

SCENE III.

The Same. Dancero alone.

Dancero.—Fifty thousand dollars! What a providence! Danae's shower of gold! My fortune is made. Henceforth I am an independent man. I can now retire from the press gang when I please. That Centromiss is a glorious fellow—though, after all, it is nothing to what I did for him. Well, well, how things will happen, to be sure. Fifty thousand dollars! Mais c'est à n'y pas croire. And everything so strictly honest, so clearly above board. No one will be able to find fault with this transaction, at least, not even Lolo, the *mouchard*. Ha! I am safe (*rubbing his hands*). But to make assurance doubly sure, I will give the thing a certain air of publicity. I will get these bonds and deposit them openly in the Jacques Cartier bank, where I know that I have political enemies. Yes, that is a capital idea. It will disarm all suspicion. Bravo, bravissimo!

What golden visions rise
Before my eager eyes,
At one stroke of the wand
Waved by the necromancer O!
Cry up and down the Tanneries' land,
Pay or not the pipers O
But I will be the Dancer O,
The Dancer O!
Cry up or down the Tanneries' land
But I will be the Dancer O!

The Tories they may fume,
And the Rouge; they may spume,
But I am borne away
On wings of the entrancer O;
And there in fortune's ray,
I'll bask and sing an I frolic O,
And be the happy Dancer O,
The Dancer O!
And there in fortune's ray,
I'll be happy Dancer O!

The Ministers may fall amain,
The country may be rent in twain,
I spurn them with my heel,
Like Sammy Dubble's prancer O!
No one can charge me with a ste(a)l,
I'll cling unto my treasure, O,
And e'er will be the Dancer O,
The Dancer O!
No one can charge me with a ste(a)l,
I'll e'er will be the Dancer O!

SCENE IV.

(*Nomet's study. He enters in a rage. Hat in one hand and big stick in the other*)

Nomet.—Pest and malediction! All is lost! I have been ruined and betrayed! Hardly a week ago at the banquet, after the laying the corner stone of the Female Prison, I boasted that we were stronger than ever, and here we are down. Down, down, unexpectedly, unaccountably, irretrievably. Oh! what have I done to merit such a stroke? It is too bad, too bad. And how our enemies rage! The *Herald* has given up its namby-pamby queries—"Is it a job"—and comes out full blast. That can't be the work of the good natured old Senator. It is due to that irrepressible little fellow in the office, whom I always said we should watch closely, for he is an awful Grit. Then there is the *Gazette*. So long as its editor was down Board-of-Traile-playing in Charlottetown and St. John, it was either silent or meticulous, but when he returned, on the day of that infernal Chaboillez Square meeting, he caught up the popular cry and shouted even louder than the rest. David and McGauvran gave in at the first attack, as I knew they would, but I thought that Beaubien had more pluck. Starnes of course, followed the tide. He actually left the company of the ladies to come and make the most violent of the speeches against us. The English have risen and will oppose us. Oh! there is no hope. I must call in my councillors. This is too much for me. *Garçon!*

(*Garçon appears.*)

Nomet.—Call in Mr. Charambault!

Garçon.—Gone to L'Assomption, sir.

Nomet. The deuce he has. Just like him to be away when most wanted. *Garçon!*

Garçon.—Sir!

Nomet.—Call Mr. Chaplaw.

Garçon.—Gone to the United States, sir.

Nomet.—Holy snuff! But yes, I forgot, the poor fellow asked my permission. *Garçon!*

Garçon.—Sir!

Nomet.—Call Mr. Dancero.

Garçon.—Gone to the seaside, sir.

Nomet.—Thunder and molasses candy! But this is distraction. They have all conspired to leave me here alone to breast the storm. And Robertson is away in England, financiering à la Dr. Bernard. And Fortin is away in Gaspésie. And Irvine has left us like a traitor. There remains only Ross and he is of no use, for he knows nothing. Oh! I shall go crazy. Not yet two years in office and obliged to leave it. It is impossible. It is outrageous. But I will not give up. Where is the good sword which I bore at LaRochelle? (*Sinks into an arm chair*) But it is—useless; useless—*Tout est perdu—perdu—fors*—(*Swoons before being able to pronounce the last word and the curtain drops over it also.*)

RECENT LITERATURE.

