

DEATH OF MR. DISRAELI.

Close of a Most Eventful Life.

HIS LAST MOMENTS WERE PEACE.

The Prophetic Speech Made in the House of Commons.

OTHER PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS.

LONDON, April 18.—Lord Beaconsfield was restless during the day. His strength has diminished.

LONDON, April 19, 5.30 a. m.—Lord Beaconsfield is dead. Later.—Lord Beaconsfield had a very serious relapse during the night. He died peacefully and was perfectly conscious to the last.

Another account says: Lord Beaconsfield is dead. His death was much more sudden than his physicians expected. At 5 a. m. the newspapers announced that his symptoms had given grounds for more grave anxieties than at any period during his illness. The bulletins of yesterday morning had stated that he had been more restless during the last twenty-four hours and that there was no material gain in his strength. The news at 10 p. m. was that he was restless during the day and that his strength had diminished. His death took place at half-past 4 a. m. Lord Beaconsfield died very calmly. Three physicians were in attendance, as well as Lord Rowton.

LONDON, April 19.—Lord Beaconsfield's renewed debility began on Sunday night, when the east wind commenced to blow. He continued to lose ground throughout Monday, an unfavorable wind continuing and constantly increasing in keenness. He died at 4.30 this morning, calmly as if he were asleep. Intelligence of his death was immediately despatched to the Queen, the Prince of Wales and to other members of the Royal family and to Mr. Gladstone, who is now at Haslemere. The news became generally known throughout the city towards 9 o'clock, when special editions of the morning papers were issued. Though not unexpected, in view of his physicians' statements last night that the symptoms gave grounds for more grave anxiety than at any period during illness, his death creates a deep sensation.

It was observed at 3.15 this morning that Beaconsfield's end was near. The physicians think that only his strength of will enabled him to struggle as long as he did. His courage never failed him to the last.

The executors of Beaconsfield's will are Nathaniel Rothschild and Sir Philip Rose. The latter will go to Hughenden Manor with Lord Barrington to-day. No arrangements are yet made for the funeral. It is probable, unless the Queen otherwise orders, that Beaconsfield's remains will be buried at Hughenden with those of his wife. The accounts gathered from his physicians show he retained his cheerfulness. He several times during his illness stated the belief that he would die. One doctor says drowsiness was apparent earlier in the night, and deepened towards midnight into stupor, from which he was with difficulty roused. He then took nourishment up to half-past 1. At about 2 he became comatose, breathing with much difficulty. Drs. Kidd and Bruce at once applied the usual restoratives, but for the first time since his illness they failed to produce an effect, and it became evident that death was imminent. Lord Barrington, Dr. Quain and Sir Philip Rose were hastily summoned. Rose and Quain only arrived a few minutes before the end. Five minutes before he expired his breathing became slow. The gentle face was placid and the heart's action and pulse continued. A few minutes after the breathing ceased to be apparent. The friends and nurses continued round the bed a few minutes after the pulse ceased, as the end was so quiet it was difficult to realize that he was dead. All were deeply affected.

The evening edition of the Standard and Globe appear in mourning. The Times says when he died he was quite calm and quiet. He had no pain and was conscious to the last.

The Pall Mall Gazette says that his death will be an irreparable loss to his followers. It is quite clear the loss may prove only less serious to the Liberals than to the Conservatives. The profound transformation which Beaconsfield wrought in the temper and spirit of English Conservatism as it was in the days of Peel seems to us to have been among the most serious political disasters of our era, but in such a system of government as ours we shall long miss the coolness, self-control, experienced good sense and, on some occasions, the magnanimity of the great party leader who has gone.

Pertinent Paragraphs.

Lord Beaconsfield just before his illness strolled in the park in a very thin overcoat and basked jauntily in the iced sunshine. He dined out at least five nights in the week.

Millaire not long ago gave to Beaconsfield a duly signed portrait of Gladstone, which Beaconsfield carried away in triumph, asking whether he should be done as well as that. The ex-Premier spoke of Millaire as "Appelles."

Queen Victoria, on hearing of the serious illness of Beaconsfield, expressed her intention of going in person to see him, and only relinquished this intention at the request of his medical advisers, who feared that the excitement caused by so signal a mark of the Queen's regard might be too much for the patient in his weak state.

