

The Washington Monument.

More than a century ago, in the year 1833, the Congress of the United States passed resolutions providing for a memorial to General Washington. This memorial was to be erected at the permanent seat of Government of the United States—then a newly created nationality. The War of Independence was ended, and the country was universally grateful to the noble leader to whose efforts they justly ascribed a great measure of the success.

Ten years later, the Commissioners who laid out the District of Columbia set apart a tract of land between the site of the President's mansion and the Potomac River, as the spot where this national tribute to Washington was to be erected, and their report in which this reservation was established President Washington himself transmitted to Congress.

He died in 1799, in the belief that on that pleasant slope, overlooking the broad Potomac, his services to the country would be commemorated. The whole project slumbered until 1833,—fifty years after Congress had voted to make a memorial to him,—and then it was revived again by private enterprise.

A meeting of citizens of Washington was held in September, 1833, and an association was formed for the purpose of erecting a national monument to Washington. The original plan was to procure the money by subscriptions of one dollar each. The amount raised was not large. A new subscription was begun in 1846, and by the year 1854 a sum of a little more than a quarter of a million dollars had been obtained.

Work had been begun, however, some years before, and the under stone of the monument was laid on the 4th of July, 1848, on which occasion a fine oration was delivered by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, then Speaker of the House of Representatives. The contributions, however, began to fall off, and finally, when the monument had reached the height of one hundred and eighty feet, construction ceased.

A period of neglect and indifference followed, ending in the civil war and the exciting questions which were at issue after the war closed causing the shame of this unfinished monument to be forgotten. But in 1876,—the centennial year,—Congress made an appropriation towards the completion of the monument.

The foundations were examined and found to be defective. The work of enlarging and strengthening them was not completed until 1880, when construction upon the monument itself was resumed. The cap stone was put in place early last month, and the ceremony of inauguration will be performed on the 21st of February next—the 22nd, which is Washington's birthday, being Sunday,—when it is hoped Mr. Winthrop, will be the orator of the completion, as he was of the beginning, of the monument.

The monument is the most lofty structure ever erected by man. Its height was originally intended to be six hundred feet, but, owing to its enormous weight, it was not deemed wise to carry the monument so high. Its height is five hundred and fifty-five feet. Its exterior is of Maryland marble, and the interior is Maine granite.

The foundation is one hundred and twenty-six feet six inches square at the base and tapers to the top. The walls are fifteen feet thick at the bottom, but gradually become thinner until at the top they are only one foot six inches thick, and the monument is three times four feet square.

Each State in the Union sent a block of stone to be set in the interior, and many cities as well as several foreign countries have done likewise.

These contributions, many of them highly polished and elegantly inscribed, make the monument a museum of mineralogical treasures.

Of the beauty of the monument there is not much to be said. It is not graceful or elegant. Those who wish to find beauty in it, however, will say that it befits republican simplicity and the rugged honest virtue of Washington. But if it does not gratify aesthetic taste, it will none the less serve as a memorial to recall to all future generations the heroic life and noble character of the first and greatest of Americans.

A Chinese Review.

The Prince's large blue tent was pitched on a slightly rising ground apart from the others, and was constantly surrounded by gorgeous officers in bright yellow raiment, with round, flat black hats and long feathers, who were galloping to and fro, directing grand charges of cavalry. It did seem so funny to see a whole army of ponies; for there are no horses here, unless the foreigners chance to import any. These Eight Banners are all Manchus or Mongol Tartars, or at any rate are descended from such, Chinese troops being ranged under the green standard. These Eight Banners which, as I have said, are multiplied are plain white, red, blue and yellow, and the same colors repeated, and distinguished by a white edge and white spot. These companies are supposed to defend different sides of the city, the colors having some mystic relation to the points of the compass; except that yellow is in the middle, where it guards the Imperial Palace. Red guards the south, blue the north, and white the west, while the east is nominally given up to the green standard, which, however, being composed of Chinamen, is not admitted to the honor of guarding the forbidden city. I am told that the Banner Army numbers upward of one hundred thousand men, who supply Tartar garrisons for the principal cities of the empire. We got out of the cart and secured good positions on the small hillock, whence we had a capital view. A number of Tartar soldiers who were off duty gathered round, and were quite captivated by the loan of my

