

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

## FRANCE.

**THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD'S MANIFESTO.**—PARIS, July 3.—The Count de Chambord has issued the following Manifesto:—

Frenchmen, you have required temporary expedients of safety. The country now seems to be on the eve of fresh dangers. France has need of loyalty. My birth made me your King; I would be wanting in the most sacred of duties if I neglected to make a supreme effort to overthrow the interposing barriers of prejudice. I am aware of the accusations against me. I have remained silent in order not to add to the difficulties of the illustrious soldier who protects you; because of the accumulation of errors and falsehoods, silence is no longer permissible. Persons have pretended to understand from previous declarations that I placed Royal power above the laws, and dreamed of unheard of Governmental combinations based upon absolutism or arbitrary ideas. The French monarchy is a limited monarchy in its essence. It borrows nothing from Governments of fortune which promise boundless prosperity and lead to ruin. The limited monarchy admits of the existence of two Chambers, one nominated by the King and the other by the nation, according to legally established suffrage. The union of the people and the King enabled the ancestors to frustrate for centuries the calculations of those seeking to domineer over the people by contending against the King. It is untrue that my policy is at variance with the aspirations of the country. We both desire the strong reparative powers which a durable alliance with monarchy alone can give. I wish the representatives of the nation to be vigilant auxiliaries for the examination of questions submitted to them, but will not have barren parliamentary struggles from which the sovereign often is powerless and weakened. In rejecting foreign and imported formulas with its king, who reigns, but does not govern, I feel myself in harmony with the immense majority. I am now, as before, ready. The House of France is sincerely reconciled. Let there be a truce to our divisions. Is it not time to restore prosperity and grandeur to France with the venerable royalty?

Paul de Cassagnac and his co-editors of *Le Pays*, have been acquitted of a charge of inciting the citizens to mutual hatred.

**VICTIMS AND LEADERS OF REVOLUTION.**—Blame has sometimes been cast on the French Executive for the long delays they have interposed—in most cases, perhaps, unavoidably—between the arrest, trial, and execution of the unfortunate prisoners of the Commune. In the case of Emile Bonnard, one of the ferocious mob who stoned to death an *agent de police* at the Canal de St. Martin in 1870, and who was condemned by one of the military tribunals in February last—the respite has been attended with good effect. The labors of the prison chaplains, the Rev. Abbes Portier and Baron, were rewarded by the conversion of Bonnard, so that he not only received devoutly and thankfully all the aids of religion offered him, but addressed his fellow-prisoners in the chapel, and the spectators at his execution on Friday, the 5th; declaring that he admitted the justice of his sentence, and warning them against the reading of bad papers, *ces feuilles infames*, which he said had poisoned his mind as they daily poison the minds of thousands to their ruin. He also besought his confessor to correct the false accounts which those papers would be sure to publish about his own end. Although so penitent, he seems to have died without signs of fear; he faced the volley unbound, and sank, with the shout of *Vive la France!* pierced by eight bullets. Men like Bonnard are rather the victims than the leaders of the anti social movement that still terrifies and paralyzes France. Their crimes were great, but were committed under that political frenzy which intoxicates the half-educated Frenchman as strong drink maddens the colder temperament of the North. The greater criminals had brains and money to escape justice, and are mostly still at large.

**Tablet.**—The Feast of *Corpus Christi* attracted very large congregations to all the churches of Paris, and in every instance the processions were very good, especially in those parishes where they could take place in the open air. Everywhere there was perfect order and devotional demeanour on the part of the assembled multitudes.

**DEATH OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF RHEDMS.**—The *Univers* of the 7th inst., announces the sad news of the sudden death of Mgr. Laudrot which occurred the previous night. It adds that there was nothing to give warning of the approaching melancholy event, but on the contrary, that his Grace appeared to have been completely cured of the illness under which he had been suffering some time ago, and which had threatened his life. A slight cold which he had been attacked during the last few days had excited an alarm. The stroke of death, was sudden, and throughout the archdiocese it will be profoundly deplored.—R.I.P.