The piercing east winds which prevail in Great Britain at the present time are, in a sense, responsible for the earl's death. Writing of this, and dilating on Lord Beaconsfield's last illness, a correspondent says: "They penetrate into every nook and cranny of every house, and certainly it is no wonder that they cannot be kept out of Lord Beaconsfield's room, for the hall door is never shut. The footman stands there showing the bulletin, written on half a sheet of blue foolscap paper, all day long, instead of adopting the simple expedient of sticking it up on the outer door, and thus keeping the house comparatively free from draught. There was at first a great difficulty in finding a suitable nurse for the distinguished patient,

for he detests having any strangers about him, but at last Sir Philip Rose and the doctors between them hit upon the right woman (for a female nurse was chosen), and Lord Beaconsfield expressed his entire satisfaction with her. No one has seen him except the doctors, the nurse, Lord Barrington and Sir Philip Rose."

Now that he is gone, Disraeli's eulogy on the death of Richard Cobden, one of his most ardent opponents, may with fitness be applied to the dead earl: "There is this consolation," said Mr. Disraeli, "that these great men are not altogether lost to us; that their opinions will be often quoted in this House, their authority appealed to, their judgments attested; even their very words will form part of our discussions and debates. There are some men who though not present in the body are still members of this House, independent of dissolutions, of the caprice of constituencies, even of the course of time; and Richard Cobden is one of them."

Disraeli's Arrangement of His Party.

The following is Disraeli's bitter denunciation of Sir Robert Peel and the Conservative party, when Peel adopted the free trade platform. It will be observed that he makes use of the term "organized hypocrisy," which was borrowed in later years by Sir Francis Hincks, in speaking on Canadian politics, and which has been erroneously credited to that politician:

The right honorable baronet (remarked Disraeli) had once avowed that he was prouder of being leader of the country gentlemen of England than of being intrusted with the confidence of sovereigns. But where are the country gentlemen of England now? They are discovering the difference between the hours of courtship and the moments of possession; little is now said about them. When the beloved object has ceased to charm, it is useless to appeal to the feelings. Instead of listening to their complaints, the Premier sends down his valet, a well-behaved person, to make it known that we are to have no "whinnying" here. (This allusion to Mr. S. Herbert's expression a few days before was received with vociferous cheering and loud laughter from the Opposition.) Such is the fate of the great agricultural interest—that beauty which everybody wooed and one deluded.

Protection appears to be about in the same condition that Protestantism was in 1828. (Loud cheers from the Opposition.) The country will draw its moral. For my part, if we are to have free trade, I, who honor genius, prefer that such measures should be proposed by the hon. member for Stockport (Mr. Cobden) than by one who, though skilful in parliamentary manoeuvres, has tampered with the generous confidence of a great people and of a great party. For myself, I care not what will be the result. Dissolve, if you like, the Parliament you have betrayed, and appeal to the people who, I believe, mistrust you. For me, there remains this at least the opportunity of expressing thus publicly my belief that a Conservative Government is an organized hypocrisy.

Disraeli's Prophetic Speech.

The death of Earl Beaconsfield gives point to the prophetic speech which he made in the House of Commons when he was known only as Mr. Disraeli, the novelist. It was made in 1837, in reply to the attack of O'Connell upon Sir F. Burdett for deserting the Liberal cause, and is said to be reported verbatim:

