

in some decisive contingency, and usually we were dispersed by twos and threes in the towns and villages. Each one pretended to have a trade: this one was a tinker, that one a horse-dealer, while I was a haberdasher; but I seldom ventured to the more important places because of my unfortunate affair at Seville. One day, or rather one night, Dancaire and I found ourselves riding in advance of the others. He seemed in high spirits.

"We are about to have another comrade," he said. 'Carmen has just played one of her best tricks: she has contrived the escape of her *rom*, who was at the *presidio** of Tarifa.'

"I already began to understand the gypsy tongue spoken by nearly all of my comrades, and this word *rom* gave me a shock. 'What! her husband! is she then married?' I stammered out to the captain.

"Yes, to Garcia, the One-eyed, a gypsy as crafty as herself. The poor fellow was in the galleys, but Carmen so cleverly netted the surgeon in her toils as to obtain the freedom of her *rom*. Ah! that girl is worth her weight in gold. She has been two years trying to effect his escape from prison, but there was no chance of success until official orders came to change the major, with whom it seems she quickly came to a good understanding.'

"You may imagine the satisfaction afforded me by this news. I soon saw Garcia, who was truly the most hideous monster that Bohemia ever engendered; black of skin, and still more black of soul, he was the most thorough scoundrel I have ever encountered. Carmen came with him, and when she called him her *rom* in my presence it was worth something to see the glances she gave me, and her grimaces when Garcia turned aside his head. I was indignant, and would not speak to her. The next morning we packed our luggage, and were already on our road when we perceived that a dozen troopers were in close pursuit. The Andalusian braggarts, who had previously spoken only of murdering every one, now wore a very pitiful air. There was a general flight. Dancaire, Garcia, a fine young fellow called Remendado and Carmen did not lose their wits, but the rest of the band abandoned the mules and plunged into the ravines where the horses could not follow them. We could not retain our animals, but hurriedly loosened the best part of our booty, packed it on our shoulders, and tried to escape through the rocks by the steepest declivities. We threw the packages before us and followed them down the best way we could in sliding on our heels. All this while the enemy kept up their fire; it was the first time that I had ever heard the whistle of balls, but it seemed to me of small moment. When one is under the eye of a woman there is little merit in mocking at death. We all escaped except poor Remendado, who received a shot in the loins. I threw down my package and tried to carry him.

"Imbecile!" shouted Garcia, 'what need have we of that carrion? Put an end to him, and do not lose the bale of cotton-hose.'

"Throw him down!" cried out Carmen.

"Overpowering fatigue forcing me to rest him for a moment under the shelter of a rock, Garcia advanced, and discharged his carbine full at his head. "Acute would he be who could recognize him now!" he said, looking at the poor face that twelve balls had torn to pieces.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

SIR,—Embodied by your liberality in affording space in your valuable columns, and your consequent interest in the matter of a Domestic Training School, permit me to congratulate the families of Montreal that at length a gentleman is about to establish a Training School with the assistance of a lady who has been trained at the National Cooking School at South Kensington, England, where, I am quite aware, every kind of cooking is perfectly taught. I am the more pleased to be aware of this, as in my former communication in your issue of July 3rd last, I earnestly suggested what I believed would prove to be the best mode of procedure in establishing a National School for Canada, for which every housekeeper has long since been sighing and the necessity admitted. I trust no mean or niggardly spirit will prevail to mar the success in this scheme now about to be inaugurated by Mr. Alfred Joyce of this city. I would like, however, Mr. Editor, to learn something more touching this notice, as I, as well as others, take great interest in the proposed undertaking. Is it intended to include any work beside cooking, which in itself will prove a great relief to the mothers of families and a joy to their husbands in a very large degree? Cooking is but one of the many things needing to be learnt in household matters, though I must admit it is really of the greatest importance, but if comfortable, cheerful and happy homes are to be desired by all (and we know they are) such work as sweeping, dusting, scrubbing, brightening, laundry, table-maid and pantry must be done, in all of which, alas! at present too many of both old and young are very deficient. It is quite true that in England the institution there for cooking is now self-supporting, but here in a comparatively new country we can hardly expect this, unless combined with other branches of domestic industries, knowledge of which is needed by all classes of society, which would cheerfully subscribe an annual sum of a few dollars towards its support. Thanking you for the space granted.

