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Montreal Free Press

Wholesale News

Vol. X.—No. 14.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1874.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



AUTUMN IN THE WOODS.—By W. SCHUERER.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS..... \$4.00 per annum
 THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RE-
 CORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE 1.50 "
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THE DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY;
 Montreal; Publishers.

SUBSCRIPTIONS PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

All remittances and business communications to be ad-
 dressed to,

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 tions to be addressed to,

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 other hand, to furnish security. Apply to the Manager.

The next number of the

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

will contain illustrations of the

Brown-Morris Boat Race

on the Kennebecasis, after sketches by our special artist
 in the Maritime Provinces.

A NEW STORY.

We beg to announce that we have arranged with Mr.

WILKIE COLLINS

for the exclusive right to publish, in serial form, a New
 Story he has just written, entitled

"THE LAW AND THE LADY."

This we shall publish simultaneously with its appearance
 in London, and will give the first chapters in our issue of
 the 17th October. This story is not only worthy of Mr.
 Collins' great reputation, but is stated to be the best he
 has written. Our readers may therefore expect a rare
 treat from its perusal in our columns.

Canadian Illustrated News.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCT. 3, 1874.

NOTICE.

We desire to inform our readers that application has
 been made for letters patent incorporating a new Litho-
 graphic Printing and Publishing Company, into whose
 hands will pass, after incorporation, the whole of the
 Publishing, Lithographic, and Printing business hitherto
 carried on by George E. Desbarats, and the Engraving
 and Lithographic Printing business of Messrs. Burland,
 Lafreicain, and Co., an amalgamation of the two houses
 being about to be effected. The new Company—which will
 be known as the Burland-Desbarats Company—will be in
 working order on or about the first of November next.
 Upon the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS the Management
 intend to concentrate their efforts so that, on its becom-
 ing the property of the Company a manifest improvement
 shall be developed in its every department. On and
 after the date mentioned the Management purpose to
 present the country with a Pictorial Paper of which it
 may, on every score, be proud.

The artistic staff will be increased and remodelled, and
 every detail of the illustrations carefully followed and
 supervised, so that the Pictorial pages of the NEWS shall
 be steadily and progressively good, and shall vie with and
 eclipse, if possible, its American and English contem-
 poraries.

Portraits of prominent men, events of general and local
 interest, notable public edifices, interesting scenery, mer-
 cantile and manufacturing houses, will be illustrated by
 able artists. Politics of every shade, society in its various
 phases, will furnish subjects for humorous cartoons,
 where the sharp edge of satire shall be made to do good
 service. Works of art will be reproduced from time to
 time, and always in the best style known to modern skill.

In its letter-press pages the NEWS will be essentially a
 family and literary paper. It will be made a necessity
 to the fireside of every Canadian home. The ladies, the
 children, the weary paterfamilias, all will find recreation
 and instruction in its columns. The stories and novels
 published will be by the best writers of the day. The
 selections, carefully made, avoiding everything that may
 offend the most sensitive conscience or the most fastidious
 taste. In politics its character will be perfect independ-
 ence, and it will entirely avoid all approach to person-
 alities or partizan-ship. It will likewise eschew all religious
 discussion, and all comments or remarks that might
 annoy any sect or congregation, leaving to each the entire
 liberty of its worship, and giving to each credit for entire
 good faith.

The Management claim that, with this programme for
 its guidance, it deserves the liberal support of all Cana-
 dians, and trust that strict attention to the details of its
 business will prevent any unpleasantness ever interfering
 between its patrons and the success of the CANADIAN
 ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

**THE GREAT STANDARD MAP OF THE
 DOMINION OF CANADA.**

We have the pleasure to announce that the immense
 labour attending the engraving and printing of this great
 work is at an end, and that in ten days or a fortnight we
 will issue to subscribers the Map which we advertised
 nearly two years ago. "Johnston's New Topographical
 Map of the whole Dominion of Canada, with a large
 section of the United States, compiled from the latest
 and most authentic sources, with additions and correc-
 tions to date of publication," is now ready and being
 mounted and varnished for delivery. It has been ap-
 proved by the most eminent authorities in the Dominion,
 including Andrew Russell, Esq., Geographer to the Do-
 minion Government; Lieutenant Colonel Dennis, Sur-
 veyor-General; Thomas Devine, Esq., F. R. G. S., Sur-
 veyor-in-Chief, Ontario; Sandford Fleming, Esq., Gov-
 ernment Engineer-in-Chief, Ottawa. The size of the
 finished map is seven feet in length by five feet in
 height. It is coloured in counties, districts, and pro-
 vinces, mounted on cloth, varnished, and set on rollers
 ready to hang up. No trouble or expense has been spared
 to ensure to this Map the position of "THE STANDARD
 MAP OF CANADA" for years to come.

Further particulars will be given in our next issue of
 the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

CANVASSERS WANTED.

In connection with the above announcement we require
 the services of a few first class, reliable canvassers to sell
 Johnston's Map. Apply at once at the office of this
 paper.

THE QUEBEC BI-CENTENNIAL.

The two-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the
 old diocese of Quebec has an interest to Canadians far
 distinct from the spectacular exhibition which has taken
 place in the Provincial capital this week. The procession,
 the religious services, the music and the illumination may
 have their significance to those who profess the same
 creed as those who worshipped in that cathedral two hun-
 dred years ago, but to those who hold to-day different
 tenets, the bi-centennial is invested with curious impor-
 tance, on account of the historical associations which are
 connected therewith. In this country, where everything
 is new, smelling of white-wash and fresh paint, it is some-
 thing to be able to go back two centuries in an unbroken
 line, thus uniting, in a kind of living sympathy, the
 present with the respectable past.

Quebec is a legendary city. With Mexico and Lima, it
 possesses the romance of tradition. In war and diplomacy
 it is replete with recollections, and in religion it presents
 a record of unrivalled interest. On the 1st October, 1674,
 FRANCOIS LAVAL DE MONTMORENCI was appointed Bishop
 of Quebec. Canada was then only a sparse settlement,
 fringing both banks of the St. Lawrence as far up as

Montreal. But there were plenty of Indian stations in
 the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario and in the neighbour-
 ing State of New York. To these was specially to be de-
 voted the attention of the new prelate. Within a few
 years, however, his spiritual domain was destined to be
 immeasurably enlarged. In the list of the clergy resident
 at Quebec in 1674, we find the plebeian name of JACQUES
 MARQUETTE. We might perhaps pass it over without
 notice, did we not remember that at Mackinaw, a small
 station on the high road to Thunder Bay, is a little cross
 bearing the same name, which the State of Michigan in-
 tends to replace by a granite column looking out afar on
 the blue waters of Lake Superior. MARQUETTE, the dis-
 coverer of the Mississippi! In his birch canoe, accom-
 panied by JOLIETTE, this great man descended the Father
 of Waters from the Falls of St. Anthony to the mouth of
 the Red River of Louisiana. All the lands which he dis-
 covered became the property of his King and the harvest
 field of his Bishop. The cross was everywhere entwined
 by the fleur de lys. Thus it came to pass that the diocese
 of Quebec extended over the whole Mississippi and Ohio
 valleys, and fifty-nine bishoprics are now said to comprise
 what was once the spiritual jurisdiction of Laval's suc-
 cessors. This is indeed a striking picture. But it was
 soon succeeded by another more striking still. The empty
 basin of the St. Lawrence is at present covered with flour-
 ishing provinces. The Huron and the Iroquois survive
 only in the obscure hamlets of Lorette, St. Francis, Caugh-
 nawaga and Two Mountains. A few Mohawks linger near
 Oneida Lake and at Brantford. The great valley of the
 Mississippi has become the granary of the world. The
 Illinois and Missouri are only a name and the last of the
 Delawares turned his face eastwards from Council Bluffs
 for a farewell look, then disappeared in such a mist as
 bore Hiawatha away for ever. The old diocese of Quebec
 still remains beneath the sway of LAVAL's fifteenth suc-
 cessor, but under circumstances of wondrous change. Not
 the least remarkable of these changes is the fact that the
 sermon at this ancient cathedral on the day of the bi-
 centennial celebration was preached in English. Yes, New
 France has been merged in New Britain, and though the
 beautiful language of the pioneers is still spoken, the
 spirit of British institutions is every day manifesting itself
 more and more, in freedom of thought, in energy of
 action and in noble aspiration after more exalted forms of
 civilization.

BACK FROM THE HOLIDAYS.

September is the last of those privileged months
 wherein a man may enjoy his summer vacation. June,
 with its roses, is the opening of the pleasant season, and
 when October looms up brown and chill, the sea shore
 and the country are abandoned for the stern battle of
 life in the shops and offices of the city. This is a fair
 world after all and what makes it such is the beauti-
 ful law of compensation—which requites a long round of
 labour by a few weeks of freedom and out-door recreation.
 Things are so arranged at present that there are compar-
 atively few men who do not have an annual holiday, thus
 recuperating their spent energies and beginning their
 toil again with more cheerful views of life. And the chords
 of human sympathy are so far-reaching in their vibrations
 that the few who, like the writer of these lines, have not
 moved from their desks even in the sweltering days of
 the caniculus, feel a languid pleasure in the amusements
 which their friends and colleagues have enjoyed.

We are all very much like children however we may
 have grown in years. Boys and girls must have their long
 vacation after ten months spent in the class room. It is
 as necessary to their mental development as is the rou-
 tine of books and recitations. It gives a zest and pleasure-
 able association to school life. It is the balance wheel in
 the rotations of educational enginery. Similarly, the
 summer holiday is an almost indispensable element to the
 routine of business life. In strictly intellectual avoca-
 tions, it goes without saying that constant tension blunts
 the edge of the faculties and that in order to their proper
 sharpening a period of repose is indispensable. But even
 in more material or mechanical pursuits, a like respite is
 necessary. Assiduous work of any sort is wearing and
 wearying. Measuring cloths or weighing groceries behind
 a counter does not indeed require any mental effort to
 speak of, but its very sameness becomes with time a burden
 on the mind. Variety is the spice of life and for the busy
 man that variety can only be obtained by a break in the
 monotone of his daily occupations. None but those who
 have experienced it can appreciate the boyish delight
 with which a tired overworked man beholds, for the first
 time in months, the sight of the running waters, the green
 hills, the shady woods or the unbounded sweep of blue
 sky. There is latent poetry in every human breast and

spectacles like these bring it out in word, gesture or impressive silence almost to deep for words.

One of the most healthy signs of the progress of modern civilization is the humanity which has been engrafted on our commercial code. Employees are no longer treated like slaves or servants. They are regarded as gentlemen.

Students have come to understand that persons whom untoward circumstances have reduced to earning their living under the orders, and in the pay of another, have lost thereby none of their manhood, but deserve just the same the consideration due to their character and talents. Hence has sprung up a more open and agreeable intercourse between employer and employed. To the same cause is to be attributed the early closing movement and the Saturday half-holiday, two boons of incalculable influence on the moral and social state of a community. The summer vacation has a like origin. Our best houses now make it a practice to allow each one of their members a recess of ten or fifteen days during the heated term. The men go off in rotation, so that the business does not suffer in the least from the absence of one or two. Neither are the salaries interfered with. These holidays being rightly regarded as a benefit to the men which redounds ultimately on the house itself, a few dollars are not begrudged in helping to obtain it. Unfortunately all employers of labour have not this enlightened view. It is to be hoped, however, that in every large city, they will always form the exception to a very general rule.

There is a maxim that a favour always pays for itself. In the present case, the return is an usurious one. Not only does the summer tourist come back to his work with renewed health and spirits, but he feels, without always saying so in words, that he is bound in honour to exert himself with fresh ardour to the furtherance of his patron's interest. And it is generally admitted that he does so. We have heard it said in jest, but we believe, with perfect truth, that the fall trade is brisker when the summer has been fine and when business men have had ample opportunity to enjoy their holidays.

THE GLEANER.

The editor of *Scribner's Magazine* says that Dickens was the father-in-law of Wilkie Collins. It is just as well to be accurate while you are about it, Dr. Holland. Wilkie's brother married a daughter of Dickens.

Authorial earnings is the last of Dr. Holland's elegant neologisms. It is about as neat as reportorial notes or newspaperial items.

Wilkinson believes that George Eliot's faculty of observation and her faculty of humorous expression must have been consciously or unconsciously trained in the school of the author of "Vanity Fair."

An American writer says that what strikes the visitor at the English Universities, is their way of speaking the unadulterated truth. What about the American Universities?

The most convincing and conclusive argument yet adduced in favour of Beecher's innocence is that of a New York magazine. He says it is physiologically impossible that the Plymouth Church pastor should commit adultery.

Matthew Arnold says that there is no surer proof of a narrow and ill-instructed mind than to think and uphold that what a man takes to be truth upon religious matters is always to be proclaimed.

A writer likes the unsuspecting gravity of old Noah Webster, in his respectable and jokeless dictionary, where he criticises the term driving *tandem*, with the remark that "*tandem* properly refers to time and not to length of line."

In German packs of cards the *bauer*, or peasant, corresponds to our knave and thus it comes to pass that the two highest cards in the game of euchre are called *bowers*. The *right bower* is the knave or jack of trumps, and the *left bower* the knave of the suit of the same colour.

Welsh rabbit is a genuine slang term and the corrective rare-bit is nonsense. It should never be used.

T. C. King, the eminent tragedian, is remarkable for his discriminating interpretation of Shakespeare. Some of his readings are new. Thus, in the "Merchant of Venice," instead of the usual

Many a time and oft,
On the Rialto.....

He says:—

Many a time, and oft
On the Rialto.....

The difference is not very great, but still it introduces a second thought.

The American popular pie is rightly described as *rudis indigestaque moles*.

"Trial by newspaper," as exhibited in the Beecher-Tilton scandal, is the last American catch word.

In his last great novel, *Ninety-Three*, Victor Hugo has hit off, in a few words, the great distinction between patriotism and provincialism, the cause of so many civil wars.

A Paris battalion skirmishing in the wood of La Saudraie, comes upon a terrified woman and her three little children.

"What is your country?" cries the sergeant.

"The *Metairie* of Siscoignard."

"That's no *patrie*!"

"*C'est mon pays*."

The woman reflects further and adds:

"I understand, sir. You are of France, I am of Brittany."

Then follows a touch of nature for which Hugo is so famous.

"Who are you for, the Blues or the Whites?"

"I am for my children!"

Something new.

A writer tells us that for more than five thousand years, the noblest emotions of the human soul were expressed through the nose, as they are now through the ear. In religious rites there was no music then, only perfume.

In the last number of the *Galaxy*, there is the following remarkably good anecdote. A knot of commercial and financial gentlemen, after having dined together, were chatting over their wine. One of them, however, a man of large wealth, gathered chiefly in an enormous retail dry-goods establishment, was holding forth upon a subject as to which his knowledge and his financial importance give him the right to expect deferential audience. But this being rather a habit of his, his table companions, by mutual understanding, concerted at the moment, did not give him the attention that he expected, and turned and chatted with each other as the whim took them. Whereupon he, to ensure a proper hearing for his "remarks," took out his pencil and rapped smartly two or three times upon the table. "C-c-c-cash!" instantly responded a notorious wag in the company; and the summons of the great dry-goods dealer did not have exactly the effect which he intended.

"My notion of a wife at forty" said Douglas Jerrold, "is that a man should be able to change her, like a bank note, for two twenties."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

AUTUMN IN THE WOODS.

As the autumn advances, and the woods begin to change their summer livery of green for crimson, purple and gold, many pretty objects may be found in our forests which can be turned to account for home decoration. Ruddy maple and russet oak leaves, fir cones, acorns, mosses and lichens, can all, with the exercise of a little patience and ingenuity, be made to contribute to enlivening a parlour or study. Everyone knows the pretty designs of many-hued maple leaves. These may be very tastefully completed by the introduction of natural groups of acorns and dried oak leaves, with the addition of dry twigs and grape tendrils. A very charming ornament may be made by taking the acorns without the cups, and introducing fine wires as stems into the large ends, then grouping them to represent a cluster of grapes, with leaves overhanging and a twig like the stem of a bunch fastened in its proper place. As a border to this, lichens may be used, with a few autumn leaves of bright tints; or even a simple wreath of twigs and briers has a very pretty effect.

THE CENTRAL EXHIBITION AT GUELPH

forms the subject of two illustrations from sketches furnished by our special artist in Ontario. The Guelph Exhibition, which is usually the first to be held of the larger fall fairs in that Province, has frequently been illustrated and described in the pages of the News; and as one of these fairs is very much like another, we make no apology for omitting in this instance a description of a scene which should be familiar to all our readers.

EIGHT BISHOPS OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN CANADA

were present at the Provincial Synod recently held in Montreal. These were: the Metropolitan, Bishop Oxenden, of Montreal; Bishop Medley, of Fredericton; Bishop Binney, of Nova Scotia; Bishop Lewis, of Ontario; Bishop Williams, of Quebec; Bishop Bethune, of Toronto; Bishop Hellmuth, of Huron; and Bishop Fauquier, recently appointed to the newly formed diocese of Algoma.

The most Reverend Ashton Oxenden, Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada, was consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury in Westminster Abbey on the first of August, 1869, he having been elected to the diocese of Montreal by a large majority of votes in May of the same year. Dr. Oxenden belongs to a very old Kentish family, one of his ancestors having been knighted in 1606. The Baronetcy was first created in 1678, when the title was conferred on the grandson of the first knight. The present Baronet, Sir Henry Chudleigh Oxenden, is the eldest brother of the Bishop, and the eighth Baronet. Ashton Oxenden was born at the family seat, Broome, Kent, in 1808; he was educated at Harrow and at University College, Oxford, at which latter place he graduated in 1832. In the following year he was ordained and appointed to the curacy of Barham, in his native county, which he held until 1848, when he became rector of Pluckly, in the same county, which position he held until his elevation to the Episcopate. For ten or twelve years before he left England he was a member of

Convocation, being one of the two clerical members elected to represent the Arch-diocese of Canterbury in that assembly. Bishop Oxenden was installed at Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, on the 5th September, 1869. He is an earnest Evangelical and the author of over a score of pamphlets and other publications of a religious nature, the best known of which is "The Earnest Communicant," a little work that has, we believe, passed its two hundredth thousand.

The Right Reverend John Medley, D.D., Lord Bishop of Fredericton, N.B., is the senior member of the Canadian Episcopate by date of appointment. He was born in England in 1804, and was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, where he took a second class in classics in 1826, and graduated in Arts (M.A.) in 1830. In 1838 he was appointed Vicar of St. Thomas's, Exeter; in 1842 Prebendary of Exeter Cathedral; and in 1845 was consecrated first bishop of Fredericton. Dr. Medley is the author of a volume of sermons and several pamphlets.

The Rt. Rev. Hibbert Binney, D.D., Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia, is a native of that Province, where he was born in 1819. He received his education at King's College, London, and at Oxford. At the latter place he was successively scholar and fellow of Worcester College, when in 1842, he graduated first class in mathematics and second class in classics. He took his Master's degree in 1844, was appointed tutor of his college in 1846, and bursar in 1848. He received deacon's orders in 1842, priest's in 1843, and in 1851 was consecrated fourth bishop of Nova Scotia. The right reverend prelate has published several Charges and Pastoral Letters.

