AGRICULTURAL.

Our Pork Industries.

At the annual meeting of the Dominion Swine Breeders Association last week, one of the most interesting papers read was by Mr. F. W. Fearman, the widely known pork packer of Hamilton, Ont, who said: "The history of swine, or the hog, is interesting, and dates back to very early times. We read of him in the Scriptures and other books of early date, when Moses forbade the use of pork as food, but it appears his laws were not obeyed, and we find in the New Testament they were still kept when the evil spirits entered the swine and were driven into the sea. And it is stated that Marc Antony, at a breakfast with Cleopatra, had eight wild boars roasted whole, as one of the dainties he set before that celebrated woman. The hog has survived changes in all these years that has swept great numbers of other animals from the surface of our earth, but he is still here, and has the same characteristics, but is much improved compared with the hog of former periods, and is now one of the most necessary and, most valuable animals in the use of mankind. Although in many parts of the world it is found in its original wild state and is still hunted with horses, dogs and spears as of old time, but when secured and the flesh prepared there is no wonder that Moses issued his edict against it. In Leviticus, reference is made to the cloven foot of the swine, but there are several exceptions to this, as in Norway and in Sardinia and formerly the Berkshire of England had an entire hoof, and I have seen the same peculiarity here years ago. The wild boar or wild hog is still in existence in some parts of the world, notably in Austria, Germany, Westphalia, India and the South sea islands. There are now in Florida wild hogs, the descendants of those left there by the Spaniards 300 years ago, and the island of Bermuda was overrun with hogs, the proceeds of those left by old John Bermudaz when on his voyage to Cuba, and when the English discovered the island they found thousands there, and of such value that the coin of the country bore on its face a wild hog. In Florida the hog when hunted and caught is held up by the ears, and if the rear end goes down he is considered fit to kill, if not he is allowed to go till fatter. The estimated value of pigs at one time in Great Britain alone was £20,000,000, and the annual number and value of the crop of hogs in the hog producing states of America is immense. The number of hogs there for 1889 was estimated at 35,000,000, which, at 3¾ cents, live weight amounts to $2,625,000,000. In Canada there were in the same year packed nearly 327,000 hogs, which was, 9,000 more than the year before, which, at an average of 175 pounds dressed weight at 5¾ cents, amounts to $3,290,537,050. I may state here the estimate for the States includes 15,000,000 hogs that were estimated to be killed and country places, while for Canada there are no figures to represent those localities. The hog of Canada is of mixed breed, and principally founded on the Berkshire, while the Essex, Yorkshires, Chester Whites, Poland Chinas, Tamworths and others are to be found in different parts of the country, and, take them as a whole, they are valuable and compare well with the hogs of any country. The system of feeding in this country is a vast improvement on that of any other animal fed first on grass and clover, then on grain in the pen. The demand for leaner pork that has taken place in this decade owing to the great change in labor, the increase of population in our town and cities in consequence of a larger amount of of manufactures, the lighter work on the farm owing to the use of improved agricultural machinery and the absence of clearing land, lumbering and loggings of old times, resulting in the taste for leaner, lighter and more palatable pork, and now many farmers sell all their hogs and buy the better prepared meats from the packers. The hog crop of Canada is now almost entirely handled, cured and sold by the packers, and the meats that are shipped to England bring much higher prices than any other sent from this continent. But still there is not a sufficient number of hogs, as the best time for the trade is with live hogs in the summer, when they are always scarce. These packing houses now employ many men of skill to cut, cure and prepare for market, and a large amount of capital is required.

