

functionary arrived at half-past six, followed by six agents and several mounted gendarmes, who kept the crowd from the door. After having in vain demanded entrance, the Commissioner unbarred the door of the parlor, where he found the Father Rector. The Commissioner was polite and respectful. In the meantime we had all been brought together in a long corridor, where the Commissioner joined in, followed by his indispensable agents. Around us was a considerable group of our friends—noblemen and deputies.

"Where are the British subjects?" asked the Commissioner. Then the Canadians advanced and protested in a loud voice against the summons that they should leave the house at once. And they added, "We appeal to the British Embassy and shall leave only if we are compelled by force." The Commissioner laid his hand upon the shoulder of each of us, and we went into the parlor where we drew up a formal protest and signed it. After this, passing through the crowd where we saw sorrow and indignation depicted on every countenance, we left the peaceful solitude of St. Acheul, to go to the railway station, and thence onward, asking of Protestant England, an asylum which was refused us by France."

We have said that we shall make no comment on this narrative. Practically the protest of these Canadians amounted to nothing, as England did not interfere with the enforcement of French laws, but the singular contrast remains of the way in which certain ideas are interpreted under a tried constitutional government, and one that is still in the throes of experiment. There is no country, under the sun, the United States not excepted, where personal liberty is better understood and practised than in England, and none the immunity of whose flag is more scrupulously respected. We quite admit that the circumstances of France are peculiar, and that we cannot judge her by our own standards, but it remains true that we have the absolute right to congratulate ourselves on the entire freedom guaranteed to every man, woman, and child by the British constitution.

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

"HOW WIGWAMS ARE MADE."

(Respectfully dedicated to the "Boys.")

Dozens and dozens of former Hamiltonians who are now scattered throughout the Dominion, the neighbouring States and elsewhere, as well as hundreds of the present citizens themselves, will, if the above line happens to catch their eye, pause, reflect, and then indulge in a broad grin. "HOW WIGWAMS ARE MADE." It is a simple sentence, truly, but the associations therewith interwoven will have a more powerful awakening effect than would any half dozen important or startling announcements. To those who are far away, it will call to mind the days when they sojourned in Hamilton; each of their old friends and associates will pass in review before their mental gaze and numerous pleasant social episodes will be enjoyed over again. No matter what their circumstances may be to-day; whether fortune may have smiled or frowned upon them in their new homes, or whether they have any homes at all, their memories will teem with recollections of their old days and their inner thoughts will centre round the beaming face of one whom they used to call "Billy."

"Billy is one of the boys," said the chief editor of one of the daily papers, not long since, in the presence of a small but select company, and, it may be added, "Billy HAS BEEN one of the boys for some time, consequently it is safe to assert that the same Billy is pretty well acquainted in the city, and more or less known outside of it. Seldom do any of his numerous friends, or, indeed, any of the innumerable acquaintances of his associates, meet him without a vain endeavour not to smile as they remember his now celebrated story entitled, 'How Wigwams Are Made.'"

He never claimed that there was much merit in the story; it was a simple little anecdote of his own manufacture, a few of which he always kept on hand to launch out whenever a suitable opportunity presented itself. During all the years it was before the public it never met with anything that could be construed into a flat condemnation for the simple reason that nobody had ever heard any more of the story than its name.

"What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet."

That may be all very true, Mr. William

Shakespeare, but there is one thing certain—no other name would have answered for "Billy's" story. Its name gained for it a triumphant success from the word "go." That popularity clung to it for years, and gained in volume as it increased in age. The author never had any trouble with it, never even had occasion to tell the story until a year or two ago. The facts in this remarkable case are about as follows:

Several years ago there was a circle of about a dozen young fellows who were all very intimate. "Billy" had the honour as well as the pleasure of being one of them. They were a festive crew, fond of joviality, musical, poetical, exceedingly mirthful, delighted in social reunions whereat the flowing bowl was not altogether allegorical and were, withal, eminently respectable. After many meetings of an exceedingly interesting nature, a brilliant idea struck (accidentally of course) one of them, to wit, that upon each and every occasion of a united gathering, each of the baker's dozen should subscribe five dollars towards purchasing a present for some one of the crew, not so much for its intrinsic value, you know, but for the associations connected therewith, &c. The new feature was a success and the club prospered. The programme at such gatherings was a novel one. No set speeches—no indeed—if any one attempted such a thing he suffered. Sharp sayings, interruptions, cross firing, flashes of wit; a spontaneous outburst of satire, irony, and mirthfulness. In due time a BRILLIANT idea struck another member, and when he had succeeded in disencumbering himself of the unusual burden, the balance of the party coincided with the proposition viz., that the club should give a grand dinner at which should be invited some twenty or thirty of their outside friends. Among others "Billy" had a poetic friend who lived in a neighbouring town, and he sent him the following invitation:—