"I stand here to-night, sir (here the noise in the House became so general that the honorable gentleman could not proceed for some time; when the confusion had somewhat subsided, he said): I stand here to-night, sir, not formally, but in some degree virtually, the representative of a considerable number of members of Parliament. (Bursts of laughter.) Now, why smile? (Continued laughter.) Why envy me? (Here the laughter became general.) Why should I not have a tale to unfold to-night? (Roars of laughter.) Do you forget that band of 158—those ingenious and inexperienced youths to whose unscrupulous minds the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in those tones of winning paths (excessive laughter and loud cries of Question)—Now, a considerable misconception exists in the minds of many members on this side of the House as to the conduct of Her Majesty's Government with regard to these elections, and I wish to remove it. I will not twist the noble lord opposite with opinions which are not ascribable to him or to his more immediate supporters, but which were expressed by the most popular section of his party some few months back. (Question, question.) About that time, sir, when the bell of our cathedral announced the death of the monarch—(Oh, oh! and much laughter)—we all read then, sir (groans and cries of oh!) we all read—(laughter and great interruption)—I know nothing which to me is more delightful than to show courtesy to a new member, particularly if he happens to appeal to me from the party opposed to myself. (Hear, hear.) At that time we read that it was the death-knell of Toryism; that the doom of that party was sealed; that their funeral obsequies were about to be consummated. (Laughter.) We were told that with the dissolution of that much-vilified Parliament which the Right Honorable Baronet had called together the hopes and prospects of the Tories would be thrown forever to the winds—(laughter)—and that affairs were again brought exactly to what they were at the period when the hurried Mr. Hudson rushed into the chambers of the Vatican. (Immense laughter.) I do not impute these sanguine hopes to the noble lord himself particularly, because I remember that shortly afterward the noble lord, as if to check the new and sanguine expectations of his followers, came forward with a manifesto informing them that the Tories could not expire in a moment, but the Ministry in a Reform Parliament might depend upon having a working majority of 100, which was to be extended upon great occasions to 125 and 130. Now, sir—(Question, question)—this is the question, and I am going to ask the noble lord for our instruction. (Oh, oh! and great interruption.) We only wish to know this simple fact, whether the great occasion on which the working majority was to increase from 100 to 125 or 130 is upon the question of an election ballot—(cheers and groans)—and whether the Grenville act has not been given forth to the people that it is impossible that an impartial tribunal can be obtained in this House. (Oh, oh! Question, question.) If honorable members think it is fair thus to

interrupt me, I will submit. (Laughter, and cries of go on.) But I beg simply to ask—(Oh! and loud laughter.) Nothing is so easy as to laugh. (Roars of laughter.) I really wish to place before the House what is our position. When we remember all this—when we remember all that, in spite of the support of the honorable gentlemen, the member for Dublin, and his well disciplined phalanx of patriots, and, in spite of all this, we remember the amatory eulogy (roars of laughter), the old loves and new loves that took place between the noble lord, the Tityrus of the Treasury Bench, and the learned Daphne of Liskeard (loud laughter, and cries of "Question") which appeared as a fresh instance of the amoris redintegratio (excessive laughter), when we remember at the same time that, with emancipated Ireland and enslaved England, on the one hand a triumphant nation, on the other a roaming people, and notwithstanding the noble lord, secure on the pedestal of power, may wield in one hand the keys of St. Peter, and—Here the honorable member was interrupted with such loud and incessant bursts of laughter that it was impossible to know whether he really closed his sentence or not. The honorable member concluded in these words: Now, Mr. Speaker, we see the philosophical prejudices of man. (Laughter and cheers.) I respect cheers, even when they come from the lips of political opponents. (Renewed laughter.) I think, sir—(Hear, hear, and repeated cries of Question, question.) I am not at all surprised, sir, at the reception which I have received. (Continued laughter.) I have begun several times many things (laughter) and I have succeeded at last. (Fresh cries of Question.) Ay, sir, and though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me."

The honorable member delivered the last sentence in a very loud tone, and resumed his seat amidst cheers from the Opposition and much laughter from the Ministerial benches.

Disraeli's Pen Pictures of Himself.

The words of Queen Myra to Endymion at the close of that romance would make an appropriate epitaph for the dead statesman: "All I have desired, all I have dreamed, has come to pass." Or those of Endymion when he entered Parliament: "I have a purpose in life and I will fulfil it." His relations with Lord Rowton (Montagu Curry), who was with him when he died, are admirably described in "Endymion": "The relations between a Minister and his secretary are, or at least should be, among the finest that can subsist between two individuals. Except the married state, there is none in which so great a degree of confidence is involved, in which more forbearance ought to be exercised or more sympathy ought to exist. There is usually in the relation an identity of interest, and that of the highest kind, and the perpetual difficulties, the alternations of triumph and defeat, develop attention." His religious belief was summed up in "Lothair": "Chance, necessity, atomic theories, nebular hypotheses, development, evolution, the origin of worlds, human ancestry—and what then? There must be design. The reasoning and the research of all philosophy could not be valid against that conviction. If there were no design, why, it would be all nonsense; and he could not believe in nonsense. And if there were design, there must be intelligence; and if intelligence, pure intelligence; and pure intelligence was inconsistent with any disposition but perfect good." "Man requires that there shall be direct relations between the created and the Creator, and that in these relations he should find a solution of the perplexities of existence. The brain that teems with illimitable thought will never recognize as his creator any power of nature, however irresistible, that is not gifted with consciousness. Atheism may be consistent with fine taste, and fine taste under certain conditions may for a time regulate a polished society, but ethics and atheism are impossible, and without ethics no human order can be strong or permanent."

