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LATE EUROPEAN NEWS.

more; it is a sound almost too deep for utterance, and it thrills through you with an indescribable horror. You seem to feel rather than hear—it creeps over every sense. Hardly a word is uttered, save only a low, half-wailed-out thought of: "Où! ma pauvre mere, ma pauvre mere!" Nothing is more touching—nothing fills one's eyes with tears, and makes one's lips quiver more than this plaintive refrain, chanted out as a death chant by so many sons, who never more on this side the mysterious veil of life are crossing will ever see again that long and weary "Où! ma pauvre mere, ma pauvre mere!"—the wait seems to creep over me yet.

Enough, however, of the reverse of the medal, Glory. Let us look at

Prussian fire comes tumbling into it to silence this, and over it into our ambulance to silence many there.

Bursting in the midst of the poor maimed, wounded, and amputated men, come the shells, and the horrors of war are intensified to a pitch beyond the power of the most devilish imagination to surpass. Good God! this is glorious—glorious work, war! The profession of arms is certainly the noblest calling when it is conducted thus; here are poor men killed over and over again; that is, they go through the horrors of death many times; and with it their generals, and their doctors, it is a wonder there are any left. Certainly

gory is very beautiful when it is encountered in a shell-like amulance: and one is rather puzzled to define what is morbid, or what not. It seems to me that somebody ought to be hanged for this, and then the tragedy would be completed.'

Talking of glory our author gives us a curious account of that infamous 'BAPTISM OF FIRE' by which Napoleon endeavored to win his soldiers' hearts by the sacrifice of his boy's feelings. Never-

On that sad 24 of August, when the most awful murder was done—that on that day when a spirit train took the emperor, the prince, the marshals, and as many generals as could be got to witness unjustifiable homicide to Saubuck the poor little nervous child was made to direct the first mitrailleuse fired by the army of the Rhine. The poor little fellow was more than he could bear, and soldiers might indeed weep, but they wept for sorrow when they saw the poor little fellow's terror at the dreadful sound. The special train which took him out from breakfast a morerately healthful youth, brought him back to dinner a shattered lad, hysterically affected with what was called St. Vincent's disease; and he never was the same again.

life, at all events, name will not permit us to become butchers. Even grown men shrink from the contemplation of the shambles when the work is done. Speaking once more of the sacrifice of their men made by the Prussian chiefs at Gravelotte, our author says :

* NINE MILES OF DEAD

represent the great line of that day's battle ; the valley from the Doncourt to the Bois des Ognons, in front of Gravelotte, cannot be less than nine miles, and every mile is strewn with dead. Pray, stop one moment, and think of any nine miles you know, and try to realise the fact that these nine miles, between breakfast and dinner time, were covered with killed and wounded men and

horse,
wickedly selfish of us at home
to shut our eyes to such pictures be-
cause they are too horrible to con-
template, and then to be so ready to
cry out "War, war!" on the least oc-
casion—ignorant of what it means
and of what it may cost our own fel-
low-countrymen. Here is a picture
of the thousands of persons who
do well to hang up in the gallery of
their own memory; it is a battle
piece,

 AFTER GRAVELOTTE,
by Robinson.— Daylight begins to
dawn, and we seek carriage—that is
jolting unbing cars and mule cars
who—to converse our coded. Now
as we raise them up, and torture
their poor wounds by moving them
for the first time do we hear a cry.—
The groans of the dying, the shrieks
of the wounded, do not exist on the
battle field; but far more dreadful
and sickening are the cries of the
wounded as the awful selfishness of that battle
field at night. There is a low quiv-
ering moon floating over it—nothing

thoughts of the night.
Nor are some

STROKES OF HUMOR

absent to supplement these glowing descriptions. Though the Prussians are brutal enough to shoot or threaten to shoot in cold blood the franc-tireurs—who are the counterpart of our English Volunteers, and even of their own Free-shooters, raised by special proclamation, when Luck went the other way, and the French were invaders of Prussia—they are good-natured and almost respectful to women.

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• Whilst the Prussian troops were

that golden skin keep that ruthless man aw ay; neither can a r n g l e s protect' her. Raising his sword with one hand, he striahe out the other towards her, and gra o' her soon." This he ents in two, pocketing the one half, places the other on the wall, and growling out some thing like "*Fie! m' d'm!*" from his heavy lips, retires. Poor woman! The shock was too much for her; she lost her temper, and swore at those retreating Teutons for being—thieves."

GETTING RICH BY FARMING.—J. R. Garetske describes, in the American Rural Home, his visit to a farm of E. B. Root, well known as an enterprising farmer living west of Rochester. He began farming, says

A dark, textured surface, possibly a book cover or endpaper, showing a dense pattern of small, light-colored specks and fibers. The texture is grainy and uneven, with some areas appearing slightly more worn or discolored than others. The overall tone is dark, with the specks providing a high-contrast, speckled appearance.

LATE EUROPEAN NEWS.