The Rt. Rev. John Travers Lewis, D.D., LL.D., Lord Bishop of Ontario, was born at Cork about the year 1826, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated as senior moderator in ethics and logic, and held the distinguished position of gold medallist, having obtained classical and mathematical honours in his undergraduate course. He was ordained deacon at Cambridge by the Bishop of Chester in 1848, and was rector of Brockville for some years previous to his election to the new bishopric of Ontario in 1861. Bishop Lewis has largely contributed to the religious magazines on subjects relating to Church interests.

The Rt. Rev. J. W. Williams, D.D., was appointed to the bishopric of Quebec in 1863. Previous to his appointment he held for some years the position of Rector of the junior department at Bishop's College, Lennoxville.

The Rt. Rev. A. N. Bethune, D.D., D.C.L., Lord Bishop of Toronto, was born in Upper Canada about 1800, and is consequently the senior Bishop, in point of years, in the Episcopal Church of Canada. He was for many years Archdeacon of Toronto and Rector of Cobourg, Ont., and in 1866, owing to the failing health of Bishop Strachan, was appointed Coadjutor Bishop. In January of the following year he was consecrated as the Bishop of Niagara, with the understanding that he should eventually succeed to the See of Toronto. In November of the same year Dr. Strachan passed away, full of years and of the esteem of his fellow-men, and Dr. Bethune sat in his place. Bishop Bethune has written largely for the religious press, and has issued several volumes of lectures and sermons. He also edited *The Church* newspaper from 1837 to 1841, and again from 1843 to 1847.

The Rt. Rev. Isaac Hellmuth, D.D., Lord Bishop of Huron, is a gentleman of Jewish family from Poland. He was educated at Breslau, and in 1841 embraced Christianity and went to settle in England. In 1844 he came to Canada and settled in the neighbourhood of London, Ont., where he took orders in the Episcopal Church. Having come into considerable property, he conceived the idea of extending the benefits of a first-class English education to the new Episcopal See of Huron by the establishment of a public school, of which he undertook the entire risk and burden. Having been appointed Dean of Huron, and Rector of St. Paul's Cathedral at London, when that diocese was set off from Toronto, he lost no time in carrying out his project, in which he was heartily supported by the then Bishop, Dr. Cronyn. He visited England, where he raised a large amount of money, mostly derived from his own property, and brought out with him a full staff of able professors, graduates of the English Universities. It is understood that Bishop Hellmuth has devoted more than \$80,000 of his own means to the establishment of the college that bears his name, besides \$40,000 which have since been absorbed by the Hellmuth Ladies' College, opened in 1869.

We regret being unable to give any particulars as to the career of the Rt. Rev. F. D. Fauquier, Lord Bishop of Algoma. We believe, however, that the Reverend gentleman laboured in South Zorra for many years previous to his recent elevation to the Episcopate.

EXPLORATIONS IN CAMBODIA.

This strange scene shows the means adopted by Lieutenant Delaporte, of the French navy, of transporting to the sea-coast some of the most interesting archaeological relics of the seldom explored and little known country of Cambodia. The territory of Cambodia lies in the southern portion of the empire of Siam, and immediately north of that portion of Cochin-China which has its capital at Saigon. It is full of old ruins of temples, palaces, and pagodas, and has always been a tempting field to French savans. M. Delaporte, who was last year appointed chief of an exploratory expedition to Tonkin, finding himself compelled to spend six months of inaction in Cochin-China, resolved to explore the interior of the country, and has succeeded in bringing thence a number of relics of the ancient civilization of Cambodia, which have been placed on exhibition in the palace at Compiègne.

The following biography of one of the officers of the

GRAND ORANGE LODGE OF BRITISH AMERICA

has been forwarded us for publication:

Wm. Anderson, Esq., Grand Treasurer of the Grand Orange Lodge of British America, was born in the township of Ameliasburgh, in the County of Prince Edward, in Upper Canada, on the 7th April, 1822. His father was one of the first settlers in this part of Canada. Mr. Anderson joined the L. O. L. in 1843, at the town of Belleville, and assisted in starting two L. O. L.'s in his native township—first No. 175 at the village of Rednerville, of which he was Master for several years; and subsequently No. 889, at the village of Roblin's Mills, where he was elected and re-elected Master for seven or eight years. In 1854 he was elected County Master of the County of Prince Edward, which office he held for ten consecutive years. He

THE LATE REV. JOHN BLACK.

Many of our readers have become familiar with "Cantate Domino," a little book of sacred music composed by the late Rev. John Black of the Diocese of Fredericton, and edited and published by his daughter Mrs. Manger, for the benefit of her widowed mother. As the work has already created considerable interest throughout our musical circles, we feel that a portrait of the author will be acceptable to the Canadian public. The Rev. John Black was the eldest son of the late Hon. William Black, who at one time administered the Government of N. B. and was for many years President of the Legislative Council of that Province. He graduated at King's College, Nova Scotia, and was ordained by the late Dr. Inglis, Bishop of that diocese. He was a Missionary for the S. P. G., and became successively Rector of the parishes of Shediac, Sackville, Richibucto, and King's Clear in the Province of New Brunswick. In the last of the above named parishes, he ministered for twenty-three years, and by his genial and Christian acts of love, and his sympathy for the suffering and afflicted, had won a place of most affectionate remembrance in the hearts of his parishioners. Mr. Black was a talented scholar and well read Theologian "following the old paths" and maintaining sound doctrine. His musical genius was of no ordinary character as the "Cantate Domino" proves. The Sunday previous to his death he attempted, though feeling very ill, to perform Divine Service, hoping even to play the organ and direct the choir as usual; but with the greatest difficulty he was enabled to read the Litany, when exclaiming that he was too ill to continue, was carried from the Church to the Rectory. On the following Friday morning, Dec. 22nd 1871, he expired of congestion of the lungs. Our portrait is from a photograph by Ewing & Co. of Toronto.

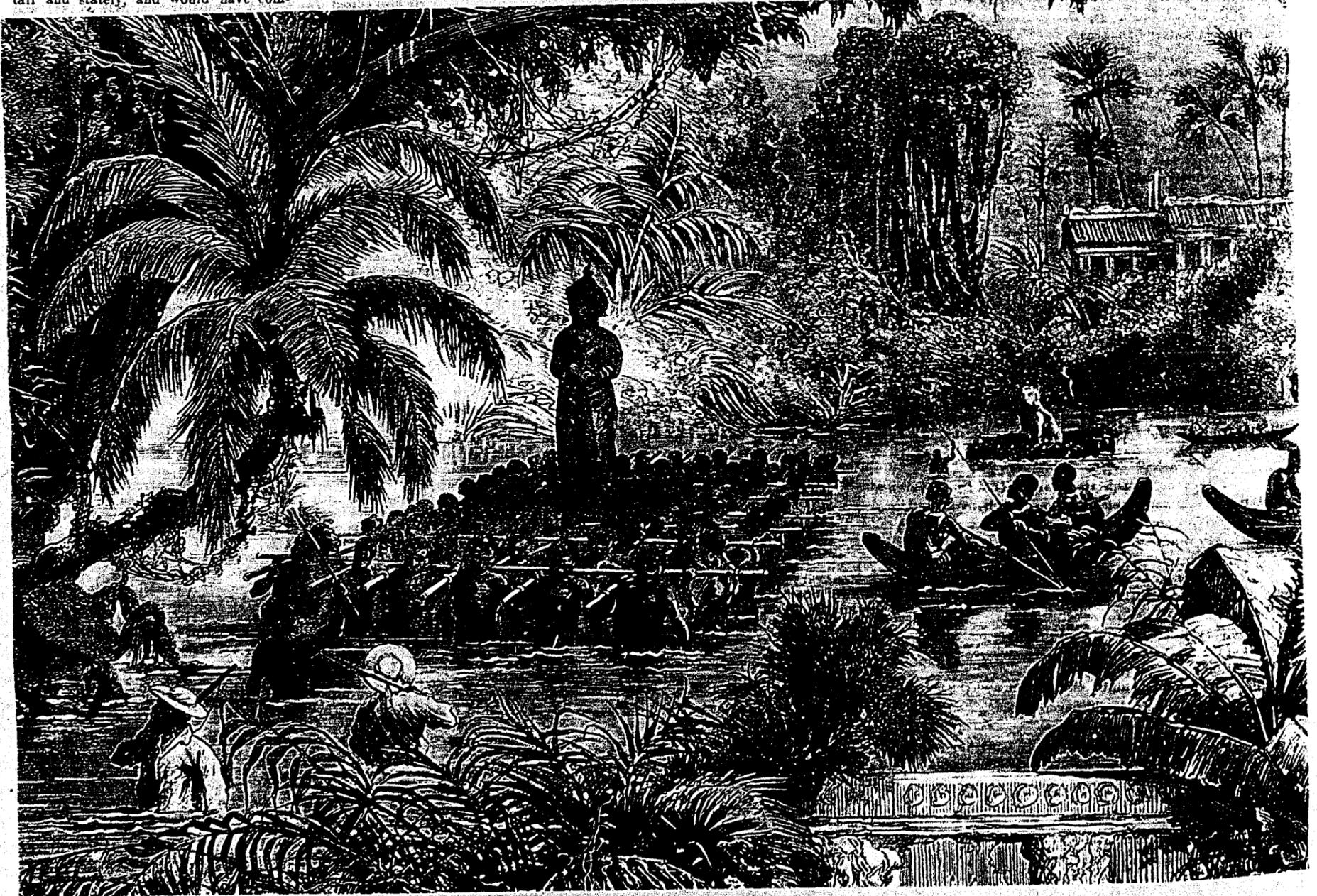
ICELANDIC ATTIRE.

A correspondent of the London *Standard* who has been assisting at the late festivities in Iceland, saw several ladies dressed in the old Icelandic full dress. One of the ladies and her costume he describes as follows: She was some forty years of age, tall and stately, and would have com-



THE LATE REV. JOHN BLACK, M. A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EWING & Co., TORONTO.

manded attention at any assembly. The bright complexion and abundance of fair hair, as well as the general tone of the features, proclaimed her true Norse blood. Her dress, however, was what most caught my attention. She wore a close-fitting bodice and sleeves, made of black woollen material with broad gold embroidery down the front and on the seams, fastened at the throat by a gold button, open after this about half-way down to the waist so as to show a white chemisette, but with gold buttons on either side, so that it could be closed at will. Such a bodice as this is often laced up in front by a gold or silver chain, passed through a kind of ring on the edge of the buttons; but this lady wore it open. Round the waist was a belt formed of plates of gold linked together and hanging down in front nearly to the knees. Many of these belts in gold or silver are heirlooms and come down from generation to generation—perhaps relics of the time when people carried all their available wealth about with them, as Hindoo women and Shahs of Persia do nowadays. The skirt was of the same material with the bodice, and was perfectly plain, except for a narrow band of gold embroidery round the bottom, which was some two inches from the ground. No flounces or frills, and, above all, no adornments in the way of crinoline or dress-improver disfigured the graceful costume I am trying to describe. I know I do it very badly, and I dare say ladies will think I am a dunce, but the task is new and somewhat uncongenial. But the head-dress was the most peculiar part of the whole. I can only describe it as a flattened cornucopia turning over from the back towards the front. The cap was high, covered with white silk or linen, strained over a frame of cardboard, and built up with wadding. Round the band of it glittered about a dozen of gold stars, and set in all round was a very deep net fall trimmed with lace. This fall was lifted up in front and turned back over the cap, while the back part of it fell almost to the waist, the whole giving much the effect of a bridal veil. The hair was worn in several long and very broad plaits, which were turned up in loops, and their ends hidden under the cap. This is the usual Icelandic style of wearing the hair, and, of course, dispenses with all the adornment of frizzles and false plaits, which the belles of our more Southern climes find indispensable.



THE FRENCH EXPLORATORY EXPEDITION IN CAMBODIA: METHOD OF TRANSPORTING ARCHÆOLOGICAL REMAINS TO THE COAST.

DR. ALEXANDER MILTON ROSS.

A CANADIAN NATURALIST

We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers this week a portrait of Dr. A. M. Ross, the distinguished naturalist. Dr. Ross is forty years of age, a Canadian by birth, of Highland Scotch descent. During the past twenty years he has devoted himself to the collection and classification of our native Flora and Fauna. His Ornithological, Entomological, Botanical and Zoological collections are undoubtedly the most extensive and complete ever made by one individual. Dr. Ross has embodied the results of his labours in several valuable and interesting works from his pen, which have met with a cordial and appreciative reception in Canada and by naturalists in Europe and America. His first work, the "Birds of Canada," was published in 1871, and subsequently, the "Butterflies and Moths of Canada," the "Flora of Canada," the "Ferns and Wild Flowers of Canada," the "Forest Trees of Canada," and several valuable scientific papers on kindred subjects. Dr. Ross' labours as a naturalist have been highly appreciated by the leading savants in Europe. He has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature and the Zoological Society of England, a Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Denmark, a member of the Imperial Society of Naturalists of Russia, the Royal Linnean, Botanical and Malacological Societies of Belgium, the Paleontological and Archeological Society of Charleroi, Belgium; the Entomological Societies of England, France, Italy, Russia, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium and United States, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, etc., etc.

It is a matter of congratulation that we have resident among us a gentleman whose achievements in the fascinating sciences of Ornithology, Entomology, and Botany have made him a standard authority throughout the scientific world.

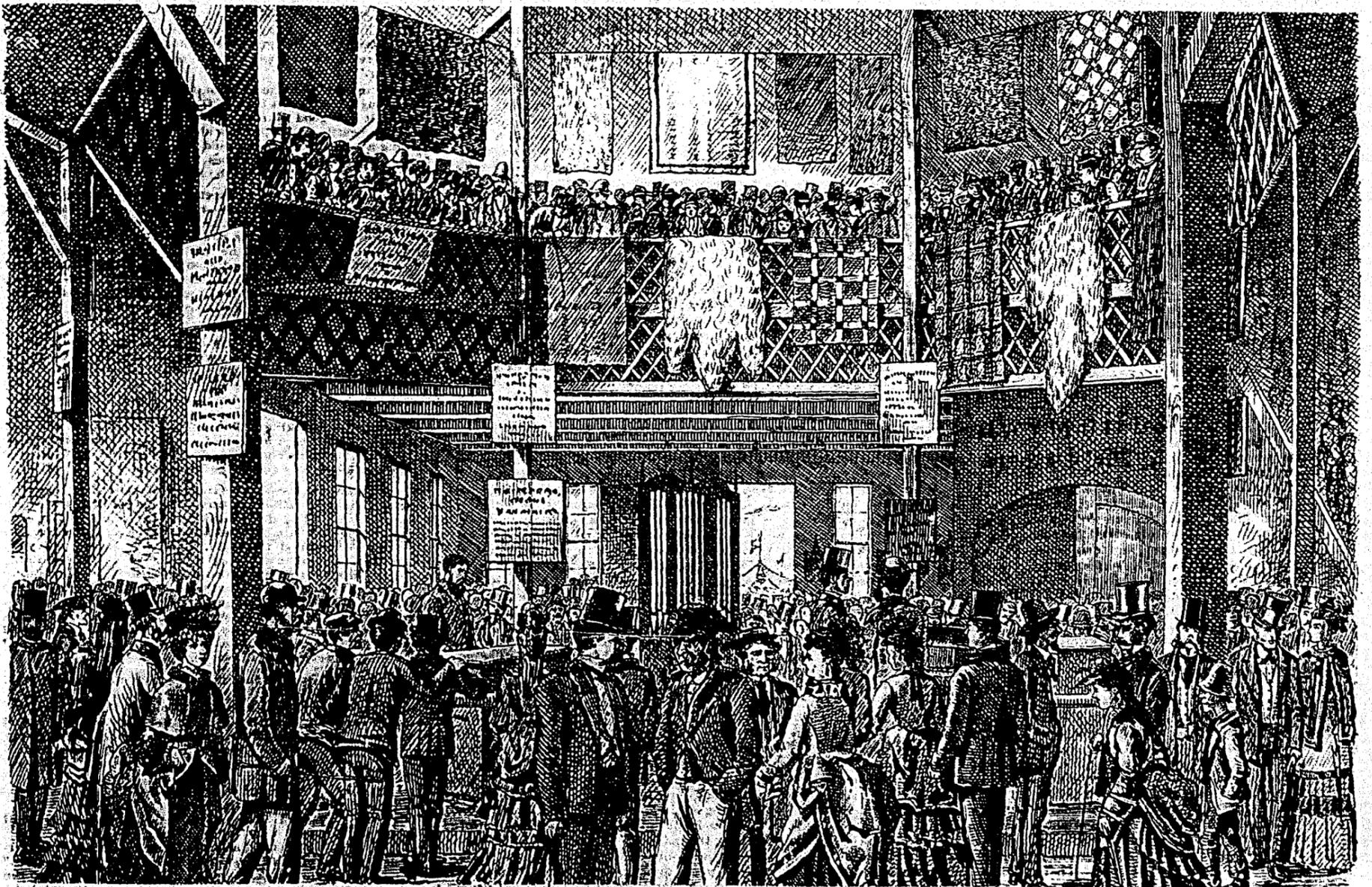
BEECHER ON SHAKESPEARE

Having been asked to give his opinion of the recently published article, "Who Wrote Shakspeare?" Henry Ward Beecher replied: "I am interested in such a discussion as this, not because I regard it as sound and not because I am interested in its ingenuity alone, but because it leads to



A. M. Ross M.D.

new studies from different standpoints of Shakspeare's work and genius. He is passing through the same process that some years ago, especially in Germany, Homer was subjected to. Admitting the acuteness of the criticisms, and feeling to a certain extent the improbability of Shakspeare's dreams proceeding from a man who had had no known education in the various departments of learning, from whose stores his works are made to be so rich, I yet feel that the improbability of Bacon's being such a dramatic genius is far greater. The fundamental error in this whole criticism, as I regard it, is in not taking into consideration the nature of dramatic genius. It is not necessary that a man should know from personal experience, or even from observation, those things which are necessary for making the most vivid dramas. The events of life are like an alphabet. The dramatic genius can combine them in infinite varieties. If he know here and there single fragments and elements he can recreate them, recombine them, make them pictorial. A simple sickness in a village and the prescriptions of a country doctor are material enough for the dramatic genius to create a whole realm of medical practice. A street brawl in a village or in a ward of a city becomes the leaven of riots and revolutions in the imagination of the dramatist. We find, therefore, very little difficulty in imagining how Shakspeare, from the most slender resources, could produce the wonderful results which appear in his works. Now Bacon, although he had fancy and imagination, was elephantine in his nature essentially. It almost strikes one with dismay to attempt to imagine how this broad, philosophical, factual man could set himself to the creation of "The Tempest" and all its airy contents. The predominant quality of his mind, pure and simple, is intellect. Wit and fancy are merely illuminators. The structure of his mind and the method of its operation are such as, to me, make it absolutely impossible that he should do Shakspeare's work. It seems to me very much as if one should attempt to show that Frederick the Great was the author of Beethoven's symphonies. He played the flute, he had a certain taste for music, and it would require only a laborious ingenuity to collect hundreds and hundreds of elements, out of which could be constructed a very respectable theory on this subject. It is quite likely that Shakspeare, with the cross lights thrown upon him, may seem even more wonderful than he has been esteemed hitherto."



