tuscan seas
 They to the FLORENTINE diverg'd and GENOESE.
 The ROMAN stands with majesty erect,
 For 'tis solid and legitimate effect.
 Toward th' VENETIAN all ye Muses tripp'd,
 Those who their "pencils in th' rainbow dipp'd."
 Thro' the LOMBARD long as the *Eclectics* known,
Just symmetry, and *power*, and *grace* are shown.
 There Albert Durer leads the GERMAN School,
 Whose *drawing power* he guides by *nature's rule*.
 The FLEMISH and the German now combine
 Where Rubens and Vandyke in deathless glories shine.
 Here doth the mighty Rembrandt elevate
 Th' DUTCH, by some thought sunk in *lowliest* state.
 With its great power, we in the SPANISH find
 The gloom and wildness of that nation's mind.
 And need the French School from the reign of First
 Francis, be in ardent strains rehears'd,
 Like new Creation breaking in on Time
 Some mental wonder bursts from ev'ry age and clime.
 Yea, here we works of bright immortals scan,
 Domenichino, Poussin', and Titian,
 Leonardo, Guido, and their brilliant train,
 The three Caracci, Claude of Lorraine,
 Julio, Perugino, Raphael the divine,
 And Michael Angelo, the mighty Florentine.

PRINCESS LOUISA OF LORNE.

RIDEAU HALL, NEAR OTTAWA, CANADA.

"It is your part (you Poets can devine)
 To prophecy how she by Heaven's design
 Shall give an heir of the Great British line,
 Who over all the western lands shall reign,
 Both awe the continent, and rule the main."

WENTWORTH DILLON, Earl of Roscommon.

Beside those beautifully Illuminated Works by the Princess Louisa, spoken of in a former part of the present Londoniad, and which I received from Sir Albert H. Warren, Art Tutor in the Royal Family, there is, by her, at my mother's place in London (Eng.), a Dove cut out of semi-transparent Carrara marble, which might not only tend to instruct the ornithological professor, but will at once, when it shall be placed in a proper position, represent to the Biblical, General, Literary and Art Student, the Heaven-opening scene depicted by SS. Mark and John in their first chapters, and portrayed in his first book of "Paradise Regained," by Milton, I will present this lovely work of Art to Ottawa, the Muses of Donne, Dryden, Fairfax, Pope, Shakespeare, Spenser, shall accompany it (for they all sang of the dove) then truly may it be said

"The voice of the Turtle is heard in the Land."

Then and there, as here and now, many a student of *Iconographie Chré-*

tienne, will feel delight in remembering the Dove font covers that met his eye in an earlier day through the Parish Churches of England, without which emblem no font would have been considered complete in far retrospective Christian times and whatever country. Our heroine inherits more of the Father's spirit than any of the Guelph-Watten kindred; Sculpture, Painting, Embroidery, yea, all the Arts designed by a Benevolent Creator to elevate our race she takes with her,

(" Et quater
Anno revisens æquor Atlanticum
Impune."—Q. HORATHI FLACCI CARMINUM, Lib. 1., Od. xxxi.)

and will revive a classic age in the country to which she adventures. Matrons of the Colonies will derive their inspiration from the Daughter of Albert! while

"Girls Louisa their example make."

REV. MR. BRAMSTONE, "In Imitation of
Horace's Art of Poetry."

It is known that as the Princess Louisa had a much finer taste than the
"Writer of Romance, called History."—SAVAGE'S "*Wanderer*."

So that she was better able in the words of Shakespeare to

"Fit it with such Furniture as suits,"

than T. B. Macaulay, who undertook to write about various systems of furnishing houses. *Au revoir* in the next Londoniad,

"Your rhymes, oh Muses, with Louisa grace."

HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

THE DEITY.

"First Mightiest, and the Prime! Thee Sole Lord
By all the other Deities adored."

The 8th Iliad, lines 39—40, translated by the
Author of the Londoniad.

