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# Wholesale News

Vol. X.—No. 4.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1874.

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ITALIAN MOTHER AND CHILD.

# Canadian Illustrated News.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1874.

## THE BAIE VERTE CANAL.

We learn with pleasure that this important question came up for discussion at the St. John meeting of the Dominion Board of Trade, and met with the almost unanimous sanction of the Delegates. Up to the present the nature of this work may be said not to have been well understood by the people of Quebec and Ontario; and hence we regard as perhaps the best result of the meeting at St. John that our representatives have been enabled to see for themselves all the geographical bearings of the case. They will have learned, probably to their astonishment, that the proposed canal is not so difficult a scheme as it has been represented to be by interested parties, and that it will entail neither formidable engineering difficulties nor disproportionate outlay of money. It is nothing more than a project to unite the Bay of Fundy with the Straits of Northumberland by means of a canal. The Straits of Northumberland separate Prince Edward Island from the south eastern shore of New Brunswick and the northern shore of Nova Scotia. The Bay of Fundy divides the south eastern shore of New Brunswick from the south western shore of Nova Scotia. The Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are joined together by a neck of land, which makes the County of Westmoreland in the former and that of Cumberland in the other co-terminous. This is the strip of land which it is proposed to canalize so as to give New Brunswick a continuous sea-line along her whole coast, from the Bay of Chaleurs to Passamaquoddy Bay, and Nova Scotia a water path all around, thus making her an island instead of a peninsula. The length of the neck of land, or at least the canal route through it, is only about twelve miles, and, as we have said, there are no special difficulties attending the work. Any one who consults the map, and makes himself acquainted with the obstacles and dangers attending navigation along the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia, must at once appreciate the advantages of the sheltered waters of the Bay of Fundy. There is no need to enter into an enumeration of the benefits which would accrue to the Maritime Provinces from the construction of this canal, but in regard to the new Province of Prince Edward, we have the high authority of the St. John's *Telegraph* for saying that, were the canal built, the population and prosperity of that beautiful island would expand at once. The Reciprocity Treaty brings the claims of the Baie Verte Canal into special prominence. If by the terms of that instrument we are bound to enlarge the whole system of our canals, and if, as is unfortunately probable, the Caughnawaga Canal will be forced upon the country by a Parliamentary majority, without adequate compensation in the free use of the Whitehall Canal and the Hudson River navigation, then surely the Baie Verte Canal, viewed merely as a medium of inter-provincial communication, cannot be neglected. We have heard it hinted that the support of the Lower Province members in favour of the present unamended Caughnawaga canal clause of the Treaty will be secured by promises in favour of the Baie Verte undertaking. The members of the Maritime Provinces need not to be thus inveigled. They have distinct Government pledges in regard to the Baie Verte Canal, and they may lawfully insist upon them, without the temptation of cajolery or the suspicion of a bribe.

## DIVORCE.

The election of Dr. Sangster to the Council of Public Instruction will necessarily give rise to a great deal of comment. Some will regard it as a rebuke to the journals who attacked the Doctor with unwonted acerbity. Others will pronounce it an endorsement of the defense which the Doctor made of his case in the public prints. Others again will attempt a higher flight and consider the election as an index of the laxity with which the popular conscience is beginning to treat the important question of divorce. We rather incline to the belief that the latter is the proper view to take. There is no doubt that, in their attacks on Doctor Sangster, some of the Ontario papers fell into the mistake of creating sympathy for him, by stating their case with needless violence. But apart from this circumstance, which is only accidental, the Doctor must be presumed to have acquired a following directly on the merits of his case. Hitherto, this Canadian community of ours has enjoyed a kind of primitive simplicity. We have