## SPAIN.

**MADRID, July 2.**—The funeral of Gen. Manuel Concha took place to-day. The ceremonies were very imposing, and there was a crowd of spectators in line. Marshal Serrano and all the Cabinet Ministers followed.

The Carlist forces at Estella number 38,000. General Sabala has 108 cannon, and hopes of his speedy victory are increasing. The Carlists energetically deny the charges of a massacre and mutilation of the wounded and prisoners, as charged against them.

The Republicans are fortifying; the line of defence which was planned by the late Marshal Concha.

## GERMANY.

**THE PROGRESS OF THE PERSECUTION.**—The following very mild accounts of the persecution are taken from a Bismarckian source:—“Since the Church Laws have been in force,

the sum of the penalties inflicted for infringement of these laws has never been so great as from the 26th to the 30th of May. On the 26th, and also on the 30th ult., the Archbishop of Cologne was sentenced each time to pay 1,000 thalers, or to ten months' imprisonment in default of payment, for the unlawful instalment of priests; and four priests were sentenced to day, the one 55, the second 25, the third 50, and the fourth 500 thalers, or to be imprisoned three months for unlawfully officiating as divines. That makes all in all 2,300 thalers, or one year and eleven months' imprisonment, of which 2,000 thalers, or twenty months' imprisonment, are the Archbishop's share. On being asked whether he would attend court, the Archbishop replied that he would never be induced to do so.”

**MORE REPRESSION OF THE CHURCH IN GERMANY.**—The anti-Catholic *Deutsche Nachrichten* has the following:—“A great deal has been reported lately concerning a series of projects for new Church-laws. As far as we are aware, the truth is, that a judicial regulation of the management of the property of Catholic parishes is intended, and the project is at present being worked out, which is in itself very difficult, as due regard must be paid to the various rights or laws of the different provinces. A law for Monasteries and Religious Orders, and their property, is to be introduced, but not before the statistical results, which are now being made, can be laid before the legislators.”

**THE ARNIM REVELATIONS.**—The following is not a little curious:—The *Presse* of Vienna (27th ult.) declares that it is compelled to repel the offers of a high dignitary in Berlin, who has demanded from it full private particulars of the celebrated Arnim Revelations, made through its columns. It says also that bail to such an amount as would represent a small fortune, was offered that the documents, if given up, would not be used indiscreetly. The light in which the “bail”—in reality a bribe—has been regarded by the *Presse*, may be gathered from the fact that that journal has published the offer made to it, “to see if Berlin will give a rebuke to those persons, belonging to the nobility, who have dared to tempt the honor of a great Austrian journal.” That is pretty plain speaking for M. de Bismarck to hear and meditate on!

## ITALY.

**THE POPE.**—The health of his Holiness seems completely restored, and the effects of the cold have disappeared. But his physicians recommend quiet and precautions lest the fatigue of too much business should enfeeble the illustrious patient. The receptions at the Vatican, which were but slightly interrupted, have been resumed.

**CORPUS DOMINI.**—This Feast was celebrated in various parts of Italy this year with the usual processions, except in Bologna and other towns, where the authorities inhibited processions in the streets. In Rome no processions took place outside the churches. At St. Peter's there was High Mass at the altar behind the confessional between the tombs of Paul III. and Urban VIII. Many priests and lay visitors were present. Monsignor Casale was celebrant. After Mass Cardinal Federico Borromeo carried the Blessed Sacrament in procession through the nave. The churches of the city were thronged with worshippers, and all the shops were shut.

**PEACE OR WAR.**—Some persons consider the abandonment of the Defence Fortifications to be a sign of approaching war. The Ministry have received, it is thought, the word from Prince Bismarck to keep the army ready for marching, and not to mind the defensive works. Italy is to make war, not to await it, and Savoy and Nice will be both the pretext and the prize. Certainly the speeches of Cialdini and Minghetti were alarming, and the change of policy was very suspicious. Six months ago these fortifications were deemed indispensable, now they are put off *sine die*.