The Canadian hog is very free from disease. We have but little or no malady in this country, and would have still less if proper care was given to the cleanliness and comfort of the animal, as the pig is not a dirty creature if given the means to keep himself clean. There is a great improvement of late years in the keeping of hogs at cheese factories. They are now fed more on grain and kept in covered pens and regularly cleaned, and are much more profitable to the feeder, and of more value to the packer. But still there are some factories who keep their stock in filthy open yards with no protection of any kind from the sun or rain, a nuisance to the whole neighborhood, and should be subject to the law regulating cruelty to animals. Much has been written in regard to points and shape of a hog required by the trade. While thoroughbred pigs are a necessity. I have always found grades from almost any breed to be carcase suitable for my trade. We require when dressed, a carcase weighing 150 to 200 lbs., at seven months old. A long body, thick heavy ham, small head and neck, light shoulder, deep and thick side, well mixed fat and lean, and a fine shade of lean all through, and light in the bone. I am not so particular as to color, but breeders should pay attention to the above points, so as to arrive at a perfect hog for the packer's use at the present day. All packers find that there is a certain percentage of pork that will not cure, and considerable loss is sustained thereby. This is accounted for by the sows not being spayed. This simple operation is attended to strictly in England, Ireland and other countries and in the states it is largely practised. The time will soon come that an unspayed sow like a boar or stag will be unsaleable. The loss from this neglect is larger from Canada hogs than any other country. With these few remarks I will close, and as now we have the improved breeds and the finer meats prepared by scientific cure so as to tempt the appetite of the most delicate, we have also got rid of that lump of fat, the Suffolk and the alligator hog and the four-row hog, that could put his nose through the fence to the fourth row of corn, also the nut-fed hog, that when cured would drip away like an icicle in the sun.

More than a million people are treated in the hospitals of London each year.

A MYSTERIOUS BANK ROBBERY.

Why the Burglars Did Not Get the Money—They Came to Canada, But Without the Swag.

Baxterville was a town of about 1,500 inhabitants—a staid, quiet place, which never boomed or hustled. "The Bank of Baxterville," as the sign read, was a two-stord brick building, plain and substantial, and George Carter, sole owner of the bank, was personally known to almost everybody in the county. He was a man of 45, unmarried, and an old maid sister kept house for him. The banker was known as a methodical man, careful in his investments, and no one had any fear of disaster overtaking him. Now and then he had been warned that safe blowers might pay him a visit, but he had not taken any extra precautions. He had a large fire and burglar-proof safe, and a man slept in the room at night.

On a certain April morning soon after the close of the war Mr. Carter arrived at the bank at exactly 8:30. That was his usual time to a second. The curtains were always up and the watchman at the door. On this morning, however, something was wrong. The curtains were down and the door was locked, and it was only after a panel had been sawed out of it that entrance was gained. There sat Davis, the watchman, bound fast to the chair and a gag in his mouth, and the safe door stood wide open. A hole had been drilled and the bolts thrown back, and the $23,000 safely locked up the evening before was gone.

Davis had all the particulars at his tongue's end. He had been aroused at midnight by some one knocking on the door, and asking him for a light by which to mend a broken harness. He denied that he had been asleep, but claimed to be "thinking." Suspecting no evil he opened the door, and three men at once rushed in and overpowered him. After making him secure they got their tools out of a bag and began operations, and in an hour or so had the safe open. His statement thus far was all right and reasonable. From thence on it was a puzzler. I was sent down from the city in answer to the telegram for a detective, and Davis was, of course, the first man to be examined. He had not been blindfolded, and he saw all that took place, though the burglars wore masks and he did not get sight of their faces. He declared that they did not get a dollar in money, and that they cursed and raved and threatened to burn the building in consequence. They pulled everything out of the safe and opened all the large envelopes. But the sack they had brought along was lying on the floor as proof of Davis's story.

At 5 o'clock of the previous evening Mr. Carter had placed in that safe $21,000 in greenbacks, most of it in small bills. The packages would have filled a lawyers' waste basket. Had the burglers got them the sack would have been used, as that sort of men do not sit down and count up and divide their plunder on the spot. Davis was not only believed to be honest, but Mr. Carter believed his story. It is needless to observe that I did not. I judged from his phsiognomy that he was chicken hearted. He had no marks to prove that he had resisted the burglars. I believed he lied when he said he was not asleep. As a matter of fact, I made up my mind that he had "stood in" with the burglars and either been "left" on his share or had secreted it around the building and then let them bind and gag him. I think the theory was not only reasonable, but just the one which any other detective would have adopted.

Fortunately for the bank and its depositors the proprietor had plenty of reserve, and business went on as usual. I was told to go ahead on the case and work out anything I could, and my first move was to search for Davis's share of the money. No sign of it could be found about the building. In spite of all my efforts he stuck to his story just as he first told it, and I had to admit to myself that he appeared perfectly honest and sincere. In describing the burglars as well as he was able he mentioned that one of them was a very tall man with a hacking cough. That exactly fitted Steve Pratt, a burglar who had been out of Joliet only two months after serving a ten years' sentence. Steve had his throat injured by swallowing a fish bone and kept up a constant hacking even in his sleep. He described another as very short and stout, with a falsetto voice, and I suspected he was Alf Taylor, who was then supposed to be in Canada. The third man I could not place.