been remarkably free from vice and crime. The morals of our country population have been unexceptionable. In our cities there have been few murders and almost no midnight disturbances, while to those refinements of sin which obtain in larger and older towns, we may be said to have been total strangers. But this ideal state of things is not going to last. We must pay the penalty of growth and prosperity. According as we increase in wealth and expand in population and territory, we shall change our ideas and relax our consciences. Of course, this is a pity, but it is human nature. Besides, we have the example of the United States before us. Unconsciously, and spite of our protestations of loyalty, we are copying American models, and reducing to practice American teachings. And the more we go, the more this copying will continue. Reciprocity in trade will induce reciprocity in ideas and morals, and in this intercourse, the weaker party must always undergo the influence of the stronger. In respect to the particular question of divorce, there is reason to fear that the plausibility with which American legislation, clerical and lay, has invested it, will prove a trying source of temptations to discontented wives and husbands in Canada. It may be a considerable time before we advance so far in the new creed as to establish divorce courts in our midst, but we think the number will go on increasing of those Canadians who will quietly slip across the border, to break asunder the old ties and assume new ones. Social recognition, or even social tolerance on this side of the line, in one case, will give countenance and encouragement to a score of others.

## RECIPROCITY.

We have at length a decided and an authoritative opinion on the proposed Reciprocity Treaty. It comes from no less a body than the Dominion Board of Trade, which met in St. John, New Brunswick, last week. If any body of men may be presumed to know whereof they speak, and if there are any to whom the country naturally looks up with confidence, on a question of this specific nature, it is our Board of Trade. Their opinion will be of enhanced value when the public learn that the Board was fully represented by members from the different Provinces, and that the discussion was entirely without political bias. Nay, in regard to this latter circumstance, it is remarkable that the resolutions which embody the judgment of the Board were proposed and sustained in an able speech by Mr. WM. ELDER, of St. John, who is a public supporter of the Government. When the discussion was opened, it was attempted to make it non-committal in its nature, by a resolution which reaffirmed the opinion of the Board in favour of a treaty of Reciprocity, on a just, comprehensive and liberal basis, and the deep interest with which it viewed the efforts now being made to bring about such a treaty. Mr. ELDER, however, at once took the subject out of this commonplace and placed it on its proper ground of distinct affirmation. After proposing that the Board reiterate its opinion in favour of a Reciprocity Treaty, he moved that "while the document known as the 'draft reciprocity treaty' contains many desirable provisions, particularly such as relate to exchange of natural production and reciprocal extension of maritime privileges, the treaty is nevertheless defective the privileges secured for Canada, which are not nearly so valuable as those conceded to the United States; and that this Board, by means of a properly constituted committee and otherwise, take steps to represent to the Government of Canada those aspects of the treaty in which it is unfair to Canada, or might act prejudicially to Canadian interests."

After a long and exhaustive debate, during which another effort was made to defer an expression of definite opinion, the resolution was passed by the very significant vote of 26 to 7.

At the Masonic Grand Lodge of Canada, held a few days ago, in Toronto, the Grand Master announced the settlement of the difficulty with the Grand Lodge of Quebec, and directed the passage of a resolution recognizing that Grand Lodge as the supreme Masonic authority in that Province. He announced that, in consequence of this settlement, the Grand Lodges of Illinois and Vermont have revoked their edicts of non-intercourse with the Grand Lodge of Canada. The Grand Master is opposed to allowing other societies to take part in Masonic funerals, and ask for a decision on the subject. He also announced that, in the case of a member on whom a sentence has been passed by his Lodge, he ordered the Lodge to restore him to full fellowship, and invite the Grand Lodge to consider the propriety of the law that permits such in

terference with Subordinate Lodges. During the past year dispensations for the formation of nineteen Lodges were granted by him.

The Ministerial deadlock in France is getting monotonous. De Broglie has been trying his hand at Cabinet making again, but without success, and his old colleague, De Cazes, has been entrusted with the task. MacMahon affects not to see it, but it is his septennate that is in the way. He is trying to postpone the dissolution of the Assembly, but will have to come to it at last.