opera glasses. Then they showed us their wretched firearms, (which certainly did not look as if any European could have superintended the arsenal where they were manufactured,) and also their peculiar belts, containing charges of powder only; and yet we are told that in addition to first-class firearms, which are being ceaselessly manufactured at the Government arsenals at Tien-Tsin, Shanghai, Canton, Foo-Choo, Nankin, and other less important places, the Chinese Government spares no expense in buying ammunition of European manufacture. I suppose they are kept in reserve for real war! A picturesque company of archers rode by on stout ponies, holding their bows in the right hand, and in the left their bows, the arrows being cased in a leather quiver slung across the shoulders. As to their swords, instead of hanging from the waist, they are stuck under the saddle-flap; each man's cap is adorned with the tails of two squirrels, which is the correct military decoration. Now, though we Scots are quite ready to believe that blackcocks were created for the express purpose of bequeathing their tails to adorn the hats of the London Scottish, (he said tails having very much the jovial, independent character of the bird itself,) it really is impossible to see the fitness of things in selecting poor little squags as military emblems, unless to suggest the wisdom of he who fights and runs away! Anyhow, it now seems as if we might find a profitable market for the thousands of squirrels' tails which are annually wasted in our north country woods. I quite forgot to take note of the fan and the pipe, which I am told are invariable items in the accoutrements of the Chinese soldiers. —[Belgravia.

Discordant Notes.

Every city should be provided with a lonesome park where brass bands can blow themselves to pieces.

"Is it advisable to attempt to study the violin without a teacher if none can be procured?" asks a correspondent. Not unless you live in the middle of a prairie.

Gounod says: "Those who do not like music are deceased." Oh, well; thousands who have liked music are deceased, and one condition is about as bad as the other.

A young lady in Cincinnati who was not asked to play on the piano before company, took laudanum and came very near death's door. It did not occur to her that the company wanted to enjoy themselves.

The man who is learning to play the violin will now enjoy a period of happiness, while his wailing neighbors turn their attention to the ambitious boy with a high tenor tin whistle and a mezzosoprano drum.

An organ grinder was found almost frozen to death in Allegheny City last week, and it was found impossible to revive him until someone started to grind out a tune on the organ, when he sprang to his feet and was soon able to go to his home. It is an old saying that desperate cases require desperate remedies.

"Remus, has yo' got a fiddle in yo' house?" "We haz, Rastus." "Well, pears ter me like his' aint in werry good helf, am it?" "What am de 'casion ob dat 'mark, Rastus?" "Why, I never year de vice ob de same but I speck de surpins iz at it sawin' off de rim's, an' dey don't gib no klory fo' m' ter stop de pain."

A Story of Squirrels.

In front of the telegraph office at Brockton, Mass., there is a large elm tree, which is the home of three red squirrels. A little girl who is employed in the office comes out a number of times a day and knocks on the trunk of the great tree, at the same time making a whistling noise as squirrels do. Instantly three squirrels come out of the tree, and, running down the trunk, they take the nuts she has in her hand for them, and go up to a place where the branches divide. Then they sit upon the landing while they crack and eat them.

"Two of them are very tame," she told us, "but one is rather wild yet."

After the tame ones had been fed, she pointed up to one of the most topmost boughs, where the "wild one" sat, looking down so very wistful. The little girl kept knocking with the nut and whirling like a squirrel. Soon the little creature timidly began to come down from his high tower, halting and debating every now and then as it came nearer and nearer to the uplifted nut. At last it made one quick bound, snatched the nut, and was off to a place of safety again. The little girl told us they were going to put a squirrel-house in the tree, and try to keep them there all winter.—[The Evangelist.

New Uses for the New Anesthetic.