GUELPH, ONT.—THE CENTRAL EXHIBITION: INTERIOR OF THE ROTUNDA.—By P. W. CANNING.

laboured hard toward healing the disruption in the Orange Grand Lodge which took place at the city of Kingston in 1853, when a part of the brethren followed the late George Benjamin as Grand Master, and a part Ogle R. Gowan. In 1860, when the federal principle was established in the Association, he was first elected Grand Treasurer, at a Grand Lodge held in the city of Ottawa. To this office, which he now holds, he has been elected by acclamation every year from that time downward. In addition to these Orange offices, Mr. Anderson has been an active Justice of the Peace for more than twenty years; he has also been twice elected Reeve of his native township, and has been twice elected to Parliament, once at the general election of 1861 to a seat in the Parliament of United Canada, and in 1870 to a seat in the Legislative Assembly of Ontario.

THE MAGAZINES.

In the October number of *Old and New* the Rev. Mr. Tyrwhitt continues his excellent series of "Sketching Club" papers, and the editor, the Rev. E. E. Hale, has a characteristic story entitled "The Lost Palace." "Pilchards" is the title of another capital story by Mary J. Penwyn. The feature of the number is a thoughtful paper on "The Relations of the National and State Governments to Advanced Education," which was read in August last before the National Educational Association at Detroit. There are also sketches of "Logan, the Mingo Chief," and "King Making in the Sandwich Islands."

St. Nicholas, the magazine for girls and boys, is as fresh and bright as ever, beautifully printed and illustrated, and crammed full of entertaining matter. The current number opens with a bright story by Mrs. R. H. Davis, which is followed by a splendidly-illustrated article on Egypt by Mrs. Sara Keables Hunt. "Venus's Flower Basket" is a description of the Glass Sponge, with a picture that is positively wonderful in the delicacy of its execution. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge has one of her charming little poems called "Coming," and C. P. Cranch contributes some comic verses, illustrated from his own designs, making fun of the comet. There is also a poem by Helen Hunt. Miss Louisa M. Alcott has a story, and Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz tells something more about those funny little "Jemmy Johns." There is an interesting article on "Ice in India," and Wm. H. Rideing has one of his admirable practical articles called "Our Light-houses and Light-ships," which is full of interesting pictures drawn by Moran, Perkins, Runge, and other noted artists. The serials, "Fast Friends," by J. T. Trowbridge, and "What Might Have Been Expected," by Frank R. Stockton, are concluded. We notice that the "Letter Box," and that quaint fellow, "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," are unusually brilliant this month.

The *Galaxy* for October contains the concluding chapters of Mr. McCarthy's novel, "Linley Rochford," also of General Custer's "Life on the Plains." It contains only one love story, a very good one by J. T. McKay. Mr. Richard Grant White has a linguistic article under the odd title of "Popular Pie;" another somewhat *bizarre* title is "The Loadstone of Love," which Mr. Junius Henri Browne has chosen to place at the head of his very interesting article on magnetic women. "Caught by Kuhlborn" is a spirited sketch, by Rose Terry Cooke, of a trip in New England. "Fig Leaves and French Dresses" is a pleasant, gossip article on dress and society, enlivened by anecdotes, by Mrs. Hooper. The most prominent articles in the number are the sketch of MacMahon, by General Reclus, and a carefully-written, temperate article upon Communism and the school of Henri Rochefort, which seems to be from the pen of a Spaniard, if we may judge by the signature. We find in the *Galaxy* two poems, "The Piper" and "Armida," which rise far above the level of ordinary magazine poetry. In the Departments of Literature and Miscellany the usual variety of books and subjects is discussed.

Scribner's Monthly for October opens with another magnificently illustrated "Great South" paper, by Edward King, entitled, "Down the Mississippi—the Labour Question—Arkansas;" it contains much picturesque description and practical information. The important essay of this number is a very careful study of George Eliot's novels, by W. C. Wilkinson. Mr. Nadai, formerly with Mr. Muley in London, and now literary editor of the *New York Evening Post*, has a charming sketch of Oxford. Mr. Cable, the New Orleans story-writer, gives us another characteristic sketch of life in the American Paris; his present story, "Tite Poulette" is highly dramatic and exciting. "Katherine Earle" and "Ordronnaux" are concluded; "Katherine Earle" will be published in book form by Lee and Shepard, and Jules Verne's "Mysterious Island" is continued. Then we have "A Royal Hair-Cutting," "San Remo," "The Rose of Carolina," "Old Time Music," &c. In "Topics of the Time" Dr. Holland writes about Mr. Beecher, the present theological outlook, "Remarks of Literary Labour," &c. "The Old Cabinet" is devoted to Good Taste, and the other departments have about their usual variety. In the November *Scribner* a new story by Saxe Holm will begin, to run through three or four numbers.

THE SHAH'S JEWELS.

The Shah of Persia's strong box consists of a small room, twenty feet by fourteen, reached by a steep stair, and entered through a very small door. Here, spread upon carpets, lie jewels valued at seven millions sterling. Chief among the lot is the Kaianian crown shaped like a flower-pot and topped by an uncut ruby as large as a hen's egg, and supposed to have come from Siam. Near the crown are two lambskin caps, adorned with splendid aigrettes of diamonds, and before them lie trays of pearl, ruby, and emerald necklaces, and hundreds of rings. Mr. Eastwick, who examined the whole, states that in addition to these there are gauntlets and belts covered with pearls and diamonds, and conspicuous among them the Kaianian belt, about a foot deep, weighing, perhaps, 15 lbs., and one complete mass of pearls, diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. One or two scabbards of swords are said to be worth a quarter of a million each. There is also the finest turquoise in the world, three or four inches long, and without a flaw, and "I remarked a smaller one of unique beauty, three-quarters of an inch long and three-eighths of an inch broad; the colour was lovely, and almost as refreshing to the eyes as Persian poets pretend. There are also many sapphires as big as warbles, and rubies and pearls the size of nuts; and I am certain that I counted nearly a hundred emeralds from half an inch square to one and three-quarter inches long and an inch broad. In the sword scabbard, which is covered with diamonds there is not, perhaps, a single stone smaller than the nail of a man's little finger." Lastly, there is an emerald as big as a walnut, covered with the names of kings who have possessed it. The ancient Persians prized the emerald above all gems, and particularly those from Egypt. Their goblets, decorated with these stones, were copied by the Romans. The Shah also possesses a pearl worth £60,000. But the most attractive of

all the Persian stones is the turquoise, which is inlaid by the native lapidaries with designs and inscriptions with great effect and expertness. The best come from Nishapoor, in Khorassan, whose mines ornamented the gold armour of the Persians, so much admired by the Greeks. Chardin records that in the Treasury at Ispahan he saw "in each chamber the stones in the rough, piled high on the floor like heaps of grain, filling unnumberable leather bags." As with the King of Burmah and his rubies, the turquoises of Persia are always first inspected by the Shah. They are divided into two classes, according to the positions in which they are found. The first, called sengui, or stony, are incrustated in the matrix, and have to be removed by means of a hammer; the second are taken from the alluvial deposits, and, though larger, are of less value than the former, which are of a deep blue colour. Although the Lord of Lords contented himself with taking the least valuable gems of his incomparable collection on his recent tour in the West, he carried no fewer than 200 talismans, which, while they may be poor in appearance, possess limitless value in the eyes of Persians. Among others there was a fine pointed star, supposed to have been worn by Roostum, and believed to have the power of making conspirators at once confess their crimes. Around his neck the Shah wore a cube of amber, reported to have fallen from heaven in the time of Mohammed, and to confer on its wearer invulnerability. Most precious of all, however, and in Nusseerooddeen's case the most useless, was a little casket of gold studded with emeralds, and said to have the remarkable property of rendering the Royal wearer invisible so long as he remains celibate.

TEN POINTS OF A GOOD WIFE.

Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, speaking of the qualities of a good wife, divided them into ten parts. Four parts he gave to "good temper;" two to "good sense;" one to "wit;" one to "beauty" (such as a sweet face, eloquent eyes, a fine person, a graceful carriage); and the remaining two parts he divided amongst other qualities belonging to or attending on a wife, such as fortune, connections, education or accomplishments, family, and so on; but, he said, "divide those two parts as you please, remember that all these minor proportions must be expressed by fractions, for there is not any one of them that is entitled to the dignity of an integer." Mr. Smiles, in quoting this passage from Burns, in the chapter on marriage in his pleasant and chatty book on "Character," says: "No wise person will marry for beauty mainly. It will exercise a powerful attraction in the first place, but it is found to be of comparative little consequence afterwards. Not that beauty of person is to be under estimated, for, other things being equal, handsomeness of form and beauty of features are the outward manifestations of health. But to marry a handsome figure without character, fine features unbeautified by sentiment or good nature, is the most deplorable of mistakes." This is the only comment made by Mr. Smiles on the matrimonial scale of Burns, the proportions of which he may therefore be taken to approve. The matter is worth closer criticism, and it will be an amusing and not unprofitable employment of some leisure minutes, to try, in some reader's judgment, whether any variation or improvement may not be made in the distribution of the ten points in a good wife. It will be observed at the outset that the moral and religious element is wholly ignored in the estimate of the poet. Physical, intellectual, and social qualities are alone taken into account; for good temper can scarcely be included among moral excellencies. But the problem need not be complicated by bringing into its consideration points of moral or religious worth. Designate these under the title of "good principle," and this would demand a far larger proportion of the ten points than the four which Burns gives to good temper. For without virtue or good principle, we know that good temper, and good looks, and other gifts of person, are too often dangerous and ruinous to their possessor. Rather let us assume good principle and virtuous conduct, founded upon true religion, to be taken for granted in the problem, as it will be certainly deemed essential in the choice of a wife by every man who makes Christian profession. To marry "in the Lord" is a divine precept as well as a prudent resolution for all who seek "to live for both worlds." Two other conditions are to be presupposed—a certain amount of equality of station, as well as no undue disparity of age. There are exceptional cases in both respects, but in discussing general principles we have regard to the common rule, not the rare exception. As a rule, marriages of unequal caste turn out unhappily for all concerned. In the rough bush life of a new colony this may be of less moment, but in the ordinary circumstances of civilized life, some equality of station and of education is expected. In examining the qualities to be sought in a wife, let us therefore regard moral worth, and also suitability of station, not as among the requisites, but as pre-requisites; and then let us see how far we assent to the distribution of the ten points of Burns. The importance of good temper is great, but four out of ten seems rather a large proportion to allot to it. In describing the good qualities of a friend, or a brother or sister, or a master or servant, good temper would be a large ingredient, but in a wife, other points deserve equal if not greater note. Taking the larger view of beauty, as including all personal qualities of a physical or material kind, form and figure as well as feature, and especially a healthy constitution, it certainly should be at least on a level with good temper. A poor invalid or cripple may have the sweetest of tempers. On the other hand, a pretty face may belong to a silly fool; which brings the point of good sense also to the front. The majority of sensible men will thoroughly agree with the poet as to the comparative unimportance of what he calls the "minor proportions," of fortune, family, accomplishments, and other accessories; and, in fact, one instead of two out of the ten might be allotted for their fractional expression. Of course there are exceptional cases and circumstances, where some of these minor qualities assume greater importance. For instance, the heir of an estate, or the representative of a high family, might consider rank, and wealth, and education, of more consequence than to be represented by a decimal fraction. The wise Lord Burleigh, in giving advice to his son on the choice of a wife, said: "Let her not be poor, how generous (well-born) soever, for a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility." The greatness of his house was in his mind more than the happiness of his son, in giving this advice. But taking the average of men who have to consider only their own personal taste, comfort, and advantage, good temper, good sense, and good health are the three primary and essential points.—*Leisure Hour.*

GROTESQUES.

The *Detroit Free Press* says that the young women of that town walk four abreast and carry the left hand as if it were a lame dog's paw.

"See," said a sorrowing wife, "how peaceful that cat and dog are." "Yes," said the petulant husband, "but just tie them together and then see how the fur will fly."

An old Indian who had witnessed the effect of whiskey for many years said, a barrel labelled "whiskey" contains a thousand songs and fifty fights.

Two Rochester men rowed a boat around in a circle for three hours under the idea that they were going down the bay, and yet Rochester is a temperance town.

Bret Harte is said to be constantly hard up. Such, however, is genius.—*Exchange.* If being hard up constitutes genius, we have some spells of remarkable brilliancy.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

The *Detroit Free Press* man has just returned from Saratoga. He says: "The Saratoga belles merely taste food at the table, but fee the waiters to bring a square meal up the back stairs."

It is not an uncommon observation that a man who is continually talking about his "ceaseless yearnings after righteousness," can't get trusted at a grocery store as quick as a man who swears.

"You'd better look out for your hoss's feet above here, mister," said a ragged boy to a traveller, "Why?" said the traveller, nervously pulling up. "Cos there's a fork in the road there," was the candid reply.

One of the old settlers at the Isles of Shoals, seeing the name Psyche on the hull of a yacht the other day, spelled it out slowly and then exclaimed, "Well, if that ain't the darndest way to spell fish!"

"The ladies appeared in their evening tolets," says the editor of the *Racine Journal*, writing of the closing exercises of the Racine high-school, which habillment was distinguished by its striking resemblance to a man in his shirt-sleeves."

A dying man in Maine requested that the ceremonies at his funeral should be conducted by a certain auctioneer, in whom he had great confidence. Said he: "He's an easy, fluid talker, and I allers liked to hear him. I've had dealin's with him, and I allers found he set out things just as they was."

A Chicago reporter went to a party the other day and was good enough to remark the next morning, that a certain young lady had the smallest waist in the room. There is no sense in getting wrathful with the young man; the other girls killed him the next day, and they made him a grave where the sunbeams rest.

A person who represented that he was a clergyman presented himself at the office of a prominent real estate firm in Boston one day this week, and asked if the firm would give him a list of all the farms offered for sale and owned by widows. The query naturally arose whether he wanted to buy a widow or marry a farm.

An exchange, ridiculing the ridiculous county fairs, which make no effort at good shows, says that the Clearfield fair consisted of a calf, a goose, and a pumpkin. It rained so hard the first night that the goose swam off, the calf broke loose and ate the pumpkin, and a thief prowling around stole the calf, and that ended the fair.

A writer deserves the respectful sympathy of all gentlemen who give out their washing. He says: "It is awful annoying to have some other fellow's clothes left in one's room by the washer-woman. Saturday we put on another fellow's shirt, but couldn't wear it. Although it was ruffled around the bottom, the sleeves were too short to button cuffs on, and there was no place for a collar."

A clergyman, who owned a farm, found his ploughman sitting on his plough, resting his horse. Quoth the clergyman: "John, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a good stub-scythe here and be cutting a few bushes along the fence while the horse is resting a short time?" "Wouldn't it be well, sir," said John, "for you to have a tub of potatoes in the pulpit, and when they are singing, peel 'em awhile to be ready for the pot?"

The newest style of cheap advertising was produced recently at Terre Haute. A child of nine—rather old for a Yankee child, they are generally merchants at ten—we are informed, began to cry terribly at the corner of a street till the crowd grew larger and larger. Nothing would he say till it became larger still, when at last he said quite loudly, so that all might hear, that they might take him home to 19, Avenue Street, Post-Laureate Smith's, the bootmaker, who had recently received a fresh importation of kid shoes from Paris from ten to fifteen dollars a pair.

Max Adeler, in his Hurly Burly book, dissents from the infallible Richard Grant White's dictum respecting the substitution of "being" for "is being," and "doing" for "is doing." He don't like the innovation. He says: "Suppose you wish to express the idea that our boy Agamemnon is enduring chastisement, you would say, 'Agamemnon is being spanked,' not 'Agamemnon is spanking.' The difference may seem slight to you, but it would be a matter of considerable importance to Agamemnon; and if a choice should be given him, it is probable that he would suddenly select the latter form."

A novel method of avoiding extended discussion in regard to the age of children entitled to travel for half fare was recently put in practice. "You don't think that boy is under ten, hey, and you won't pass him for half fare?" said an indignant passenger on an accommodation train. "Just look at that, will ye?" And from out the old carpet-bag the old lady, with trembling eagerness, brought the well-worn family Bible, and turning to the page reserved for births and deaths held it triumphantly up under the conductor's nose, with, "Does that look as though I was a liar, young man?" With such testimony before his eyes, the conductor could do no less than pass the boy for half fare, amidst subdued applause from the passengers, who had been amused spectators of the scene.

The *Fishkill Standard* publishes this item under the head of "A Ripple from Africa":

Our new Supervisor has a darkey who the other day was attending to some duty on the lawn near the road, and six or eight friends of his own colour were leaning on the fence, evidently to see that the thing was properly done. That witty contraband, Ike Dilly, happened to pass just at this time, and, meeting Dr. Mapes, inquired:

"Dr. Mapes, who's dead at Masser Hustis'?"

"No one, I think," replied the doctor.

"Oh, yes," persisted Ike, "there must be somebody dead there, for sartin sure."

"Why, I am positive not," said the doctor, "for I should certainly have heard of it if there had been a death in the family."

"Then," exclaimed Ike, raising his voice, and pointing to the long lazy row of his sable brethren hanging on the pickets, "what's all dis yer mournin' fer, strung along the fence?"

LIVING IN A LIGHT-HOUSE.

Light-houses are strange and lonely homes for men to live in. Some of them are perched out on the ocean, with the land scarcely in sight, and the restless sea forever beating and moaning around them. The keepers of these do not see other human faces than their own in a quarter of a year. Night and day they are on the watch, gladdened awhile by a sail that appears for a little while and then floats out of sight, below the horizon. They might be out of the world, for all they know of its concerns, its losses and gains, its battles and its victories, the changes that each day brings forth. There are other light-houses situated on the coast, but so remote that they are never visited; and others that are surrounded by the civilization of a fishing village, and on summer days are crowded by fashionable people from the neighbouring watering places. But for the most part, except in the approaches to flourishing ports, they are built out on the farthest margin of the land, on far-reaching capes and peninsulas, on iron-bound headlands, on detached rocks and sandy shoals. The light-ships are still worse off, anchored as they are in stormy waters, and forever rolling, plunging, leaping in perpetual unrest, clipped of their wings, while other vessels are passing and re-passing, shortening sail as they enter port and spreading the canvass as they start out anew.

The light-ships are manned by men alone, but in the light-houses the keepers are allowed to have their wives, and children are born unto them and brought up with the sea and the sea-birds and the distant ships for companions. Many a pretty story or poem has been woven about children living in this fashion. They learn the secrets and wonders of the sea, and feel glad when it sings softly on the calm days and sad when its bosom is ruffled and white in the storms. Their little heads are full of strange fancies about Nature, and I do not believe they could understand or enjoy the life that you and I lead at home. Somehow I cannot think of them as real children. They seem more like water-sprites that have their home in the blue depths among other delicate plants that blossom there. But they have lessons to learn from school-books, and a great many things to do in their father's household. Their life, with all its romance, is not one of idleness, you may be sure.

THE AUTHOR OF "PAUL PRY."

