slaves free; but the Government, in virtue of the extraordinary proceeding of appropriation, has been converting these freedmen into slaves, and their number has already (1872) reached the respectable total of 50,000 men or more."

Confirming these statements at the time in the Cortes were Senor Dias Quintero, Senor Cala, and Senors Castelar, DeOrense, Marin de Lebra, Marques De Sandoal, Nunez De Velasco, and other names that have saved Spain from eternal infamy.

From the facts above, we have not time to discourse of the beauties of Cuban scenery, or the climate, manners and customs of the Island, lovely, delicious, quaint and grotesque though they be. Having wintered often in the most celebrated of sunniest climes, we found nowhere such a delightful influence of climate as in Cuba during the winter months. Its summer climate has a bad name from yellow fever, and is often made an excuse for negro slave labor. This is mostly without foundation. In the interior, particularly its mountainous districts, the climate is healthy and remarkably adapted for white labor. It is chiefly in the cities on the coast, notably Havana, where yellow fever prevails, and that is owing more to the want of proper drainage and the filthy domestic habits of the Spaniards than to natural climatic causes.

As to the morals of the *Habaneros*, we could only perceive them in their universal cock-fighting, (which of its kind is not so bad), bull-baiting, theatres, masked and public balls and carnivals, which latter are an indecent exhibition and a sort of travesty of what one sees in Rome or Paris.

But of these things who has time to think in Cuba, while holding in his hands, "The Book of Blood," and seeing its pages indelibly stamped on those perennial scenes of tropical verdure which the Book of Nature there unfolds?

The "Book of Blood" is an authentic record of the policy adopted by modern Spain to put an end to the war for the independence of Cuba, from October, 1868, to November, 1873—a pamphlet containing a list of the martyrs of liberty in Cuba, political prisoners executed, with the mode and date of their execution, confirmed in every particular by the official journals of Havana—the *Diario de la Marina* and the *Voz de Cuba*, respectively the organs of the Spaniards and the Volunteers. It contains proclamations from the Captain-General and other officers as to the mode of conducting the war against the Cubans.

At first sight the "Book" would seem a romance of the Reynold's type—a story of piracy, rapine and murders, got up for the readers of the *Police Gazette*. But it is verified in every particular by a reference to official papers with names and dates.

We present a portion: the whole is sickening. First, of a Proclamation by the Captain-General.

"Every man, from the age of fifteen, upward, found away from his habitation, and does not prove a justified motive therefor will be shot.

"Every habitation unoccupied will be burned by the troops.

"Every habitation from which does not float a white flag, as a signal that its occupants desire peace, will be reduced to ashes.

"Women that are not living at their own homes or at the house of their relatives, will collect in the town of Iguani or Bayamo, where maintenance will be provided. Those who do not present themselves will be conducted forcibly.

"Signed, EL CONDE DE VALMADA.

"Bayamo, April 4, 1869."

Then follows a long melancholy array of the execution of political prisoners, embracing all ages, classes and professions—men, women and children, and verified by the numbers and dates affixed, of the Spanish journals in which they are recorded.

At the risk of filling our readers with disgust, we select a few:—

"Manual Borges, Professor of the Institute of Santiago de Cuba, and eighteen more sent to Guantanamo to be tried. Shot on their way by the Volunteers, —— 19.

"BAYAMO, 6th June, 1869.

"Juan and Manuel Fornaris, Louis Merconchini and his two sons, Louis and Rodrigo, and nineteen more; Juan Gonzales, Jose Dumenigo, Santiago Pujals, Jose Castellanos, six of the Tajardo family, and fourteen neighbors of the hacienda La Punta family, hanged head down by the Spaniards, 49 in all. Official Report of General Marmol, June 25, 1869, published in *La Revolucion* of 1st September."

This Bayamo, with the impulsive gallantry of its Captain General, must be a happy home for friendless Cuban women!

We pass over the list with shuddering. In some, batches of one hundred are thus brutally executed together, the numbers varying—thirty-sevens, thirties, nineteens, slaughtered at the same time—till the list from December 8th, 1868, to November 10th, 1873, foots up two thousand, nine hundred and twenty-seven Cuban political prisoners butchered in cold blood, many without even the mockery of a trial.

Then follows another list, taken also from Spanish sources and corroborated by the dates and names of the Spanish papers in which they were published, "of prisoners captured by the Spaniards whose fate has never been known."

What horrid sufferings have come to these unfortunates before death has relieved them, we can only conjecture. This list, from March 1st, 1869, till November 7th, 1873, numbers five thousand eight hundred and seventy-six.

Since the last dates, the number has gone on increasing, till from the commencement of the Cuban war in 1868 to the present time, (September, 1875) we are justified, on the best authority, in stating the number of Cuban political prisoners executed, immured in dungeons and banished with the confiscation of their estates by the Spaniards, at over sixty thousand!

First mentioning the execution of eleven sick men taken from the hospital of Vincente Garcia, we cannot help pausing over one sad list, though so degrading to human nature that we wish it could be blotted from the records of existence. The list runs,—

"HAVANA, November 27th, 1871.

"The medical students, Alonzo Alverez de la Campo, Jose M. Medina y Silva, Carlos Augusto Latorre, Eladio Gonzales Toledo, Pascual Rodriquez y Perez, Anastasio Bermudez, Angel Laborde, Carlos Verdugo, —— 8, ——." To be found in the *Diario de la Marina* of Nov. 28th, 1871.

If the heart of England shuddered at one of her clerical magistrates sending a little girl to the Reformatory for stealing a flower, what sort of horror would run through the nation, were it possible that a scene like the following could be witnessed in her borders, or in any of her Colonies?

We give the description from the speech of Senor Edward Benot, in the Senate at Madrid, on the 18th October, 1872.