H. S.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—Amidst the conflicting interests, political, commercial, religious and civic, which more or less harass and distract many of your readers, anything relating to art and artists may, possibly, be unworthy their notice, no matter

* One of the penal colonies of Spain.

however good the one may be as a civilizer and a teacher, and however high the others may stand in their respective branches of art, or however great their power of imitating truly what they see in external nature, or the keen perception they may have of that which is beautiful in this our "land of forest and stream." Nevertheless, the subject which I bring under your notice will be interesting to a certain, and, I hope, a numerous class of your readers who are really lovers of art, and who have given liberal encouragement to Canadian artists to put forth their powers. The subject may be classed under the heading "Commercial morality or immorality" (?) but whether rightly or wrongly, I shall leave the sophists to decide.

Sometime ago there appeared a pompous and inelegant prospectus, issued by "The Art Publishing Company, Belden Bros., Managers, Toronto, Canada," announcing the publication of "the most elegant illustrated work on Canada ever produced . . . a work which will be the fullest exposition of our country—as it was and is—yet made; and a tribute to native art, and native genius, worthy of Canada and her people."

In the prospectus the public is informed that "the artists employed in it, 'Picturesque Canada,' a pictorial descriptive and historical delineation, from pen and pencil, by the best writers and artists, of the lakes, rivers and waterfalls," *et cetera, et cetera*, "of the land we live in, who embrace the highest ornaments to the profession in Canada; the engravers employed are the best to be procured in England or America, and as they will do their work here, it will be the means of introducing artistic workmen into Canada, and pave the way for the establishment of high-class engraving as a permanent profession. The literary portion of the work has been assigned to the best Canadian historical and descriptive writers, who accompany the artists, . . . The illustrations, as well as the letter-press, will be wholly Canadian, and may well be offered as a beautiful specimen of Canadian art and workmanship."

The reading of the prospectus brought to my mind the play-scene in *Hamlet*, wherein the *Player Queen* "protests too much," yet I hoped the prospectus would keep its word, especially as the canvasser "who accompanied" the prospectus assured me that the work would be thoroughly Canadian, that the paper was to be of Canadian manufacture, the type *ditto*, the original drawings were to be "made expressly" by Canadian artists, and chiefly by the members of the *Canadian Academy of Arts*, "under the special supervision of Mr. L. A. O'Brien, President of the Academy," who was about leaving for Europe to induce, by liberal offers, good wood-engravers in London, Paris and Berlin,—engravers, rivals to such men as Dalziel Brothers, W. J. Linton, O. Jewitt, and James Cooper,—to emigrate to Canada to cut the wood-blocks which were to be used in the illustrations of "Picturesque Canada." Believing the canvasser's statements, I became a subscriber for the work, and induced many others to follow my example.

From perfect report I find the prospectus has protested too much, and I learn that there will be a very wide departure from the statements made by the canvasser and by "the best writers" who were, doubtless, employed to write the prospectus, as many of the most prominent members of the Canadian Academy of Art have refused to have anything to do with the work as at present conducted. Again, I am informed that American artists and wood engravers are employed upon the work, the former to the exclusion of some Canadian artists, of whose productions the Toronto Press have said:—"the superior ability of our Canadian artists prove that it is *not* necessary to go beyond the limits of our own country to procure the most charming pictorial delineations of the grandest scenery;— . . . their drawings will convince the most sceptical, that we have in our midst men who can give us true and characteristic delineations of our country; . . . the drawings are all very fine, some of them exceptionally so." The engraving is being done in New York. If the report of my informant is true, then the report is much to be regretted. If it is "the paramount object of the publishers, and Mr. L. R. O'Brien, to carry out their important project in such a manner as will secure the hearty response of all Canadians to an enterprise NATIONAL in its character," it is their duty to inform the subscribers whether the *Picturesque Canada* will be published in accordance with the prospectus, or, according to a plan with which the best Canadian Artists will have little or nothing to do, and resident engravers nothing.

Believing that the majority of the subscribers, in common with myself, were induced to become so more in order to encourage Canadian Art and the importation of first rate wood engravers, than the publication in miniature of the noblest and grandest forms of external nature under the various aspects that she presents in our native woods, rivers, and mountains, lakes, valleys and plains, I respectfully ask Mr. L. R. O'Brien or Messrs. Belden Brothers to answer this letter.

If I have been wrongly informed, which I think not, I shall pray all parties concerned in *Picturesque Canada* to accept my apology, and beg them to accept my assurance that I will amply retract anything I have written.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

Thos. D. King.

36 Cathcart St. Montreal, October 13th 1880.

A WORK giving all the debates and essays of the Presbyterian Council of 1880, held in Philadelphia, is about to be issued. The work will surely be of a very interesting character to all, and the cost is small. It is to be published at 1510 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, both in paper and in cloth.