While still suspecting Davis of having a hand in the job, and securing the services of a local officer to watch him, I began a hunt for the others. I got track of Steve Pratt after a few days and located him in Cincinnati. He was too quick for me, and I followed him to Chicago. He got the start of me again and led the way to Buffalo, and there seemed to sink into the earth. For two long weeks I was engaged with the local officers searching for him, but our efforts met with no success. One day I took a run down to the Falls with a friend, and we went to the International Hotel, on the Canada side, for dinner. We were seated in the office when there was a sudden outcry from the clerk behind the railing. A man had coolly walked in behind him and taken all the money from the till and was walking out with it. We had a pretty hot time to secure him, as he was in a desperate mood, but when we had him fast I recognized the chap I had been hunting for. He was Steve Pratt and no mistake. He denied it, of course, but inside of three days I produced such proofs that he finally knocked under. I was never more astounded in my life than when I came to interview him about the Baxterville Bank affair. He verified the story of the janitor in every particular.

"I shall get 'soaked' for this hotel job, anyhow," he said, "and so I might as well tell you about the other. There were three of us. We threatened to kill Davis, and overawed him. We got the safe door open to find we had been fooled. I'm a convict and all that, but I'm talking straight when I say that we did not find a dollar. Here is what we did find and all we brought away I took it for luck—a Spanish piece with a hole in it."

"But Carter put $21,000 into that safe at 4:30 o'clock."

"Then he or some one else took it out before we got there. Bankers sometimes rob themselves."

I explained to him that it was not so in this case, and he was as much mystified over the case as I had been. On leaving the bank they had locked the door from without and had carried the key a mile before throwing it away. They had gone empty handed and mad enough to kill Davis. I don't go much on the declaration of convicts caught again red-handed, but in this case it did seem as if the truth was being spoken. Had Steve got his $7,000 out of that boodle he would not have dead broke so quick, for, unlike nearly all others of his ilk, he was a miser, and never gambled. I returned to Baxterville with my news and asked Mr. Carter if it was not possible that he had placed the money somewhere else.

"It is not, sir!" he replied, with more acid in his voice than the occasion seemed to demand. "That safe was here to put my money in. I put it there. I stacked up the packages with my own hand. I locked the door myself. I alone knew the combination. My bookkeeper never handles a dollar of the money."

"But you have searched elsewhere—in these cupboards and drawers?" I asked.

"No, sir; but as you seem to wish it we will do so now."

For a long hour we searched desks and drawers and cupboards, but we made no discovery. He was as sure that he put the money in the safe as he was that he was a living man, and the bookkeeper was sure that he saw him carrying some of the packages back there. What had become of that money? If it was there, why didn't Steve Pratt and his gang get it? That they didn't I was now pretty well convinced. The only way that I could reason it out was that some one had robbed the safe before the Pratt gang got there. If so, however, it was done by opening the door in the regular way. The banker had said that he alone knew the combination. I led up to the matter again, and he admitted that his sister also had it as a safeguard against accident.

I now began work on an entirely new theory. I felt that the key of the mystery was in the hands of the sister, though I was far from hinting any such thing to a living soul. I took up my quarters in the town began on the new theory. I soon found that Anna Carter was a spinster of 35, and was generally regarded as a strong-minded woman. She had money of her own, and knew how to invest it to make a profit. She now and then, so it was said, gave her brother hints which he found to be valuable in a business way. Coming down closer to the burglary I found that she was under the care of the doctor off and on for a month previous with some nervous trouble.

For some reason which she did not explain Miss Carter refused even to see me while I was consulting with her brother at the house. There are plenty of people, and good people, too, who dislike detectives, but I take no offence at it. Every man to his notion, say I, provided his notion does not lead to crime. Had I sat down to interview the lady, however, the case might not have been helped along any. It had occurred to me, as you may have suspected, that the sister had robbed the safe herself while in a state of somnambulism. I had a talk with her doctor, and he agreed that her condition during the first week of April favoured such a thing. Indeed, on the morning the robbery was discovered he had been called in, to find her very much exhausted, and she had declared that she was as stiff and lame as if standing at the wastub all day.