Εἷς ἔστιν Θεός

"Ὅς οὐρανὸν τέτυχε καὶ γαίαν μακρὰν.—SOPHOCLES.

"Au milieu des clartés d'un feu pur et durable,
Dieu mit, avant les temps, son trône inébranlable,
Le ciel est sous ses pieds; de mille astres divers
Le cours, toujours réglé, l'annonce à l'univers."

VOLTAIRE'S *Henriade*.

"As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee."

DERHAZIN (Russian Poet.)

"Is Spiorad Dia, agus is éigin d'a luchd-aoraidh, aroadh a dhean-amb
dha an spiorad agus am firinn."—AN SOISGEUL a réir EOIN, Caib iv. 24.

"Óir is annsan mhairmíd, agus chorr-uighemíd, agus atámáoid; do réir
mar a dubhradar cuid dá bhur bhfileadhaidh, Óir is dá chinéulsan fós
sinn."—GNIOMHARTHA NA NEASBAL, xvii. 28.

O THOU whose form fills up the Universe,
Shall a single human voice Thy praise rehearse,
Or may I join the myriads that are singing,
The mystic lay now thro' all Nature ringing?
Methought as once a visual glance I cast,
Orb-like up from the interminable Past,
Of primal eras, Thou didst brightening loom,

Thy voice, thro' chaos,—withouten sea or shore,
 Resounded with equal echo Eternity o'er,
 Embryo creations thron'd in every beam
 That nimb'd Nature's Fountain Head,
 Which like a sea of planetoids o'er erst zoneless regions spread,
 And to their vernal equinox dilating sped ;
 Ages beyond all order of time Thou held'st command,
 Amid the wreck of elder worlds I saw Thee stand
 Radiant, the precursor of another day,
 While all the epocas cloud-like were billowing far away.
 The embodiment of all that was to be,
 Past, Present, Future, concentred all in Thee.
 In life-like loveliness exulting, to my view,
 The elder worlds awoke commingling with the new—
 Or that they had before existed never knew,
 Till Thou didst illuminate of man the soul,
 And taught him thro' Earth's rocky vol
 How all the myriad ages roll ;
 Thee, all Motive Power, derived thro' intellect, salutes,
 And Physical Nature in thy attributes,
 Too thro' THEE from Human Mind, that Universe of thought,
 In various form high deeds of Art were wrought,
 When Man no more the inanimate sod,
 Was given a soul by THEE, that soul a part of God,
 From THEE it came, Thou the vital didst supply—
 That which shall know no eld and never die.
 Races may alter, land and sea may change their place,
 But such in THEE Almighty nought may trace,
 The same in nearest hour as when no breezes stirr'd
 Wood or flood, nor voice of beast or bird were heard.
 And THOU the same, O Everlasting shalt remain,
 When Time hath passed away, and Nature broke its chain ;
 O, be an expanse of soul the Minstrel's dower,
 Whereby to comprehend THY goodness and THY Power,
 The rays of morning ushering in the day,
 Ocean's sands and 'ts particles of spray ;
 If multitudinously manipulated,
 By such, THY deeds in numbers may not be related.
 No ! thus THY transcendent greatness who shall tell ?
 Yet ever art Thou GRACIOUS GOD accessible.
 And is each atom in this air-borne islet seen by THEE,
 As if like rival Sols they flamed thro' immensity ?
 Yea ! here we are in no quiescent centre
 Of the universe, each form of life doth enter
 Equi-distant, where all is middle and no border
 Realm, and each as in immediate vicinage obeys THY order.
 The garden rill, careering Ocean hoary,
 Are all the same unto the LORD OF GLORY.
 All join in grateful note the mighty Oratorio ;
 Even now I feel a new life within me glow,
 O'er Time I spring exulting and thro' fresh vigour sing,
 Transform'd to Cherub's luteal heart and Seraph's harping wing,
 Of the human form inardorous I will myself divest,
 And rise to join the Angel choir in region of the blest ;
 The winds are all Memnonæan, I feel almost sublime,
 My Muse shall render Orphic all the streams of Time.