**FOOD RIOTS.**—In many parts of Italy disturbances arising from the high price of provisions have been put down, by armed force. Riots broke out at Briggella, Solaroli, Castel-Bolognese, Lugio, and Cotignola. The ring-leaders were arrested, and some of them brought to Ravenna to be imprisoned. The disturbances at Faenza lasted some days, and one time threatened to be serious. The populace attributed the scarcity of provisions to certain rich merchants, and assaulted the corn-stores and bakeries, throwing stones at obnoxious individuals. The shops were shut for some days, and business was suspended. The authorities, to calm the multitude issued proclamations that a reduction would be made in the price of bread, and that the persons arrested would be set at liberty. These promises were not fulfilled, and the anger of the mob increased. Rations of soup were then issued, but without satisfying the rioters. Ten thousand loaves daily of eight ounces each were then distributed gratuitously to the poor. The town of Faenza was patrolled by soldiers, and the liquor-shops, eating-houses, and hotels, were closed at an hour early each evening by order of the prefect. At Incola the bakers' shops were guarded by soldiers, and the crowds of women and workmen assembled in the piazzas were only dispersed after two bayonet charges. It was feared the butchers in Rome would go on strike in consequence of a new burden laid on them by the Municipality. The Municipality, to prevent the inconvenience of leaving the city without beef, opened a store where all persons might purchase meat at the usual prices. It is, however, expected that in a few weeks butchers' meat will cost one franc the Italian pound of eleven ounces.

## ST. SEBASTIAN.

Diocletian was Emperor at this time, A. D. 283. He was the son of a Dalmatian slave, and called at first Diocles, but Diocletian on his accession to the empire. He was a gnaty-variant—bloodthirsty, avicious—but passionately fond of palace-building. It is around him and the other persecutors of the Church that the infidel and apostate, Gibbon, has raised up those “clouds of obscurity” which prevent in the minds of those who read the pages of Gibbon's “Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire,” a true appreciation of the terrible persecution of the Christians. Unfortunately, those outside the Church take their information from such a poisoned source.

During the reign of the Emperor Carinus, two twin brothers, Mark and Marcellinus, were imprisoned in Rome. Sebastian, born at Narbonne, in the Gauls, but educated at Milan, came frequently to visit them. Sebastian's family was a Milanese

family. He had entered the army not through choice, but from a desire to serve his brethren. Mark and Marcellinus were of an illustrious senatorial family. Chromatius was then Prefect of Rome, and had these two brothers put under the guard of Nicostratus, his first clerk. Every attempt was made to shake the constancy of the two brothers. The most painful tortures had been of no avail; then they attempted to seduce Mark and Marcellinus by all the powers of the human affections. Their father, their mother, their wives, their children their friends, did all that the human heart could suggest to bring them to yield. Distracted by such affliction, their hearts rent at the sight of their weeping children and parents, their courage began to bend, their wills to vacillate, when Sebastian, arriving lifted up his heart by his fiery discourses. A divine light appeared around the saint. All were touched. Zoe, wife of Nicostratus, threw herself at Sebastian's feet, and by signs made him understand what she desired. For six years she had been dumb. Sebastian made the sign of the cross on her mouth, asking in a loud voice of Jesus Christ to heal her, if all he had said was true. Zoe arose and spoke. She had seen an angel descending from heaven holding an open book before the eyes of St. Sebastian, where all that he had said was written word for word. The assistants were converted. Nicostratus protested that neither meat nor drink would pass his lips until he had received Holy Baptism. But Sebastian told him, first of all, to exchange the dignity of office of Prefect of that for officer of Jesus Christ, and to bring to him all the prisoners under his charge, so that they might be catechised. So Nicostratus went to the jailer Claudius and obtained the prisoners. The holy priest Polycarp received them into the church. Claudius, the jailer, at the sight of this felt his heart touched. He professed his belief and asked the saints to cure his two sick children. On being baptized, they regained perfect health. Sebastian was godfather to the new converts, and Beatrice, afterward a martyr, and Lucia the godmothers. Tranquillinus, father of the two martyrs, was cured of gout on coming from the baptismal font. Chromatius having ascertained all this desired much to be cured of the gout, whereof he suffered, and calling Tranquillinus he promised him half his fortune would he cure him. Tranquillinus laughed at the idea, and told him to what Physician he should have recourse. The holy priest Polycarp took occasion of the sufferings of Chromatius to speak to him of the eternal pains of hell. Chromatius then gave his name and that of his only son as Christians. St. Sebastian and St. Polycarp, having the consent of the new catechumen, broke all the idols in the household, and a young man appeared to Chromatius, and healed him.