"Paul Pry" was first produced at the Haymarket in September, 1825, with a good cast that included Liston, Farren, Madame Vestris, Pope and Mrs. Waylett. It was acted some forty times—then a great run. The following season it was again taken up at Drury Lane, and acted every night in the season. Madame Vestris's Phoebe, the spirited and ingenious waiting-maid was long spoken of with rapture by old playgoers, and her success was a good deal owing to the perfect naturalness of the part and its being utterly opposed to the conventional style in which such characters are put upon the stage. The more refined critics of the day when it first appeared judged it temperately and fairly. "It is a pleasant piece," wrote Hazlitt, in a London magazine, "but there is rather too much of it. Without any sacrifice of humour it might have been compressed within the limits of a farce. The plot is compounded of several ancient and approved plots, and most of the characters are close copies of hackneyed originals." But with the irrepressible Liston he was enchanted. "There is really nothing in the part beyond the mere outline of an officious, inquisitive gentleman, which is droll, as it reminds every one of acquaintance, but Liston fills it with a thousand nameless absurdities." The hint thus thrown out on the first representation has been unconsciously adopted, for the play has since been compressed, though with some loss of effect. But the piece itself is not to be dismissed so lightly, for the situations, though contrived to bring out the absurdity of the hero's prying propensities, are not forced, and are exactly of the kind suited to do this in the most effective manner. There is no more diverting situation than the passage in which the indefatigable Pry unintentionally raises an alarm of robbers, and is himself pursued by the servants and dogs. Nothing can be happier than the idea of such a retribution, as the natural result of his own espionage. All the other situations come about in the same unconstrained fashion. The instinct of a true dramatist is also shown in the concurrent mystery in which Phoebe and her mistress are concerned, and in the hot, impetuous character Colonel Hardy thrown into antagonism with the persons engaged in the plot as well as the inquisitive detective. The mutual opposition and confusion of these various influences make up a most amusing *mélange*. The true key to the character of Paul Pry is of course earnestness—a genuine anxiety to know what his neighbours are about; and Mr. Toole, it must be said, in this part, seems to forget Mr. Toole and his individual humours, and to think only of the character. It has often been repeated that Paul Pry was drawn from a familiar figure of the time—the eccentric Tom Hill, who was editor of the *Dramatic Mirror*. Poole took occasion expressly to contradict this in a little biographical sketch of himself addressed to one of the magazines. "The idea," he says, "was really suggested by an old invalid lady who lived in a very narrow street, and who amused herself by speculating on the neighbours and identifying them, as it were, by the sound of the knocks they gave. 'Betty,' she would say, 'why don't you tell me what that knock is at No. 54?' 'Lor, ma'am, it's only the baker with the pies.' 'Pies, Betty—what can they want with pies at No. 54? They had pies yesterday.' This is, indeed, the germ of Paul Pry;" and he adds, "it was not drawn from an individual, but from a class. I could mention five or six persons who were contributors to the original play"—which showed that he worked on true principles as applied to humour, viz: abstraction and selection.

ICE MAKING IN INDIA.

Although ice keeps well for a long time when packed in the ships built for it, and in this way can be conveyed to any East Indian port, it would be impossible to carry it into the interior of the country, where there are no railroads to transport it quickly. But the East Indian who lives at a distance from the coast is not obliged to do without cooling drinks, for not only does he contrive to cool water by putting it in porous jars and setting them in a current of air, but he has a fashion of his own for making ice, and a very curious fashion it is.

In the warm countries of Europe ice is manufactured by the use of ether, but this would be a very costly process in India, and would place it entirely out of the reach of the mass of the

people. Their own method for manufacturing ice, although a slow one, is very simple, and costs nothing.

They have discovered by observation what we are taught in natural philosophy, that during the day the earth absorbs heat, and during the night it gives it out—or, to speak more properly, radiates heat. This is much more noticeable in tropical than in temperate countries. They know also by experience, that, in order to enjoy the coolness of night, they must avoid the shade of trees, and lie out in the open places. The reason of this, perhaps, they do not know, which is that the branches of the trees interfere with this radiation. Without reasoning on these facts, the East Indian acts upon them, and uses his knowledge of them in manufacturing ice.

In an open space, where there are no trees, parallel ditches are dug in the ground three or four feet deep. These are half filled with straw, and nets are stretched over them. On these nets are placed small earthen saucers, holding about a wine-glass of water. There is nothing more to be done but to wait for a clear, starry, and perfectly calm night. When such a night arrives, the little saucers are filled with water in the evening, which water by four o'clock in the morning is found to be covered with a thin coating of ice! These cakes of ice are very small, it is true, but when they are all thrown together into the ice-houses under the ground, they form themselves into masses of quite a respectable size. In these primitive ice-houses the ice keeps for some time.

The straw is placed in the ditches because it is a bad conductor of heat, and by its means the saucers of water are separated from the ground, and receive little or no heat from it. The water, therefore gives out more heat than it receives, so that its temperature is continually lowered until it reaches the freezing point, when it, of course, becomes ice.

This ice is more or less mixed with bits of straw and with dust. It cannot be used to put into liquids, but placed around them makes them delightfully cool and refreshing, and we can well imagine what a luxury it must be in this torrid region.

These are the two methods by which the people of India procure ice—carrying it there from a great distance, and freezing water by a low process. And yet, in India itself there are immense ice-fields that never melt, containing material enough to supply perpetually every town and little hamlet in the country. For the Himalayan mountains, with their towering tops covered with everlasting snow and ice, stretch along the western part of the Indian peninsula. What a trial it must be to the temper of an East Indian, who is nearly melted with the heat in the plains below, to look up at those white peaks, and think how much snow and ice is wasted there that would be of the greatest service to him if it could only be brought down! But that is the problem! In the lowest part of the cold regions of the mountains, ice could be cut and made ready to be taken away. But there are no roads by which it could be carried to the plains; and if it were possible to construct roads over the mountains to a sufficient height to reach the snowy regions, the cost of making them would be enormous; and when made, it is doubtful whether ice could be transported over them with sufficient rapidity for it to reach the plains in a solid state.

NEW MUSIC.

THE DEUM. (Composed by Dr. P. R. MacLagan. Published by C. C. Dezouche: Montreal.) After reading the above composition through, and pointing out a few of the most glaring mistakes (correcting the whole work taking too much time and space), which slightly cultivated musical ears will detect on playing, we will leave it to each one's own judgment to form an opinion of the same from the following indications:—Page 2, bars 6 and 7, consecutive octaves and fifths; bars 11 and 12, modulation from D to A major. Page 3, bar 3, modulation from G major to the chord of the fifth-sixth on C sharp. The poor voice leading tenor and bass, bars 7 and 8, also 10 and 11; the first bar, page 4, goes beyond our conception; page 5, allegro. Dr. MacLagan wishes chords to be filled in *ad lib.*, they are, however, already filled in so badly that there is nothing left for the accompanist to do. Need only mention the modulation from A major to B minor, bars 4 and 5; doubling of the third G sharp, 6th bar; modulation from bar 9, D to A major, 10th bar, &c. Page 6, modulation from the chord of the fifth-sixth on B, 2nd bar, to C major, 3rd bar; also bars 10 and 11, from the A to D major chord. Page 7, poor voice leading bass and tenor, bars 1, 2, and 3, the first thing that strikes us is the signature for C minor. Page 8 we will leave the Doctor to have the pleasure of writing his signature with one natural and two flat marks, and advise young composers to stick to the good practical rules. Had the natural-flat or flat-sharp system been found practicable it would no doubt have been adopted years ago by all the good old masters, too numerous to mention; we never found any theoretical work wherein it is advised to adopt the Doctor's style. We also call attention to the modulation, bar 14, C minor to B flat major, bar 15. Having tired the patience of our readers we will stop with the last two bars on page 9, being the resolution of the chord of the seventh to C major, and leave other mistakes and errors to those of our readers that make a study of music. Of the accompaniment to the last eight bars of the "Te Deum" to the text "Let me never be confounded," we could not help recalling to our memory the effect the magic horn has on the natives in Weber's opera, "Oberon."

CANTATE DOMINO (Rev. J. Black). This well-got-up volume of hymn tunes, we hope, will meet with success, being quite a pleasant addition to choirs and family circles.

We have inspected an elegant album, wherein one true artist has rendered homage to another. Fifty portraits of Mlle. Rosa d'Erina, each different, and every one artistic, have been set in that book by Topley, the Notman of Ottawa, and presented by him to Erin's *prima donna*. One hardly knows which most to admire, the ingenuity and taste of the photographer, or the patience and felicity of the fair sitter. In that Rosa d'Erina gallery, the cunning sunlight has fixed every expression of that mobile face, or rather, has shown forth that its variety of expression is infinite. In this connection we draw the attention of our readers to the announcement of the two concerts which Mlle. Rosa d'Erina will give in the Mechanics Hall, Montreal, on Monday and Tuesday next, the 5th and 6th Oct. However much the public may have appreciated and enjoyed these musical evenings on former occasions, we are sure they will be still better pleased now, as we are told that Mlle. d'Erina has vastly improved since her last visit to this city.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC.

—Pauline Lucca has been rusticated in Switzerland.
—There are two hundred Americans studying music at Milan, Italy.

—Offenbach's new operetta "Bagatelle" has had a very successful performance at the St. Hubert's Theatre at Brussels.

—The London *Musical Journal* says that Nilsson is rapidly "singing herself out of the ranks of the best artists."

—Prof. Huxley's article, which was to have appeared in next month's *Fortnightly Review*, will not, it is now announced, be ready before November.

—A new club is coming into existence in London, into which nobody is to be admitted who is not a clerical or lay member of the Church of England.

—M. Duruof, aeronaut, will attempt, at the end of this month, at Calais, to traverse the English Channel in a balloon holding 800 cubic metres of gas.

—There were no less than sixty-five *prima-donnas* engaged during the last season at the Royal Italian Opera, London. Some shone for but a single performance; few achieved celebrity.

—The *Choir* understands that the new edition of "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," may be expected about Advent. It will include new tunes as well as new hymns.

—Miss Nelly Power's retirement from the stage on the occasion of her marriage was of a temporary character, and it is probable she will make her reappearance at Christmas.

—An order, the membership of which is limited to former soldiers of the Federate and Confederate armies has been formed at Vicksburg, under the name of the "Order of the Blue and the Gray."

—The friends of Proudhon are collecting for publication the letters of the late celebrated author of the "Contradictions Economiques." They have in hand more than one thousand letters, which are to fill at least four volumes.

—Mr. Thurlow Weed is understood to have completed and made ready for the press the first volume of his autobiography. It will be the most eagerly sought of any work of its kind ever published in the country.

—It will be gladsome news to schoolboys to hear that a simplified Euclid is shortly to be published. The compiler is a Mr. J. R. Morell, and the title will be "Euclid Simplified in Method and Language. A Manual of Geometry on the French System."

—It is said that the suggestion that Sir Julius Benedict is to be principal of the proposed South Kensington National Music School is premature. Sir Julius has received the order of Gustavus Wasa from the King of Sweden.

—A competition is about to take place among the German musical composers for the best setting of a new national hymn to Prince Bismarck. Joachim, Franz Abt, composer of "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," and Hiller, will be on the jury.

—The proprietors of the *Journal Amusant*, Paris, have struck upon the idea of utilizing their illustrations, and are manufacturing paper-hangings enriched with the various engravings that have from time to time appeared in that paper.

—A second edition of Swinburne's "Bothwell" has just been issued in London. It is stated that this author is now engaged on a critical essay on the Life and Works of George Chapman, to be prefixed to the second volume of the complete edition of his works, of which the first volume has recently appeared.

—M. Alexandre Dumas will be formally received by the French Academy in the first fortnight of the month of January, after which will come the ceremonies for M.M. Mezières and Caro. Subsequently will come the election for the seat left vacant by the death of M. Jules Janin.

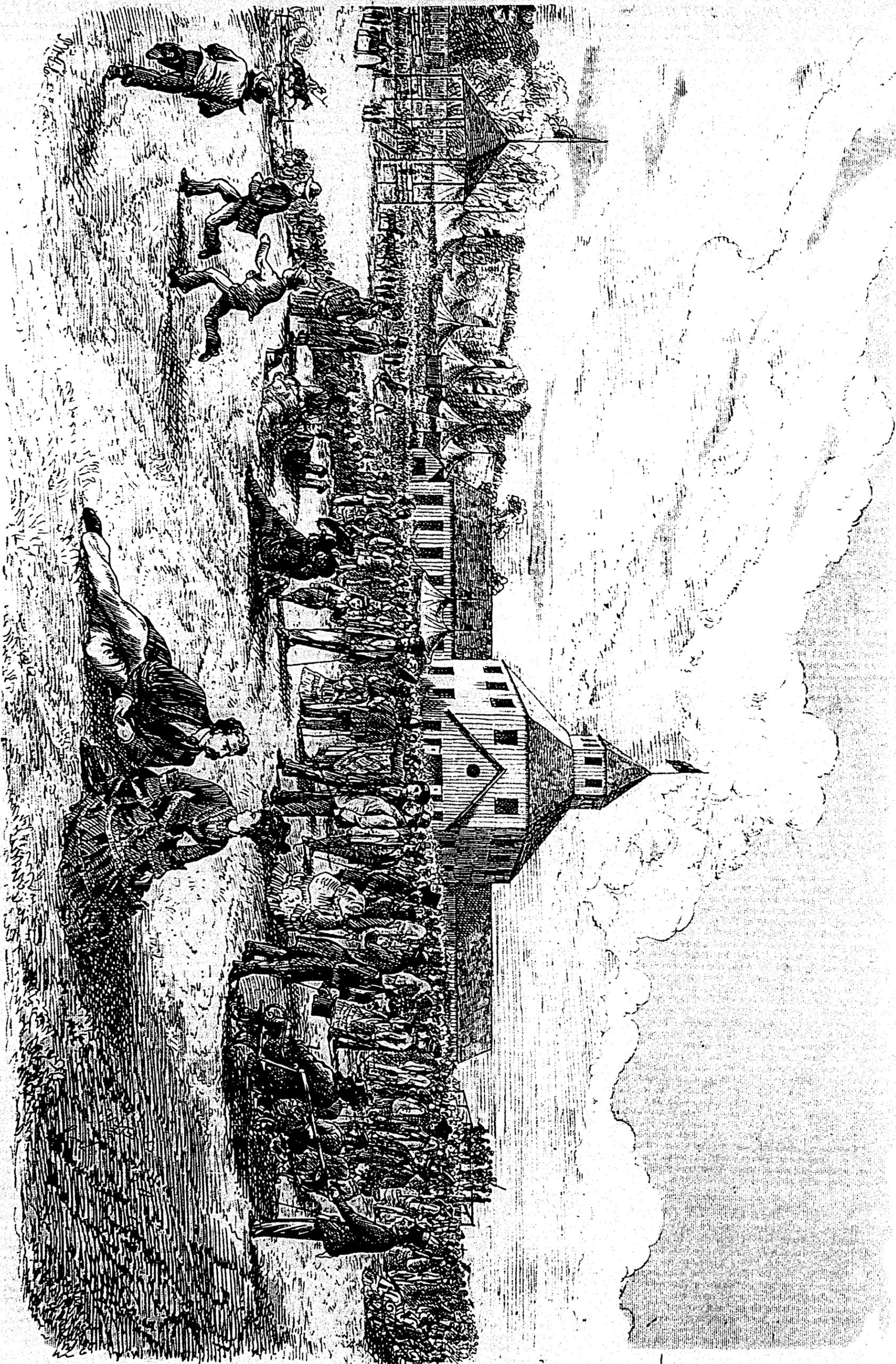
—M. Lecocq, the Parisian composer, is hard at work on the music of a new score entitled "Le Grand Frédéric," (Frederick the Great). The action is laid in Holland, and report speaks highly of the fun which has been got out of the flute-playing monarch. One of the principal *morceaux* of the opera, which M. Lecocq has already played to a few friends, is a *misere* of magnificent effect.

—Dr. Charles Mackay is preparing to publish by subscription a work entitled "The Gaelic Etymology of the Languages of Western Europe, and more especially of the English and Lowland Scotch, and their Cant, Slang, and Colloquial Dialects." Dr. Mackay demands in the prospectus of this work due recognition of the maternal character of Gaelic, as, to a large extent, the source of Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Spanish, and especially of the English. He traces its rise from the far east, and claims for it a greater antiquity than any language now spoken in Europe.

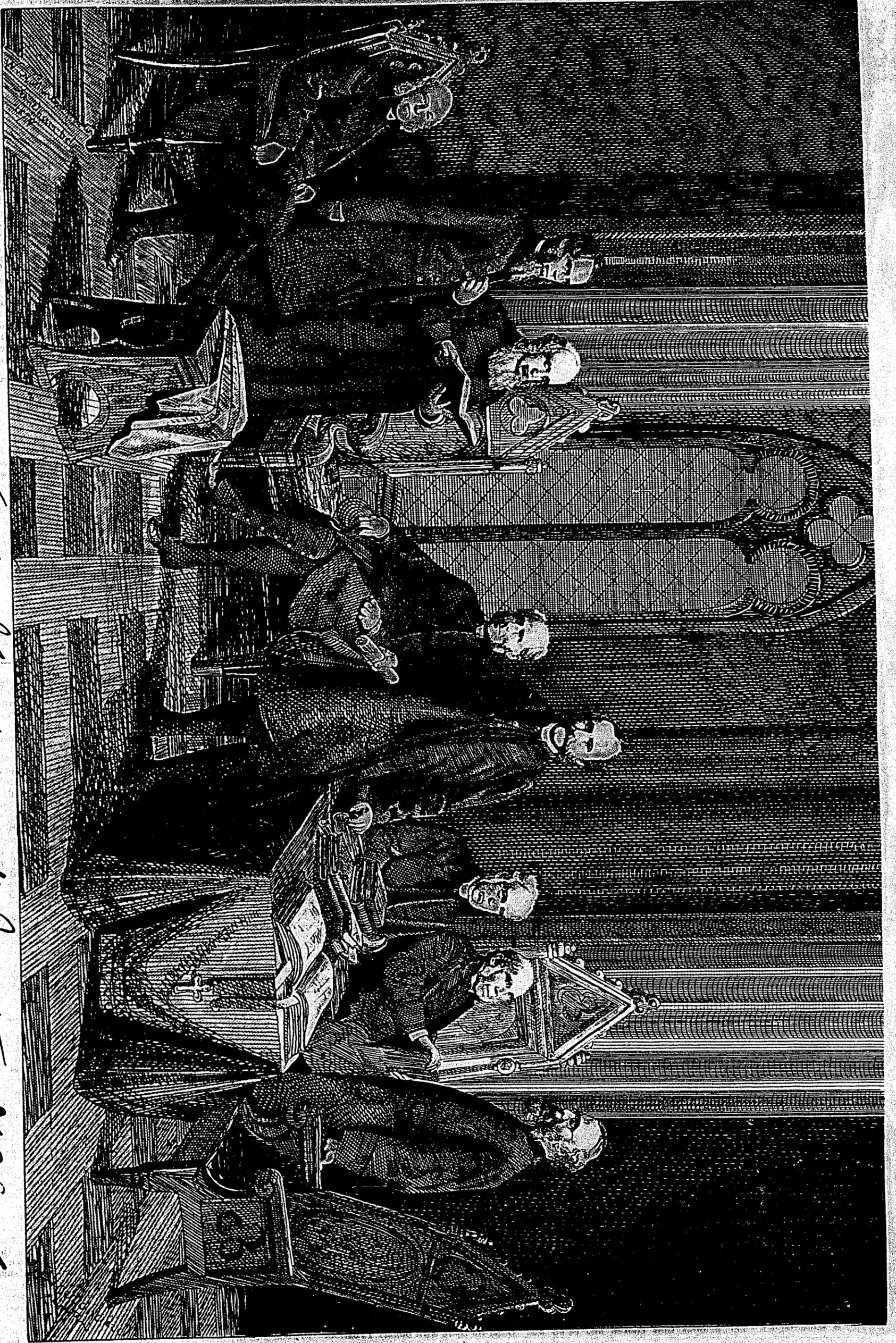
—A letter of David Garrick has turned up and been given to the public; it is curious: "Friday morn. Stone—You are the best fellow in the world. Bring the Cupids to the theatre tomorrow. If they are under six and well made, you shall have a guinea apiece for them. If you can get me two good murderers, I will pay you handsomely, particularly the spouting fellow who keeps the apple-stand on Tower-hill. The cut in his face is quite the thing. Pick me up an alderman or two for Richard if you can; and I have no objection to treat you for a comely mayor. The barber will not do for Brutus, although I think he will succeed in Mat.—D. G."