ARNT, 3.—Citizens leaving Paris in great numbers. Versaillais' day about southern forts suffered severely. Attack made yesterday by Versaillais troops failed. Latter have been driven Neuilly. Englishmen have been warned from Paris by their Consul. Delegates from the party in opposition to Paris. Thiers' failure, the latter insisting former shall not lay down their arms.

ARNT, 11.—Heavy cannonading last night. Most Valerian firing heavily. Versaillais reports say that communists' victories unfounded. Paris roads all occupied by Versaillais troops.—Reds report that Thiers retires even an armistice. House property in Paris valued at 2,000,000 francs destroyed by shells.

APRIL 15.—Government troops everywhere defeated before Paris.
APRIL 16.—Fort D'Issy repulsed. Several successive assaults of Versailles's were made on Friday morning and Saturday, with severe losses to assailants. Gen. Doumairewsky attacked Government forces at Neuilly upon a Sunday, and defeated them, capturing 1,000 prisoners. The engagement continued through the night. Five consecutive attacks made upon various points were repulsed with great slaughter. Losses of the Government troops were dreadful. This report afterwards denied. I has been decided not to demolish the column in Place Vendôme, but to displace statue on its apex.
APRIL 17.—The Government army has been concentrating for the last four days and a general, and formidable

He attack is momentarily expected. The Germans at Cretiel have been reinforced with 18,000 men and are preparing to intervene. Cannons are musketry lying confined throughout the city. The Germans are now going on at Noilly where the ground is disputed inch by inch. The Commune is resolved to continue the defence to the last. The sale of horses and flesh has again commenced, and there are other signs of a scarcity of food in the city. Versailles troops are spending the night in the suburbs, and in strength at Gennevilliers and extending the lines to St. Denis. The people are flying from Paris in greater number. The city consumes daily five eights of its usual quantity of flour. Donbrowski's wound will disable him for a few days. The Versailles troops are now at Noilly. The Municipal Electricity in Paris for the

20th inst. It is rumored that the representatives of England, the United States and Italy are joining the Commune to a truce. A dispatch from Melbourne, Mar. 25th says all the Australian colonies are fortifying their ports in consequence of a warning said to come from the home Government that a disaster is threatened by American filibusters.

APRIL 18.—A slight shock of earthquake was felt in Scotland this morning. Thiers, in a circular just issued, confirms the announcement of the capture by Government troops of Chateau Becon and the batteries at Asnières at Orléans. Nothing has yet transpired regarding the proceeding of the Joint High Commission, but it is believed that

MARIVAUX, a celebrated French writer of romances who flourished in the latter half of the last century, having one day met with a stout beggar who asked charity of him, replied: "My friend, stout and strong as you are, it is shame that you do not go to work." "I am a master," said the beggar, "and I have no need of work." "Well," replied Marivaux, "I see that there is an honest fellow; here is half a crown for you."



Making Love.

In Seville, which is popularly believed to be in Spain, there is in use the most felicitous invention to the way of making love—clandestine.

After dark, young *cervinus* creep beneath the lady's lattice—which, perchance, is in the third story—and softly unscrewing the handle of their walking sticks, proceed to extract from the same, which is hollow, length after length, long hol- low-tubing, screwing them together until the fashion of a Japanese fishing pole, or the old apparatus wherewith sweeps clean chimneys. A mouthpiece is fitted into each end, and one raised to the window above, upon by the aid of this improvised speaking tube, two sons with a certain unaided quality of thought and two

Now this is all very nice, so long as it is only romantic, and all that sort of thing; but mark what the knowledge of the fact that she was a young lady, and a millionaire. He had read of it, or he would not have been so ready to bestow so unreserved affection for a young, and wealthy lady, which she as surely reciprocated, he determined, with her connivance, to avail himself of. He got a tin pipe and he desired length, made by a tinner, and he had in each end of it placed, for ornament of a beaver mouth-piece, a fine diamond. Delicious conversation went on, and he sitting on the top of a water-buff, and she leaning forward, and with

above. They would converse for hours, and exchange all the soft noncommittal phrases in the world, and then he would slip his arm round her waist, put the funnel-shaped apparatus, the pipe in his pocket, wrap the pieces in a newspaper, and go home in a condition of ethereal bliss. The course of true love never did run smooth, and one evening the old gentleman, after smoking in the back garden at an unusually late hour, saw the young gentleman arrive, fix up his apparatus, and commence his soul-communing operation.

He made up his mind in a minute and went into the kitchen and asked for a pitcher of boiling water; it was brought him, and he poured it into the stairs, just as he reached his daughter's door he commenced calling to Nellie. So telling her lover to wait a minute, she came to the door;—
"Nellie, my dear, run up to my room and get my spectacles; I'll wait here until you come back." She disappeared up stairs, and he stole cautiously to the window. The minute he touched the funnel the amorous youth, suspecting youth clapped his mouth to it to resume where he left off—
"—my darling, you cannot imagine how—" Just then the old gentleman commenced assiduously filling the funnel with hot water, and the rest of that miserable youth

Just How It Happened.