"Most of you, my lords, are fathers. Picture to yourselves, in your mind's eye, your sons being absent from the University of Havana, in consequence of the absence of a professor, going in a high spirit of light-heartedness to a neighboring cemetery to play. Imagine for this irreverence, and a certain want of confidence that existed in the authorities (which I now purposely pass over), a ferocious and riotous mob taking your sons prisoners, subjecting them to a council of war, accusing them falsely of injuring the tombs, *whose glass fronts still remain intact!* Imagine, again, the council of war acquitting them, and this savage rabble, worked up to a pitch of paroxysm at human blood being denied it, subjecting your innocent sons, after they had been acquitted (conceive this, if you can, my lords), subjecting them, after a sentence of acquittal, to another council of war; and there, at the point of the bayonet and under the fears inspired by the howls of these bloodthirsty hyenas, there condemning eight of your sons to death and the rest to the common goal. Authorities in the Havana have ceased to exist since the rising has thrown into prison those that were, and thousands upon thousands of fierce, lawless men, with the dire ferocity necessary to murder your sons unrestrained by law, present, indeed, a fearful picture; but you can hardly even yet form a just idea of this savage scene. The children numbered 44, and the second council of war ordered them to draw lots who should die; amongst the others, it fell to the lot of two brothers, and the stony hearts of the judges even thinking it hard to deprive a father at one blow of both of his sons, pardoned one of them, but, in order that the arithmetical operation should remain correct, and the due number of victims be retained, they substituted for the pardoned boy another, because he happened to be somewhat older than the rest, without seeing or caring that they were breaking the heart of another father by murdering his innocent son—so innocent, indeed, that he had not even been in Havana on the day of the alleged demolition of the tombs. What should you say, O upright senators, who have grown gray in the administration of justice, if one of *your* sons had been condemned to death and shot like a dog for the fearful crime of being a little older than his unfortunate companions? This crime, then, incredible as it is, and unexampled in the annals of history, remains still unpunished, as Senor Diaz Quintero has informed us in a former sitting. And yet, the Government tells us that crime is proscribed whilst this is known to the whole world! Would to God that the bitter tale were hidden from all the nations of the earth!

But if your readers do not sicken of the tragedy, we ask them to read the following description of its close, by the correspondent of a leading American journal at Havana:—

"The execution took place between four and five at the Punta, near which the goal is situated. Thousands were assembled to witness the slaughter, and it passed off quietly enough. The boys met their death bravely and calmly. Full of life and hope a few days since, then torn from their families and condemned to meet a violent and painful death—none blenched. It is related that at the court martial they behaved with spirit and calmness. One of them—Alonso Alvarez de la Campa—endeavored to take all the blame upon himself, thinking, brave youth, to exculpate his schoolfellows from all punishment. Many of the youngest naturally trembled and paled, but the majority behaved like men. The chaplain of the cemetery, in his declaration at the court martial, said that the boys had done nothing to merit such severe proceedings; that what they had done resembled all boyish freaks, and asked their pardon; but his worthy magnanimity has since been rewarded by removal from his office.

"The parents and relatives of several of the boys were willing to sacrifice large sums of money for their lives. It is said that the father of La Campa offered one million without avail. No time was given to the unfortunates to make any preparation for the cruel fate that awaited them; they could not write a last line to their relatives, were not allowed to leave their watches and trinkets to their parents and friends.

"Early this week (November 28, 1871,) a proclamation from His Excellency the Count of Valmaseda, dated yesterday at Tunas, was distributed throughout the city. The following is a translation:—

"'VOLUNTEERS.—The hand of the laborantes has again flung upon us a new provocation by profaning the tomb of your comrade, Gonzalo Castanon. To-morrow, at six o'clock in the afternoon, I shall be among you and will make justice, represented by a tribunal, point out the perpetrators of such an outrage, and when this court, aided by the law and its own conscience, shall declare the sentence which the delinquents shall have merited, *the sentence shall be executed in the shortest time by your Captain General.*

'COUNT VALMASEDA.'"

The history of Cuba for the past seven years is full of such atrocities. Shall civilized England, liberty loving America, stand quietly by and raise no arm to stop such proceedings? Words are thrown away upon the Spaniard. They have no meaning with him except to deceive.

Like the gambler playing his last stake, Spain has put forth superhuman efforts to *win back* Cuba, by force of arms. It is too late.

So far, this revolution has cost Spain $200,000,000, or £40,000,000, (though the money has been chiefly wrung from Cuba) and over 100,000 lives. The latter she does not value; the gold she craves, but that is now exhausted. The Spanish reign is doomed in Cuba. *Valmaseda* himself, wishes to be recalled, so as not to bear the odium of losing the "*ever-faithful Isle.*" Spanish troops, with large arrears unpaid and almost starved, desert to the insurgents; while their commanders pocket the money designed for the prosecution of the war. Once enabled to hold a sea-port, where they could obtain arms and munitions of war, the insurgents could place men enough in the field to drive every Spaniard in Cuba into the sea in a single campaign. A simple recognition of the Insurgents as belligerents, by either Great Britain or the United States, would as speedily end the war, for then the Cubans could get all they want—arms and ammunition. In spite of the Spanish blockade, frequent supplies for the Insurgents have been landed. It would not take ten days from the time of such recognition by either of the above named countries, to set under way a dozen blockade runners for Cuba, with all the arms and ammunition required to end this barbarous war. The maritime nation that first sets such a desirable example, would reap in the trade and friendship of the Republic of Cuba a sufficient return to make such action *truly* politic, as well in *material* as moral results. We have said nothing of the state of religion in Cuba. If in Spain it is bad, there it is tenfold worse. But free trade and free right to worship God after the dictates of conscience are, besides the emancipation of the slaves, two of the chief articles of the Cuban Constitution. The Turkish securities have lately displayed their intrinsic value. That of the Spanish bonds must shortly be unrolled; for, from loans unbased on any security or forced exactions from Cuba, Spain has only so far been able to sustain them even in their tottering fluctuations. Both these fading sources of supply are nearly exhausted, for according to the *Times*, "it has *now* become a necessity for Spain to consider whether she prefers a national unity to a Colonial dependency." It is a question of *necessity*—not of *preference*. If Spain endeavors longer to secure both *she will lose all. Where, then, are Spanish bonds! If no better reason offers, it will pay British commerce more than the full amount and interest of all the Spanish bonds, if British men and British means should help to make Cuba free.*

Why should not England recognize the Cubans as belligerents? Does she want precedents? She can find them in the histories of nearly all the Spanish-American revolutions, of Belgium and of Greece. Is England sincere in the desire for the abolition of slavery? She can at one blow stop the infernal traffic as far as Cuba is concerned, and knock the shackles off nearly half a million slaves, by recognizing her independence. Does she wish to end these horrible atrocities? Three words from Lord Derby could do it—ENGLAND RECOGNIZES CUBA. Is she afraid of Spain? Then, according to the late cartoon in *Punch*, the sooner our Lords of the Admiralty order the national standard to be hauled down from every British ship afloat the better. Is the spirit of the nation dead? Its murmuring echoes were heard in response to the fugitive slave-trade circular. In the name of civilization, of christianity, of common humanity itself, let Englishmen take this Cuban question up, and urge its recognition upon their Government. In the better language of Mr. Cooper:—

"Is not the time come when the British Government can no longer, consistently with her honor, remain indifferent to the state of Cuba? In moral efforts for the sake of our common humanity she would have the friendly aid, not only of the United States, France, Germany and Spain, but the sympathy and approval of the whole civilized world."