—Amon: the works announced in London as preparing for publication are the life and unpublished works of Samuel Lover, edited by Mr. Bayle Bernard; Macready's autobiographical reminiscences, edited by Sir Frederick Pollock; a life of Thomas Fuller, the Church historian, compiled from authentic sources by Mr. J. E. Bailey; the diary of the late Dr. John Epps, the well-known homoeopathic physician; "Malcolm," a Scottish story, by Mr. George MacDonald; the second volume of Mr. F. O. Adams's "History of Japan," bringing the work down to the present time; and a "Romance of Acadia, Two Centuries Ago," from a sketch by the late Charles Knight. This latter work is a tale founded on the early history of Nova Scotia, begun by Mr. Knight, and finished by his daughter and granddaughter.

—M. Alexandre Dumas has worked during the summer at a drama borrowed from the Abbé Prévost's during little romance, "Manon Lescaut." Friends to whom he has read it call this play a young sister of the "Dame aux Camélias." M. Dumas has written it to prove that, contrary to what the critics of Monsieur Alphonse advanced, his hand has lost none of its playwright's cunning, and that there is no social thesis, however audacious, to which he cannot make good society listen. It is his intention to cease writing for theatres subsequent to the appearance of the work that is in the stocks. From that time forth he will devote himself to religious and serious literature. He hopes next winter, with the assistance of a Rabbi, to get through a translation of the Book of Genesis, and a preface. The author of the "Dame aux Camélias" courts the friendship of the Bishop of Orleans, whose guest he now is at Chapelle St. Niesmin—Monsieur's great educational establishment in the department of the Loiret.



GUELPH, ONT.—THE CENTRAL EXHIBITION: GENERAL VIEW OF THE GROUNDS.—H. P. W. CANNING.



*John Brown of New York
 Frederick W. Rogers of Montreal
 D. W. Jewett of New York
 J. J. Caldwell of Toronto
 J. Frederickson of New York
 W. J. Beecher of New York*

BISHOPS OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN CANADA PRESENT AT THE RECENT SYNOD HELD IN MONTREAL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

ORMSKIRK.

Away from the noise of the city,
I wander through meadows green;
The fitful sun is shining
But dimly across the scene;

Until as it nears its setting
It pierces through clouds that lower,
And the gray old town is transfigured,
And the church with its spire and tower.

A moment the glory lingers—
Then goes like a tale that is told;
And the Wheatsheaf Inn I enter
From the outer darkness and cold.

And while I sit through the evening
By the warmth of the glowing fire,
The hostess tells me the story—
The tradition of tower and spire.

"Here once there dwelt two sisters,
Unmarried and growing old,
Who would not leave to a stranger
To inherit their lands and gold.

"So they built a church with their riches,
But whether that church should be
Adorned with a tower or spire
Was where they could not agree.

"So each one did as pleased her;
(Their name they say was Orm;)
And the tower and spire together
Are standing through time and storm."

I sit by the fire and ponder
How centuries long have flown
While the quarrel of those old spinsters
Is fixed in enduring stone.

And I think of the many builders,
Each one with his private plan,
Who have tolled through the weary ages
On the temple which Christ began.

But I know that the great Designer
Will harmonize all at length,
The Catholic spire of beauty,
The Protestant tower of strength.

And when shall shine forth the glory
Of Christ, the Unsetting Sun,
We shall see the temple transfigured,
And know that our work is one.

One Lord hath given His children
One faith on His name to call,
One baptism into His kingdom,
One church for the prayers of all.

Though each from his neighbour differs
And a tower by a steeple stands,
We have all together been builders
Of a house not made with hands.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A Parisian male milliner is going out to the Cape of Good Hope to see the transit of Venus, and get a new idea for a garment befitting a Parisian beauty.

It is said that ex-Marshal Bazaine has taken the apartments formerly occupied by the late Emperor Napoleon III., in King-street, St. James's, London. The whirligig of time once more.

It is stated in some of the English church papers that when the rubrics come to be considered, with a view to revision, an attempt will be made to strike out the word "Priest" wherever it occurs, and to substitute the word "Minister."

Slang words are not always slang. Take the word "jolly." In John Trapp's "Commentary on the Old and New Testaments," published in London two hundred years ago, is to be read, "All was jolly quiet at Ephesus before St. Paul came thither."

Parisian itinerant bouquet merchants, who sell their bouquets to theatre-goers, have been in the habit of collecting their flowers from off the graves in Père la Chaise. Several were caught in full operation. The fact is curious, and illustrates the saying perfectly, "from grave to gay."

Any lady who may be interested in having her own network done cheaply may be informed that naturalists say that the red berries of *Rhamnus croceus*, which the Apache Indians eat, have a curious property. The colouring matter is taken up by the circulation and diffused through the system, so that "the skin exhibits a beautiful red network."

A New York reporter of the interviewing order recently undertook to pump the chief of a newly-arrived company of Menonites. He opened fire with the canonical question: "Where do you come from and where are you going to?" and was considerably taken aback when he received for all answer, "I know nothing about it." Verily the fame of the American interviewer is noised abroad among all people.

Octopus was one of the delicacies served up at a luncheon given the other day by one of the directors of the Brighton Aquarium Company. It was dished up cold, boiled, and broiled. The company pronounced it excellent, comparing it with lobster and skate, though they found it rather tough, and thought it required beating, like a steak, to break the fibres and render it more tender. The octopus thus cooked and eaten was caught off the pier-head.

The fifteenth amendment, which declares that there shall be no distinction on account of colour, has been utterly set at naught by a Massachusetts cat. The animal in question is the property of a clergyman at West Springfield. After giving birth recently to seven kittens of various colours, she removed the two blackest from the group and utterly refused to take any notice of them. No sooner were they restored to her nest than she again and again ejected them, and death finally relieved the little waifs.

A good story is told of the celebrated English auctioneer, Christie. Among the effects of John Hunter, the anatomist, which came under his hammer, was a mask used to keep the face from stings when observing the habits of bees. On coming to this article at the sale Christie was fairly posed. He turned the "lot" round and round, and came out with—"A most interesting and curious article; a covering for the face, used by the South Sea Islanders when travelling, to protect their faces from the snow-storms!"

The following incident is reported as a fact; it is facetiously pleasant:—A poor curate, an earnest, faithful preacher, had a poor salary, not sufficient to support his family with anything like respectability, so he took to repairing watches to increase his income. Some parson thought this a disgrace to the cloth. Accordingly the curate had to appear before the bishop, who said, "This must be put a stop to, and I intend to put a stop on it," and his lordship presented the curate with a living worth between three and four hundred pounds a year.

A recent writer of travels informs us how the Australian aborigines do their wooing. When one of these dark gentlemen has heard of a lady who, he thinks, will suit him in the character of better half, he creeps close to the camp on some dark, windy night, and, stretching out his spear, inserts its barbed point among her thick flowing locks; turning it slowly round some of her hair becomes entangled with it, then with a sudden jerk wakes her up, when silently she follows her captor, to begin a life of toil, from which she is not released till death. Most women would sacrifice their hair, crimps, pads, and switches sooner than submit to this mode of courtship.

The mania for "thinness" has of late years seized upon the young Parisian ladies, and has been carried on to an extent that has seriously injured their health. They have declined all solid food, and existed on sweets and pastry. This phantom fashion, as it has been called, has already made some martyrs. One of the most brilliant actresses has lost her good looks through the starving diet to which the Moloch of fashion condemned her, and another had a narrow chance of losing her life. Fortunately, however, the high rate of mortality among these French votaries of Banting has aroused the attention of lookers-on, and a stop will probably be put to the absurd practice before long. It has been called the "transparency" fashion, since its object was to render its followers as much as possible like anatomical studies.

An American lady writer, exhibiting one of the differences between the vernacular of the Americans and English, states that the waist of a dress is by the latter denominated a "body." "We were much startled," she says, "on receiving our first washing-bills, to find that we were charged with 'low bodies' and 'loose bodies.' Not supposing there were any such 'questionable shapes' in our party, we found they were only high and low neck underwaists." Again, she relates that a young American lady, on a visit to a country house, was put into a room previously occupied by one of the family, but which had the uncanny reputation of being haunted. The young lady had subdued her nervousness sufficiently to fall into a light slumber, when there came a gentle tap at the door, and a sepulchral voice whispered through the key-hole: "I want to come in and get my body."

Not long since it was a custom among certain rich Londoners of a mean sort to drive down to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and get gratuitous advice as out-patients. Dr. — was determined to stop this abuse, and he did it by a series of outrageous assaults on the self-love of the offenders. Noticing a lady, dressed in silk, who had driven up to the hospital in a brougham, Dr. — raised his rich, thunderous, sarcastic voice, and, to the inexpressible glee of a roomful of young students, addressed the lady thus:—"Madam, this charity is for the poor, destitute, miserable invalids of London. So you are a miserable invalid in a silk dress—a destitute invalid in a rich silk dress—a poor invalid in a dress that a duchess might wear. Madam, I refuse to pay attention to miserable, destitute invalids who wear rich silk dresses. You had better order your carriage, madam." The lady was equal to the occasion; she offered him sixpence, and went.

A writer in the Paris *Gaulois* tells a surprising story of an English custom unknown even to English people. "England," he says, "is the classical land of splendid hospitality. One of my friends who has had the honour of passing a week with the Prince of Wales at Goodwood, which the Duke of Richmond had given up to the Prince, was telling me yesterday of the extent to which etiquette prevails with his royal host. The valets and ladiesmaids of invited guests are not allowed to dine except in ball costume, the valets black clothes and white cravats, the ladiesmaids low-necked dresses. The day of his arrival at the castle, my friend having forgotten to say anything about that, his valet presented himself in a black frock-coat, a long cravat with a diamond pin, and trousers of a fancy pattern. He was stopped at the door by the major-domo, and immediately sent back to his room, to make the necessary change in his dress.

Some one who has visited the tomb of Juliet at Verona, and found it in a most neglected condition, gives utterance to a pathetic lament. The tomb is "a long stone trough, exactly like the baths of Roman times one sees in the galleries of the Uffizi, containing half an inch of dirty water. Poor Juliet! Didst lie there with bloody Tybalt and the bones of thy great ancestors? Did that fond, foolish, loving, cruel father and mo-

ther of thine—that worthy deaf-on-one-ear nurse—that paste-board county—that hearty friar, who reminds one very much of Goldsmith's 'Hermit of the Dale,' and all the mourning courtiers of Verona follow thee hither? Here didst thou sleep of that potent two-and-forty hours' draught? Did Peter and Simon Cutling and Hugh Rebeck and James Soundpost try quips here? Was all that fighting and tragedy work done here?"

"Here lies the County Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet dead before,
Warm and new killed."

"Nay. And again, no!"

The *Continental Herald* tells a story of a brave woman's ascent of Mont Blanc. The lady in question is a Spaniard, and her name Mme. Zubelin. "Notwithstanding that the seven previous attempts to attain the summit had been unsuccessful, on account of the excessive cold and a violent wind, she set out accompanied by four guides and a porter. On arrival at the Grand Mulets it was found that the weather was too unfavourable for further progress, but Mme. Zubelin resolved to wait until appearances were more propitious. The guides endeavoured to dissuade her from what they considered a very rash enterprise, but she gallantly determined to succeed, and actually spent four consecutive nights in the hut on the Grand Mulets. On the fifth morning the party again set out, and reached the summit in the afternoon. It is stated that Mme. Zubelin refused all assistance from the guides during her toilsome journey, and traversed, unaided, the most steep inclines. At noon on the following day she reached Chamounix, where she was received with the utmost enthusiasm by the whole population, inhabitants and tourists."

A medical writer of eminence has been collecting evidence as to the chances of life which children have, upon being born, in different countries. Out of 10,000 children born it is found from official statistics that in Norway as many as 7,415, or, roughly speaking, three out of every four, live to be twenty years of age. In England only 6,627 so live, or 788 fewer than in Norway. In the United States boys have nearly as good a chance of life as in England, while girls have not. But in France only 5,022, or scarcely more than one out of two, reach twenty. While in Ireland no more than 4,855, or actually less than one out of two, attain that age. More surprising still are the statistics regarding old age. Out of the same 10,000, for example, we learn that in Norway, 3,487, more than one out of three, reach seventy; in England almost one out of four; in the United States, still men only, one out of four—a trifle higher than England; in France 1776, or about one out of 8½, and in Ireland only 861, or one out of 11½. If this table is to be depended upon, we thus learn that of all countries in the world Norway offers the new-born child the best chance of long life; while Ireland offers the worst. And France, universally admitted to be, so far as soil and climate are concerned, one of the most favoured regions of the earth, offers but little better chance than Ireland.

The pocket-handkerchief was not always such a prominent article of a fashionable lady's toilette as it is at the present day. In France, in the early part of the present century, to pronounce the word was only equalled in coarseness by using it in public. In 1820 Madlle. Duchesnois, the actress, had in one of her characters to allude to a pocket-handkerchief in connection with *Marie Stuart*. She did not dare to use the word, but instead called it, timidly, "light tissue." The ice was, however, broken, as she displayed the terrible article before the spectators. When "Othello" was represented, despite protests, painful cries, and fainting fits, a spade was called a spade. It must not be concluded that the French did not employ pocket-handkerchiefs; they carried them always at the bottom of a deep pocket or in a hand-bag, but never used them in public. It was the Empress Josephine who smuggled it into court. She had very ugly teeth, and as, at her epoch, dentists had not discovered the means of our having pearly teeth till our death, invented little *mouchoirs*, trimmed with lace, which she carried playfully to her lips, only to dissimulate as much as possible her infirmity. The ladies of her court quickly followed suit. Luxury in pocket-handkerchiefs is pushed as far now-a-days as in robes, and some are even to be encountered embroidered with fine pearls. An ornament of toilette equally extraordinary which has just appeared is the "do's collar" substitute for a necklace; it is composed of black velvet, with a little fringe of diamonds, or small coloured stones and pearls. The majority have the name of the wearer and the donor worked in diamonds, the art consisting in the deciphering of the names.

Lucy Hooper writes from Paris to the *Philadelphia Press*: "The greatest curiosity in the Jardin d'Acclimation is the singular fowl-fattening machine, which has been in operation for a short time, but which is a great success. Imagine the top of a round tea-table divided off into sections, with a partition between each section and a board in front with a half-moon-shaped aperture in it. In each of these sections an unhappy duck or chicken is confined by a chain to each leg, and under each is fitted a tray, which receives all the dirt, and is emptied daily. Through the centre of this structure goes a round post, and there is a series of such tea-table tops to the roof of the building, each with its divisions and its imprisoned fowls. At stated intervals a man comes round with a somewhat complicated machine filled with a kind of thin gruel, and fitted with a pipe at the end of a long india-rubber tube. He introduces this pipe down the throat of a duck, pressing down a pedal with his foot, and a certain quantity of food is forced through the tube into the creature's craw, a disk above showing exactly what amount of force he is to use and how much food passes. This process is gone through with each fowl till all are fed, and it is repeated four times a day for ducks and three for chickens. Two weeks suffice to fatten a duck, but three are necessary for a chicken. Apart from the necessary confinement of the birds the process does not seem to be at all a cruel one, as the amount of food forced down their throats is not excessive. The ducks which I saw fed did not seem to suffer in the least, and in fact when they saw the man approach most of them became clamorous for immediate attention, and plucked at his clothes as he passed with eager beaks."

WAS IT A DREAM?

Abou Ben Adhem (how that tribe increases!)—
Pondering one night o'er mortgages and leases,
Fell dead asleep in his old office chair,
And saw, or thought he saw, an angel fair.
Gazing upon her with astonished eyes,
"Excuse this seeming of ill-bred surprise,
But I'm not dead, you know, not *really* dead."
"As a door-nail," the spirit smiling said,
"But this cannot be Paradise, I'm sure;
Everything looks so commonplace and poor—
Old rusty, fusty books, and parchment rolls—
An odd place this to put departed souls!"
The angel pointed to the loaded shelf:
"Each book is filled, unconscious, by yourself;
You cannot read them, even—lettered fair,
And in your own handwriting as they are.
Forgotten deeds—notes cancelled—deeds of gift—
L'esper and outcast's eyes to heaven lift.
You look surprised, Ben Adhem; you ne'er thought,
While you among the poor and needy wrought,
'Twas God's will you were doing."

To her Ben Adhem
With amazement said, "Was *that* God's will, then?
I thought His will was I my soul should save;
For that I've had no time; so like a slave
I've had to work. I helped men when I could,
But sin about one cuts one off from good;
No priest, no altar, so no prayers I've said;
I meant to do this on my dying bed."
"God kept your record," said the angel, "when
You visited the sorrowing sons of men;
When you the widow's heart lit with joy's flame,
And children's eyes shone brighter when you came,
You did these unto Him, not for reward.
You entered then the joy that's of the Lord.
Right for right's sake. In this let work have rest;
Who loves, and works, and blesses shall be blessed.
And mark! Who does good works to save his soul
Has not a soul worth saving—that's the whole."

When morning broke upon the peaceful face,
Its rugged outlines smoothed by heavenly grace,
No priest stood by to shrive the unconscious one;
But did not Christ himself pronounce, "Well done?"

P. G. HAMERTON.

NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

PART THE THIRD.

IN VENDÉE.

BOOK THE THIRD.

THE MOTHER.

III.—MUTTERINGS AMONG THE PEASANTS.

She was indeed a startling object; trembling at everything, scared, quaking, showing a sort of wild-animal trouble, so frightened that she was frightful. There is always something terrible in the feebleness of a despairing woman. She is a creature who has reached the furthest limits of destiny. But peasants have not a habit of noticing details. One of them muttered, "She might easily be a spy."

"Hold your tongue and get away from here," the good woman who had already spoken to her said in a low tone.

Michelle Flécharde replied: "I am doing no harm. I am looking for my children."

The good woman glanced at those who were staring at Michelle, touched her forehead with one finger, and winked, saying, "She is a simpleton."

Then she took her aside and gave her a biscuit.

Michelle Flécharde, without thanking her, began to eat greedily.

"Yes," said the peasants, "she eats like an animal—she is an idiot."

So the tail of the mob dwindled away. They all went away, one after another.

When Michelle Flécharde had devoured her biscuit, she said to the peasant-woman, "Good! I have eaten. Now where is La Tourgue?"

"It is taking her again!" cried the peasant.

"I must go to La Tourgue! Show me the way to La Tourgue!"