"Dear old Friend,—A few intellectual friends intend having a little dinner on— evening, and I would be glad to have you with us. Prepare a little poem in your usual able style for the occasion, and I will be ever so much obliged. Let me know by what train you will arrive and I will meet you at the station. In haste,

"Yours devotedly,
"BILLY."

"P.S.—I might say our ultimate object is historical. There will be many speakers. So pray pardon me for suggesting a short poem."

According to promise "Billy" met his poetic friend at the station and was not long in discovering that there was more vanity than poetry about him. In this he was mistaken, however, for he did not know the contents of his poetic friend's valise.

The dinner was a splendid affair. There had been a kind of mutual understanding among the members that they should behave themselves, if possible. The guests were a fine looking lot of Canadian gentlemen, and embraced newspaper men, lawyers, merchants, and not least in personal appearance amongst them was "Billy's" poetic friend. The evening was a most enjoyable one, every body seemed in the very best humour; toast followed toast, and song after song went forth and everything indicated that everybody was alive to enjoyment. At the proper time the happy chairman arose and in the most felicitous language proposed the toast, "The Goddess of Poetry, may she continue to put the finishing touch on the handiwork of civilization."

After the applause subsided the poetic friend arose in a most dignified manner, and while he was saying "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, on this auspicious occasion," he was carefully arranging twelve sheets of foolscap in front of him. "Billy" shuddered, but then he remembered the promise of his friends and looked happy. The subject of the poem was "The Noble Red Man of Long Ago." The poet found him some two hundred years ago and followed him in every stage from that day to this. Reader, were you ever at a public dinner? Do you know what it is to have the free, happy gush of a witty assembly interrupted by a long, prosy address that interests nobody but the speaker? Can you understand what is meant by the application of a wet blanket? Then fancy the feelings of that once jovial company. Everybody looked daggers at "Billy," the members of the club felt that he had played a lark upon them; the guests looked weary, there was a terrible feeling of uneasiness. The poem was finished but everybody seemed speechless.

"Billy" was the first to recover himself. Rising to his feet he looked around with a merry twinkle in his eyes and said, "he thought their distinguished friend, the poet, deserved the thanks of the company for having exterminated that red man in the short period of one hour and three-quarters."

A wag at the other end of the table suggested that the poet do now exterminate himself, and then began a fierce onslaught of sharp shooting and cross-firing, which ended in a tremendous charge of utmost confusion.

When the hilarious laughter was once more got under control, "Billy" was found still holding his ground. His quick eye had caught the drift of the tumult, he immediately decided upon a line of action. A calm, quiet, neat little joke was all that was required to recover order and put the assembly in its former trim. Yes, now was the opportune time to launch forth that little anecdote which had so long been hid away in his mind. Accordingly, waving his hand majestically above his head, he

shouted, "My friends, it all reminds me of a little story that was related to me by a very dear English friend who was, at one time, hunting in the Far West. It is a rather humorous scrap and he called it 'How Wigwams are Made'—'Sit down'—'shoot him'—'exterminate both of them'—'we have had enough of the far West for one night,' &c., &c., was the kind of reception that "Billy's" story met with. Do what he would the audience was determined not to have any more nonsense about the red man, or wigwams, or the Far West. He saw his mistake; there was nothing for him to do but beat an honourable retreat and fall back into the arms of his spacious chair.

The festive dinner soon after came to an end. Next morning the daily paper contained among its local items an account of the club entertainment, and among other things it said "Mr. Billy entertained the assembly at some length as to the architecture and manner of construction of those once useful commodities called wigwams, which we understand are now obsolete." The evening paper of the same day contained a report to a similar purport, with the addition that "owing to the lateness of the hour the balance of the story as to 'How Wigwams are Made,' had to be held over until the next meeting."