Diocletian became sole master of the Empire on the death of Carinus, in 285 and took his seat in Rome. He gave to Sebastian the captaincy of the first company of the Pretorian Guard, and had always the Saint with him.

At this time the persecution became intense. Chromatius, by the advice of the pope, St. Caius, retired to his country seat, and the pope decided that Polycarp should also go, but that Sebastian should remain with him. The pope conferred on Sebastian the title of Defender of the Church. Many now were receiving the crown of martyrdom. St. Caius was concealed by Sebastian in the very palace of the persecuting Emperor.

Diocletian being apprised that Sebastian was a Christian had him called to his presence, and reproached him for thus having required all the benefits bestowed. The Saint answered that seeing the folly of asking prayers and help from stones, he had unceasingly adored Christ and the God who is in heaven for the salvation of the Prince and of the Empire. So wise an answer did not satisfy Diocletian, and he had the Saint delivered over to the archers of Mauritania, to be made a target of. And they left him as dead, pierced with arrows. But Irene, widow of St. Castile, who being keeper of the baths to Diocletian, had secreted St. Caius in the palace, having come to bury him found him still living, and being brought to her abode in the palace of Diocletian, he in a short time recovered perfect health. The Christians exhorted him to withdraw; but invoking the aid of God, he took position on a stairway where Diocletian had to pass, and charged him with the injustice of his persecution. Diocletian was amazed on beholding him alive. Whereupon the Saint told him that Jesus Christ had given him back to life, so that he might protest before all the people that this persecution of the servants of Christ was an extreme injustice. Diocletian had him immediately conducted to the hippodrome of the palace, there he was beaten with clubs to death. And so that the Christians might not make a martyr of him, his body was thrown into the public sewer, but there it remained suspended to an iron hook. At night the Saint appeared to Lucia, told her where his body was, and to have it buried in the Catacombs, at the entry of the Grotto of the Apostles. This occurred in 288, (Acta Sancti Sebastiani, 20 Jan. SS. Marcellinus et Marcus, 18 Jan. SS. Tiburtinus et Chromatus, 11 Aug. etc. Apud Acta Sanctorum Tillemant et Baillet. Rohrbocher, vol. 6, page 14.)

## THE LATE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BY MARK TWAIN.

[Never put off till to-morrow what you can do day after to-morrow just as well.—B. F.]

This party was one of those whom they call philosophers. He was twins, being born simultaneously in two different houses in the city of Boston. These houses remain unto this day, and have signs upon them worded in accordance with the facts. The signs are considered well enough to have, though not necessary, because the inhabitants point out the two birthplaces to the stranger anyhow and sometimes as often as several times in the same day. The subject of the memoir was of a vicious disposition, and early prostituted his talents to the invention of maxims and aphorisms calculated to inflict suffering upon the rising generation of all subsequent ages. The simplest acts also were contrived with a view to their being held up for the emulation of boys for ever—boys who might otherwise have been happy. It was in this spirit he became the son of a soap-boiler, and probably for no other reason than that the efforts of all future boys who tried to be anything might be looked upon with suspicion unless they were the sons of soap-boilers. With a malevolence which is without parallel in history, he would work all day and then sit up at nights and let on to be studying algebra by the light of a smouldering fire, so that all other boys might have to do that also or else have Benjamin Franklin thrown up to them. Not satisfied with them proceedings he had a fashion of living wholly on bread and water and studying astronomy at meal times—a thing which has brought affliction to millions of boys since whose fathers had read Franklin's pernicious biography.