"Never!" exclaimed the peasant. "Do you want to get yourself killed, eh? Besides, I don't know. Oh, see here! You are really crazy! Listen, poor woman, you look tired. Will you come to my house and rest yourself?"

"I never rest," said the mother.

"And her feet are torn to pieces!" murmured the peasant.

Michelle Flécharde resumed, "Don't I tell you that they have stolen my children! A little girl and two boys. I come from the Carmichot in the forest. You can ask Tellemarch the Caimand about me. And the man I met in the field down yonder. It was the Caimand who cured me. It seems I had something broken. All that is what happened to me. Then there is Sergeant Radoub besides. You can ask him. He will tell thee. Why he was the one we met in the wood. Three! I tell you three children! Even the oldest one's name—René-Jean—I can prove all that. The other's name is Gros-Alain, and the little girl's is Georgette. My husband is dead. They killed him. He was the farmer at Siscoignard. You look like a good woman. Show me the road! I am not crazy—I am a mother! I have lost my children! I am trying to find them. That is all. I don't know exactly which way I have come. I slept last night in a barn on the straw. La Tourgue, that is where I am going. I am not a thief. You must see that I am telling the truth. You ought to help me find my children. I do not belong to the neighbourhood. I was shot, but I do not know where."

The peasant shook her head and said, "Listen, traveller. In times of revolution you mustn't say things that cannot be understood, you may get yourself taken up in that way."

"But La Tourgue!" cried the mother. "Madam, for the

love of the Child Jesus and the Blessed Virgin up in Paradise, I beg you, madam, I entreat you, I conjure you, tell me which way I must go to get to La Tourgue!"

The peasant woman went into a passion.
"I do not know! And if I knew, I would not tell! It is a bad place. People do not go there."

"But I am going," said the mother.
And she set forth again. The woman watched her depart, muttering, "Still, she must have something to eat."

She ran after Michelle Flécharde and put a roll of black bread in her hand.

"There is for your supper."
Michelle Flécharde took the buckwheat bread, did not answer, did not turn her head, but walked on.

She went out of the village. As she reached the last houses, she met three ragged, barefooted little children. She approached them, and said, "These are two girls and a boy."

Noticing that they looked at the bread, she gave it to them. The children took the bread, then grew frightened. She plunged into the forest.

IV.—A MISTAKE.

On the same morning, before the dawn appeared, this happened amid the obscurity of the forest, along the cross-road which goes from Javené to Lécousse.

All the roads of the Bréage are between high banks, but of all the routes, that leading from Javené to Parigué, by the way of Lécousse, is the most deeply imbedded. Besides that, it is winding. It is a ravine rather than a road. This road comes from Vitré, and had the honour of jolting Madame de Sévigné's carriage. It is enclosed to the right and left by hedges. There could be no better place for an ambush.

On this morning, an hour before Michelle Flécharde from another point of the forest reached the first village where she had seen the sepulchral apparition of the waggon escorted by gendarmes, a crowd of men filled the copses where the Javené road crosses the bridge over the Couénon. The branches hid them. These men were peasants, all wearing jackets of skins which the kings of Brittany wore in the sixteenth century and the peasants in the eighteenth. The men were armed, some with guns, others with axes. Those who carried axes had just prepared in an open space a sort of pyre of dried faggots and billets which only remained to be set on fire. Those who had guns were stationed at the two sides of the road in watchful positions. Anybody who could have looked through the leaves would have been everywhere fingers on triggers and guns aimed toward the openings left by the interlacing branches. These men were on the watch. All the guns converged toward the road, which the first gleams of day had begun to whiten.

In this twilight low voices held converse.

"Are you sure of that?"

"Well, they say so."

"She is about to pass?"

"They say she is in the neighbourhood"

"She must not go out."

"She must be burned."

"We are three villages who have come out for that."

"Yes; but the escort?"

"The escort will be killed."

"But will she pass by this road?"

"They say so."

"Then she comes from Vitré?"

"Why not?"

"But somebody said she was coming from Fougères."

"Whether she comes from Fougères or Vitré, she comes from the Devil."

"Yes."

"And must go back to him."

"Yes."

"So she is going to Parigué?"

"It appears so."

"She will not go."

"No."

"No, no, no!"

"Attention."

It became prudent now to be silent, for the day was breaking.

Suddenly these ambushed men held their breath; they caught a sound of wheels and horses' feet. They peered through the branches, and could perceive indistinctly a long waggon, an escort on horseback, and something on the waggon, coming towards them along the high-banked road.

"There she is," said one, who appeared to be the leader.

"Yes," said one of the scouts; "with the escort."

"How many men?"

"Twelve."

"We were told they were twenty."

"Twelve or twenty, we must kill the whole."

"Wait till they get within sure aim."

A little later, the waggon and its escort appeared at a turn in the road.

"Long live the King!" cried the chief peasant.

A hundred guns were fired at the same instant.

When the smoke scattered, the escort was scattered also. Seven horsemen had fallen; five had fled. The peasants rushed up to the waggon.

"Hold!" cried the chief; "it is not the guillotine! It is a ladder."

A long ladder was, in fact, all the waggon carried.

The two horses had fallen wounded; the driver had been killed, but not intentionally.

"All the same," said the chief; "a ladder with an escort looks suspicious. It was going towards Parigué. It was for the escalade of La Tourgue, very sure."

"Let us burn the ladder!" cried the peasants.

And they burned the ladder.

As for the funeral waggon for which they had been waiting, it was pursuing another road, and was already two leagues off, in the village where Michelle Flécharde saw it pass at sunrise.

V.—VOX IN DESERTO.

When Michelle Flécharde left the three children to whom she had given her bread, she took her way at random through the wood.

Since nobody would point out the road, she must find it out for herself. Now and then she sat down, then rose, then re-seated herself again. She was borne down by that terrible

fatigue which first attacks the muscles, then passes into the bones—weariness like that of a slave. She was a slave in truth. The slave of her lost children. She must find them; each instant that elapsed might be to their hurt; who so has a duty like this woman's has no rights; it is forbidden even to stop to take breath. But she was very tired. In the extreme of exhaustion which she had reached, another step became a question. Can one make it? She had walked all the day, encountering no other village, not even a house. She took first the right path, then a wrong one, ending by losing herself amid leafy labyrinths, resembling one another precisely. Was she approaching her goal? Was she nearing the term of her Passion? She was in the Via Dolorosa, and felt the overwhelming of the last station.* Was she about to fall in the road, and die there? There came a moment where to advance farther seemed impossible to her. The sun was declining, the forest growing dark; the paths were hidden beneath the grass, and she was helpless. She had nothing left but God. She began to call; no voice answered.

She looked about; she perceived an opening in the branches, turned in that direction, and found herself suddenly on the edge of the wood.

She had before her a valley, narrow as a trench, at the bottom of which a clear streamlet ran along over the stones. She discovered then she was burning with thirst. She went down to the stream, knelt by it, and drank.

She took advantage of her kneeling position to say her prayers.

When she rose, she tried to decide upon a course. She crossed the brook.

Beyond the little valley stretched, as far as the eye could reach, a plateau, covered with short underbrush, which, starting from the brook, ascended in an inclined plane, and filled the whole horizon. The forest had been a solitude; this plain was a desert. Behind every bush of the forest she might meet some one; on the plateau, as far as she could see, nothing met her gaze. A few birds, which seemed frightened, were flying away over the heath.

Then, in the midst of this awful abandonment, feeling her knees give way under her, and, as if gone suddenly mad, the distracted mother flung forth this strange cry into the silence: "Is there any one here?"

She waited for an answer. It came. A low, deep voice burst forth; it proceeded from the verge of the horizon, was borne forward from echo to echo; it was either a peal of thunder or a cannon, and it seemed as if the voice replied to the mother's question, and that it said: "Yes."

Then the silence closed in anew.

The mother rose, animated with fresh life; there was some one; it seemed to her as if she had now some person with whom she could speak. She had just drunk and prayed; her strength came back; she began to ascend the plateau in the direction whence she had heard that vast and far-off voice.

Suddenly she saw a lofty tower start up on the extreme edge of the horizon. It was the only object visible amid the savage landscape; a ray from the setting sun crimsoned its summit. It was more than a league away. Behind the tower spread a great sweep of scattered verdure, lost in the mist—it was the forest of Fougères.

This tower appeared to her to be the point whence came the thundering which had sounded like a summons in her ear. Was it that which had given the answer to her cry?

Michelle Flécharde reached the top of the plateau; she had nothing but the plain before her.

She walked towards the tower.

VI.—THE SITUATION.

The moment had come. The inexorable held the pitiless. Cimourdain had Lantenac in his hand.

The old royalist rebel was taken in his form; it was evident that he could not escape, and Cimourdain meant that the Marquis should be beheaded here—upon his own territory—his own lands—on this very spot—in sight of his ancestral dwelling-place, that the feudal stronghold might see the head of the feudal lord fall, and the example thus be made memorable.

It was with this intention that he had sent to Fougères for the guillotine which we lately saw upon its road.

To kill Lantenac was to slay Vendée; to slay Vendée was to save France. Cimourdain did not hesitate. The conscience of this man was quiet; he was urged to ferocity by a sense of duty.

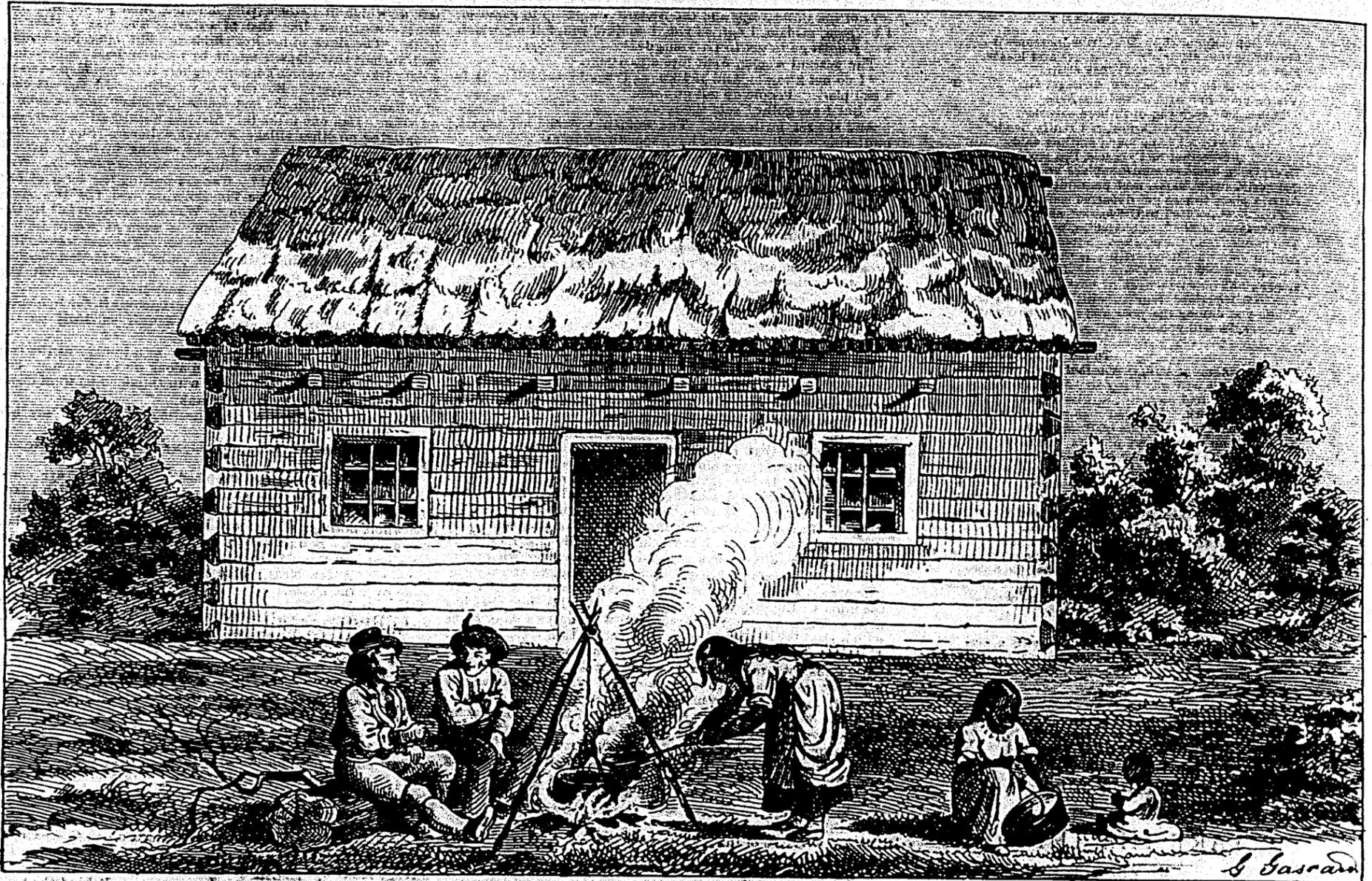
The marquis appeared lost; as far as that went, Cimourdain was tranquil, but there was a consideration which troubled him. The struggle must inevitably be a terrible one. Gauvain would direct it, and, perhaps, would wish to take part; this young chief was a soldier at heart; he was just the man to fling himself into the thick of this pugilistic combat. If he should be killed? Gauvain, his child! The unique affection he possessed on earth! So far fortune had protected the youth, but fortune might grow weary. Cimourdain trembled. His strange destiny had placed him here between these two Gauvains, for one of whom he wished death, for the other life.

The cannon shot which had roused Georgette in her cradle and summoned the mother in the depths of her solitude, had done more than that. Either by accident, or owing to the intention of the man who fired the piece, the ball, although only meant as a warning, had struck the guard of iron bars which protected the great loophole of the first floor of the tower, broken and half wrenched it away. The besieged had not had time to repair this damage.

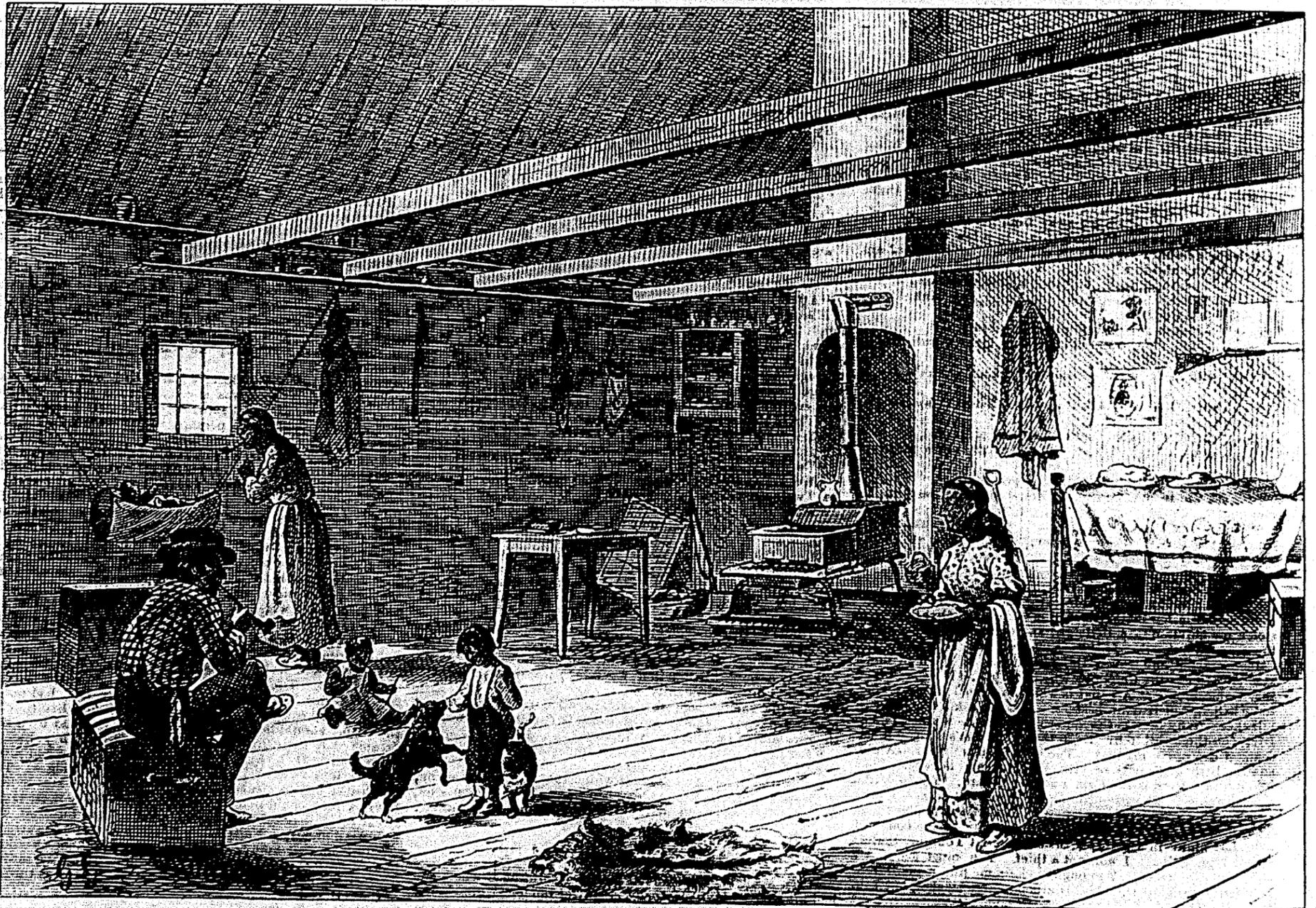
The besieged had been boastful, but they had very little ammunition. Their situation, indeed, was much more critical than the besiegers supposed. If they had had powder enough, they could have blown up La Tourgue when they and the enemy should be together within it; this had been their dream; but their reserves were exhausted. They had not more than thirty charges left for each man. They had plenty of guns, blunderbusses, and pistols, but few cartridges. They had loaded all the weapons in order to keep up a steady fire—but how long could that steady firing last? They must lavishly exhaust the resources which they required to husband. That was the difficulty. Fortunately (sinister fortune) the struggle would be mostly man to man; sabre and pignard would be more needed than fire-arms. The conflict would be rather a duel with knives than a battle with guns. This was the hope of the besieged.

* In reference to the pictures in Roman Catholic churches. The last station is that wherein our Lord falls under the weight of the cross. *Trans.*

SKETCHES IN THE NORTH WEST.

