

satyr is the savage, half man, half brute. Free countries have Apennines, Alps, Pyrenees, an Olympus. Parnassus is a mountain. Mont Blanc is the colossal auxiliary of William Tell. Below and above those immense struggles of souls against the night which fills the poems of India, the Himalayas may be seen. Greece, Spain, Italy, Helvetia have for force the mountain; Cimmericia, be it Germany or Brittany, has the wood. The forest is barbarous.

The configuration of soil decides many of man's actions. The earth is more his accomplice than people believe. In presence of certain savage landscapes one is tempted to exonerate man and criminate creation: one feels a certain hidden provocation on the part of nature; the desert is sometimes unhealthy for the conscience, especially for the conscience that is little illuminated; conscience may be a giant—then it produces a Socrates, a Christ; it may be a dwarf—then it moulds Atrous and Judas. The narrow conscience becomes quickly reptile in its instincts; forests where twilight reigns, the bushes, the thorns, the marshes beneath the branches, all have a fatal attraction for it; it undergoes the mysterious infiltration of evil persuasions. Optical illusions, unexplained mirages, the terrors of the hour, or the scene, throw man into this sort of fright, half religious, half bestial, which engenders superstition in ordinary times, and brutality at violent epochs. Hallucinations hold the torch which lights the road to murder. The brigand is dizzy by a vertigo. Nature in her immensity has a double meaning which dazzles great minds and blinds savage souls. When man is ignorant, when his desert is peopled with visions, the obscurity of solitude adds itself to the obscurity of intelligence; hence come depths in the human soul black and profound as an abyss. Certain rocks, certain ravines, certain thickets, certain wild openings in the trees through which light looks down, push men on to mad and atrocious actions. One might almost say that there are places which are the home of the spirit of evil.

How many tragic sights have been watched by the sombre hill between Baignon and Piélan!

Vast horizons lead the soul on to wide, general ideas; circumscribed horizons engender narrow, one-sided conceptions, which condemn great hearts to be little in point of soul. Jean Chouan was an example of this truth. Broad ideas are hated by partial ideas; this is, in fact, the struggle of progress.

Neighbourhood—country. These two words sum up the whole of the Vendean war; a quarrel of the local idea against the universal—of the peasant against the patriot.

VII.—BRITANNY THE REBEL.

Brittany is an ancient rebel. Each time she revolted during two thousand years she was in the right; but the last time she was wrong. Still at bottom, against the revolution as against monarchy, against the acting representatives as against governing dukes and peers, against the rules of assignats as against the sway of excise officer; whosoever might be the men who fought, Nicolas Rabin, François de la None, Captain Pluviant, and the Lady of La Garnache, Stofflet, Coquereau, and Lechandelier de Pierreville; under De Rohan against the king and under La Rochejacquelein for the king, it was always the same war that Brittan waged—the war of the local spirit against the central.

Those ancient provinces were ponds; that stagnant water could not bear to flow; the wind which swept across did not revivify, it irritated them.

Finistère formed the bounds of France; there the space given to man ended, and the march of generations stopped. "Halt!" the ocean cried to the land, to barbarism and to civilization. Each time that the centre—Paris—gives an impulse, whether that impulse comes from royalty or republicanism, whether it be in the interest of despotism or liberty, it is something new, and Brittany bristles up against it. "Leave us in peace! what is it they want of us?" The Marais seizes the pitchfork, the Bocage its carbine. All our attempts, our initiative movement in legislation and in education, our encyclopedias, our philosophies, our genius, our glories, all fall before the Houroux; the tocsin of Bazouges menaces the French Revolution, the moor of Faon rises in rebellion against the voice of our towns, and the bell of the Haut-des-Pères declares war against the Tower of the Louvre.

Terrible blindness. The Vendean insurrection was the result of a fatal misunderstanding.