We have sought to lay before our countrymen the sad facts as proved in Cuba, with the hope that they may attract their sympathetic attention and induce their aid towards a people—the germ of a nation—so long and so bravely struggling for the sacred rights of freedom for themselves *and for the slave*; rights which should be common to all, and the possession of which so strengthens and elevates the British people in the peerage of nations.

London, Aug. 4th, 1876.

Printed by McKILLOP & JOHNSTON, Canterbury St., St. John.

The Watchman.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 16, 1876.

THE GOVERNMENT'S TREATMENT OF THE BAIE VERTE CANAL.

When the time comes for the people of this Province to pronounce upon the conduct of the present Government at the polls, there is one part of their record which we hope will be kept in mind, that is their treatment of New Brunswick with respect to the Baie Verte Canal. It is not easy for any one, who has looked into this matter, to speak in moderate terms of that exhibition of meanness and deceit which the Government have furnished by their conduct in this connexion, for their movements throughout have been wholly determined by expediency and never for a moment influenced by regard for the interests of the country at large. It is one of the most lamentable results of their tenure of power that they should have been able, by their management of the Pacific Railway and Baie Verte Canal, to dislocate the union of these Provinces, both East and West, and to undo much of that work of consolidation for which the administration of Sir John A. Macdonald will be held in grateful remembrance as long as the Dominion of Canada exists.

We do not intend here to say anything with respect to the necessity for the construction of the Baie Verte Canal. That is a matter that has long passed beyond the bounds of controversy. Indeed, during the half century and more that the project has been before the public, until within the past few years, such a thing as a doubt of its utility and necessity was never mooted. In Nova Scotia as well as in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, the construction of this Canal was felt to be a work of paramount importance. It was reserved for the very last generation of Halifax newspaper writers to discover that the Canal was not needed. And when we say that this discovery was made by the same men who throughout the Confederation agitation argued strenuously and boldly that the union between Scotland and England had been an injury to both countries, we will have supplied our readers with a pretty good idea of the amount of consideration which should be given to their opinions. When a man denies the existence of the sun, it is scarcely worth while to argue with him about it. All that can be done is to set him down as a hopeless lunatic.

When the project of uniting the provinces of British North America was revived in 1864, the Baie Verte Canal again came prominently into notice. It was felt on all sides that it was a necessary adjunct to Confederation and that without it no union of the provinces could be complete. We venture the assertion now that without it no union of the Provinces can be maintained. We do not suppose that such a consideration would have the slightest influence on the present Dominion Government, whose object appears to be to destroy the union, but it is worthy of the attention of the people of Canada, most of whom, we believe, are sincerely anxious that the Dominion should be preserved. It was always understood during the Confederation negotiations that the construction of the Baie Verte Canal was to follow the union of the Provinces, and, although it was not made an absolute condition of Union and placed in the British North America Act in the same manner as the Inter-Colonial Railway scheme, the moral obligation on the part of the Government of Canada to build it was quite as great. This obligation was early recognized by the Government of Sir John A. Macdonald just as it has been recognized by Mr. Blake and other members of the present Dominion Government, and we are not aware that it has ever been seriously called in question by any one whose opinions on such a point are of the slightest value. The Canal Commissioners of 1870, in their report, carried the Baie Verte Canal a step further and placed its construction on a national and commercial basis, as one of the first works to be undertaken by the Dominion. That report, when it came out, found universal acceptance, and the only one who had a word to say against the Commission was that versatile amateur letter carrier, John Young, whose Caugnawaga scheme for the building up of New York at the expense of Montreal was by the report summarily knocked in the head. The then administration of Sir John A. Macdonald accepted the report as final and proceeded with the necessary surveys. Owing to differences as to location and the disputes of the engineers as to the proper terminus on Cumberland Basin, matters were not sufficiently advanced to give the work to contract when Sir John's Government went out of office. But large sums had already been voted for it in the estimates; it was considered a part of the national Canal system of the country, and no voice was raised from any quarter against its construction. The present Government when they came into office found matters in this position and, so far as the Baie Verte Canal was concerned, they adopted the policy of their predecessors. They went on with the necessary surveys, adopted a final location, accepted their engineer's estimates of cost and placed a million dollars in their estimates to be voted by Parliament towards its construction. It was then that Mr. Blake appeared on the scene as the opponent of the Canal. This Constitution tinker and political cobbler could not resist so tempting an opportunity of causing trouble, and he and some Nova Scotia allies succeeded in frightening the Government into withdrawing the vote. We all know what followed. A Commission was appointed, ostensibly to make further enquiries with reference to the necessity for the Canal, but in reality to find plausible reasons for abandoning that great work altogether. At the head of that Commission was placed a man who was preferred to do any kind of dirty work for the Government that they choose to put him at, and who, besides this disqualification, was perniciously interested in the Canguawaga Canal, a work that could not be built if the Baie Verte Canal were constructed. A gentleman from Ontario, respectable enough, but too indolent to enquire for himself and entirely under the Chairman's thumb, had the second place on the Commission. The third place was given to a bank Clerk from Halifax, named Jack, narrow minded even beyond the usual narrow mindedness of bank clerks and filled to the brim with that insane fear and hatred of the Baie Verte Canal which is the first article in the creed of all Halifax men. St. John was represented on the Commission by a gentleman, otherwise well fitted for the position, whose physical misfortune of deafness rendered it impossible for him to exercise much control over the proceedings of so wily a person as the Chairman, John Young. With a Commission so constituted; two of its members openly hostile, one indifferent and one from deafness incapable of performing his duties efficiently, it is easy to see what chance there was for the Baie Verte Canal. It was like a strong man delivered over, bound hand and foot, into the hands of enemies who seek his life. The Chairman of the Commission throughout the enquiry acted, as every one knew he would act, after his kind. He proved himself to be a man destitute alike of truth, honor and even of common honesty. He bullied the witnesses in favor of the Canal, garbled and suppressed their evidence, and in the case of some of them, who insisted in seeing what his Clerk had written down as their testimony and on revising it, he had the indecency to attempt to destroy the effect of their evidence by a mean innuendo. Finally he wrote a report, in which not one particle of the enormous mass of evidence given in favor of the Canal before the Commission is ever even referred to and in which every circumstance against it is dwelt on at great length, and to crown his disgrace, he published this report as the report of all the Commissioners, when he knew well that Mr. Lawrence, one of the Commissioners, had refused to sign it and had prepared a report setting forth the necessity for the Canal in the strongest terms. The doings of this man Young in connexion with the Canal Commission would be utterly incredible were they not written on the records of the country. It would never be believed, were it not shown plainly in black and white, that a man who had ever possessed any character would be so utterly oblivious of truth and decency as to write a parliamentary report which is contradicted by every page of the evidence annexed to it, and which has not even the poor merit of being plausible enough to conceal its falsehood. No man can take Young's Baie Verte Canal report and read the evidence published with it, garbled and suppressed as this evidence has been, without feeling that Young, in his eagerness to condemn the Canal, has entirely overshot the mark and condemned himself. He will enjoy an immortality of infamy in the pages of this precious document, standing in a pillory of his own making for all time, with the words "falsifier and time-server" stamped on his forehead.