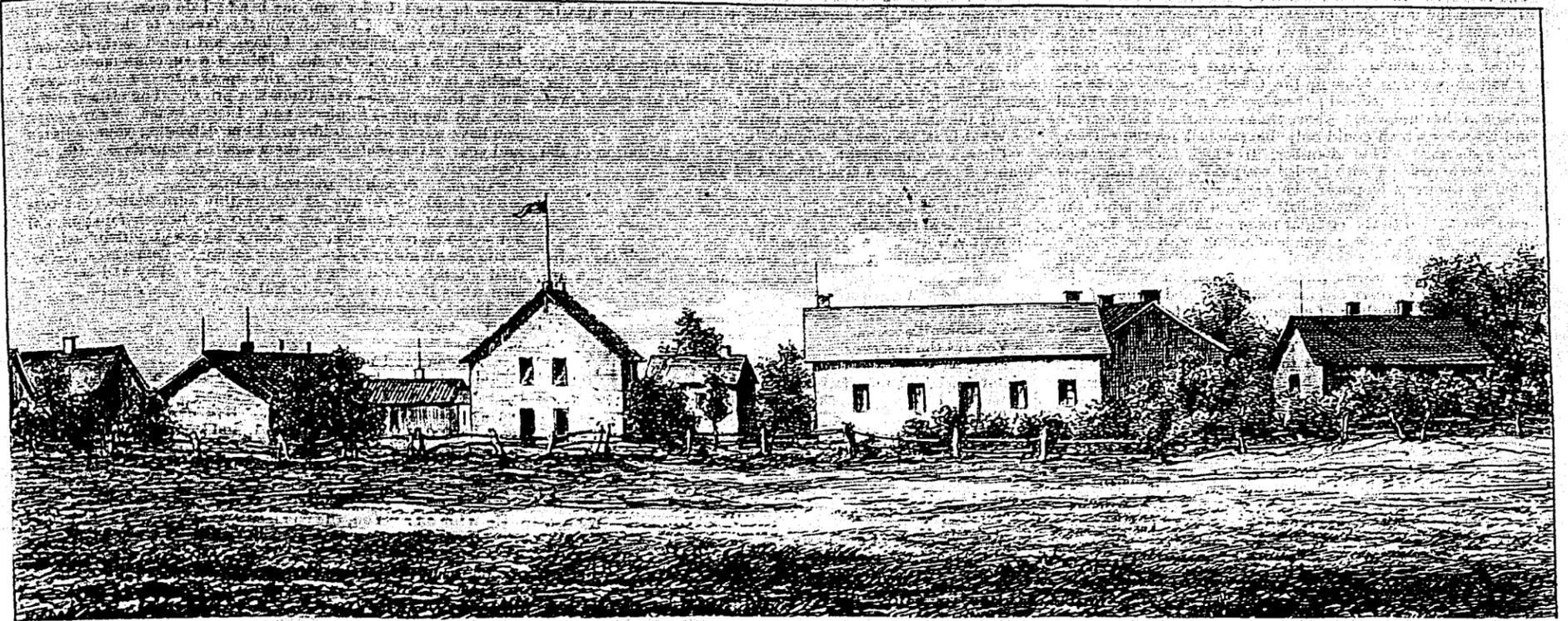


A HALF-BREED'S DWELLING.—By our SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE MOUNTED POLICE.



INTERIOR OF HALF-BREED'S DWELLING.—By our SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE MOUNTED POLICE.

SKETCHES IN THE NORTH WEST.



FORT DUFFERIN.—BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE MOUNTED POLICE.

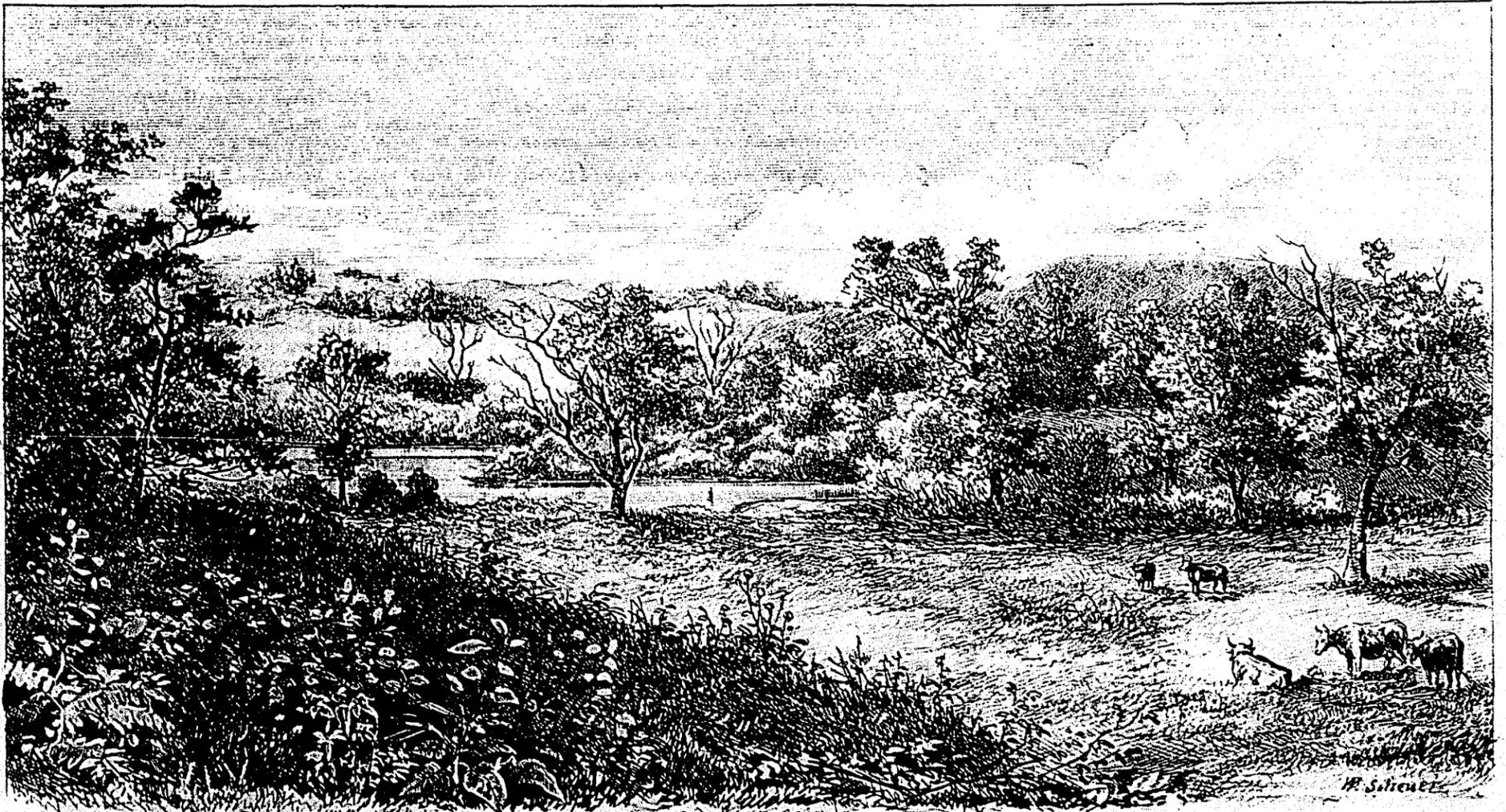
SKETCHES IN THE NORTH-WEST.

A PARISIAN LITTERATEUR

Our special artist with the North-West Mounted Police has forwarded us for publication in this issue four sketches of scenery and life in the North-West Territory. With the name of Fort Dufferin, so-called in honour of our popular Governor-General, most of our readers will be familiar, as it has frequently been mentioned in the despatches published in the daily papers in connection with the movements of the force now engaged in that part of the country in suppressing the illicit liquor traffic established by a party of unscrupulous Americans. While our own men are hard at work on our side of the boundary line rooting out the whiskey mills and rum-stations, our friends across the border are not inactive, bodies of United States troops being posted at likely points of egress along the line to arrest those engaged in the unlawful business who may endeavour to make their way back into the States. The fort is itself not much to look at, but it answers all the purposes for which it is intended. Badger, or White Earth Creek, is the spot on which the Mounted Police encamped on the 15th July. There is but little to admire in it in the way of scenery, but it is useful as giving a good idea of the kind of country to be found in this all but unknown territory. The sketches of a half-breed's dwelling are evidently taken from an optimist's point of view. Everything seems to be neat, clean and comfortable, the young squaw to the right is sufficiently comely—making up thereby for the extreme ugliness of her lord and master—and the purposes on paper, don't show the dirt.

Lucy H. Hooper, writing from Paris to the Philadelphia Press, says: "In company with Colonel Forney I had a very delightful interview with Emile de Girardin, the veteran editor of *La Presse*, and a renowned leader of the Republican party in Paris as well. The distinguished author of '*Le Supplice d'une Femme*' lives in superb style in an elegant hotel on the Rue de la Peyrouse, the apartments of which are crowded with choice works of art. On admission to the hall, the eye is at once struck by the superb bust of an Arab chief, a copy of which is in the Luxembourg Gallery, while a little further on stands a statue by Clesinger of the Dying Lucretia, opposite to which hangs a large picture by Snyders, representing a deer hunt—a very pell-mell of dogs and deer, full of life and vigour and motion. Beyond the stairs a charming statue of Andromeda chained to the rock attracted my gaze, but we were not suffered to linger before these works of art, as the servant showed us at once into the library, and then went to apprise M. de Girardin of our arrival. The library is an immensely long but narrow room running the whole length of the house, and lined with low cases which are filled with volumes in rich and tasteful binding. Right opposite to the door hangs a portrait of Rachel in classic costume, by Duval, a fine painting, but less satisfactory as a likeness than is the charming portrait of the great actress by Muller, which is exhibited in the Alsace-Lorraine exhibition, and of which I spoke in a former letter. Other works of art, including a fine original Boucher, hang upon the walls above the bookcases, and among them was one at which I gazed with deep and painful interest. It was a

crayon drawing, representing a female head reclining upon a pillow, the eyes closed, the delicate, finely cut features sharpened and wasted by disease, and a wreath of laurel above the dark dishevelled hair. It is a portrait of the dead Rachel, taken a few hours after death had closed those wondrous eyes and set a seal upon the magic of those eloquent lips. In the centre of the room stands a statue of George Sand, the powerful face, with its broad brow, evil mouth, and heavy, sensual-looking throat, showing in every line the woman who is at once the glory and the shame of her sex, the authoress of *Consuelo* and *Mauprat*, and the idol as well of a hundred lovers, to not one of whom did she ever give faithful affection of enduring constancy. Before we had half viewed the marvels around us we were summoned to the private study of M. de Girardin. There we found him, the elderly, keen-eyed, delicate-looking Frenchman, dramatist, editor, politician, a power in the Parisian world, whether of letters or of politics. He welcomed us warmly, expressed deep interest in the Centennial, and promised his fullest co-operation and assistance to our cause. Taking from the table a copy of the penny paper called *Le Petit Journal* he said: "This paper circulates three hundred and fifty thousand copies daily, the largest circulation of any paper in France, and to this as well as *La Presse*, *La Liberté* and other newspapers which I control, will I confide the task of giving publicity to the details of your great national anniversary. And if at any time I can in any way serve America and the Americans do not fail to call upon me." It is impossible to exaggerate in words the extreme cordiality of his manner as well as his speech.



WHITE EARTH RIVER.—BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE MOUNTED POLICE.

The interior of the tower seemed impregnable. In the lower hall, which the mine had breached, the retrade so skilfully constructed guarded the entrance. Behind the retrade was a long table covered with loaded weapons, blunderbusses, carbines, and muskets; sabres, axes, and poignards. Since they had no power to blow up the tower, the crypt of the oubliette could not be utilised; therefore the marquis had closed the door of the dungeon. Above the ground-floor hall was the round chamber which could only be reached by the narrow, winding staircase. This chamber, in which there was also placed a table covered with loaded weapons ready to hand, was lighted by the great loophole, the grating of which had just been broken by the cannon-ball. From this chamber the spiral staircase led to the circular room on the second floor, in which was the iron door communicating with the bridge-castle. This chamber was called indifferently the room with the iron door, or the mirror room, from numerous small looking-glasses hung to rusty old nails on the naked stones of the wall—a fantastic mingling of elegance and rude desolation.

Since the apartments on the upper floor could not be successfully defended, this mirror room became what Manesson Mallet, the lawgiver in regard to fortified places, calls "the last post where the besieged can capitulate." The struggle, as we have already said, would be to keep the assailants from reaching this room.

This second floor round chamber was lighted by loop-holes, still a torch burned therein. This torch, in an iron holder like the one in the hall below, had been kindled by Imánus, and the end of the sulphur match placed near it. Terrible carefulness!

At the end of the ground-floor hall was a board placed upon trestles, which held food, like the arrangement in an Homeric cavern; great dishes of rice, with porridge of black grain, hashed veal, biscuits, stewed fruits, and jugs of cider. Whoever wished could eat and drink.

The cannon shot set them all on the watch. Not more than a half-hour of peace remained to them.

From the top of the tower Imánus watched the approach of the besiegers. Lantenac had ordered his men not to fire as the assailants came forward. He said, "They are four thousand five hundred. To kill outside is useless. When they try to enter, we are as strong as they."

Then he laughed, and added, "Equality, Fraternity."

It had been agreed that Imánus should sound a warning on his horn when the enemy began to advance.

The little troop, posted behind the retrade or on the stairs, waited with one hand on their muskets, the other on their rosaries.

This was what the situation had resolved itself into:

For the assailants a breach to mount, a barricade to force, three rooms, one above the other, to take in succession by main strength, two winding staircases to be carried step by step under a storm of bullets; for the besieged—to die.

VII.—PRELIMINARIES.

Gauvain on his side arranged the order of attack. He gave his last instructions to Cimourdain, whose part in the action, it will be remembered, was to guard the plateau, and to Guéchamp, who was to wait with the main body of the army in the forest camp. It was understood that neither the masked battery of the wood nor the open battery of the plateau should fire unless there were a sortie or an attempt at escape on the part of the besieged. Gauvain had reserved for himself the command of the storming column. It was this that troubled Cimourdain.

The sun had just set.

A tower in an open country resembles a ship in open sea. It must be attacked in the same manner. It is a boarding rather than an assault. No cannon. Nothing useless attempted. What would be the good of cannonading walls fifteen feet thick? A port-hole; men forcing it on the one side, men guarding it on the other; axes, knives, pistols, fists and teeth—that is the undertaking. Gauvain felt that there was no other way of carrying La Tourgue. Nothing can be more murderous than a conflict so close that the combatants look into one another's eyes. He had lived in this tower when a child, and knew its formidable recesses by heart.

He meditated deeply. A few paces from him his lieutenant, Guéchamp, stood with a spy-glass in his hand, examining the horizon in the direction of Parigué. Suddenly he cried, "Ah! at last!"

This exclamation aroused Gauvain from his reverie. "What is it, Guéchamp?"

"Commandant, the ladder is coming."

"The escape-ladder?"

"Yes."

"How? It is not yet here?"

"No, commandant. And I was troubled. The express that I sent to Javené came back."

"I know it."

"He told me that he had found at the carpenter's shop in Javené a ladder of the requisite length—he took it—he had it put on a cart, he demanded an escort of twelve horsemen, and he saw them set out from Parigué—the cart, the escort, and the ladder. Then he rode back full speed, and made his report. And he added that the horses being good and the departure having taken place about two o'clock in the morning, the waggon would be here before sunset."

"I know all that. Well?"

"Well, commandant, the sun has just set, and the waggon which brings the ladder has not yet arrived."

"Is it possible? Still we must commence the attack. The hour has come. If we were to wait, the besieged would think we hesitated."

"Commandant, the attack can commence."

"But the escape-ladder is necessary."

"Without doubt."

"But we have not got it."

"We have it."

"How?"

"It was that made me say, 'Ah! at last!' The waggon did not arrive; I took my telescope, and examined the route from Parigué to La Tourgue, and, commandant, I am satisfied. The waggon and the escort are coming down yonder; they are descending a hill. You can see them."

Gauvain took the glass and looked. "Yes; there it is. There is not light enough to distinguish very clearly. But I can see the escort—it is certainly that. Only the escort appears to me more numerous than you said, Guéchamp."

"And to me also"

"They are about a quarter of a league off"

"Commandant, the escape-ladder will be here in a quarter of an hour."

"We can attack."

It was indeed a waggon which they saw approaching, but not the one they believed. As Gauvain turned, he saw Sergeant Radoub standing behind him, upright, his eyes down-cast, in the attitude of military salute.

"What is it, Sergeant Radoub?"

"Citizen commandant, we, the men of the Battalion of the Bonnet Rouge, have a favour to ask of you."

"What?"

"To have us killed."

"Ah!" said Gauvain.

"Will you have that kindness?"

"Well—that is according to circumstances," said Gauvain.

"Listen, commandant. Since the affair of Dol, you are careful of us. We are still twelve."

"Well?"

"That humiliates us."

"You are the reserve."

"We would rather be the advance-guard."

"But I need you to decide success at the close of the engagement. I keep you back for that."

"Too much."

"No. You are in the column. You march."

"In the rear. Paris has a right to march in front."

"I will think of it, Sergeant Radoub."

"Think of it to-day, commandant. There is an opportunity. Hard blows will be given and taken. It will be lively. La Tourgue will burn the fingers of those that touch it. We ask the favour of being of the party."

The sergeant paused, twisted his moustache, and added in an altered voice, "Besides, look you, commandant, our little ones are in this tower. Our children are there—the children of the battalion—our three children. That abominable beast called Brise-bleu and Imánus, this Gouge-le-Bruant, this Bouge-le-Gruant, this Fougé-le-Truant, this thunderclap of the devil, threatens our children. Our children are poppets, commandant. If all the earthquakes should mix in the business, we cannot let any misfortune happen to them. Do you hear that—authority? We will have none of it. A little while ago I took advantage of the truce, and mounted the plateau, and looked at them through a window—yes, they are certainly there—you can see them from the edge of the ravine. I did see them, and they were afraid of me, the darlings. Commandant, if a single hair of their little cherub pates should fall, I swear by the thousand names of everything sacred, I, Sergeant Radoub, that I will have revenge out of somebody. And that is what all the battalion say; either we want the babes saved or we want to be all killed. It is our right—yes—all killed. And now, salute and respect."

Gauvain held out his hand to Radoub, and said, "You are brave men. You shall have a place in the attacking column. I will divide you into two parties. I will put six of you in the vanguard to make sure that the troops advance, and six in the rear-guard to make sure that nobody retreats."

"Shall I command the twelve, as usual?"

"Certainly."

"Then, commandant, thanks, for I am of the vanguard."

Radoub made another military salute, and went back to his company. Gauvain drew out his watch, spoke a few words in Guéchamp's ear, and the storming columns began to form.

VIII.—THE LAST OFFER.

Now Cimourdain, who had not yet gone to his post on the plateau, went to a trumpeter.

"Demand a parley," said he.

The clarion sounded, the horn replied.

Again the trumpet and the horn exchanged a blast.

"What does that mean?" Gauvain asked Guéchamp—

"What is it Cimourdain wants?"

Cimourdain advanced towards the tower, holding a white handkerchief in his hand.

He spoke in a loud voice, "Men who are in the tower, do you know me?"

A voice—the voice of Imánus—replied from the summit, "Yes."

The following dialogue between the voices reached the ears of those who were near enough:—

"I am the envoy of the Republic."

"You are the former curé of Parigué?"

"I am the delegate of the Committee of Public Safety."

"You are a priest."

"I am the representative of the law."

"You are a renegade."

"I am the commissioner of the Revolution."

"You are an apostate."

"I am Cimourdain."

"You are the devil?"

"Do you know me?"

"We hate you."

"Would you be content if you had me in your power?"

"We are here eighteen, who would give our heads to have yours."

"Very well, I come to deliver myself up to you."

From the top of the tower rang a burst of savage laughter, and this cry—"Come!"

The camp waited in the breathless silence of expectancy.

Cimourdain resumed—"On one condition."

"What?"

"Listen."

"Speak."

"You hate me?"

"Yes."

"And I love you. I am your brother."