Dr. Fleischl, of Vienna, declares that morphinism, alcoholism, and similar habits can now be cured rapidly and painlessly by means of cocaine chloride. The method is very simple—a withdrawal, either gradual or abrupt and complete of the habitual intoxicant, and treatment of the nervous and other symptoms which arise therefrom by means of hypodermic injection of cocaine. He claims that in ten days a cure may be effected in any case. The dose of cocaine chloride, hypodermically, is from one-twelfth to one-fourth of a grain, dissolved in water, repeated as necessary.

Graham mush is a good substitute for pudding on certain occasions. Make just as you do corn-meal mush, but add a few raisins or English currants. Serve with cream and sugar.

A dish for breakfast is made of cold boiled sweet potatoes. Remove the skins, rub the potatoes through a colander, make into cakes, dip into meal, and fry in hot butter.

STYLES IN SUICIDES.

The Different Modes of Shuffling Off the mortal coil.

"Suicides," said a well-known physician of Boston, recently, "are getting very fashionable of late, and the strange part of it is that the people who commit them are those whom nobody would suspect of having any kind of trouble, for the real cause of self-murder is usually some sort of worryment, either real or imaginary."

"It is something that has developed inside of the past fifty years. In old times people did't have half as many comforts as they do now, and suicides were very rare. Many different means of extinguishing the 'vital spark' are adopted. Just now taking poisons and shooting appear to be the favorite. Many of the attempts prove unsuccessful. The stomach-pump saves some, and unsteady aim or lack of knowledge as to where the vital places are causes a deal of suffering to amateurs with the revolver. Love-sick young women have a fondness for drowning, but they generally cry out for help as soon as they get into the water, and about one-half of them are rescued. That is a queer thing about suicides; if they don't succeed in killing themselves or becoming unconscious at once they get over the mania and want to live as badly as any of us. On the whole, I think hanging the most reliable. Unless a person is discovered and cut down inside of five minutes he is pretty sure to do the job for himself. It is strange how a little pressure on the wind-pipe affects people. Of course it chokes them, but that is no reason why they shouldn't be able to move their limbs. They seem to lose all control over their muscles, and give right in. I remember a case that occurred in Brookville, Me., when I was a young man. A woman, the wife of a wealthy sea-captain, threw a skein of yarn over the top of an open door one day, and, sticking her head through the knot that hung down, crouched up her knees so her feet could not touch, and remained in that position until she choked to death. One would naturally think that when she became unconscious her muscles would relax and allow her feet to drop to the floor, but such was not the case. Hanging or choking seems to make every muscle as rigid as iron."

"Another case I remember very well was that of a boy of Frankfort. When he was about 14 years of age he went to a circus and became stage-struck. He used to be practicing all the time at acrobatic feats. One day his folks went out to the barn and found him dead, hanging from a scaffold with his head in a noose. The ends of the line were not tied to the scaffold, but just doubled over a pole. A weight of twenty-five pounds would pull it down. Both of his hands were clasped to the pole as if he were holding himself up by them."

Young Carter's strange death was a seven days' gossip of the community. One day a short time after it occurred some carpenters at work in a shipyard in an adjoining town were talking about it, and one of them said he had heard that if a man were to lie down with his throat pressed closely against any hard substance, like a rope or the edge of a board, he would choke to death without having the power to help himself. The men pook-pooked the idea, and one of them became so excited that he said:

"I don't believe a word of it. When I go home to dinner I'll try it and come back and let you know. You can't stuff an old woman's whim like that down my throat."

"When the bell rang for the men to go to work at 1 o'clock the carpenter who had expressed so much contempt for the idea was not present. An hour passed and he did not come. The other men, remembering what he had said, grew anxious, and went out to look him up. Between the shipyard and his home was an old vessel hauled up on the beach to be calked. She was prevented from going out at high water by two long ropes leading from her decks to posts driven into the shore. With his face down, lying with his neck on one of these lines, while his feet rested on the sand, was their skeptical companion. He was rigid like a log of wood. The theory had been demonstrated at the expense of a man's life."—[Boston Globe.

Chinese Servants.