The whole of Spain has been put under martial law. This extraordinary step shows conclusively that the Carlist war is by no means over, and that the death of Marshal Concha was a disastrous event indeed. In retaliation for the alleged atrocities of the Carlists, their property throughout Spain is to be sequestered; but the Government have humanely decided not to shoot their prisoners. In the wake of these important announcements a despatch from Madrid states that ex-Queen Isabella has not revoked her act of abdication, which must be read to mean that the claims of her son Alfonso remain in full force, and may, perhaps, soon be brought forward.

As was to be expected, the attempted assassination of Bismarck resulted in increased stringency against the Ultramontanes. The clubs and clerical press are to be closely watched and vigorously dealt with for illegal manifestations. It is some satisfaction to know, however, that Kullman, the would-be murderer, is now proved to have had no accomplice, and that the Catholic priest who was arrested with him has been discharged from custody as entirely innocent of any participation in the crime.

The Beecher scandal investigation is being vigorously prosecuted. It is evident from the tone of the New York papers and the despatches of the Associated Press, that the sympathy lies almost entirely with Beecher, but it will be found more prudent to wait for the full text of Tilton's charges. Should the accusation prove a merely venial offence, as is at present stated, Beecher will rise immeasurably higher than ever from the ordeal, while Tilton will be wholly ruined.

A New York paper hints that the postponement of the Saratoga inter-collegiate regatta from Thursday to Friday and then from Friday to Saturday morning, was due to the hotel proprietors and boarding house keepers of the village, and that the time announced for the start was sufficiently late to prevent any spectator from leaving Saratoga on Thursday or Friday evening. It is calculated that this possible accident was worth about two hundred thousand dollars to the fashionable watering place. Wonderful, if true, and yet not so wonderful after all.

Chicago is determined this time that no more wooden buildings shall be put up within its limits. Nay, further, the immediate removal of all frame houses is demanded by the citizens in mass meeting assembled. The portion of the city destroyed by the late fire consisted almost wholly of shanties and other inferior buildings, and these will be replaced by handsome constructions, so that, in the end, the visitation will have proved a blessing in disguise.

It is pretty well ascertained in Ontario that the crops there this season will be more abundant than for many previous years. Winter wheat is progressing far better than was expected. Spring wheat and other cereals are doing splendidly. The grass crop promises to be a most abundant one. Roots are coming on excellently despite some partial ravages by the potato bug; while the fruit crop is likely to prove an extraordinary one.

Still another railway. Instructions have been given by the Provincial Government of Quebec to define the line of the projected Bay of Chaleurs Railway. This line will pass through that part of Bonaventure County, extending from the confluence of the Métapédia and Restigouche rivers, at a point on the Intercolonial Railway, to the town of New Carlisle, a distance of about 87 miles.

At the present writing the chess contest has not yet been decided, although only one game remains to be played. The outside players left the city some time ago, and the Montreal players have been finishing the games between themselves. Prof. Hicks has taken the first prize, having won seven game out of ten; Dr. Hurlburt will probably take the second prize, with six and a half games, and Dr. Howe the third prize.



FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.

Cartwright is back, but no amnesty.

Hamilton has a steam walking man.

Ottawa has trouble with her steam fire-engines.

Halifax has not yet recovered from her Brown mania.

What could the Toronto papers have done without Sanger?

Annand and Vail still coquetting about that Halifax collectorship.

Toronto is jealous because Hamilton is going to have an elevator.

The Holmans are coming in October, so is Max Strakosch, with Canissa.

Which is it—George Brown the oarsman, or George Brown, the diplomatist?

Wm. McDougall is not the editor of the *Canadian News*, at London, England.

Mr. Mackenzie has not made up his mind about Quebec yet. He has to go back there first.

Smithville, Ont., boasts the possession of the oldest English Bible in the world. Who next?

Offenbach has sued a Paris paper for calling him a Prussian. He is a naturalized Frenchman.