Language is fled—simile is lost,
 In praise or likeness of THEE, HOLY GHOST ;
 Yet such of either as I have may show
 The gratitude which I so deeply to THEE owe.
 GOD in His works alone can likeness of Himself supply,
 Ye submerged slopes and plains that in ocean's darkness lie,
 And hills that decked with foliage sweep the sky.
 I believe that there is nothing dead, and thence
 That Nature is Harmony and Eloquence,
 Unless all the suns in wonder should stand still,
 And silence wrapt their systems at THY will,
 Even then their mute aspect might not fail to thrill
 The far inane, to new dominion in precession
 Perfect, as cycles after gradual progression,
 Whereby forms of being in migration all were suited
 To their destiny, and have THEE Life's Giver saluted.
 I will not ask how long Thou did'st exist
 " Brooding on the vast abyss " in luminous mist,
 Till rising in effulgence Thou did'st say,
 " Let there be light ! " and blazed the latent day.
 How many courses of Time have since then passed away,
 And met no renown, or such as may be to mortals known ;
 Though it may happily be by the prescient Muse confest,
 Souls once there, are in other planets, or blooming with the blest.
 O what a blank in existence were there none to hear
 A wail of sadness or life's lone way to cheer ;
 None to whom we might appeal, or raise
 The tremulous voice in praise.
 True, this the Divining Light for ever burning,
 " Without parallex or shadow of turning."
 THOU dost give life and sustenance to all,
 And directed'st motion on this " terrestrial ball ;"
 While solar assemblages from unknown abysses at THY call,
 Come like to cometary hosts their trails that sweep
 Thro' the undiscoverable deep,
 Ere it the dark unresting sepulchre became
 Of universes once evolving flame
 Of life, and light to millions—all now without a name.
 Many a rival here I wis to the lost Atlantis.
 Muse, thou rememberest well how in early youth and other zone
 At eventide by forest and cataract alone,
 I would lift mine eye toward planet-girded throne,
 Supposed on which the Lord of Goodness flew,
 While lyre-strung rays envolved the horizon thro' ;
 Then join'd the planetoidal anthem loud and wild,
 And metamorphos'd to a singing orb the Muses child.
 (O Bright Benevolence, in this shadowy land,
 With grateful tears I hail Thy beneficent hand ;
 Be kindly pleased to centripetal all my fame,
 As little rills run sea-ward in Thy Illustrious NAME.)
 I thought that ideas were the children of the soul,
 Brightning in long lasting form as spheres they roll ;
 A grand idea like the spirit for ever lives,
 And light and energy to all surrounding gives ;
 And hence that their immortal smiles
 Took form and peopled the irradiate isles ;

And whenever a breeze from the headland broke,
 That they in weird language to me spoke.
 Thus, my native England had burst attraction's bars,
 And falling in the Northern Sea had left compatriot stars;
 Or perhaps umbrageous deeps are waving and waterfalls are roaring,
 In those island universes which I'm Sabian-like adoring.
 Oui! Isles of Paradise are near me flowering,
 I feel their blossoms snow-like round me showering.
 Happy echoings in odorous winds, aerial host'
 On life's sea greet me, more than from Arabia's coast;
 Hither comes my darling bard of *Par. Lost*.
 All these were lost—or never would be—
 (Have been) but for the inspiring love of Deity,
 To whom doth belong all that is bright and strong

In varied nature;

Art's glories and the splendours of science,
 In Thee may we ever have affiance,

Benevolent Creator.