We will now leave this poor spectacle, over which we have perhaps already lingered too long, and turn to the Government who employed this man to do what they had not the courage to do themselves. We are glad to know that they are not yet quite lost to the sense of shame. They blush at the mention of John Young's report, as a courtezan blushes through her paint, and they used all their influence last session to prevent it from being discussed in Parliament. Perhaps they flatter themselves with the idea that the people of Canada will forget their conduct in this affair and suffer the Baie Verte Canal to be buried in oblivion. Perhaps the Minister of Marine, whose constituents are so vitally interested in this great work, hopes by some juggle to pacify them and reconcile them to the want of the Baie Verte Canal before the next election. Perhaps the Minister of Customs is under the impression that the great Commercial Community of St. John will forget the part he has taken in this affair. We are satisfied that both these Ministers will find their expectations disappointed when election day comes round. When they found that the Government were determined not to do justice to New Brunswick in this matter, there was but one honorable course for them to adopt, that was to resign their offices. Had they done so, they would have compelled the Government to go on with the Baie Verte Canal. But the sweets of office proved too attractive and they kept their places and betrayed New Brunswick. The result is that the Baie Verte Canal project is dead and buried for the present, but there will be another funeral some of these days, that of the present Dominion Government, and then the Baie Verte Canal will be avenged.

THE FIELDING MONUMENT.—Messrs. Mackenzie & Scott, of Charlotte street, have just finished the monument which is intended for Mr. G. P. B. Fielding's grave. It is in the form of a simple cross, stands five feet high and is made of Italian marble, mounted on a free stone base. Miss Ward has erected this sad memorial of departed worth.

FASHION NOTES.—We shall, beginning with this issue of THE WATCHMAN, publish weekly a fashion department, under the management of an experienced lady writer. These papers will be very attractive to the ladies.

—Attention is directed to the carefully written and exhaustive paper on the Political Situation in Cuba, from the pen of THE WATCHMAN'S London correspondent, which will be found in to-days paper. Every one interested in this war-distracted island (and who is not?) will note with surprise the large mass of facts of figures bearing upon the subject, which our correspondent has gathered together.

THE GRAND MASTER PHOTOGRAPHED.—Notman, who photographs and paints all our celebrated people—ex-Presidents of the Mechanics' Institute, editors, etc.,—has made an excellent cabinet picture of Hon. Edward Willis, Grand Master of the Loyal Orange Association, in his robes of office. The picture is selling rapidly.

The sort of Government we have in Canada is well indicated by the fact that the chief organs can only plead "inadvertence" in excuse for the Anglin scandal. Think of a Minister giving a contract for $8,000 worth of work without knowing what he was doing, and of a Speaker pocketing the proceeds in a similar state of absent-mindedness. What an efficient Government it must be, according to the showing of its own apologists. But of course the Postmaster General and the Speaker are only "individuals."—*Hamilton Spectator.*

THE RAILWAY CASHIERSHIP.

There has been a pretty little quarrel between Minister Smith and Manager Brydges over the appointment of a successor to the defaulter Brush. Brydges transferred Chas. D. Thompson from the St. John ticket office to Brush's deserted post, and sent his name to Ottawa for confirmation. Minister Smith, highly indignant at the Manager's presumption, swore that the appointment should not be confirmed, and named Mr. James McAllister for the office. This left Thompson out in the cold, as Mr. Brydges has filled his old place in St. John. Mr. Brydges remonstrated frantically against Mr. Smith's interference, and Mr. Smith angrily demanded the confirmation of his nominee. Between Brydges and Smith the Premier had a hard time. He could not well go back on Brydges about so small a matter as an appointment, after having made him Deputy Minister of Public Works, or, virtually, Minister of Railways. Brydges, who is really, so far as actual power is concerned, more of a Cabinet Minister than Smith, Burpee, Vail or Coffin, could not brook the interference of a less important Minister; and Smith, smarting under the taunts about his powerlessness in the matter of appointments, and bound by pledges which he had given without consulting Brydges, was firmly resolved to show that the Minister of Marine and Fisheries was not a cipher as compared with the Railway Dictator. It was during the height of this quarrel that Smith indignantly rejected the invitation of Brydges to ride in the Brydges Palace Car from Dorchester to St. John, the news of which refusal was received in Shediac with as much applause as the news of the victory of the Fishermen four over the Paris Crew was received in Halifax. But the breach has been healed, both sides have been satisfied. And how? By the creation of another office, by burdening the taxpayers with another official salary, so that Brydges' and Smith's nominees might both be provided for. Brydges triumphs directly, and Smith's defeat is covered up by the giving of his candidate a higher office. And Smith is soothed by this into accepting humiliation! Verily, the great Albert J. has grown humble as he has become stout. But how convenient it is for Mr. Mackenzie to have the public purse to dip into when any of his supporters are to be pacified! "Stop fighting over that thousand a year," he says; "one of you take it, and here is fifteen hundred for the other." And then he plunges his hand into the public crib and pulls up the cash. What a blessing it is to have an economical and pure-minded statesman as the guardian of the public treasury.

MAN AS A MONKEY.