THE LIVING LINK.*

Professor DeMille's last novel is no improvement on his earlier productions. It would have been better for the author's fame if it had never been written, for in its pages the master hand that produced "The Dodge Club" is nowhere recognizable. Like his other works of fiction, "The Living Link" is intended to be intensely sensational, but, unlike its predecessors, it is sensational without being interesting. It has neither the fascination of "Cord and Creese," nor the sparkling *verve* and crispness of "The Dodge Club." But the feature most fatal to its success is the preposterous *invraisemblance* that characterizes the whole plot. From beginning to end, the situations are ludicrously forced, while the events upon which the story hinges are so glaringly unreal, so unlike anything that ever happened in the nineteenth century, that the effect is to extinguish utterly any little interest that may have been excited in the reader's mind by the perusal of the early chapters of the book. The heroine's imprisonment in her own house by her own father—who has assumed a false character in order to escape detection and the penalty that is visited on the returned convict—could only have been evolved by a most painful stretch of the imagination. The episode of the murder and the finding of the body in the well reads like Charles Reade's description of the disappearance and supposed murder of Griffith Gaunt—minus Charles Reade's vigour and originality—and the subsequent events, the trial, the acquittal of the accused owing to the providential appearance of the supposed victim in the character of the victim—a character which he is allowed to assume without question or attempt at identification—form a tissue of the wildest conceptions ever put on paper. Miss Braddon is generally allowed to be the sensation writer *par excellence* of the day, but she is completely out-Braddon by Professor De Mille. In his little volume of 170 pages he manages to introduce a forgery, a murder, a case of transportation, a returned convict, a persecuted heiress, a secret marriage, a supposed murder, a trial, a long lost wife, a ditto son, a villain, a private lunatic asylum, a maniac baronet, a handsome lover, a mad dog, and a happy marriage. Surely a surfeit of sensations that would suffice Miss Braddon for half a dozen novels.

COOMASSIE AND MAGDALA.†

In a thick volume of over five hundred pages Mr. Henry Stanley has collected the facts relating to the Abyssinian and Ashantee expeditions as described by him in his special correspondence to the New York *Herald*. Both stories are naturally full of interest and are told with a vivacity and graphic power that make them doubly acceptable. Unfortunately, however, they have been given to the world before they had been put into proper shape, and the result is an amount of bad grammar and vicious construction that would shame an ordinarily well educated school boy. In his preface Mr. Stanley states that much of what he formerly wrote—by which we presume he means the story of Magdala—was re-written several times. This is an unfortunate confession, as it irresistibly leads one to the conclusion that the errors with which the book is so plentifully beset are the result, not of carelessness, but sheer ignorance. With this one exception, fault there is none to find. The book is one of great value, as a record of two of the most brilliantly successful expeditions undertaken by British troops, and its perusal will unfailingly give the reader much satisfaction.

THE MAID OF FLORENCE. A TRAGEDY.‡

This little work possesses considerable merit on the ground of its correct sentiment, elevation of thought, and general smoothness of versification. As a dramatic composition, it reads well enough, but is hardly adapted to representation on the stage. The story is one of life in Italy towards the close of the thirteenth century, and illustrates the peculiar social and political conditions of the country during one of the most turbulent periods in its history.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

STATUE OF JACQUES-CARTIER.

This handsome statue has been offered by the sculptor, M. Rochet of Paris, to the Corporation of Montreal, on the condition that the city should pay the cost of casting and the artist's travelling expenses—in all about \$5000. The offer is now under consideration by the Road Committee. The statue is to be of bronze, and will measure twelve feet in height. Seven years ago M. Rochet, who is, we understand, a descendant of Jacques Cartier, made the same offer to the corporation, but it was declined.

* The Living Link. A Novel. By Prof. James De Mille, Author of "Cord and Creese," &c. 8vo. Cloth. Illustrated. Pp. 171. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

† Coomassie and Magdala: The Story of Two British Campaigns in Africa. By Henry M. Stanley, Author of "How I Found Livingstone." 8vo. Cloth. Illustrated. Pp. 510. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

‡ The Maid of Florence, or, A Woman's Revenge. A Tragedy in Five Acts. Cloth, 120. Pp. 128. Price, 50 cents. London: Sampson, Lowe & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clarke & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

THE YORK PIONEERS' CELEBRATION.

This Society, the members of which are all early settlers in Muddy Little York—now the city of Toronto—held their annual picnic on the 6th inst., in the Queen's Park, the spot selected being just north of the Ridgway monument. The gathering was not a very numerous one. A bazaar for the sale of useful and fancy articles was held, the proceeds of which were in aid of the Home about to be established for poor and aged pioneers. During the afternoon an impromptu meeting was held at which speeches were delivered by Col. R. Denison, President of the Society, who acted as chairman, Mr. J. Merritt of St. Catharines, and the Rev. Mr. Carroll.

THE FIRE ON THE CANAL BANK, MONTREAL.