In Art's triumphs over things inanimate I scan,
 The representation of the soul of man,
 This globe, on which we live, had "swung blind,
 In unascended majesty," but for the human mind.
 In many a giant heart of old burn'd Love's quenchless flame,
 In which, Thou Jehovah, was't worshipped under many a varied name.
 Though, with evil many modes may have been compounded,
 Yet, Truth with the Songs of Zion, thro' every age resounded.
 In my life's summer solstice, I again the strain renew;
 Trials! though in thund'rous clouds they my destiny overblew,
 No shadow on my soul, Fate's vertical arrows threw,
 Uneffected still by mortal, or (unblest) immortal hosts,
 The beams of Heaven ever gleam thro' my spirit,
 Such the buoyancy I, thro' Thee, Divine, inherit;
 As orb-light thro' the wandering comet's transpacious form,
 Or, St. Elmo's fire to the mariner thro' the storm,
 Or, picturesquely, like stars thro' Ossian's ghosts;
 And still, whatever land I traverse, whatever sea I sail,
 THY Guardian Power, I'll ever seek, Thee never cease to hail,
 Ever unalterable as lex erst of the Median,
 From heaven, as from a stand-point, I take my first Meridian.
 There is no Ultima Thule in existence for me,
 No Homeric or Virgilian all-surrounding sea,
 But a Creation boundless, limitless as Eternity,
 Uncircumscribed as the soul's duration of days;
 That extension of space and time thro' which I raise,
 Joined by all the elements, and substances of nature, the ALMIGHTY'S
 Praise.

Up thro' the charmed air, with Love enchanting wing I press,
 Over azure Ilanos, a Planetary Wilderness,
 A Delos region cast in air-floating seas,
 By cloudy Pampas undulating, and skiey Prairies,
 Before the inconstant stellar beams that pass,
 In fiord-like force, along burning Peninsulas,
 Enfountain'd from sailing globes and continents, I float
 Thro' the twelve signs struck to many an evangel note.
 On Rainbow seas a pearl my coracle,
 To Praise, I all the luminaries Oracle,

Celestial steppes, windless solitudes, a sapphire realm,
 Etherial Cyclades, vapoury Hesperides, a seraph wing my helm,
 Are the attracted Venti now my sails? No! they are lain to sleep,
 But the breath of angels wafts me o'er the fleecy deep.
 Here, Vertumnus-like I wanton in the illumined breeze,
 Ye atmosphere, midst worlds voicéd in inextinguishable harmonies,
 O'er "widest amplitude" an infinitude of region
 I pass, whose scenes are God's thoughts, and circles all of one Religion.

Here whate'er the clime (as once on Earth in its happier time)
 Or vast, or rare, or dense, each peculiar voice,
 To glory its CREATOR, seem'd greatly to rejoice.
 Here, too, where all life's eddies meet, I pass that flood of glory,
 Ye mortals, throw no doubt upon the rapturous story,
 Far out in Anacamptic seas a promontory
 Blazed prismatic with the evening age of suns, I strung my lyre,
 A life-thrill seized the height, like Druidæ Alter-fire,
 To motion warmed, it spread along the astonish'd main,
 And now seem'd turn'd into a Nereid train,
 In awe my lyre was silenced while these took up the strain,
 A generation of Pygmalioæ whose pious ardour shone,
 Roseate thro' the soul-enlivened stone.
 At length, self-confidence restored, I praised their songs,
 Thus they replied, "No praise be ours, to ONE all praise belongs!"
 Let not these wondrous scenes the sons of earth surprise,
 All things do worship GOD in pure faith's ears and eyes,
 And am I not a part of THEE?

Sire of my soul, ETERNAL DEITY.

Which is the moral hero—him who most deserveth heaven's reward,
 The Angel created in light, and had nought of evil to buffet or regard,
 Or the man who in the midst of evil ages had his birth,

But rose superior to the wiles of Earth?

In thy wisdom, O my God, direct my path,
 And light me from the gloomy hour of wrath.