A colossal scuffle, a jangling of Titans, an immeasurable rebellion, destined to leave in history only one word—the Vendée—word illustrious yet dark; committing suicide for the absent, devoted to egotism, passing its time in making to cowardice the offer of a boundless bravery; without calculation, without strategy, without tactics, without plan, without aim, without chief, without responsibility; showing to what extent Will can be impotent; chivalric and savage; absurdity at its climax, a building up a barrier of black shadows against the light; ignorance making a long resistance at once idiotic and superb against justice, right, reason, and deliverance; the terror of eight years, the rendering desolate fourteen departments, the devastation of fields, the destruction of har-

vests, the burning of villages, the ruin of cities, the pillage of houses, the massacre of women and children, the torch in the thatch, the sword in the heart, the terror of civilization, the hope of Mr. Pitt; such was this war, the unreasoning of the parricide.

In short, by proving the necessity of perforating in every direction the old Breton shadows, and piercing this thicket with arrows of light from every quarter at once, the Vendée served Progress. The catastrophes had their uses.

PART THE THIRD.

IN VENDÉE.

BOOK THE FIRST.

I.—PLUSQUAM CIVILLA BELLA.

The summer of 1792 had been very rainy; the summer of 1793 was dry and hot. In consequence of the civil war there were no roads left, so to speak, in Brittany. Still it was possible to get about, thanks to the beauty of the season. Dry fields make an easy route.

At the close of a lovely July day, about an hour before sunset, a man on horseback, who came from the direction of Avranches, drew rein before the little inn called the Croix-Brancard, which stood at the entrance of Pontorson, and which for years past had borne this inscription on its sign—"Good cider sold here." It had been warm all day, but the wind was beginning now to rise.

This traveller was enveloped in an ample cloak which covered the back of his horse. He wore a broad hat with a tri-coloured cockade, which was a sufficiently bold thing to do in this country of hedges and gunshots, where a cockade was a target. The cloak, fastened about his neck, was thrown back to leave his arms free, and beneath glimpses could be had of a tri-coloured sash and two pistols thrust in it. A sabre hung down below the cloak. At the sound of the horse's hoofs the door of the inn opened and the landlord appeared, a lantern in his hand. It was the intermediate hour between day and night; still light along the highway, but dark in the house. The host looked at the cockade. "Citizen," said he, "do you stop here?"

"No."
"Where are you going then?"
"To Dol."
"In that case go back to Avranches or remain at Pontorson."

"Why?"
"Because there is fighting at Dol."
"Ah!" said the horseman.
Then he added: "Give my horse some oats."
The host brought the trough, emptied a measure of oats into it, and took the bridle off the horse, which began to snuff and eat.

The dialogue continued.
"Citizen, is that a horse of requisition?"
"No."
"It belongs to you?"
"Yes. I bought and paid for it."
"Where do you come from?"
"Paris."
"Not direct?"
"No."
"I should think not! The roads are closed. But the post runs still."

"As far as Alençon. I left it there."
"Ah! Very soon there will be no longer any posts in France. There are no more horses. A horse worth three hundred francs costs six hundred, and fodder is beyond all price. I have been postmaster and now I am keeper of a cookshop. Out of thirteen hundred and thirteen postmasters that there used to be, two hundred have resigned. Citizen, you travelled according to the new tariff?"

(To be continued.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

AUG. 5.—The French Assembly, having passed the Budget, has adjourned.

The Public Worship Regulation Bill has passed the House of Commons.

The German Government deny that they intend interfering with the Carlists.

Beauchesne, Conservative, has been returned for Bonaventure to the Quebec Local House.

There is strong opposition in St. John to the appointment of Mr. Brydges as Superintendent of the Intercolonial Railway.

AUG. 6.—The bill of exceptions in Tweed's case has been signed by the District Attorney.

The order for the British squadron to go to Barcelona has been countermanded.

The difficulty between China and Japan seems to become more serious every day.

Judge Morris says there never was a case so strongly fortified on all points as his client Tilton's.