The most destructive fire which has occurred in Montreal for many years past took place on the morning of the 9th inst., and burnt with great fury for over four hours, destroying property to the value of over one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, and at times threatening to destroy almost the entire business portion of the city situate on the canal bank. The fire commenced in Henderson's saw mill and lumber yard at the St. Joseph Basin, after destroying which it leapt across the road and consumed one of the Government flour sheds, together with a steamer, a corporation dredge, and a barge. One man lost his life by drowning during the progress of the conflagration.

FIRE AT THE GLENORA MILL.

These splendid mills, known all over Canada as the property of A. W. Oxilvie & Co., were partially destroyed by fire in the forenoon of Thursday, the 13th inst. The mill property consisting of what is known as the little and big mill, destroyed, and the adjoining building is slightly damaged. Ten run of stones were on the ground floor. The fire originated in the elevator warehouse, and is believed to have been caused by the friction of new machinery. However, the mill was generally overhauled some two months ago, and everything, it is stated, was running well. The report that the upsetting of a lamp caused the fire is discredited. It appears that a labourer named Dionne, a comparatively young man, had been sent that morning to the loft of the mill for the purpose of gathering in the grue, a waste matter which is produced by the grinding of the wheat. He was up in the loft at the time of the fire commencing, and was not missed during the first excitement. About eleven o'clock the firemen managed to get into this loft, and there, right beneath a window, discovered the body of a man slightly burned. He lay face downwards in the grue, and appeared to have been smothered. He leaves a wife and a family. A quantity of bran which was stored in the back of the warehouse is damaged. A bin full of flour in the mill, and which was of a funnel shape, received so much water that the extra pressure burst out the solid brick wall of the mill, and a liquid mess like starch, milk white, poured out over the grimy and charred timbers of the roof which had fallen down into the yard. The damage is believed to amount to about \$30,000, though estimates run as high as \$40,000.

THE FIREMEN'S GATHERING AT HAMILTON.

The annual gathering of the firemen of Ontario took place on the 6th inst. at Hamilton. Brigades were present from Buffalo, N. Y., Lockport, N. Y., Niagara, Drummondville, St. Catharines, Cobourg, Oshawa, Napanee, Whitby, Ingersoll, Port Hope, Woodstock, Stratford, Bowmanville, Galt, Brantford, and Dundas. Several bands also visited the city, including three from Buffalo and one from Lockport. On the arrival of the visitors the firemen adjourned to the Gore, where the procession was formed. After parading through the city, dinner was served in the Crystal Palace, which had been specially decorated for the occasion; and in the evening a grand display of fireworks was given in the Palace grounds under the direction of Prof. Hand.

THE ATTEMPT ON BISMARCK'S LIFE

is an old story now. Our illustration may be relied upon as an accurate representation of the scene, as it is after a sketch by Herr Arnold, court-painter to the Emperor, who happened to witness Kullman's abortive endeavour to take the Chancellor's life. Since the attempt the German papers are full of details about Kullman. The *North German Gazette* has scarcely had room for anything else since the date of the attack, and in its last issue it prints an anonymous threatening letter, written in illiterate German, and addressed to the Chancellor, which, if we may decide on internal evidence, can hardly be from the pen of the Catholic enemy to whom it is attributed. Nothing could be more unlike the arts of the Jesuits, who, we are assured, are at the bottom of the whole matter, than this very frank missive. The letter bears the post mark of Salzburg of (the native place, we are told, of the priest Hanthaler) 15/7, 74, and is as follows:—"Bismarck,—We Catholics have just read that you have been struck by a ball, but are sorry you have received no injury, which is a source of great regret to all the Catholic clergy. We warn you that if war should break out you will be the first for whom a bullet is cast; for we Catholics owe it to you that there is conflict and disturbance among the people. You are not worthy of the high position you occupy in the Reichstag; and bear in mind that you are regarded with hatred by those of both high and low positions. One for all Roman Catholic Christians." The same paper which prints this letter says that the circular of the Minister of Justice just issued expressly states that illegal deeds, and even crimes like that of Kullman, are traceable to the influence of the Ultramontane agitation and especially to the press. The *Gazette* adds that instructions have also been issued by the Ministry to the police to keep a strict watch on the Catholic associations.

DE GROOF AND HIS FLYING MACHINE.

Another accident to swell the long list that mars the history of aerial navigation occurred last month at the Cremerne Gardens, near London. The victim was a M. De Groof, a native of Liege, who has spent a large fortune in repeated attempts to construct a flying apparatus on the model of a bird's wings. The unfortunate gentleman, having reduced himself to penury by his efforts and experiments, sent lately to London where he gave an exhibition of his plans and machinery, with a view to obtaining pecuniary assistance in continuing his experiments. His first attempt being moderately successful, a second exhibition was advertised when the "Flying Man," and