His maxims were full of animosity towards boys. Nowadays a boy cannot follow out a single natural instinct without tumbling over some of those everlasting aphorisms, and hearing from Franklin on the spot. If he buys two cents' worth of pea-nuts his father says, “Remember what Franklin has said my son—‘A great day's penny a year’ and the comfort is all gone out of those pea-nuts. If he wants to spin his top when he is done work, his father quotes ‘Procrastination is the thief of time.’ If he does a virtuous action he never gets anything for it because ‘Virtue is its own reward.’ And that boy is hounded to death and robbed of his natural rest, because Franklin said once in one of his inspired flights of malignity—

Early to bed and early to rise  
Makes a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise  
As if it were any object to a boy to be healthy, and

wealthy, and wise on such terms. The sorrow that that maxim had cost me through my parents experimenting on me with it, tongue cannot tell. The legitimate result is my present state of general debility, indigence, and mental aberration. My parents used to have me up before nine o'clock in the morning, sometimes when I was a boy. If they had let me take my natural rest where would I have been now? Keeping store, no doubt, and respected by all.

And what an adroit old adventurer the subject of this memoir was! In order to get a chance to fly his kite on Sunday, he used to hang a key on the string and let on to be fishing for lightning. And a guileless public would go home chirping about the “wisdom” and the “genius” of the hoary Sabbath-breaker. If anybody caught him playing “mumble-peg” by himself, after the age of sixty, he would immediately appear to be ciphering out how the grass grew—as if it was any of his business. My grandfather knew him well and he says Franklin was always fixed—always ready. If a body, during his old age, happened on him unexpectedly when he was catching flies, or making mud-pies, or sliding down the cellar door, he would immediately look wise, and rip out a maxim, and walk off with his nose in the air and his cap turned wrong side before and trying to appear absent-minded and eccentric. He was a hard lot.

He invented a stove that would smoke your head off in four hours by the clock. One can see the almost devilish satisfaction he took in it by giving it his name.

He was always proud of telling how he entered Philadelphia for the first time, with nothing in the world but two shillings in his pocket, and four rolls of bread under his arm. But really, when you come to examine it critically, it was nothing. Anybody could have done it.

To the subject of this memoir belongs the honor of recommending the army to go back to bows and arrows in place of bayonets and muskets. He observed, with his customary force, that the bayonet was very well under some circumstances, but he doubted whether it could be used with accuracy at long range.

Benjamin Franklin did a great many notable things for the country, and made her young name to be honored in many lands as the mother of such a son. It is not the idea of this memoir to ignore that or cover it up. No; the simple idea of it is to snub those pretensions maxims of his, which he worked up with a great show of originality out of truisms that had become wearisome platitudes as early as the dispersion from Babel; and also to snub his stove, and his military inspirations, his unseemingly endeavor to make himself conspicuous when he entered Philadelphia, and his flying kite and fooling away his time in all sorts of such ways when he ought to have been forging for soap fat or constructing candles. I merely desire to do away with somewhat of the prevalent calamitous ideas among heads of families that Franklin acquired his great genius by working for nothing, studying by moonlight, and getting up in the night instead of waiting till morning like a Christian; and that this programme, rigidly inflicted, will make a Franklin of every father's fool. It is time these gentlemen were finding out that these execrable eccentricities of instinct and conduct are only the evidences of genius, not the creators of it. I wish I had been the father of my parents long enough to make them comprehend this truth, and thus prepare them to let their son have an easier time of it. When I was a child I had to boil soap, notwithstanding my father was wealthy, and I had to get up early and study geometry at breakfast, and peddle my own poetry, and do everything just as Franklin did, in the solemn hope that I would be a Franklin some day. And here I am.