A Paper that Pleas'd Everybody.

There is one editor who has achieved the feat of running a newspaper to suit everybody. Occasionally, to be sure, he has complaints, but he never fails to satisfy the complainers that they are in the wrong. It wasn't always so with him. He only adopted the system after he got desperate. It was one day after he received seven complaints, that he tried it. A man came in and said: "Why in tophet didn't you print the whole of the proceedings of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Hogs, instead of a brief abstract?" The editor replied: "Oh, you made a speech that wasn't in the report, eh?" Then he went around the counter. The dust flew for a few moments and then it became more quiet. The editor relaxed his grip on the man's throat sufficiently to let him speak, and he said that he guessed that the article was all right, and he had only come to renew his subscription. He was let up, paid the money, and left, and as he went out he collided with a man who had an ugly glare in his eyes, and dancing up to the editor said: "What d'ye mean, sir? I pay for a sensible newspaper and get a lot of stuff about cruelty to hogs. You ought to be put in jail for printing such rot." The editor went around the counter again, and again the dust flew. It was fully five minutes before the editor could get the man's coat torn off and put him on the floor with his head in the coal scuttle. But he did it, at last. The man said: "We needn't prolong this agony. Your paper is the best in the world. It is all right. I'll take it for ten years in advance." Eight more visitors had the same experience. Then came one that the editor couldn't thrash. It was a woman: "What d'ye mean by publishing fashion articles from a three-year-old magazine?" she asked. "I made a bonnet according to your directions and its three years behind the style. Oh, you wretch! You mean, horrid, insignificant—oh-h-h!" "My dear madam," he said, "You are right. I'm not fit to run a paper. I'll stop at once." To a reporter: "John, don't send up any more copy. Kill that article saying that this lady was belle of the ball last night." "Stop!" she cried. "Your paper is the household treasure. I don't care about the bonnet, and came to ask you to our house to tea, to-night." The editor says he wouldn't drop the rule for anything. Everybody leaves satisfied with his paper.

LATEST BRITISH AND FOREIGN NOTES.

The streets of Cairo are to have their names inscribed in Arabic and French and the houses numbered. It will be the first Mussulman town with such indications.

A few years ago the politics of Europe were swayed by a group of half a dozen old men. This memorable year 1881, to which popular forecast has attributed momentous events and portents, has already removed two of the group, in Russia and in England.

The Poe family of Winchester Tenn., is described as tough. Two of the sons are on trial for murder. The mother complacently chews tobacco in court, and a daughter sits with her feet on a table. One of the prisoners, enraged at the testimony of a witness, kicked him off the stand.

The waste of material in coal mining is enormous. It is estimated that only two-thirds of the coal in workable veins is taken out; there is a further loss of 25 per cent. in the preparation and delivery. The Reading Railroad Company has spent \$300,000 in the attempt to utilize waste coal by burning it in locomotives constructed for the purpose.

Mr. Lyon Playfair, chairman of committees in the English House, received a few days ago a very amusing letter from a French wine-grower informing him that he intended to send him a case of champagne, in the hope that after testing its quality he would report upon it in his Journal of Ways and Means. The writer thought that the Committee of Ways and Means was a newspaper.

They sin who tell us eloquence is dead "in our midst." Witness this passage from a speech on the insurance question, delivered in the Massachusetts Legislature, by Mr. Poor, of Lawrence: "The nebulous masses now floating in space will have had time to be developed into worlds as beautiful as ours, and to contain legislatures as wise and tonguey as this, before we play second fiddle to a foreign lobby."

Many Russian young ladies of position appear to have been beguiled into more or less complicity with the Nihilist party. It is said that an intimate friend of the Duchess of Edinburgh, a young lady who only the other day was one of the party who officially received the duchess on her arrival in St. Petersburg, has since, under the pangs of remorse, confessed to a very close acquaintance with Nihilist leaders.