Man is an imitative animal. This element of his character shows itself in childhood by the manner in which he apes his father's walk and manners, and stands out conspicuously in early manhood in the shape of his necktie and the cut of his trousers. Most people seem to be afflicted with a mania for doing whatever people in other places are doing, without paying much attention to the difference in their surroundings. And thus one "rage" chases another over the continent as one bustle shape follows another from Paris to the ends of the civilized world. People are bound to wear and eager to do whatever is worn and done in fashionable centres, no matter whether climatic and other important conditions are similar or not. New York has been recently favored with several laughable exhibitions of this spirit. Here is the spectacle of Mr. Delancy Kane, dressed as an English coachman, with his English coach and guard, driving through the streets with a load of passengers—a spectacle which has not been ridiculed as its merits demand. Mr. Kane exhibits himself in this fashion because certain fashionable gentlemen of London have done so before him. If Lord Fitznoodle should become an amateur drayman in London, it is certain that Mr. Kane or some other wealthy New Yorker would follow the example. There are New York fox-hunters also, who not long ago afforded so much sport for those who watched their doings or read accounts of them. A surplus fox would be bought from the keeper of a menagerie, or from some youth who kept the animals as pets, and carried out of town in a bag, and, when the dogs were ready and the hunters mounted, the animal would be let loose. If it didn't run between the legs of the nearest rustic for shelter it would dash through the nearest fence, and the huntsmen, after hiring a boy to let down the bars, would follow, when the fox would be safely sheltered in a swamp. Such emergencies are foreseen and provided against by securing a dead fox in town, and having it dragged back and forth over the smoothest part of the country around at the heels of a horse. The dogs are put on this scent, and away go the gallant "huntsmen."

But, alas, it is not necessary to go so far away from home for examples, as St. John affords plenty of them. We will refer to one only. Pigeon shooting is one of the sports in which the rich and idle in Europe and some large American cities indulge for the purpose of amusing themselves. The poor birds are let out of a box by ones, pairs, etc., and shot by "sportsmen" who stand conveniently near, the "sport" being about as manly and exciting as the shooting of hens in a barnyard. And yet certain gentlemen of St. John, with trout streams and partridge covers within an hour's drive, have formed a pigeon-slaughtering club of the approved fashionable pattern, and are indulging in practice preparatory to a public exhibition of skill in shooting the poor birds. We hope it is a genuine sense of shame that induces them to keep the club and its practice secret, as such shame would show that their monkeyish imitation of an effeminate, cruel and senseless practice was undertaken against the dictates of their common sense and self respect. They know they are making asses of themselves by thus indulging in a pastime of this barnyard character, simply because it is fashionable with certain far-away swells who have plenty of time and money to waste and little spirit or energy to lead them into robust and manly methods of doing so. Tying a goose to a stake and firing at it at long range for ten cents a shot, the one who first draws blood to be the winner, is sportsmanlike in comparison to this contemptible tame pigeon shooting.

EARLY CLOSING.—In Toronto the Early Closing Association numbers two hundred individuals. They have a pleasant room in which they hold weekly meetings, and a debating society and library will shortly be organized in connection with it. The store-keepers have been urged by this club to close their places of business at 7 o'clock every evening, except on Saturdays. The leading ones at once complied with the request, but a few of the small fry continuing to expose goods for sale after that hour, the association took their case in hand and organized a movement to compel them to close their stores at 7. A small circular was sent out to every house in Toronto and placed in the hands of the leading citizens, bearing these words: "Ladies, please do not shop after 7 o'clock, and save two hundred clerks from slavery." Agents of the association stood on the streets every evening and distributed these bills to every lady who was out shopping after the hour named in the circular. This had not the desired effect however, and the war continued. A few of the more prominent storekeepers seeing the understanding violated by some merchants decided to open their stores also, and the movement was becoming a general failure, when a new plan was adopted. A member of the association, armed with his circulars, walked into a store at half-past seven, and placed before every lady found shopping at the counter, one of the bills. He was immediately attacked by the outraged merchant and his wife, and a general scuffle ensued. Circulars were as thick on that floor as the proverbial leaves which we are told abound in great luxuriance in Vallambrosa. Beyond a disfigured face on the part of the merchant, a black eye and loss of some hair on the part of the dry goods clerk, no further damage is recorded. The case has assumed a new phaze, and the law courts in Toronto will settle the dispute. The early closing movement is generally regarded as a good one. Clerks would have more time for physical exercise and mental improvement, and employers would consult their own interests if they would heartily endorse the association and grant the boon their employees ask. All work and no play, says the adage, makes Jack a dull boy. In St. John the movement works well, and the stores close at 6 o'clock all the year round.

THE ANGLIN PRINTING SCANDAL.

The high toned patriot Anglin has at length broken silence with reference to the printing scandal, which will hereafter lend an unwholesome immortality to his name, and it will be admitted it would have been better for him, on the whole, if he had been content to receive the buffets of his enemies in silence. Anglin on the defensive makes a very poor spectacle; he is unused to defensive warfare; he is out of his element; he is like Sampson shorn of his locks and becomes an easy prey to the Philistines. Anglin's tactics, and he should never have deviated from them, have always been to attack and never to defend; to sneer down a proposal but never to argue it down; to damn with faint praise and to condemn by innuendo. Now that the badger has been drawn from his hole and the dogs are on him, we see what a poor fighter he is. He feels that he is in the toils and he trembles for his place; but he has no arguments to offer, at least none but such as a child would blush to use, he can only sit down and endeavor to lie himself out of his evil plight. And this is what he has striven to do in his article of Tuesday morning last. The public have always been under the impression that the editor of the *Freeman* was a member of Parliament and Speaker of that honorable body. The wide prevalence of this delusion shows how easily men may be deceived. It is quite true that there is a Timothy Warren Anglin who is a member of Parliament, and there is also a Timothy Warren Anglin who is editor and proprietor of the *Freeman*. It is also true that these men were born at the same time, baptized at the same time, have worn the same clothes and were never for a moment apart. To ordinary observers they appeared as one, but to the inner consciousness of the dual Timothy, they were two, so much so that one could make and execute contracts for the Government printing without the other being aware of it. What do our readers think of the possibility of such an achievement as this in these modern days? Yet this is the sum and substance of the *Freeman's* defence of the Anglin printing scandal. What can intelligent men say of the calibre of the man who offers such a defence for his open and glaring violation of the Independence of Parliament Act?