**SAN FRANCISCO, June 30.**—Harvesting has begun in many parts of the State; the yield of grain will be enormous.

**WASHINGTON, June 30.**—Secretary Delane has called the attention of the Secretary of State to the joint resolution approved June 5th, authorizing the extension of a cordial invitation to foreign governments to participate in the Centennial Exhibition, and requesting him to transmit copies of the resolutions abroad. Delane says in his letter to Secretary Fish, he has been informed that it has been considered necessary by the Commission in charge of the Exhibition to revise its general regulation heretofore issued, and to extend the dates assigned for certain stages of work, and that the revision is now in progress.

**CHICAGO, June 30.**—The managers of the railroads leading from this city through Iowa are discussing the Iowa law, which is similar to that enacted by the Wisconsin legislature. The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, Chicago and Fort-Warren, and Illinois Central Railways, will be seriously affected by the law. It is certain that the roads will take some joint action. The Chicago and North-Western and Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific will issue a freight tariff corresponding with the new law, and this line of action the other roads will probably adopt. Under the new passenger law the rates will be 3 cents per mile. The roads represented at the meeting yesterday failed to agree in the course to be pursued in regard to the future; but at present the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific will submit to the law, and the other roads will continue at the present rates, except to points where their lines compete with the Rock Island and Pacific. The latter companies are bound by the terms of extension of time of their Iowa grant, to submit to whatever the Legislature shall regulate with regard to freight and fare tariffs. The Attorney-General gives his opinion that the law can be enforced, though very loosely framed.

**CONVICT LIFE IN NEW CALEDONIA.**—A correspondent of the *Southern Cross*, who recently visited New Caledonia, communicates some interesting facts about the convicts. “The convicts of New Caledonia number over 8,000, and are mostly on the Ile des Pins, which is a short distance to the southward of the mainland. Other convict settlements are scattered all round the coast. Owing to the late arrival of the Communists, these numbers will be considerably increased. The convicts are mostly employed on the roads, which, round Noumea, are in excellent condition, and on any Government work that may be going on. They are at present reclaiming a portion of the harbor, which, when completed, will be of great value to the town of Noumea. The convicts are paid a few sous a day, part of which is retained until their sentence is expired. They are not overworked, and are allowed to smoke—in fact, if anything, I should fancy that they have a better time of it than the soldiers who guard them. Some very cleverly carved ornaments, made out of wood and shells, are manufactured by the prisoners, who sell them to the store-keepers. Numbers of these curiosities find their way into the Sydney market. If a prisoner escapes, a gun is fired, and any one—soldier or citizen—has carte blanche, if discovered, to shoot him dead. Several instances have occurred of convicts endeavoring to escape, but they invariably have either been shot or drowned in attempting to swim across to the coral reefs, although, supposing they reached them they could not get away, being surrounded by the sea. Any convict showing signs of insubordination, the guards have full power to shoot him on the spot. I think that this is wrong, for the guards may, and it is said have abused their power. No doubt, with a view of soothing their savage breasts, the convicts are allowed to have a brass band, and a very good one it is. They perform once a week, generally on a Saturday, in the town, to the great delectation of the inhabitants; and when we had hidden our French

friends *au revoir* we could hear floating after us on the breeze, the melodious strains of the convict band.”

**How He Put His Foot in it.**—A Nashville youth asked his sweetheart to go out to some entertainment with him, a short time ago, but she declined on the ground that her shoes were out of repair, whereupon the young man offered to have them mended if she would send them around the next day. A lady friend, who overheard the conversation, secured a well-worn pair of brogans belonging to her colored cook, and had them conveyed to the enamored young man early the next morning. The latter was astounded, as he had been under the impression that his Dulcinea was the possessor of the neatest foot in Nashville, (or a pair of them for that matter), but bravely concealing his feelings of bitter disappointment, he loaded the brogans into a wheelbarrow, took them to the nearest shoemaker and left them with a request that they be mended at once. After the shoes had been repaired, the young fellow escorted them to the home of the dear one of his heart, expecting to be overwhelmed with thanks. On the contrary, half an hour of glib talking on his part was required in order to convince the young lady that he had no intention of insulting her.