New Mexico is not so new as its name would imply. Its territorial capital, Santa Fe, is 800 years old, and boasts a church built in 1497. It had its college long before this part of the world was settled, and is redolent of associations with the Spanish priest and Spanish warrior of the long ago. But the ubiquitous railway has reached it, and the days of its old romance are about over.

A Central American Indian has an article in El Porvenir of Guatemala supporting the theory of Humboldt that the vanquished red men and their Spanish conquerors were primevally of the same race. The Indians, he thinks, wandered from the common fatherland on the plains of Tartary to the western continent by way of Behring Strait. He adduces many facts to prove the high scientific attainments of the early American nations, and incidentally notes that the Aztec calendar was more perfect than the Roman.

Additional particulars regarding the killing of her five children by Mrs. Nutt, near Camden, Ark., reported briefly lately, are, that the frenzied woman called her eldest child, a boy 12 years old, from a field where he was ploughing, knocked him on the head and threw him into the well where she had previously thrown her four other children. Finding that one of the children was not drowned, but was clinging to the side of the well, she descended into the well and tore away its grasp and thrust it down into the water, thus completing her diabolical work.

Names and occupations reported to London census enumerators: "William Wackwinkle, aged 99, cobblers' wax merchant." "Simon Sliwizov, bug destroyer and pork sausage maker." "Wm. Barlow, hoof-padder, Herts," with under the head of afflictions, "foot and mouth disease, namely, nothing to eat and jolly bad boots." Some boldly inscribed themselves cadger and beggar, and "magaman," the last mentioned worthy putting himself down as "out of luck" instead of out of work. And yet one more, more impudent than all the rest, set himself down thief—"Joe—aged 24, thief, plenty of work, Portland."

The peacock is particularly prominent in modern art. In his new subject picture called "Cinderella," Mr. Millais represents the girl looking at a peacock's feather, which appears to have suggested the fancies in her thoughts. Mr. Eugene Benson sends to London this spring a rich and sensuous picture, entitled "Art and Nature," in which "Art" is represented by the young prince of a Roman villa, which is seen in the middle distance nestling in its trees, while for "Nature" we have in the centre of the composition a nude maiden, who leisurely leans against a marble fountain. To her left are two peacocks (one of which is white) standing in a very Eden of flowers.

The Oriental system of sweating in connection with bathing originated in primitive days, when a pile of stones was placed in a hut and heated by fire. Water was then thrown on them by the inmates, who luxuriated in the engendered steam. The so-called Turkish bath, which sweats the patient with dry, hot air, is not known in Turkey. It originated with a Dr. Barter at Blarney, in Ireland, in 1856, and was soon adopted in England. It was considered more effectual than the old system, inasmuch as in the latter the moisture on the body was, in great part, a condensation of steam upon it, whereas under the new plan the moisture proceeded from perspiration alone.

A young man in Russia of decided ability was attacked by an acute disease, brought on by excessive dissipation. After his recovery he was found to have lost all his mental faculties except calculation and memory. These were increased to such a degree that he could surpass all mathematicians in power of mental calculation, and could repeat poetry which occupied several minutes in reading after hearing it only once. In all other respects he is a hopeless idiot.

It was a dentist who complained last summer in the country that a wasp has only one tooth.

James, Kate and Lizzie Kennedy.

IN MEMORIAM.

"It must be told: they all are dead." 'Twas so The ghastly telegram disclosed their fate— A hasty message, charged with deepest woe To Scotland's children famed, obscure, or great.

'They all are dead!' Not even one remains To tell at home the others' last adieu: No stifled sigh conveyed their crushing pains As Death's fell horrors rush'd upon their view!

In final concert, as in happier days, They doubtless breath'd the tender flame of love; But loud explosions and the appalling blaze Left little space affection's force to prove.

Sweet were the notes wherewith they thrill'd the throngs, That, here at home, or over realms abroad, Could feel the spell of Scotia's witching songs, Or love the soil her gifted poets trode.

'A Night w' Burns'—sad thought in latest sense— No more they'll pass in cottage or in hall; Their strain no more will public glee enhance, Nor soothe to sadness by its plaintive fall.