As can easily be imagined Mr. Billy had to stand a considerable amount of chaffing about his wigwam story for some weeks. But he was one of the "boys" and he took it good-naturedly apparently, and the more good-naturedly he stood it the more chaff he was supplied with, free, gratis by his acquaintances of both sexes. He concluded that he would get even with them some way.

One wet Sunday afternoon the gentlemen of the club were lounging in their comfortable room when "Billy" accidentally walked in among them. He had scarcely had time to put away his waterproof before one of them suggested "Now is the time for the rest of the wigwam story." It was a happy thought of the mischievous scamp, and in an instant all were crying out for the rest of the story. "Billy" stood for a moment smiling, and thought now is the time (in vulgar parlance) to get the "bulge" on the boys.

"All right," said he, "I will relate the little story on one condition, and that is that all solemnly promise not to interrupt me until I have finished."

"Agreed," was the unanimous declamation. "Billy" then slowly and deliberately drew from his pocket the same identical poem the "Noble Red Man" which his poetic friend had left with him in disgust. He read slowly for upwards of an hour when the bulk of the party remembered that they had engagements somewhere.

Next day both the newspapers contained an announcement that "Mr. Billy had completed the second chapter of his celebrated wigwam story and it is still to be continued."

There was nothing mean about "Billy"; he would not take anything that did not belong to him; he could not claim a victory under the circumstances, so he smiled and called it another drawn battle. Meantime the general public seemed to be taking considerable interest in the mysterious wigwam story.

A week later Mrs. So-and-so gave a grand private ball at her mansion and a majority of the "baker's dozen of the club" were present. The attendance was very large and there was scarcely room for all to dance at once. The lady of the house extended to our friend "Billy" a most cordial welcome, and so did the guests, for, indeed, they were all well acquainted with him. He was not long, however, in discovering that his club-mates had made good use of their time. It was not an uncommon thing for him to have some of the charming young ladies say to him laughingly,

"O, please do, Mr. Billy; do tell us how those horrid things called wigwams are made." If he popped his head into the smoking-room he was sure to be accosted with—"Well, Billy, old boy, tell us about wigwams," and so on, &c.

After the sumptuous supper had been partaken of, the guests were already collecting in groups in the spacious drawing-room where the Misses Krowndownskis and the Winterstanleybourns alternately entertained the smiling audience with delightful music. But even this, in time, ceased, and during the lull before dancing was resumed, Mr. Officiousness, a lawyer, went bouncing about the room and finally brought up in front of the hostess who was quietly conversing with Mr. Billy. After a word or two with the lady, he walked over, and, taking up a position in the front of the piano looked as though he was going to address a jury. He was blessed with one glass eye, some false teeth, and very likely had considerable false hair on the top of his head. Smiling in the most bland manner, he said,

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have been requested by our hostess to call upon Mr. Billy to favour us with the last part of his famous wigwam story."

The announcement met with a right merry reception, and "Billy" himself could not help laughing. The company would not take any excuse and the lawyer with the glass eye, new teeth and false hair, was the principal spokesman on behalf of the company. In fact, he looked as though he felt that the company was under an obligation to him for affording them this rare amusement.

"Billy" looked about in his usual quiet way, and said, pleasantly,

"Really, ladies and gentlemen, there is no merit in the story you desire me to tell."

But the lawyer insisted all the more, and walking over he gently took "Billy" by the arm and conducted him to a conspicuous position in front of the piano and seemed determined to stand by him until he had succeeded in making a complete fool of himself. But Mr. Billy's wits had not deserted him; he was equal to the emergency and appeared to enjoy the joke as much as anybody in the room. Bowing in the most polite manner, he said a number of pleasant little things, which kept the audience in a state of merriment; he concluded as follows:

"I am very happy to say that I never had occasion to make a wigwam for myself, but I have confidence in the word of my dear English friend, who is now in New Zealand, and I know he would not tell a lie. He imparted the knowledge to me in secret, but as our friend, Mr. Officiousness, seems to be so anxious to obtain the information, I am very glad I am in a position to be of service to him."

I daresay that after a few trials he will be an ardent supporter of the opinion of my dear departed English friend, viz: "that the only safe and reliable method of making a wigwam is to hold it before the fire for a few minutes."

The climax was so utterly unexpected; Mr. Officiousness looked so seriously comical; the whole thing turned out so amusingly absurd, that the audience could not suppress the laughter for several minutes.

"Victory at last," said "Billy," as he blushing received the congratulations of the company.