Even while Anglin is going through this wretched form of defending himself, he puts on a sickly pretence of attacking some one. The persons who are supposed to be writhing under his lash are the editors of the *Telegraph* and *News*, who, according to Anglin, hungered and thirsted for this post office printing that the *Freeman* got. If a boy should happen to be brought up before Mr. Gilbert for stealing a dollar, we scarcely think that worthy magistrate would consider it a good defence for the culprit to plead that two other boys were trying to beg the money in question from their mother, who was its owner, and that he had stolen it to keep them from getting it. Yet this is precisely the style of defence which the *Freeman* adopts to shield Mr. Anglin from the consequence of his violation of the Independence of Parliament Act.

The fact is that Mr. Anglin, by his contracting with the Government for public printing, has vacated his seat in Parliament, and he knows it. He is no longer member for Gloucester, or Speaker of the House, or even honorable, he is simply Timothy Warren Anglin, editor and proprietor of the *Freeman*. Like the boy with the nuts, from too much greed he has lost all. He has lost his contract, his Speakership, his seat and his title, all "at one fell swoop." Alas! poor Timothy.

THE PRESS ON THE LAST SCRAMBLE FOR OFFICE.

[From the Moncton Times.]

OUR RULERS IN COUNCIL.

Such was the state of affairs when the chieftain summoned the clan to Ottawa in order to hold a conference on this and other great national questions. They went; Mr. Smith and Mr. Burpee by regular train, Mr. Brydges having gone ahead, as usual, by special train. They met, and the Dominion awaited in anxious suspense the result of their mighty deliberations. For six days there trembled in the balance the greatest and the gravest question of modern times. Who shall be Cashier? This and nothing less, this grand question in all its overshadowing vastness, occupied for six consecutive days the unremitting attention of our Dominion statesmen. It will be seen that a deadlock was reached; that several of our great Ministers had come into collision, and that not only was the momentous issue of the Cashiership involved, but the nation was also threatened with the dreadful possibility of destruction to the harmony which has always prevailed in the anti-coalition Government ranks. In this terrible crisis in our Dominion history one man springs to the rescue of the country, and succeeds in stilling the angry waves. The Premier, the great and good chieftain, takes the matter into his own hands, and disposes of the affair in the manner indicated in the following address to the disputants:—

"Mr. Burpee, go up ahead and take your place next to Mr. Brydges. Mr. Smith, you will continue to occupy a back seat. In this matter, (as in the canal affair, the Railway questions, 1, 2 and 3, the Tariff disputes, etc., etc.) *you will back down.* Mr. Brydges' nominee will be appointed; in fact, Mr. Brydges must have his own way generally. He knows how he came here and you don't, and he possesses the power of terrible secrets that, if offended, he might use to the dismay of us all. Mr. Thompson shall be Cashier, but inasmuch as, in my haste, I promised you that your nominee should have it, and inasmuch as you are a heavy man and must be let down easy, I propose to MAKE AN OFFICE for your friend."

Thus spake the Premier, and it was so.

MR. THOMPSON WAS MADE CASHIER.

MR. MCALLISTER WAS MADE DOMINION AUDITOR.

SMITH'S $1,500 PLASTER.

Could anything be more contemptible than the manner in which the different members of the Government have acted in reference to this little matter. First Mr. Smith promises the office to Mr. McAllister, and then, after being ridiculed for allowing his recommendation to be treated with contempt, *demands* of the Premier that his nominee shall be appointed. The Premier promises that it shall be done, but Mr. Brydges comes forward and says it shall not be. Of course the latter prevails, but as Mr. Smith's pride is wounded a healing plaster of some kind must be provided, and so a new office is created. *It costs the tax-payers of Canada exactly the salary and perquisites of the new office*—say $1,500 a year—to appease Mr. Smith's wrath, or rather to gratify his vanity.

[From the Chignecto Post.]

SLAUGHTERING THE PUBLIC.

Messrs. Smith and Brydges have come to terms on the subject of the cashiership and have shaken hands over the "bloody chasm." The progress of the contest was watched with interest and amusement by the public, by whom the results will be learned with surprise. The honor of Mr. Smith has been appeased and the moral position taken by Mr. Brydges (if a moral position can be imagined in such a connection) remains inviolate, and the parties who suffer from the conflict is neither Mr. Smith nor Mr. Brydges nor Mr. Thompson nor Mr. McAllister, but the poor people! The public that danced and clapped with ecstacy of enjoyment in viewing the engagement, will put on a different smile when it finds that nobody is killed, wounded or missing among the combatants, but that each side "takes it out" in slaughtering the public. If there are many more such conflicts, well may it be exclaimed, "Oh! my suffering country!"

THE NEW AUDITOR.

Peace has been proclaimed on the following basis: Mr. Thompson retains his position as Cashier, and Mr. McAllister receives the appointment of Deputy Dominion Auditor. His duties will be to sign Railway cheques at the end of every month, a duty now performed by Mr. Seely, St. John. The propriety of creating such an office can hardly be a matter of two opinions, and the necessity of Hon. Mr. Smith appointing Mr. McAllister is scarcely apparent, when it is considered that that gentleman is older than many men superannuated for old age.

NEW PAPER.—The old *Gleaner* of Chatham has been revived, and Mr. Pierce, the former editor and proprietor of the paper, has just issued his first No. of the new series. This issue presents a good appearance. It is well filled with interesting matter, and the editor promises thorough independence in the discussion of public affairs. We wish our Northern cotemporary every success and a long life.

FASHION NOTES.

As yet the fall and early winter fashions are, to a certain extent, little more than a promise and a prophecy. Owing principally to the fact that the new fall goods have not yet arrived, our leading authorities on this vital subject are given more to predicting than affirming; but these predictions are made with so strong a background for confidence that, after all, they may safely be regarded as certainty.

In St. John as elsewhere, the colors which promise to be most popular are navy blue, seal brown and a deep olive green. All three being generally accompanied by cardinal red as enlivenment in the way of trimmings. Navy blue and cardinal red are spoken of as the most fashionable combination, but the latter color is so generally adaptable that it looks almost equally well with either of the other two shades. Costumes of either of these three colors are often trimmed with bows, pipings, and even facings of this deep red, and the effect, instead of being gaudy, is very pretty and harmonious, as, indeed, why should it not be? Our forests are alive with those identical tints,—why should not we attempt an humble imitation of the great all-mother's coloring? The materials in which those darker shades are exhibited differ essentially from those shown in the earlier part of the season; plaids and squares being very little worn, while costume-cloth of the brocade pattern, both in squares and flowers, is largely shown and sold.