A writer in the *Galaxy* undertakes to break down two popular idols—Lee and McClellan. Too late.

The Carlists have at last found a way of getting rid of newspaper correspondents. They shoot them as spies.

Three of our cities were happy last week. Ottawa had a circus, Belleville a convention, and St. John a Board of Trade meeting.

In St. Hyacinthe, they have a French Engineer to do their draining and the Council of Agriculture have sent a deputation to see how he does it.

The Manitoba mounted police are a disgusted lot. They complain that they were shamefully sold. The old story—hard work and small pay.

In memoriam! The practice has grown up in Shrewsbury of affixing to the tombstones in the cemetery the photographic cartede visite of the person buried beneath.

A French sculptor, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, offers Montreal a colossal statue of Jacques Cartier, for nothing. And the likelihood is that the corporation will repel such generosity.

Miss Strickland, the historian whose death is recorded, was the sister of Mrs. Susanna Moodie, a well-known Canadian writer, and widow of J. W. Dunbar Moodie, formerly sheriff of Hastings.

All men are not so gallant as Metternich. One fellow inquiring of another what he would do if his wife insulted a gentleman, received for reply that he would thrash—not the gentleman, but his wife.

It seems that exposing the palm of the right hand is meant to express a mild surprise. That is the interpretation an English paper puts on this gesture when used recently by Mr. Disraeli, in responding to a query of our demi-semi.

A pocket hammock is the latest novelty. In a minute or two, the hammocks can be slung in garden or camp, on board ship, or even in the drawing-room, and instantly form a most easy couch for the wearied limbs of the seeker of rest.

An Irish politician goes for the Home Rulers with this rather awkward argument, that if the claim of Ireland to separate from England is plausible, the right of Ulster to severance from the rest of Ireland is much stronger. Who will answer that?

The Northumberland House lion, since it has been taken down, has been examined by an eminent vet, and found to be perfectly healthy, and not to be a roarer. The body of the lion is of lead, but his tail, which was the admiration and belief of every one, was found to be a hollow copper tube. One after the other the fond illusions of our life are taken from us, and we find what we thought was solid, is hollow.

THE FLANEUR.

How a woman's age was discovered.  
Mrs. X, a rather mature beauty, was called into the witness box the other day.  
"Your age?" inquired the Judge.  
To this terrible question the only reply given was a confused murmur.  
The Judge repeated the question with the same result. Then, getting impatient, he exclaimed:  
"Clerk, put down fifty."  
Mrs. X uttered a great cry and holding out her hands to the clerk, said:  
"Clerk, clerk, don't write that. Put forty, lacking a week!"

The cestus of Venus is affirmed by a poetic London tradesman to have been merely a well-fitting corset.

Have you any ice, waiter?  
No, sir, but we have water that is three degrees colder.

French gallantry and politeness.  
In the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, there are printed notices in the alleys, thus:  
"The flowers which have crinolines are requested to take pity on those which have none."

A lesson is cosmography.  
When it is day-light on one side of the earth, it is night on the other. Thus when we get to bed, the Chinese get out of it.  
"In that case," said a youngster, "I shall never marry a Chinese."

At the recent Presbyterian Synod, held in Ottawa, the famous abstinence overture of Mr. Lang was favoured by a teetotal minister on the ground that "half a loaf is better than no bread." I fancy that many a thirsty soul will accept it on the principle that half a glass is better than no glass.

The Paris papers seem with anecdotes about Jules Janin. Here is one of the prettiest.  
Near the corridor which leads to the Théâtre Français, there was hidden, forty years ago, as there is still hidden, the first flower shop of the district. It was kept by an amiable woman, who had a remarkable eye for colours. Madame Prevost did not content herself with selling flowers, but pointed out to every purchaser the bouquet which suited him or her—white lilacs for a bride, violets and tea roses for the ball room, scabiose for a widow, and so on. In 1838, Madame Prevost died and Janin wrote her obituary with his flowery pen. The next day, a gentleman called on the author of Barnave.  
"Sir," said he, "I am the son-in-law and former partner of Madame Prevost. The honour you have done that worthy woman cannot be sufficiently appreciated. Allow me, however, to return it, according to my means. Every week, so long as you live, summer and winter, spring and autumn, you will receive a bouquet from our house."  
And the promise was faithfully kept for thirty four years, up to Janin's last days.