This is the way a Florida man expects to get a partner to his bosom. He advertises as follows:—“Any gal what's got a cow, a good featherbed, with comfortable linens, five hundred dollars in good, genuine slap-up greenbacks, that has had the small-pox, measles, and understands tending children, can find a customer for life by writing a small william ducky, addressed X. Y. Z., and stick it in a crack of Uncle Billy Smith's barn, jinen the pig-pen, where Harrison Reed is now planning for future operations.”

**A CONFIRMED GRUMBLER.**—Some time ago there lived in Edinburgh a well-known grumbler, whom we will call Sandy Black, whose frequent fits of spleen produced some amusing scenes of senseless irritability, relieved by all except the fellow's good patient little wife. One morning Sandy rose bent on a quarrel; the fish and eggs were done to a turn, and breakfast passed without cause of complaint. “What will you have for dinner, Sandy?” said Mrs. Black.

“A chicken, madam,” said the husband. “Roast or boiled?” asked the wife. “Confound it, madam, if you had been a considerate and good wife, you would have known before this what I liked!” Sandy growled out, and slamming the door after him left the house.

The dinner time came and Sandy sat down to the table. The fish was eaten in silence, and on raising the cover of the dish before him, in a towering passion he called out:

“Boiled chicken! I hate it, madam. A chicken boiled is a chicken spoiled!”

Immediately his wife raised a cover from another chicken, roasted to a turn.

“Madam, I won't eat roast chicken,” roared Sandy.

At the instant a broiled chicken with mushrooms was placed on the table.

“Without green peas!” roared the grumbler.

“Here they are, dear,” said Mrs. Black.

“How dare you spend my money in that way?”

“They were a present,” said his wife.

Sandy, in desperation, rose from his chair and rushed from the room with clenched fist, shouting:

“How dare you receive a present without my leave?”

The imagination of men is often the refuge of their prejudices.

Music is the child of prayer, the companion of religion.

**THE NEPLUS ULTRA.**—Everybody likes to see a well dressed head of hair, but no lady or gentleman can dress their hair with perfect satisfaction without the use of BEARINE. Its perfume is exquisite; it gives to the hair a rich glossy appearance. Sold by all Druggists.

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	July	11
CASPIAN.....	“	18
POLYNESIAN.....	“	25
SCANDINAVIAN.....	August	1
PERUVIAN.....	“	8
SARMAIAN.....	“	15
PRUSSIAN.....	“	22

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	About July 9	“ 16	“ 23	Aug. 2	“ 6
CORINTHIAN.....	“	“	“	“	“
PHOENICIAN.....	“	“	“	“	“
CANADIAN.....	“	“	“	“	“
ST. PATRICK.....	“	“	“	“	“
MANITOBAN.....	“	“	“	“	“

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Steerage.....25

An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for. For Freight or other particulars apply to:

In Portland to J. L. FARNER, in Quebec to ALLANS, RAE & Co.; in Havre to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 QUE. D'Orleans; in Paris to GUSTAVE BOSSANGE, Rue du Quatre Septembre; in Antwerp to AGO. SOMERS & Co., or RICHARD BERNIS, in Rotterdam to G. P. ITTMANN & Son, or RUVS & Co.; in Hamburg to W. GIBSON & Hugo; in Bordeaux to LAFFITTE & VANDERVOYER, or E. DEPAS & Co.; in Belfast to CHARLEY & MALCOLM; in London to MONTGOMERY & GREENHORN, 17 Gracechurch street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALEX. ALLAN, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool to ALLAN BROTHERS, James Street.

H. & A. ALLAN,  
Corner of Youville and Common Streets,  
July 10, 1874. 47.