Messrs. Jordan, Magee Bros., Mackenzie, and most of the other principal stores, have in stock quite a variety of these dress-stuffs, although, as before stated, the bulk of the new goods are either still on their way or making a short delay in the Custom House. In the stores of Messrs. James Adams, James Manson, Manchester, Robertson & Allison, Miss Sharp, etc., the windows are quite alive with gay colored ribbons, scarfs and flowers, and still by visiting the show-rooms of either of those establishments, we very quickly realize that the fashions are not yet in a settled state.

The second floor in Mr. Manson's Commercial Palace, usually so very gay and well stocked, is almost sombre this week, the show cases being cleared out in preparation for the incoming goods, and there being very little on the fashion racks excepting some mantles, waterproofs, circulars, etc. In a very few days, however, this state of appearances, will have passed away and the forewoman of the dressmaking department, returning from a visit which she is at present making on the other side of the border, will bring with her the latest novelties in the way of dress making and millinery.

In the establishment of Messrs. Manchester, Robertson & Allison the same expectancy is visible, though for that matter, this store is always so well supplied with the niceties of a ladies toilet, that the absence of novelty even at the present time is not conspicuous.

This same remark may be used again in reference to the lower store of James Adams & Co., but in their show rooms, like those of Mr. Manson, there is very little of that variety which we find there at other times and seasons. Waterproof cloaks and dark cloth mantles gravely confront us as we turn the first staircase; but going on a little further the gravity is dispelled by quite a brilliant though limited display of millinery.

Of those hats it may almost be said "old things have become new," so closely do some of them resemble styles which had their day and generation years and years ago. One, an American hat, known as the "Conquest," a small round shape, drooping more at the front than at the back or sides, is almost a reproduction of our old fashioned "Glengarry." Another, the "Guysboro," a very pretty hat and at present very popular in New York and Philadelphia, is almost the same shape as was worn here some two years ago:—a small round crowned hat with a wide brim, drooping very much at one side and rolled up at the other, trimmed generally with feathers or flowers on the outside and a bright colored bow or facing in the inside of the roll. Lastly and perhaps most fashionable of all is the English turban hat, which, excepting that the crown is somewhat rounder, is quite the same as the style of hat called French turban, a style which took great hold on popular fancy some years ago.

Leaving this department of the show rooms and mounting another staircase, we happen upon a spot where, more or less, novelties are always forthcoming. No matter how great the scarcity of change in other places, there is always something new in the sanctum of Mr. Hammondi, better known as the Worth of this part of our Dominion. His orders arrive from all parts of Canada and the United States and are so promptly and satisfactorily fulfilled that it is very little wonder M. Hammondi is looked up to by the ladies of St. John as infallible authority on all subjects relating to fashion.

At present the majority of dresses upon which his employees are at work, are composed of silk trimmed with velvet, the styles and patterns being taken from the "Queen," that well known and reliable English fashion book. In the making of those dresses, overskirts are very often abandoned, being superseded by drapery arranged in various fanciful and irregular shapes upon the underskirt. The pull-backs, which have already excited so much derision, are becoming if any thing tighter, but owing to the shape of the skirts, they are not nearly so noticeable as when first introduced.

As the party season has not yet fairly commenced, Mr. Hammondi's orders are more largely composed of house and carriage costumes than ball or evening dresses; but no matter how sombre those costumes may be, they are more than worth the inspection which, when at all convenient, he grants in so gentlemanly a manner.

After saying good-bye to his novelties, the most natural course our footsteps seem to take is in the direction of Mr. Blanchard's. This is a small, unpretending store, on Germain street, facing Trinity Church. Unpretending on the outside only, however, for inside, the quantity and quality of the work executed makes the adjective we have used a mis-nomer.

In spite of the large number of girls and women employed in making dresses, mantles and underclothing, Mr. Blanchard's work-rooms seem the last place in which an idle moment is attainable, so constantly do orders pour in. As for Mrs. Blanchard, an audience with her is extremely difficult, but to those who obtain it, it is equal, if not superior, to reading half-a-dozen fashion books. She is thoroughly *au fait* on everything appertaining to dress, both on things present and things to come, both on the style of fashions generally and the particular style which will suit her customers individually.

On the occasion of our visit she was just completing two silk dresses, part of a trousseau for a bride in Calais, Me. One was a thick corded black silk, the underdress of which was made with a demi train and trimmed with three flounces, the two lower ones being little more than ruffles, the upper one a wide box-plaited flounce, headed with a band of blue-black velvet. The overskirt was quite long and clinging in its shape, draped on one side quite high and laced on the other with black silk cord, which lacing was trimmed by small silk tassals. Around the bottom of the skirt was a flounce and band of velvet matching the underskirt, while far back on the left side the pocket of silk and velvet formed at once a trimming and a convenient receptacle for the handkerchief. Three rows of small velvet buttons formed a very tasteful trimming for the front of the basque, the back of which was ornamented with a velvet form over which were two rows of buttons and another row of lacing. The sleeve was of the ordinary shape, the cuff being trimmed with velvet and lacing to correspond with the rest of the dress.

The other dress of the trousseau was of navy blue silk, trimmed elaborately with itself, the underskirt being finished off with a wide box-plaited flounce, headed with a still wider series of alternate puffing and shirrings arranged diagonally. The overskirt, which was one of Butterick's latest style, was made with an apron and a puffed back, the apron being trimmed with a graduated flounce in knife plating, very wide at one side and quite narrow at the other. The basque of this suit was open at the back and ornamented both in the back and front with three rows of small buttons of the same shade as the dress. The sleeve was very much the same as the sleeve of the black silk, excepting in the smaller details of trimming.

A silk velvet sacque for the bride was also receiving its last touches at the same time, and taking its pattern, by way of index, we should prophecy that the fall and winter mantles will be much longer than they have been for some years. The shape is not very materially altered from those worn last winter, excepting that the fronts are squared, and the back and sides somewhat longer.

Ulsters for ladies also threaten to become popular, but we need not welcome them until some colder weather makes its appearance. At present, for fine days, serge suits or at most cashmere sacques are quite sufficient in regard to warmth, and when the wet days come those pretty circulars, in either plain gray or plaided water-proof are fashion, comfort and convenience at once combined. Ulsters therefore may be a novelty, but now at least they are not a necessity.

Among other renewals the polonaise is very decidedly in favor again. It is now made very long and clinging on the front and sides, the drapery behind being merely drawn back, either with a large bow or a sash draped across the hips. The new trail costume cloth—in the colors before mentioned—is especially adapted for this style of polonaise. A navy-blue or seal-brown over a different shade of under-skirt being very effective and pretty. Such suits, however, are no longer made with sleeves matching the under-skirt. The sleeves are now made of the same material as the polonaise or the basque and over-skirt, as also are the collar and cuffs.