I was now satisfied that I was on the right trail. I found that Mr. Carter always carried his key home, and that the watchman never left his in the lock at night. I went for Davis again, and he finally admitted that he was asleep from 10 o'clock until aroused by the burglars. The end of the case was as mysterious as the beginning. One night when I had reasoned it all out and felt satisfied in my own mind, but could see no way to secure proofs, I got so nervous that I arose at midnight and went out on the street for a walk and a smoke. I took no heed of my direction, but at the end of ten minutes found myself in front of the banker's cosey home. It was in total darkness, as well as others in the village, but I leaned up against a tree box and stood gazing at the windows as if expecting something to happen to pull my case through. Something did happen.

I was within six feet of the gate, and I suddenly saw a figure in a female dress come around from a side door with a large market basket on her arm. She was fully dressed, and from the first instant I believed it was the banker's sister. I thought she looked full at me as she passed out of the gate, but nevertheless she walked off up the street with the basket on her arm. I followed a few yards behind her, and she held steadily on and went straight to the bank. I was sure of her then. She paused at the door for a few seconds to unlock it and then disappeared inside. Five seconds later Davis was shouting and a woman's voice could be heard uttering shrill screams. I opened the door and entered, and the mystery was solved at last. There stood Miss Anna, just aroused from sleep, and in the basket on her arm was that missing money. Davis was lying down, but not asleep, when she entered, and he had at once seized her.

How did she get the money from the safe? She had been reading about burglars and gone to the bank in her sleep. She had entered and secured the money and left again without it, arousing Davis. The burglars came later on. She had take the money home and concealed it, but in what spot she could never determine. She probably did not walk again until the night she returned it. There was a new safe and a new combination, but as she knew the word she might have restored the money and escaped unseen but for the vigilance of the watchman. To this day no one in that village except brother, sister, and Davis knows how that money was restored. They even declare that not a dollar was ever recovered, and that I had to throw up the case for want of brains to strike a clue.

England's Moneys Guarded.

The Bank of England's doors are now so finely balanced that the clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they can not be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed of the great metropolis from robbing the famous institution. The bullion department of this and other great English banking establishments are nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of the machinery. In some of the London banks the bullion departments are connected with the manager's sleeping rooms, and an entrance can not be effected without setting off an alarm near the person's head. If a dishonest official, during day or night, should take even as much as from one pile of 1,000 sovereigns, the whole pile would instantly sink and a pool of water take its place, beside letting every person in the establishment know of the theft.

ON A MAELSTROM'S EDGE.

A Visit to the Most Terrible Whirlpool in the World.

If you take a map and turn to the western coast of Norway, in the 68th degree of latitude, you will find traced thereon the name of the largest and most terrible whirlpool in the known world. This maelstrom, says a writer, is about a mile and a half in diameter, and its vortex has an inclination of 45 degrees, or about that of water in a large funnel when half run out. Its condition is variant. Sometimes it is not at all dangerous; at other times it is so powerfully destructive that the largest vessel ever constructed, if once fairly caught in its whirl, could be no more than a mere feather. Everything that enters it at such a time is crushed and torn to pieces.

The cause of this immense whirlpool has been variously stated—but it is only guesswork and theory, after all. Some have thought there is a subterranean passage, and that the waters come out at a great distance—one writer even giving the Gulf of Bothnia for their terminus. Others again, and with more plausibility, argue that the whirl is solely the effect of the waters of the tide, during its ebb and flow, being pent up by ledges of rocks, over which they fall with the

VELOCITY OF A CATARACT

and assume the gyratory movement in their efforts to escape or reach a level. From the fact that the great whirlpool is only six hours in motion at one time, with a perfect lull of fifteen minutes at the turn of the tide, I am inclined to the latter hypothesis. The word "maelstrom" means "mill-stream," and is said to have been given to it because its rush resembles that of a mill-stream when it is let loose from confinement.

Business of a commercial nature led me to visit some of the ports of Norway and the Loffoden Islands, and being within easy reach of the wonder of the world, I became possessed with a great desire to see it for myself. In this conversation with an old Norwegian fisherman, I learned, to my great surprise, that he had not only sailed close round it when it was raging with great fury, but that he had more than once ventured across it, with a strong breeze, during its regular lull at the turn of the tide.

"Do you think I might venture near it without any unusual risk? Near enough to behold it in all its terrific sublimity, without laying myself open to the censure of foolhardiness?"