I ask THEE not for pleasant lands nor lengthened life,
 But for fortitude to bear, and energy to dare the strife,
 Which gath'ring round me from my earliest years,
 In fiery tempests ready to break appears;

Blow on! the Powers of Hades all demons I deride,

Truth is my ÆGIS and Heaven my Guide,

Even 'gainst Fate my steadfast march I take,

Her rampir'd heights are brambles in the brake,

Granitic hills, transform'd, in cloud-like billows spread,

And clear in light before the minstrel's tread;

Yea! all the winds shall give me wings to bear me on,

Over life's woeful desert toward THEE, HOLY ONE,

May the Ineffable who with mental prescience endued

The Votary Muse, fire her ever, with Love embued,

Blest Visions realized of Truth with eyes of Faith I see,

From fluctuating atmospheric refraction free,

O never like the Sun's light in Octavius' reign,

May 't grow so weak that the naked eye may 'ts light sustain;

On the Sun but not with the First Great Cause may Maculæ

Appear; to Him are all luminous aggregations less than Faculæ.

Never shall Praise cease to THEE from these lips,

Till life in this round world meets annular eclipse,

Thro' the happier pasture-lands such notes shall me engage ;
 More than classic Arcady, in the Eternal Age.
 Hope ! and thus my Spirit emblems a corona each night,
 All gloom dispersed I sink to sleep in Zodiacal light,
 And thanks to THEE by no fierce thought or Fury torn,
 I wake as midst an Eden, newly born,
 An Aurora lights for me each rising morn.
 Thus far, when Time, like an Universal Jordan fled
 Thro' interminable ages, back to its fountain head,
 And the origin of all the worlds was before me spread.
 Creation's campanile is ringing in Heaven's high towers,
 Their flight midst aerial seas of song and sounding showers,
 With the zodiac re-attuned begin the rosey Hours.

Nadir deep and Zenith steep,
 At His presence glowed ;
 Like bright'ning sands,
 In auriferous lands,

Worlds with the tide of Being flowed.

DIVINE AFFLUENT ! from whence was enfountained the
 Mighty Ocean of Life.

Which goes spraying suns and systems for ever thro' realms erst of
 elemental strife,

My trusting heart may never know a vacuum more,
 Fill'd with THY FORM, O SAVIOUR GOD.

To make amends for many hundreds of names of personages
 waiting to appear in the LONDONIAD, I herewith cause to be printed a
 poem upon the Ruler over All.

J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

There are twenty-five more LONDONIADS going through the press,
 seven of which will be published simultaneously with this, the NEW
 HUNDREDTH LONDONIAD, which may be called PAR EXCELLENCE,
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I will not admit any thing connected with the liquor traffic into the
 LONDONIAD, and no Patent Medicines, no Art Treasures from Pawn-
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 size, I will admit with pleasure, but other illustrations I rather object
 to, because I have bound myself to size and weight in regard to this
 work, so that each edition might be made to appear as uniformly as
 may be, and EACH COPY TO GO BY POST FOR A PENNY STAMP. More-
 over, I have caused a great deal of small type to be used in this the
 New Hundredth. No shoppy man, however extensive his affairs may
 be, will be admitted therein. No Knyghts of ye yardstick, nor Barons
 de Chemisett. No Company or Association of a merely speculative
 character. I can only admit one in each line, except where something
 peculiar attacheth itself thereunto.

No Yankee will ever be admitted into the LONDONIAD, a translation
 of which in French, German, Italian, Celto-Hibernic, and Gaelic, are
 now being issued.

JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE.

London (Eng.), March, 1879.