More poignant still that, far from friends and home, The dread disaster quench'd their hopeful light; Their burial remains receive not here a tomb To blot the memory of that woeeful night!

This day a walling nation shares the grief Of him, their sire, who bends beneath the blow; The public sympathy that lends relief Is freely offered in this hour of woe.

With him we sigh o'er hopes o'erwhelm'd at morn, And bear with him the burden of his cross; The while we find our "Halls" of graces shorn, No less than he we feel th' untimely loss.

Adieu! young trio; in your early bier Our stricken hearts with you in sorrow lie; While Scottish music to our race is dear Your household names will neither lapse nor die.

When "birks" and hawthorns bathe in Summer's rays, And groves resound the joyous warbler's tune, We'll think of those who sang the "banks and braes" Of Cluden, Afton, Ayr, and Bonnie Doon.

When Winter's blasts with ruin strews the earth, And birds lie lifeless on its snowy store, We'll see the emblems of the blighted hearth, And muse on voices that will charm no more.

Oh! softly blow, ye balmy southern gales, That fan the willows waving o'er their grave; For dirge and requiem join your whispering wails— With deeper music from the moaning wave.

—North British Advertiser. A. MUNRO.

Fashion Notes.

The new shade of brown is condor. New sunshades spread thirty-six inches. Modena lace is now called American point.

Flower bonnets will be worn again this summer. Irish and church laces are most popular this season.

New picture frames are of white holly with tracings of obony. Black silks with square blocks of satin are sold at \$5 a yard.

The new laces are dyed either pink or gray to match the dress. Inch square blocks of velvet are seen on the new grenadines.

Tidies and bureau covers are made of blue or red wool Java canvas. Pretty window curtains are made of cheese cloth and edged with lace.

For children's hats the flowers most in vogue are daisies in clusters. Serpents made of metallic looking green plush are used for necklaces.

A belt and bag made of the dress material are seen on the new spring costumes. Woollen dresses are now as elaborately made as those of satin or grenadine.

Huge owl's heads are worn upon some outh bonnets. They are ugly but fascinating.

Foulards with figures in gay colors are imported for polonaises to be worn with black velvet skirts.

The new striped wools are called Algerienne cloth; they come in good quality at low prices and make stylish dresses.

Oxydized silver buttons, nearly as large as a silver dollar, and bearing the effigy of a pig, are now on handsome cloaks.

Gilded tiger's claws, which are very expensive, have given way to turkey's claws, gilded and reposing on a downy nest of fur.

The Grecian overskirt, high on the left side and low on the right, is the newest and most graceful feature of spring costumes.

The new English walking hat is not at all like the hat so long known under that name; it is trimmed with two or three long plumes.

Levantine silk, an old fashioned soft material, is revived after a long sleep and is now largely imported in changeable colors with a metallic shading introduced.

Mother Hubbard evening cloaks are almost entirely covered with embroidery and lace, and in some cases the entire sleeves and collar are made of white ostrich feathers.

New brocades have a cream ground strewn with large red and white tulips; a white ground striped with gold and figured with bouquets of green leaves and pink flowers; or gold thistles on white satin ground.

Non-Communicative Female.

MARK TRAWN.

I got into a car and took a seat in juxtaposition to a female. That female's face was a perfect insurance company—it insured her against ever getting married to anybody but to a blind man. Her mouth looked like a crack in a dried lemon, and there was no more expression in her face than there is in a cup of cold custard. She appeared as though she had been through one famine, and got about two-thirds through another. She was old enough to be great-grandmother to Mary that had the little lamb. She was chewing prize popcorn, and carried a yellow rose, with a band-box and a cotton umbrella nestled sweetly by her side. I couldn't guess whether she was on a mission of charity or going west to start a saw mill. I was full of curiosity to hear her speak, so I said:

"The exigencies of these times require great circumspection in a person who is travelling."

Says she: "What?"

Says I: "The orb of day shines resplendent in the vault above."

She hitched around uneasy like, then she raised her umbrella and said: "I don't want any of your sass—get out, and I got."

Matthew Arnold says that it is not enough that the Irish should acquiesce cordially in the English connection or that well-being should be general and justice be done, but that the English and their civilization should be made attractive to Irish people.