The pet of a family residing near La Grange street is a five-year-old boy, having passed his fifth birthday, and has recently donned his first jacket and trousers is attending primary school. The other afternoon he failed to come home at the usual hour, much to the chagrin of the household, and after a long search he was found, soon after dark, at the Police station. He was sent to bed without much explanation, though it is possible his treatment was what Solomon would have recommended in such an emergency. The news

morning he was down to the breakfast table, evidently none the worse for the lesson, and perhaps the wife had been advised again by a hush of the conversation customary at the morning meal, he turned his gaze in silence towards the head of the table, and giving free vent to his over-clarified mind, he exclaimed: "I'll tell you, mamma, how it happened. I went to the street, and there she was home with Mary—no, at the corner of a street where she left me. I kissed her and she kissed me, and then I found I was lost." There was an explosion round the table just about this time. It is not probable that this is not the first gentleman who has been lost under similar circumstances.—*Los Angeles Trader*.

A JANESEMAN lost, an ore over twenty years ago, which he has now found under his bed, and the Boston "Advertiser" surmises that his life hasn't been made unhappy by a little cleaning.

A Plea for Printers.

THEIR CHANCES FOR LONGEVITY—RE-
SISTES TO INCREASE THEIR EARTHLY
HAPPINESS.

A writer in *Our Monthly* has recently been inside a composing room, if he has not "dug a living out of a case." He thus sums up the results of his experience:

"Working for forty editors and scores of authors, every one of whom as sensitive as a sore thumb, and lively and interesting as a hornet, wonders that printers die young, and only pachydermatous, grizzled, dish-splatters get their share of the work."

Happy infants, early lost!

The writer wishes he could offer himself as an awful example of the perils which environ the man who battles with cold-type. A thoroughly trained printer should have had a stepmother and then a stepfather, and then a third bounder, and then a fourth, and then a fifth, and a scolding wife and lived in a leaky house, and have had a brood of babies who were afflicted with the colic. He should have had a hearing damaged with the presses, and to have added to all this a discipline a thorough knowledge of science, art, and language, a solid character, and a biography. In addition, he has a vicious-looking sentence and an amiable disposition, may stand some chance with some authors and editors; but the probabilities are, after all, that they will worry him to death.

A farmer living in Oxford county, Maine, went down to a town not a thousand miles from Portsmouth, for the purpose of purchasing a yoke of oxen, as he had been informed that there was a lot of very fine stock for sale by one of the wealthy land owners of that place. Arriving in the best farming district of the Cumberland County town, our friend met an old man driving an ox team, of whom he inquired:

"Can you inform me where Mr. _____ all lives?"

"There is a number of Walls. I live
a good deal here. Which one do you
wish to find?" returned the stranger.
"He was a stout, middle-aged man,
with a high forehead, a pair of bushy
eyebrows, a nose of unusual pro-
portions, a large, somewhat fleshy
mouth, and a pair of small, twinkling
eyes, which were full of cheer-
fulness and comfort, so far as finan-
cial matters were concerned.

"I don't know what his Christiani-
ty is," pursued our friend, "but
he is the owner of some very fine
furniture."

"Well," responded the stranger,
"his all own pretty fair oxen."

"But the one I wish to find has
been sold."

"As for that, sir, I guess there's
a lot of 'em sell, if they could only
at their price."

"But," exclaimed the Oxford
county man, the Mr. Wall I wish to
see is wealthy."

"Yes; well. I reckon there ain't no of them very bad off," replied he, with a nod.

"My Mr. Wall," continued on the other, hesitatingly, "has been repaying me, by being a very close-fisted man; and not scrupulously honest in all his transactions."

"With a curious twinkle in his eye and a gentle pat upon the paunch of his near-ox, he said:—To tell the truth, sir, I guess they are a close-fisted set all around, and I never heard that honesty ran in the family circle; there something else?"

"Yes," replied the searcher for honesty, desperately. They say he has a son, and he is the only thing his own brother's chicken cox."

The stranger bowed and smiled.

"I guess I'm the man: come with me and I will show you as fine

lock of cattle as you can find in the state, and if you know what oxen are, there is no danger of getting cheated."

Tragic End of a Murderer.

Our readers will remember the case of the red-headed man named "Hugh" Thomas Van. Grant, charged with committing a murder in Demerara and captured some time since owing to his walking into the Police Station here for a night's lodging and finding himself confronted by Police inspectors. He was charged with the murder of a man who was in search of him. He was taken on board the brig "Florence" to be conveyed to Demerara, and upon after sighting Demerara light ship, he jumped overboard. The vessel being under full sail, some of the crew could be heard to remark, "He is a dead man," and in the mean time he was aloft watching the prisoner struggling in the water, saw a shark rise and take down the miserable being.

Halfax Reporter.

A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a car's front grille and headlights, partially obscured by a dark horizontal band. The image is grainy and has a vintage aesthetic. The car's front end is visible at the bottom, showing the grille and headlights. A dark, horizontal band runs across the middle of the image, possibly representing a road or a barrier. The background is dark and indistinct.