With the polonaise, fringe has also come in again, being shown in all colors and in textures to suit every material. Even velvet mantles are now trimmed with fringe in preference to lace, while the most stylishly-made woollen suits are trimmed with a fringe, which in many cases is so wide and elaborate as to almost form a garment of itself.

These are the bulk of the fashion rumors which have as yet reached our ears, but in another week many of the rumors will have become realities and we will be enabled to make our notes more extensively.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

THE TWO DESTINIES, by Wilkie Collins. Toronto, Hunter, Rose & Co.: St. John, N. B., J. & A. McMillan.

This a strange, weird story, intensely dramatic and exciting. It is a development of the second sight theory in the form of an interesting romance. The author builds his story upon an incident in Robert Dale Owen's book and elaborates thereon. As the reader proceeds in his perusal of the "Two Destinies," he is very apt to imagine that he is reading the history of a madman, or that of a man of weak mind, who is under the control of a woman of strong intellectual force. The governing element is with Mrs. Van Brandt. She sways at will the destiny of George Germaine. She appears to him in visions. She writes mystical words while in a dream, which vanish as she regains her consciousness. Though thousands of miles widen the distance between the two lost lovers, ever and anon, the stronger influence of the woman rules the man, and he is drawn to her side. There is a fascination about this narrative which one feels unable to shake off. It is full of incident of a morbid character, which holds the reader with the grasp of an iron vice. The workmanship is artistic in the greater events; but in minor detail it is weak and altogether unsatisfactory. The central figures of George and Mary are well developed, but one cannot help losing patience with both these characters at intervals. An unexplained mystery hangs around the life of the veiled lady, Miss Dunross, which Mr. Collins fails to explain. She goes to her grave without showing why the author introduced her to the reader. She forms no part of the story, except in the very slender capacity of a vehicle to convey a still more slender thread from one point to the other. She gives promise of being an important adjunct, but she drifts absolutely into nothing. Why should she remain veiled? Why should she possess an influence on George Germaine, an influence as potent as that of Mary; a fascination so powerful that he forgets his first and second love, and strives to win the hand of his mysterious visitor in the darkened room at the Shetlands? Miss Dunross enlists from the first the sympathies of the reader, and one watches with interest every movement that she makes. She seems to be a part of the story. She is a figure that has a controlling influence. Her face is seen by Mrs. Van Brandt hundreds of leagues away, and yet she dies with her strange malady undefined, and the reasons for her appearing at all in the story remain unrevealed and vague. In the grave she hides that deformity which we all suppose she has. We say *suppose*, for the author lets no light in here on this subject, but merely hints that Miss Dunross was a woman of sensitive disposition, and light affected her eyes. George Germaine must be considered as a madman from the time he received his wound in India. His whole life from that time changed. In his youth he was firm, strong-willed and ingenuous. After he became injured a morbid sensitiveness set in and we see him weak, vascillating and easily controlled. He has the crafty, weird cunning, too, of the madman. Sickness, trouble and baffled hopes prey upon his mind. The loss of the Mary of his young days produce brain-worry, and the mysterious power of the clairvoyant governs all his future actions. Go where he will the prophecy of Dame Dermody forces itself upon his wavering mind, and he gives way to the fascinating influence at once. This force developes itself so rapidly in his mind that he grows weaker and weaker, and at last even a little child leads him.* The strange part of the narrative is that Mary Dermody, too, is under this controlling power. It is her *prophetic* dream which he sees. Her *coming* troubles reveal themselves to him, and he always arrives in time to subvert calamities which seem surrounding Mary. Strangely, too, she knows the very hour that she appeared to Germaine, as soon as she beholds him in the flesh. They compare notes, and always with the same results. Their destinies are but the fulfillment of the old sybil's prophecy, made years ago in the little cottage at Greenwater Broad. "Mary's power is an unconscious power. She is a true woman, noble and long-suffering. In the matter of right she is unflinching, and no amount of suffering can change her idea of what is right. The love she bears Germaine is a higher, grander passion than his. His love is that of the spoiled child, who craves for that which he cannot get. His is a blind love which seems impelled by some spirit influence, some predestined element, which he cannot fight away. He would carry by force what he cannot win morally. He finds himself drifting, drifting to her side. She draws him to her. She loves him, she venerates him; but can not, will not marry him. In his desperation, a frenzy seizes him. They will die together. The brute force of the madman comes out in all its wild intensity; but her old influence again changes the current of his murderous thought, and the little green flag steps between him and crime. This reveals to him the maiden name of madame Van Brandt. She and his early love, Mary Dermody, are the same. She sees no obstacle now to their union. She marries Germaine, the prophecy of the old Swedenborgian is fulfilled and with their destinies united, the weird visions cease their ramblings. Wilkie Collins writes this story with great energy. Owen's mysteries of the Border land have fascinated him to considerable extent. He believes in second sight, or is it the grouping of images and little airy, footless fancies in a finely wrought imagination? The story is exciting and warm-colored. It is morbid in tone; but fascinating. The chapters are spirited and eventful. In many respects it is the equal of Mr. Collins's "Woman in White."

Mr. W. K. Crawford has on his counter the Oct. issue of *Harper's Magazine*, which is as usual filled with good things. George Eliot's story, the greatest of the year, "Daniel Deronda," is finished. "Hayden and his Friends" is a charming paper from the pen of Alfred H. Guernsey. It is illustrated. Mrs. Treat's second paper on the "Carnivorous Plants of Florida" is quite interesting and valuable. "A Madrigal," by Louise Chandler Moulton, is tender and sweet. The sketch of Harriet Martineau, pertinent and entertaining, is from the gossipy pen of James Payn. The German love song, by Helen S. Conant, is so delicate and pretty that we reprint it here:—

Thou art the rest, the languor sweet!
Thou my desire! thou my retreat!
I concentrate my heart to thee,
Thy home through all eternity!

Come in to me, and shut the door
So fast that none shall enter more;
Fill all my soul with dear delight;
Oh, tarry with me day and night!

Julian Hawthorne's "Garth" is continued. The Silver Mountains of Utah, with seven illustrations, is well treated by J. H. Beadle, and the engravings are finely executed. The editorial departments are excellently conducted and the Easy Chair contains some pleasant critical suggestions about "Daniel Deronda." This number of the October *Harper* is