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Kakirikon, Kaughnaouaga
Queen Ta-pa-ta-mee
Princess Louise of Lorne
- LEGAL.**
Vide the Themistiad (A Satire)
- LEATHER.**
James Beaty, M.P. for Toronto
- LIFE BOAT.**
Duke of Northumberland.
- LIGHTHOUSES.**
14th Londoniad
- LITHOGRAPHER.**
Vincent Brooks
- LOCKS.**
Mr. Hobbs
- MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS AND APPARATUS.**
Departement de L'Instruction Publique du Haut et du Bas Canada, Toronto and Montreal
Chambre des Artes et Manufacturers du Haut Canada, Toronto
- PERIODICAL.**
Baron Griffiths' Iron Exchange
- MACHINES AND APPARATUS IN GENERAL.**
Charles Dion, Cox, & Murphy, P. E. Jays, Montreal
J. Briggs, Gananoque
Alexander Gordons & Cie., J. C. McLaren, S. Campbell, Montreal
- MANUFACTURED IRON AND STEEL.**
Workman Bros., Montreal
Ottawa, and Toronto
Shaw, Ryan, Rice, Lewis & Son, Toronto
- MAPS AND GEOGRAPHICAL AND COSMOGRAPHICAL APPARATUS.**
Departement des Terres de la Couronne, Outaouais
Commission Geologique du Canada, Montreal
- MEDALLIST.**
B. Wyon
- MEDIEVALISTS.**
Hart & Son
- MILLWRIGHTS.**
Easton & Amos
- MINING AND METALLURGY.**
Commission Geologique du Canada
Alexander Morris (Lieut.-Gov. Manitoba), and 100 others
- MINT MACHINERY.**
Joseph Taylor
- MUSIC.**
Broadwood (Pianofortes)
Erard (Harps)
Clinton (Flutes)
Kohler & Sons (Milt. Ins.)
Henry Distin do.
J. T. S. Lidstone (Church Organs)
- NATURAL HISTORY.**
Hudson Bay Co.
- OILMEN, &c.**
Bulgeß & Co.
- OPTICIAN.**
Sir D. Brewster
- PAINT, ANTICORROSION.**
Walter Carson & Sons
- PHOTOGRAPHIC PROOFS AND APPARATUS.**
Bureau des Traveaux, Public, Ottawa
- PAPER.**
Eastwood Brothers
- PARIAN (CLASSIC).**
J. T. S. Lidstone, Author of the Londoniad
- PARQUETRY.**
W. H. Davies & Co.
- PEARL, IVORY, &c.**
T. Padmore & Sons
- PENS & PENCILS.**
Gillott, M. Turner
- PHILANTHROPISTS (and friends of the Author).**
Earl of Harrowby, K.G., P.R.S.P.C.A., Sir W. C. Trevelyan, Bt., P.U.K.A., Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bt., M.P.
- PISTOLS.**
John Adams & Co.
- POTTERS.**
Nearly 100 in the 13th Londoniad
- PRECIOUS STONES.**
Cyril Duquet, Quebec
- PRINTERS.**
Stewart Derbishire, Esq., Member for Ottawa
Sir Joseph Howe, Lieut.-Gov. of Nova Scotia
- PRINTING PRESSES.**
Conisbee
Dryden & Co.
- PUBLISHERS.**
J. T. S. Lidstone, Author of the Londoniad
Adam Black, M.P. for Edinburgh, and 75 others
- RAILWAY.**
I. H. Brunel
Henry Pease
Earl Caithness
- ROPE, TWINE, CANVAS, &c.**
Hunt, Elliott, & Co.
- SANITARY.**
Sheriff Ruttan
- SCAGLIOLA.**
Ivey and Bellman
- SCALES.**
Oertling (Scientific)
Mayor Avery (Domestic)
- SCULPTORS.**
J. H. Foley, J. Gibson (Rome), P. McDowell, J. Thomas (architectural)
- SEEDSMEN.**
Carter & Co.
Hurst & Son
- SHAWLS (SCOTCH).**
Kerr & Scott
Williams (China, Crape, and Indian)
- SHIP BUILDER.**
Robert Napier
- SHIPPERS.**
Sir Wm. Brown (Brown & Shipley)
J. T. S. Lidstone, Author of the Londoniad
- SILKS, VELVET.**
Kemp & Son
Keimp, Stone, & Co.
Vanner
Walters & Son
Norris & Co.
- STATESMEN.**
Daniel Webster
Henry Clay
14th Earl of Derby

[For remainder of names, please see the body of this work.]
Of all those who have appeared in the LONDONIAD, comparatively few names, and a still lesser number of departments represented by them, are mentioned, yet here they are, many of them, the greatest in their line that ever the world produced.