In New York there are hardly any Chinese in domestic service. The kitchen has not yet been invaded, nor have the upper regions, and there is no probability that either will be invaded. I do not know a single housekeeper who employs a Chinaman to do woman's work, though there may possibly be a few such, of an eccentric sort. The average housekeeper certainly does not want a Mongolian in either kitchen, parlor or bedroom. The only way in which the Chinese have interfered with woman's work is in the laundry business. The washer-washee man has undoubtedly pushed the washer-woman very hard. He has taken away a great deal of her work and he keeps all he takes. If the Chinaman remains with us, the old race of washerwomen will disappear, for his work is more satisfactory than theirs and does not cost any more money. But in no other respect has the Mongolian encroached upon the sphere of the Caucasian female in Gotham. The talk about him driving her out of domestic service was all moonshine.

"Well, Judge, with me it is this way. I drank a great deal several years ago, taking regular sprints. Exercising a mighty effort, I stopped, but ever since then, when the time for a sprae comes around, I stagger like a drunken man." "Very unfortunate, really, but the example was just as bad as though you had been drunk. I won't fine you for being drunk—" "Thank you, Judge." "But will assess you for staggering."

Nicaragua Canal.

Anything connected with improved transportation facilities is of interest to producers of the land, and therefore the proposed treaty between the United States and the state of Nicaragua with regard to the Nicaragua ship canal is important enough to merit at least a passing notice. The treaty provides that the canal shall be built by the United States and owned by the two governments conjointly, who shall form a perpetual alliance. The canal is to be built along a route selected by the United States, while Nicaragua gives the free use of lands, water and places within her borders necessary for the construction and maintenance of the canal and of a railroad and telegraph line. A strip of land two and a half miles wide with the canal in the centre, will be owned by both governments, but under Nicaragua jurisdiction. The management of the canal is left in the hands of six commissioners, three from each government; the tolls will be levied on the vessels of all nations equally and the revenue from canal, railroad and telegraph, after paying the expenses, shall be divided, and one-third is to go to Nicaragua and two-thirds to the United States. The climate along the route is said to be healthy and temperate; the length of the proposed canal will be 145 miles, but of these the Lake Nicaragua forms 123 miles, so that the length of the artificial waterway will be only 25 miles, which it is hoped can be constructed for \$50,000,000, and be completed in a few years. The advantage of such increased facility for communication between our Atlantic and Pacific ports cannot be overestimated when we compare it with the present tedious and dangerous route round Cape Horn. With the Nicaragua canal in full operation and the Panama canal ready for traffic, there will be no danger of any monopoly and the water routes may again assert their superiority over railroads.—[Milling World.

Great Ships Again.

The "Great Eastern," the largest vessel ever constructed, is to be at New Orleans during the Exposition. The engineer who designed it was ahead of his time; but his foresight is being vindicated by the steamship builders of the present day. The tendency is towards larger and still larger vessels. The "City of Rome," the "Arizona," and "Cimbria" are simply giants compared with the ships built twenty years ago; but the greatest changes are in the engines, for in war ships these are becoming more powerful in each new addition to the foreign navies. The largest engine now afloat is that of the "Italia," which is of ten thousand horse-power. But the "Amphion," a new war vessel to be added in time to the English navy, is to have an engine of nineteen thousand horse-power. There is a good deal of apprehension about the speed of the new war vessels we are building. It is admitted they will be slower than the fastest English steamships; but they will probably be much faster than any English war vessels. This is an important fact, as in case of war our navy will be so small that the natural desire of its officers will be to get away from the enemy. The business of our cruisers will be to capture the defenceless merchant vessels of our antagonists.

A dandy at a hotel table, who wanted the milk passed to him, thus asked for it: "Please send your cow this way." To whom the landlord retorted as follows: "Waiter, take the cow down to where the calf is bleating."

The gentleman who presented an uptown man's wife with an illuminated key-hole might as well go and get it, for she won't permit the door to wear it. She prefers to come downstairs and let her man in and begin the night's lecture in a standing position.

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