And now out of respect for the memory of all dear old friends who used to laugh about (but not at) the wigwam story, I will be careful just now not to tell them who wrote it.

W. F. McMAHON.

Hamilton, Oct., 1880.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, Oct. 18.—Pleuro-pneumonia is reported among cattle in Lancashire.—Russia is about to make a thorough survey of the Korean coast.—Trains blocked by snow on American western roads yesterday.—The Porte is contemplating asking Turkish bondholders for another loan.—Madrid newspapers are agitating a revision of the Treaty of Utrecht.—The Albanian chiefs had another consultation, and decided to defend Duleigno.—Prince Jerome Bocarapic declines to resign his pretensions to the Imperial throne.—Sitting Bull has sent in an application to surrender to the military authorities at Fort Keogh.—Major Carrington gained a great victory over a large force of Basutos outside Mafeteng on Friday.—Cardinal Casimiri, at present Papal Nuncio at Vienna, is to succeed Cardinal Nina as Papal Secretary of State.

TUESDAY, Oct. 19.—Negotiations between China and Japan respecting the Loo Choo question are said to be on the way towards a peaceable conclusion.—Public opinion in Athens is strongly in favour of tackling the Turks single-handed, without regard to support from the other Powers.—Upwards of a million and a half head of cattle, sheep and horses are said to have been destroyed in a terrific snow-storm which occurred in Buenos Ayres on the 18th ult.—The Viceroy of India has notified the Home Government of the evacuation of the Kurram Valley by the British, and confirms the report of Ayoub Khan having entered Herat.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 20.—Cold and snowing in London yesterday.—Teheran despatches say the Kurds are retreating from Persia.—The threatened bombardment of Peruvian ports by the Chileans did not result in much damage.—The English Government are said to be contemplating extreme repressive measures in Ireland.—The Christians on the border land between Macedonia and Albania are said to be ripe for revolution.—Cape Town despatches announce the relief of Mafeteng by the Colonial forces after a desperate fight with the Basutos, who lost 300 killed.—The military had to be called out at Rennes, in France, yesterday, on account of disturbance caused by the enforcement of the Carmelite establishment of the March decrees.

THURSDAY, Oct. 21.—Spain and Portugal have been disturbed by shocks of earthquake.—It is said that Bismarck contemplates the amnesty of insubordinate priests.—The authorities have found it necessary to largely reinforce the police of Kerry.—Count Von Arnim is to be temporarily released to attend to private business in Berlin.—The British Government have assured Greece of aid and support in obtaining her claims against Turkey.—A Dublin despatch says the Crown law officers are busy preparing the indictment against the Land League agitators.—The Bishop and clergy of the diocese of Cork have formulated a land reform scheme, and denounced the Parnellite programme.—Telegraphic despatches from the West say it is rumoured that the propeller *Europe*, from Montreal to Chicago, was lost during the recent storm on the lakes.

FRIDAY, Oct. 22.—The Servian and Greek Ministries have resigned.—The position of the colonial forces in Basutoland is said to be growing exceedingly precarious.—The Prussian Government intends to amnesty Catholic priests suffering from the provisions of the Falk laws.—The Police Commissioners of Rennes resigned in a body in preference to executing the March decrees against the religious communities.—The British Consul at the Island of Samos has asked for a man-of-war to be sent there, on account of disturbances which have recently occurred on the island.—The captain of the whaling ship *Tropic Bird*, just arrived at San Francisco, believes that the *Jeannette* and the missing whalers will never be heard of again.—Negotiations with regard to the details of the cession of Duleigno, which came to a deadlock through the impossible conditions demanded by the Porte, have been resumed.—Warschafsky, a Russian army purveyor, has been arrested for defrauding the Government of 22,000,000 roubles in connection with the army supply contract during the late war.

SATURDAY, Oct. 23.—Fighting is reported from the Russo-Chinese frontier.—The French Chambers have been called together for the 9th proximo.—The Czar has had a relapse, and exhibited alarming symptoms of apoplexy.—The Reform Club is said to have raised a fund of £270,000 for election purposes.—Shipwrights and engineers in the Clyde yards are asking a 10 per cent. advance in wages.—Riza Pasha has peremptory orders from the Sultan to surrender Duleigno within five days.—Sir Theodore Martin is to be a candidate for the Lord Rectorship of Edinburgh University.—A number of Sligo tenants have been notified not to pay their rents in full, under pain of being shot.