The bodies of several additional victims of the steamer Rogers disaster have been recovered and recognized.

There has been a terrible gale off the coast of Aberdeenshire, and it is feared that several overdue fishing boats have been lost.

Ulloa, Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, has addressed a circular note to the European Powers protesting against the Carlists.

AUG. 7.—In a cricket match, at London, England, between the American Base Ball clubs and the English team the former won.

The Argentine Republic is now in telegraphic communication with the United States.

There has been rioting at elections between the whites and blacks at several points in the south and south-west.

Governor Dix has ordered an investigation into the charges against Mayor Havemeyer, of New York. The investigation will be conducted by the State Attorney-General before a judge.

Shocks of earthquake, accompanied by unusual noises underground, have greatly startled the inhabitants in the quiet parish of St. Basil, County of Portneuf, who are reported as fleeing from the locality where these strange phenomena are occurring, possibly in the expectation that a volcano is about to break forth and inundate the surrounding country with a sea of red-hot lava. Further developments are looked for.

The Queen's speech, on proroguing Parliament, refers to the friendly relations with foreign powers, and England's position in regard to the International Congress at Brussels; it favours the renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty between Canada and the United States; it expresses regret at the condition of Spain, but favours non-intervention; it rejoices at the suppression of the slave trade and the pacification of the Gold Coast; the passing of the Factory Act, by which over-work will be prevented; also the Public Worship Regulation Bill.

AUG. 8.—The Pope is intending to create four new cardinals. Japanese troops are still in occupation of the island of Formosa.

It is said that Mr. Disraeli intends visiting Ireland at an early date.

Small-pox is raging in Jamaica. An earthquake was felt on the island on this date.

Colonel Miles, with an expeditionary force, is about to take the field in Texas against the Indians.

The French Government have agreed to withdraw the warship "Orenoque" from Civita Vecchia.

Two thousand steerage passengers sailed this day from New York on Euro pean-bound steamers.

There was a serious riot at Portsmouth, England, to-day, on account of the pier authorities having closed up a thoroughfare.

The German Government are said to have notified their representatives abroad of the time having arrived for the recognition of the Spanish Republic.

Marshal Serrano notifies the Powers that the Spanish Government intend declaring the blockade of the Gulf of Calabria, against which England protests.

AUG. 10.—Sioux Indians report that the Arapahoes and Cheyennes are preparing for war.

It is rumoured that Sir Alexander Cockburn is about to resign his Chief-Justiceship.

Gen. Dorregaray, the commander of the Carlist army, has resumed hostilities in Navarre.

Telegraphic communication between Uruguay and the United States has been completed.

News comes from Bombay of terrible floods in Upper Scinde, by which several towns have been swept away.

The Governor-General of Havana orders the United States to collect a Customs duty of 50 per cent. on gold imported from Cuba.

The Government advertise for tenders for the Pembina branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, giving a fortnight's notice for the reception of the tenders.

The London Telegraph states that Russia has consented to recognise the Spanish Republic. Germany intends to follow suit, and asks Austria to do the same.

A cable despatch from Ireland announce the death of Jack Hussey, formerly captain of the "Mulligan Guards," and who has, within the last ten years, saved seventeen persons from drowning.

Moulton says his statement will not be given to the press till eleven o'clock this morning. The Brooklyn Argus says the statement covers more than twice the amount of the MS. used by Tilton in his deposition, and is based entirely on documentary evidence. From the brief summary given by the Argus, revelations not very favourable to Beecher are expected. The Brooklyn Eagle, however, gives an exactly opposite report of the statement, declaring that Moulton's evidence is very favourable to Beecher.

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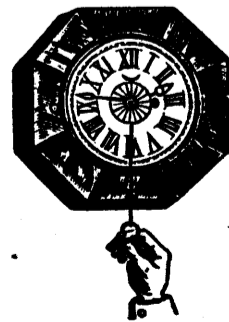
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