The voice from the top of the tower replied: "Yes, Cain."

Cimourdain went on in a singular tone at once loud and sweet—"Insult me, but listen. I come here under a flag of truce. Yes, you are my brothers. You are poor mistaken creatures. I am your friend. I am the light, and I speak to ignorance. Light is always brotherhood. Besides, have we not all the same mother—our country? Well, listen to me—

you will know hereafter, or your children will know, or your children's children will know, that what is done in this moment is brought about by the law above, and that the Revolution is the work of God. While awaiting the time when all consciences, even yours, shall understand this; when all fanaticisms, even yours, shall vanish; while waiting for this great

light to spread, will no one have pity on your darkness? I come to you; I offer you my head; I do more—I hold out my hand to you. I beg of you the favour to destroy me in order to save yourselves. I have unlimited authority, and that which I say I can do. This is a supreme moment. I make a last effort. Yes, he who speaks to you is a citizen, and in this citizen—yes, there is a priest. The citizen defies you, but the priest implores you. Listen to me. Many among you have wives and children. I am defending your children and your wives—defending them against yourselves. Oh, my brothers—"

"Go on! Preach!" sneered Imánus.

"My brothers, do not let the terrible horn sound. Throats are to be cut. Many among us who are here before you will not see to-morrow's sun; yes, many of us will perish, and you—you are all going to die. Show mercy to yourselves. Why shed all this blood when it is useless? Why kill so many men when it would suffice to kill two?"

"Two?" repeated Imánus.

"Yes, two."

"Who?"

"Lantenac and myself."

Cimourdain spoke more loudly—"Two men are too many. Lantenac for us, I for you—this is what I propose to you, and you will all have your lives safe. Give us Lantenac and take me. Lantenac will be guillotined, and you shall do what you choose with me."

"Priest," howled Imánus, "if we had thee we would roast thee at a slow fire."

"I consent," said Cimourdain.

He went on: "You, the condemned who are in this tower, you can all in an hour be living and free. I bring you safety. Do you accept?"

Imánus burst forth: "You are not only a villain, you are a madman. Ah, there, why do you come here to disturb us? Who asked you to come and speak to us? We give up monseigneur? What is it you want?"

"His head, and I offer"—

"Your skin. Oh, we would flay you like a dog, Curé Cimourdain! Well, no, your skin is not worth his head. Get away with you."

"The massacre will be horrible. For the last time—reflect."

Night had come on during this strange colloquy, which could be heard without and within the tower. The Marquis de Lantenac kept silence, and allowed events to take their course. Leaders have such an indirect kind of self-love—it is one of the rights of responsibility.

Imánus no longer addressed himself to Cimourdain, he shouted, "Men who attack us, we have submitted our propositions to you—they are settled—we have nothing to change in them. Accept them, else woe to all! Do you consent? We will give you up the three children, and you will allow liberty and life to us all."

"To all, yes," replied Cimourdain, "except one."

"And that?"

"Lantenac."

"Monseigneur! Give up Monseigneur? Never!"

"We can only treat with you on that condition."

"Then begin."

Silence fell. Imánus descended after having sounded the signal on his horn; the marquis took his sword in his hand; the nineteen besieged grouped themselves in silence behind the retrade of the lower hall and sank upon their knees. They could hear the measured tread of the column as it advanced toward the tower in the gloom. The sound came nearer. Suddenly they heard it close to them, at the very mouth of the breach. Then all, kneeling, aimed their guns and blunderbusses across the openings of the barricade, and one of them—Grand-Francœur, who was the priest Turmeau—raised himself with a naked sabre in his right hand and a crucifix in his left, saying in a solemn voice: "In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!"

All fired at the same time, and the battle began.

IX.—TITANS AGAINST GIANTS.

The encounter was frightful. This hand-to-hand contest went beyond the power of fancy in its awfulness. To find anything similar it would be necessary to go back to the great duels of Æschylus, or the ancient feudal butcheries, to "those attacks with short arms" which lasted down to the seventeenth century, when men penetrated into fortified places by concealed breaches; tragic assaults, where, says the old sergeant of the province of Alentejo, "when the mines had done their work, the besiegers advanced bearing panks covered with sheets of tin, and armed with round shields, and furnished with grenades, they forced those who held the entrenchments, or retrades, to abandon them, and thus become masters, they vigorously drove in the besieged."

The place of attack was terrible; it was what in military language was called "a covered breach," that is to say a crevasse traversing the wall through and through, and not an extended fracture open to the day. The powder had acted like an augur. The effect of the explosion had been so violent that the tower was cracked for more than forty feet above the chamber of the mine, but this was only a crack; the practicable rent which served as a breach, and gave admittance into the lower hall, resembled a thrust from a lance, which pierces, rather than a blow from an axe, which gashes. It was a puncture in the flank of the tower; a long cut, something like the mouth of a well, a passage, twisting and mounting like a gut against the wall fifteen feet in thickness; a misshapen cylinder, encumbered with obstacles, traps, stones broken by the explosion; where any one entering struck his head against the granite rock, his feet against the rubbish, while the darkness blinded him.

The assailants saw before them this black gap, the mouth of a gulf, which had for upper and lower jaws all the stones of a jagged wall; a shark's mouth has not more teeth than had this frightful opening. It was necessary to enter this gap and to get out of it.

Within was the wall, without rose the retrade—without, that is to say, in the hall of the ground floor.

The encounters of sappers in covered galleries when the counter-mine succeeds in cutting the mine, the butcheries in the gun-decks of vessels boarded in a naval engagement alone have this ferocity. To fight in the bottom of a grave—it is the supreme degree of horror. It is frightful for men to meet in the death-struggle in such narrow bounds. At the instant when the first rush of besieger entered the whole reti-

rade blazed with lightnings—it was a thunderbolt bursting underground. The thunder of the assailants replied to that of the ambuscade. The detonations answered one another; Gauvain's voice was heard shouting, "Break them in!" Then Lantenac's cry, "Hold firm against the enemy!" Then Imánus's yell, "Here, you men of the Main!" Then the clash of sabres clashing against sabres, and echo after echo of terrible discharges that killed right and left. The torch fastened against the wall dimly lighted the horrible scene. It was impossible clearly to distinguish anything; the combatants struggled amid a lurid light; whoever entered was suddenly struck deaf and blind; deafened by the noise, blinded by the smoke.

The combatants trod upon the corpses; they tore the wounds of the injured men lying helpless amid the rubbish; stamped recklessly upon the limbs already broken; the sufferers uttered awful groans; the dying fastened their teeth in the feet of their unconscious tormentors. Then for an instant would come a silence more dreadful than the tumult. The foes collared each other; the hissing sound of their breath could be heard, the gnashing of teeth, death-groans, curses; then the thunder would recommence. A stream of blood flowed from the tower through the breach and spread away across the darkness, and forming smoking pools upon the grass. One might have said that giant, the tower, had been wounded and was bleeding.

Strange thing, scarcely a sound of the struggle could be heard without. The night was very black, and a sort of funereal calm reigned in plain and forest around the beleaguered fortress. Hell was within, the grave without. This shock of men exterminating each other amid the darkness, these musket volleys, these clamours, these shouts of rage, all that din expired beneath that mass of walls and arches; air was lacking, and suffocation added itself to the carnage. Hardly a sound reached those outside the tower. The little children slept.

The desperate strife grew madder. The retirade held firm. Nothing more difficult than to force a barricade with a re-entering angle. If the besieged had numbers against them they had at least the position in their favour. The storming column lost many men. Stretched in a long line outside the tower, it forced its way slowly in through the opening of the breach like a snake twisting itself into its den.

Gauvain, with the natural impulse of a youthful leader, was in the hall in the thickest of the melee, with the bullets flying in every direction about his head. Besides the imprudence of his age he had the assurance of a man who had never been wounded.

As he turned about to give an order the glare of a volley of musketry lighted up a face close beside him.

"Cimourdain!" he cried, "what are you doing here?"

It was indeed Cimourdain. He replied, "I have come to be near you."

"But you will be killed!"

"Very well; you—what are you doing, then?"

"I am necessary here, you are not."

"Since you are here I must be here too."

"No, my master."

"Yes, my child."

And Cimourdain remained near Gauvain.

The dead lay in heaps on the pavement of the hall. Although the retirade was not yet carried, numbers would evidently conquer at last. The assailants were sheltered and the assailed under cover; ten besiegers fell to one among the besieged, but the besiegers were constantly renewed. The assailants increased and the assailed grew less.

The nineteen besieged were all behind the retirade, because the attack was made there. They had dead and wounded among them. Not more than fifteen could fight now. One of the most furious, Chante-en-hiver, had been horribly mutilated. He was a stubby, woolly-haired Breton, lithe and active. He had an eye gouged out and his jaw broken. He still could walk. He dragged himself up the spiral staircase, and reached the chamber of the first floor, hoping to be able to say a prayer there and die. He backed himself against the wall near the loophole in order to breathe a little fresh air.

Beneath, in front of the barricade, the butchery became more and more horrible. In a pause between the answering discharges Cimourdain raised his voice. "Besieged," cried he, "why let any more blood flow? You are beaten. Surrender! Think—we are four thousand five hundred men against nineteen—that is to say, more than two hundred against one. Surrender!"

"Let us put a stop to those hypocritical babblings," retorted the Marquis de Lantenac.

And twenty balls answered Cimourdain.

The retirade did not reach to the arched roof; this space permitted the besieged to fire from the barricade, but it also gave the besiegers an opportunity to scale it.

"Assault the retirade!" cried Gauvain. "Is there any man willing to scale the retirade?"

"I," said Sergeant Radoub.

X.—RADOUB.

Here a sort of stupor seized the assailants. Radoub had entered the breach at the head of the column, and of those men of the Parisian battalion of which he made the sixth, four had already fallen. After he had uttered that shout, "I," he was seen to recoil instead of advance. Doubled up, bent forward, almost creeping between the legs of the combatants, he regained the opening of the breach and rushed out. Was it a flight? A man like this to fly? What did it mean?

When he was outside, Radoub, still blinded by the smoke, rubbed his eyes as if to clear them from the horror of the cavernous night he had just left, and studied the wall of the tower by the starlight. He nodded his head, as if to say, "I was not mistaken."

Radoub had noticed that the deep crack made by the explosion of the mine extended above the breach to the loophole of the upper story, the iron grating of which had been shattered by a ball. The network of broken bars hung loosely down, so that a man could enter.

A man could enter, but could he climb up? By the crevice it might have been possible for a cat to mount. Such was Radoub. He belonged to the race which Pindar calls "the active athletes." One may be an old soldier and a young man. Radoub, who had belonged to the French guards, was not yet forty. He was a nimble Hercules.

Radoub threw his musket on the ground, took off his shoulder-belts, laid aside his coat and jacket, guarding his two

pistols, which he thrust in his trowsers' belt, and his naked sabre, which he held between his teeth. The butt-ends of the pistols protruded above his belt.

Thus lightened of everything useless, and followed in the obscurity by the eyes of all such of the attacking column as had not yet entered the breach, he began to climb the stones of the cracked wall as if they had been the steps of a staircase. Having no shoes was an advantage—nothing can cling like a naked foot—he twisted his toes into the holes of the stones. He hoisted himself with his fists, and bore his weight on his knees. The ascent was a hazardous one; it was somewhat like climbing along the teeth of a gigantic saw. "Luckily," thought he, "there is nobody in the chamber of the first story, else I should not be allowed to climb up like this."

He had not more than forty feet left to mount. He was somewhat encumbered by the projecting butt-ends of his pistols, and as he climbed the crevice narrowed, rendering the ascent more and more difficult, so that the danger of falling increased as he went on.

At last he reached the frame of the loophole and pushed aside the twisted and broken grating, so that he had space enough to pass through. He raised himself for a last powerful effort, rested his knee on the cornice of the ledge, seized with one hand a bar of the grating at the left, with the other a bar at the right, lifted half his body in front of the embrasure of the loophole, and, sabre between his teeth, hung thus suspended by his two fists over the abyss.

It only needed one spring more to land him in the chamber of the first floor.

But a face appeared in the opening. Radoub saw a frightful spectacle rise suddenly before him in the gloom—an eye torn out, a jaw fractured, a bleeding mask.

This mask, which had only one eye left, was watching him.

This mask had two hands; these two hands thrust themselves out of the darkness of this loophole and clutched at Radoub; one of them seized the two pistols in his belt, the other snatched the sword from between his teeth.

Radoub was disarmed. His knee slipped upon the inclined plane of the cornice; his two fists, cramped about the bars of the grating, barely sufficed to support him, and beneath was a sheer descent of forty feet.

This mask and these hands belonged to Chante-en-hiver.

Suffocated by the smoke which rose from the room below, Chante-en-hiver had succeeded in entering the embrasure of the loophole: the air from without had revived him; the freshness of the night had congealed the blood, and his strength had in a measure come back. Suddenly he perceived the torso of Radoub rise in front of the embrasure. Radoub, having his hands twisted about the bars, had no choice but to let himself fall or allow himself to be disarmed, so Chante-en-hiver, with a horrible quietness, had taken the two pistols out of his belt and the sabre from between his teeth.

Then commenced an unheard-of duel—a duel between the disarmed and the wounded. Evidently the dying man had the victory in his own hands. A single shot would suffice to hurl Radoub into the yawning gulf beneath his feet.

Luckily for Radoub, Chante-en-hiver held both pistols in the same hand, so that he could not fire either, and was forced to make use of the sabre. He struck Radoub a blow on the shoulder with the point. The sabre-stroke wounded Radoub, but saved his life.

The soldier was unarmed, but in full possession of his strength. Regardless of his wound, which indeed was only a flesh-cut, he swung his body vigorously forward, loosed his hold of the bars, and bounded through the loophole.

There he found himself face to face with Chante-en-hiver, who had thrown the sabre behind him, and was clutching a pistol in either hand.

Chante-en-hiver had Radoub close to the muzzle as he took aim upon his knees, but his enfeebled arm trembled, and he did not fire at once.

Radoub took advantage of this respite to burst out laughing. "I say, ugly face!" cried he, "do you suppose you frighten me with your raw bullock's head? Thunder and Mars, how they have shattered your features!"

Chante-en-hiver took aim.

Radoub continued: "It is not polite to mention it, but the grape-shot has dotted your mug very neatly. Bellona has peppered your physiognomy, my lad. Come, come; spit out your little pistol-shot, my good fellow!"

Chante-en-hiver fired; the ball passed so close to Radoub's head that it carried away part of his ear. His foe raised the second pistol in his other hand, but Radoub did not give him time to take aim.

"It is enough to lose one ear," cried he. "You have wounded me twice. It is my turn now."

(To be continued.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THURSDAY, Sept. 24.—Passenger rates from New York to Liverpool have been reduced to \$12 and \$15.

Elections for the French National Assembly have been ordered for October 18th.

The Republican State Convention in session at Utica, yesterday, nominated the present State Officers for re-election.

The report that the Bourbon branches have recognized Don Carlos as heir presumptive to the throne of France is denied.

Trouble is reported as imminent in Alabama, where negroes are being shot down on the slightest provocation. Troops are to be sent there for the protection of the coloured population.

The excitement consequent on the election of a Consul-General for Corsica, has obliged the authorities to interfere to prevent collision between the adherents of the opposing candidates, Prince Napoleon and M. Pietri.

Among the resolutions passed by the Republican State Convention was the following: "The Administration of President Grant has been true to its pledges, and distinguished by achievement in domestic and foreign policy unsurpassed in the history of the country."

FRIDAY, Sept. 25.—Another expedition for topographical surveys in Palestine is fitting out in New York.

The glowing accounts recently received from the Black Hills country turn out to be utterly unreliable.

Prussian agents are actively engaged on the Algerian frontier in establishing relations with Arabian tribes.

The report of Bismarck's proposal to incorporate Denmark into the German Empire is stated to be absolutely false.

The boundary dispute between Italy and Switzerland, referred to arbitration, has been settled in favour of the former.

The Carlists have suffered another disastrous defeat at the hands of the National troops in the Province of Biscay.

A meeting of delegates from all the Women's Associations of Germany has been called at Berlin by the Empress Augusta for October.

It is reported that Disraeli, on the occasion of the approaching Royal visit to Ireland, will recommend a general amnesty for all political prisoners.

The Austrian Polar expedition declare their explorations are hopeless of any satisfactory result. The reported extension of the open polar sea is said to be untrue.

General Kellogg telegraphed to the Attorney-General that if the troops were withdrawn there would be rioting, which would not cease till he and all his party were killed or driven out of the State. The White League is said to be spreading to other Southern States.

SATURDAY, Sept. 26.—The Prince of Wales has accepted the Grand Mastership of the Order of Free Masons.

Mr. Disraeli's visit to Ireland has been postponed on account of a severe attack of bronchitis.

A Vienna despatch says the Sultan of Turkey intends appointing his eldest son to the command of the army, preliminary to declaring him heir to the Throne.

A New Orleans special says no open attack will be made on Kellogg or his party as long as they have the shelteringegis of the United States troops, but that Kellogg himself is daily threatened with assassination.

The result of the municipal authorities of Chicago having ignored the requirement of the Board of Underwriters, as to improvements in the Fire Department, is that fifty Insurance Companies are pledged to withdraw their business from the city.

MONDAY, Sept. 28.—The Hon. W. B. Vail succeeds Hon. W. Ross as Minister of Militia.

South Carolina is now in a ferment. Governor M'oss has demanded Federal troops from President Grant to assist him in preserving order.

The question of the transfer of Porto Rico to Germany is causing considerable excitement. It is stated that Russia is ready to ally herself with the United States to prevent the accomplishment of that design.

TUESDAY, Sept. 29.—Preliminary steps have been taken in the case for the trial of Rev. Mr. Beecher.

The news of the destruction of Antigua, Guatemala, by earthquake is confirmed.

The result of the revision of voters' lists for the city of London has been a gain of 54 for the Conservatives.

A mass meeting of the Fenian Brotherhood was held at the Cooper Institute in New York, last night. O'Donovan Rossa was among the speakers.

De Maille, the Republican candidate for the Department of Maine et Loire, has been elected to fill the vacant seat in the French Assembly by 3,787 majority.

A devastating typhoon passed over Hong Kong on Sunday, causing great havoc amongst the shipping. A thousand persons are said to have been killed.

The Austrian Government are about to dispatch another expedition to the Arctic regions, one-half of which will go by way of Siberia and the remainder via Greenland.

Mayor Ows, of San Francisco, has caused much excitement in that city by taking possession of the assessors' office, books, records, &c., and issuing warrants for several persons attached to the office.

The entire business portion of Lennoxville was destroyed by fire yesterday, together with over thirty private residences. The College and school buildings were in no way affected. The loss is estimated at \$100,000.

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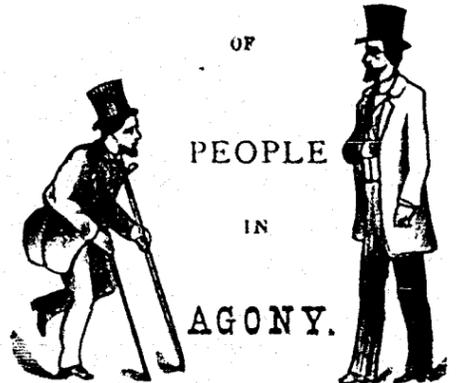
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