In the billiard room of the St. Lawrence Hall, about midnight.  
A Nova Scotian, who was rather elevated, got very abusive of the United States and expressed the gentle hope that he would live to see the day when the red coats from Canada would march to Tennessee.  
"Hello," cried the jolly big baritone of the English Opera Company, as he rested on his cue, "Hello, stranger, can you spell Tennessee?"  
This was too much for the drunken man and he subsided.

Fancy a chess tournament during the dog days. And the participants therein mostly middle-age professors who have just been let out from school, for their holidays. I have seen billiard, boating, cricket, and other athletic enthusiasts, but their enthusiasm is nothing to the "fin-frenzy" of the chess player. He soars up at once and calls his game the noblest and most intellectual of all. Granted of course. Still in matches, more especially, physical endurance has a great deal to do with success, as was shown in this very Montreal tournament.

A hitherto unpublished chess story.  
During the late war, Lowenthal, the famous German player, received a pretty smart wound, on the field of battle. Hopping out of the range of fire, he directed his steps to the shelter of some bushes and to his astonishment, found there a wounded French soldier. The German approached. The Frenchmen looked up.  
"Lowenthal!"  
"Say!"  
And the two old friends fell into each other's arms.  
"Say," gasped the French player, with eager eyes. "Have you a chess board?"  
I would not like to spoil this story by finishing it. Under that shady bush, &c., while the cannon roared, &c., the two friends &c. The reader must really suit himself.

An anecdote of the late chess king, Staunton.  
In the midst of a closely contested game, the autocrat of the Black and White, called out:  
"Waiter, fetch me a lighted candle."  
A candle was brought and Staunton took it.  
"What is that light for?" asked his companion.  
"To find the move which you just lost."

This joke reminds me of that other by a witty Yankee who, when he heard that Paul Morphy had joined the Southern army, remarked:  
"That is the worse move he ever made."

THE LITERARY WORLD.

Jules Janin has, according to the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, bequeathed his library—one of the finest private collections in the country—to his native town, St. Etienne.

Mr. Bentley is stated to be in possession of the original autograph MS. of the short stories of Mr. Dickens which appeared in the early numbers of *Bentley's Miscellany*.

A rumour has appeared in some of the papers that Mr. Archibald Forbes, who has arrived in England, will shortly return to India and assume the editorship of the *Englishman*.

The University of Berlin has suffered a severe loss by the death of the celebrated Orientalist professor, Emill Roediger.

Mr. Rochefort is preparing an account of events dating from the discontinuance of *La Lanterne*, with especial reference to their bearing upon the present political situation in France.

A new weekly newspaper, printed entirely in English, has been started in Brussels, under the title of the *Belgian Weekly Times*.

Mr. G. S. Bellamy is preparing a new Shakespearian Dictionary of Quotation, which he proposes to publish by subscription. From the specimen page, the plan of the work appears to be good.

Mr. R. H. Horne, the author of "Orion," has been awarded a pension from the Civil List. The veteran poet's claims were recommended by Mr. Browning, Mr. Tennyson, Lord Houghton, and other well-known literary men and artists.

Mr. John Lemoine is, it is stated, a candidate for the chair in the Academy vacant by the death of Jules Janin. He will have the support of the Duc de Broglie, M. Guizot, and M. Thiers.