"Yes, I think you may," replied the old fisherman, thoughtfully, "provided you have a good, trim, easily managed schooner, a favorable breeze, and a careful, experienced pilot."

"Where, then, can I find and charter such a craft?"

"Why, if your honor wishes it," said the old seaman, doffing his hat and quietly smoothing down his silver locks, "I think I might furnish you something to your liking, and offer myself as pilot." This matter being settled, preparations were immediately hastened for setting forth on the curious and, to me, fearful adventure, and the next day saw me walking the deck of a snug, well-rigged schooner, on my way to a sublime scene of peril, that for many a long year had often come up in my fancy with a strange kind of fascination. I need not describe my voyage down to the maelstrom, for that is of no moment in this connection. It had its excitement, and even peril, as all cruising must along that rugged and dangerous coast, steering sharply among rocks through

A FOAMING, LASHING SEA,

but all thought of minor dangers was swept from my mind when for the first time I came within hearing of a sullen, heavy roar, that my Norwegian friend informed me proceeded from the awful vortex we were on our way to visit. A sudden tremor seized me at this announcement, which, though the visible effects of excessive awe, seemed rather that of terror to the simple-minded fisherman who at once declared his willingness to return if I feared to go forward.

"No!" said I, regaining my wonted composure and becoming more emphatic through a sense of shame at my physical perturbation. "Let us go forward to the very brink of destruction—as far as the boldest ever dared!"

"Well, there is no great danger after all on such a day as this and with such a breeze," he replied in a reassuring tone; "and though the novel idea of sailing within the suction of such a roaring, deafening whirl of waters may make your honor a trifle timid and uneasy, yet only keep stout faith in the caution and skill of Harold Saufgar and you'll live to tell your friends a tale of wonder."

From the moment I first heard the distant roar of the maelstrom we sailed directly toward it for more than an hour, the roar gradually increasing in volume as we neared it, until it became so loud that it was with difficulty I could distinguish the different and sometimes rapid orders of the daring fisher-men. I was excited by strange emotions even while only the sense of hearing was reached; but when at length sight was also brought to bear upon the whirling gulf, and I beheld the inky waters revolving around what seemed a mighty pit or cavern and then rolling, tumbling and lashing their swift passages downward to a white bed of foam at the bottom of the great deep, I became thrilled with a sublimity that carried my humbled and awe-stricken soul beyond the consciousness of time into the very presence of some great, almighty, and incomprehensible power.

I can never describe the awful maelstrom as I saw it and felt it.

Imagine an area of one and one-half miles in diameter. To do this fully and comprehensively you should fix your eye or your mind upon some object a mile and a half from where you are. Then fancy this broad space to be all water moving around in a circle, slowly on the outer edge, but gradually increasing in velocity toward the center, with a downward inclination of 45 degrees, so that it looks like a vast hollow gulf of awful depth.

Then imagine yourself sailing around on the outer edge of this immense funnel, with the water black and level on one side of you, and on the other inclined, and running round and downward, rolling, tumbling, rushing, dashing, seething, whirling and boiling, the center lashed into a milk-white foam, and sending up the deafening roar of a thousand Niagaras. If to all this you add the fancy that you are floating around this awful gulf in a frail vessel, that seems only an air-bubble, to be

SUCKED IN AND CRUSHED,

and which, while driving before the wind, is now and then caught by a current and turned several points toward destruction, so that the master shouts frantically, and the sailors make almost superhuman exertions to keep her from rushing madly into the vortex, and you pray agonizingly, with breath suspended and hair standing on end, till the wavering balance has inclined to life—if, I say, you add to this all the rest, you get perhaps as good an external of the scene and situation of the beholder as my descriptive powers are able to convey.

Amid the bewilderment of this indescribable scene, my eyes dazzled with the whirling, rushing, flashing of the waters, my ears stunned with their hissing, dashing, thundering roar, my soul going down into the foaming vortex, and thence onward into the eternity beyond, the old fisherman laid one hand upon my arm, pointed with the other and shouted:

"Look! Behold!"