The Hon. Lewis Winfield has been engaged for the last eight months on an important picture of "Hougoumont, the Day after the Battle of Waterloo." He is just starting for Hougoumont to finish some of the details on the spot; but the work is so full of incident, and contains such a large number of figures, that it is doubtful whether it will be completed in time for the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1875.

Mr. Childs, proprietor of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, began life as a poor boy, but is now reported to be worth a million and a half of dollars. In the same American city there is a Mr. Simpson, who never had but one arm. He began to sell papers, making a profit of 6d. on every 100. Already he is worth 15,000 dollars.

The first volume of Mr. William Chappell's "History of Music," including the Egyptian and Greek poets, is in the binders' hands. The second volume, dealing with Hebrew music, is to be by Dr. Ginsburg, and part of it has been long written. The third volume, on mediæval music, will be by Dr. Rimbault.

At the funeral of Mr. J. C. M. Bellew, the celebrated public reader, besides his relatives there were a number of literary associates—Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. Edmund Yates, and others—in the circle of mourners. Mass was said at the Church of Our Lady by Father Kavanagh, who also read a short service over the grave.

Mr. J. C. Chaplain has designed a medal, which has been struck in France to commemorate the siege of Paris. On the face of the medal is represented the city of Paris personified by a powerful woman wrapped in a military cloak, standing with a gun in her hands, leaning against the fortifications, a cannon at her feet. On the reverse is the monument commemorative of Champigny, around which are inscribed the names and dates of the five battles that took place before Paris. Beneath are simply the words, "Siège de Paris, 1870-1871."

Miss Thackeray publishes the following warning to the public:—"It has recently come to my knowledge by the kindness of a friend that letters and manuscripts are being frequently offered for sale as autographs of my father. Some which I have seen are rather clumsy forgeries; but they were sufficiently well executed to impose upon persons already familiar with my father's handwriting. May I therefore beg you to publish this letter, in order to check a fraud which might incidentally be injurious to my father's memory? In one case a letter attributed to him had been manufactured by copying a fragment from a magazine article not written by him, and appending his signature; and I should much regret that correspondence so compiled should be attributed to him."