I turned and saw one of the seamen holding a large seabird, to one of whose legs was attached a long cord, the other end of which was secured to a short heavy stick of timber, which another sailor was in the act of casting into the sea. As the timber struck the water, the one holding the bird let him go, and with a wild scream he flew to the end of his tether and then struggled in the air to break his bonds and escape. But the cord held him, and the moving timber took a gradual inclination toward the vortex. With the schooner run safely back from the gyratory draught, I watched the bird with a glass, as the descending timber dragged him downward, fluttering and screaming, and seeming to my excited fancy like some unfortunate spirit being dragged to perdition. Round and round went the timber, slowly at first, and with steadily increasing velocity, till at last, with quick jerkings and rapid descent, the fluttering bird disappeared from my view.

I had seen enough—I had felt the emotions of a lifetime compressed into a few hours—and we sailed away from the never-to-be-forgotten scene.

England in India.

"The Duty and Destiny of England in India" is the title of a remarkable article by Sir Edwin Arnold in the February *North American Review*. Sir Edwin takes occasion to courteously remind Americans that no matter how careless or indifferent certain sections of the community may profess to be regarding Russia's designs on India, it is really a matter in which the United States should be profoundly interested. Should the Czar ever seriously challenge the British possession of India, and perhaps even some day succeed in ousting her from the Peninsula, it would be a dire event for human progress, and indirectly for the United States themselves. It would be the triumph of the Slav over the Saxon, and would set back the development of Asia, and the advancement of the human race generally, at least a thousand years. "I can imagine," says Sir Edwin, "some of the clever young newspaper men, whom I have been everywhere glad to meet, responding in familiar local phrase to this: 'Well, but it would not be *our* funeral!' In this respect they would find out their mistake if they should live long enough. The loss of India to England would mean the breaking up and decay of our ancient empire; the eventual spread of Slavonic and Mongolian hordes all over the vacant places and open markets of the world; the world's peace gone; again, as in days of Belisarius, the march of sciences, arts, religions, arrested as when Omar burned the Alexandrian Library; and history once more put back to the beginning of a new effort, under novel and gloomy auspices, to effect that which is the perpetual object of its course and its combinations—the final amalgamation of all the peoples of the globe under one law and one common faith and culture. . . . The clear duty to England, therefore, towards India is to legislate and administer for her good, regardless of selfish considerations and only careful not to lose step with the slow progress of the Asiatic mind by adopting the restless paces of Western reform. From the beginning until to-day that duty has never been put out of mind. Seventy years ago, when somebody found Mountstewart Elphinstone sitting in his tent at night surrounded with piles of school-books, and asked the Governor of Bombay what he was doing, he—one of the most devoted of administrators—replied: 'I am paving our way out of India. I do not believe the English Government would hesitate at any measure, even if it involved the eventual loss of India, could it be made clear to them that that measure was for the sure and lasting benefit of the millions committed to our charge in those wide regions. But it is their opinion, and it is honestly mine, who love India as well as I love England, that the connection between the two peoples is one ordained by Divine Providence itself, and the issues of that long strife that gave the great country to us, out of the hands and above the heads of so many fierce claimants, was a happy result, for India, first, and after that for England; but chiefly for her in the noble duties and in the majesty of the mighty and onerous charge laid upon her.

RUSSIA'S NATIONAL HYMN.

How It Was Adopted by the Czar Nicholas

The great part which the Russian national hymn has played in western Europe since the French fraternization with Russia has started much inquiry about its origin. According to the Frankfurter Zeitung the hymn is not pet sixty years old, and was first used for its present purpose under czar Nicholas. When he made his tour of Prussia and Austria in 1833, he was accompanied by Adjutant-General Axtel Feodorowitsch Luoff, a passionate violinist and a composer of some skill. The Czar was impressed by the fact that every regrimental band in Berlin and in Vienna greeted him by playing the national hymn of their own country, and this was apologized for by the known absence of any recognized national hymn in the great empire which he ruled. Nicholas was much impressed by the deficiency, and during his return journey toward St. Petersburg had much talk with Luoff upon the subject, and at last ordered him to compose a hymn for the Russian military bands. Luoff hereupon set music to Schulowsky's "God be the Czar's Protector." The Schulousky Luoff hymn was first played publicly before the Czar on Nov. 23, 1833, and so pleased the sovereign that by a ukase of Dec. 4, of the same year he ordered it to be adopted as the national hymn of Russia. Luoff was not only rewarded by the gift of a gold snuff-box set with diamonds, but permission was given to him and his heirs to adopt the first line of the hymn as the family motto.