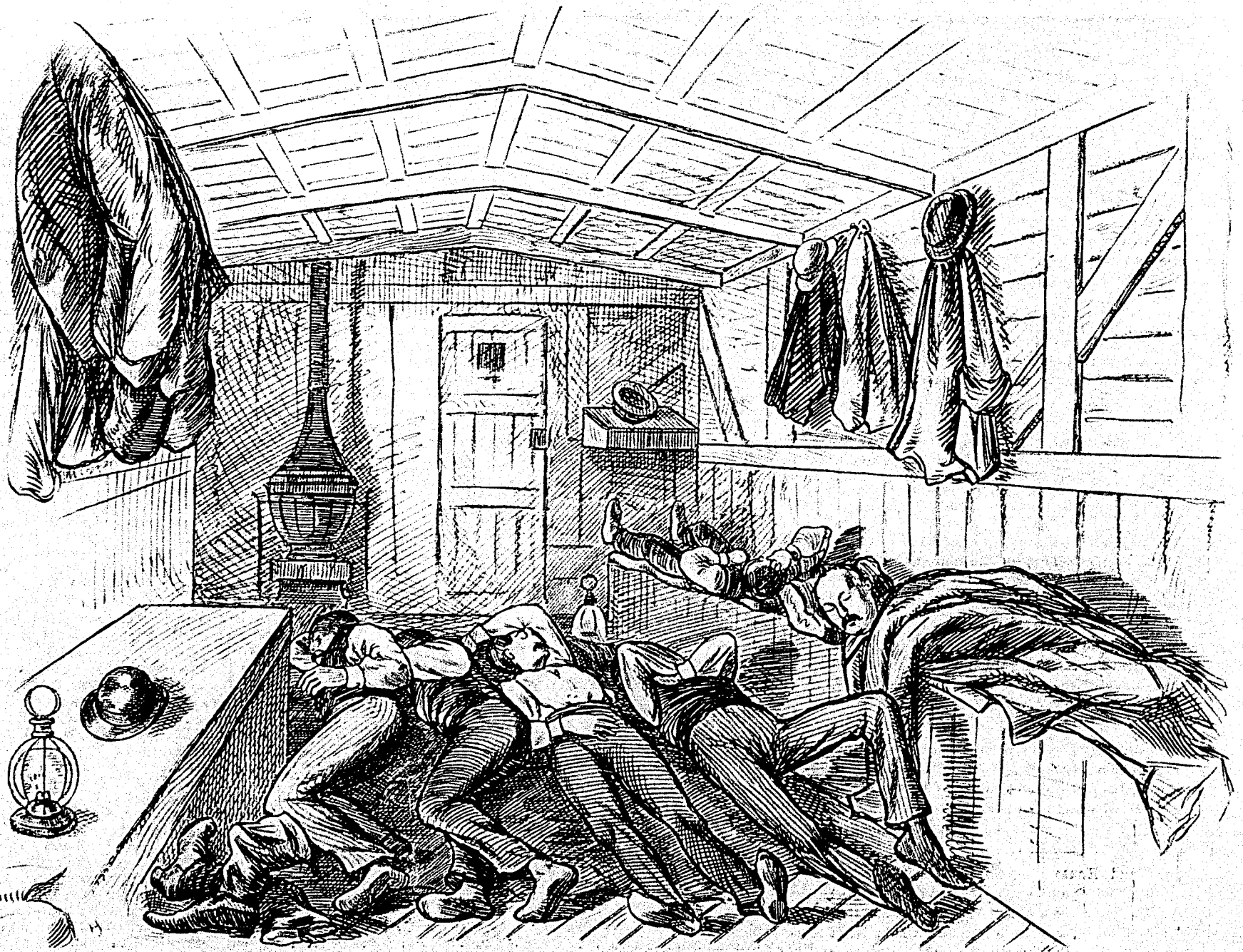
Last year Edward Everett Hale said in *Old and New* that the best way of training boys in the languages is to assign one teacher to four boys who should give them all his time. And he added that the academy or high-school which would first adopt some such course as this, giving to any four boys whom it fits for college one teacher of the first and best ability, whose chief duty it shall be to go through their last two years of preparation thoroughly well, will be the school or academy which will, at whatever charge, receive the best and most promising pupils, and will receive the largest number of them. This plan has been adopted by the faculty of the Norwich Military School, now at Northfield, Vt. They do not offer simply a cheap school, nor do they pretend to "rival Oxford or Cambridge." But they do say that the first four boys who offer themselves to be prepared for any American College shall have one competent teacher assigned to them exclusively. The next four are to have another; and the next four another. There is no reason why boys under that training should not do in two years what the great high schools take five for.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN BERLIN.—According to an official report the number of public schools in Berlin at the end of last year amounted to 130. There were ten gymnasia, ten "realschulen," four superior girls' schools, 89 middle-class and elementary schools, including the "vorschulen" of the gymnasia and "realschulen;" 17 schools under the special oversight of associations, churches, institutions, &c. The number of classes amounted to 1,420 (of which 555 were for girls); of scholars, 67,522 (boys, 39,407; girls, 28,145), of whom 5,297 were above 14 years of age, and 62,255 between 6 and 14. The ten gymnasia had 141 classes, with 5,080 scholars, of whom 2215, or 43,602 per cent., were above 14 years of age. If to the public schools there be added 97 private ones, the number of schools would be 227. Taking all together, 98,545 children were at school—viz., 51,827 boys and 46,718 girls, and of these 7,266, or 7,464 per cent., were above 14 years of age. The outlay of the city fund for the city elementary schools alone was last year 855,861 thalers, 25 groschen, 7 pfennings, as against 771,532 thalers, 17 groschen, 5 pfennings for 1872.



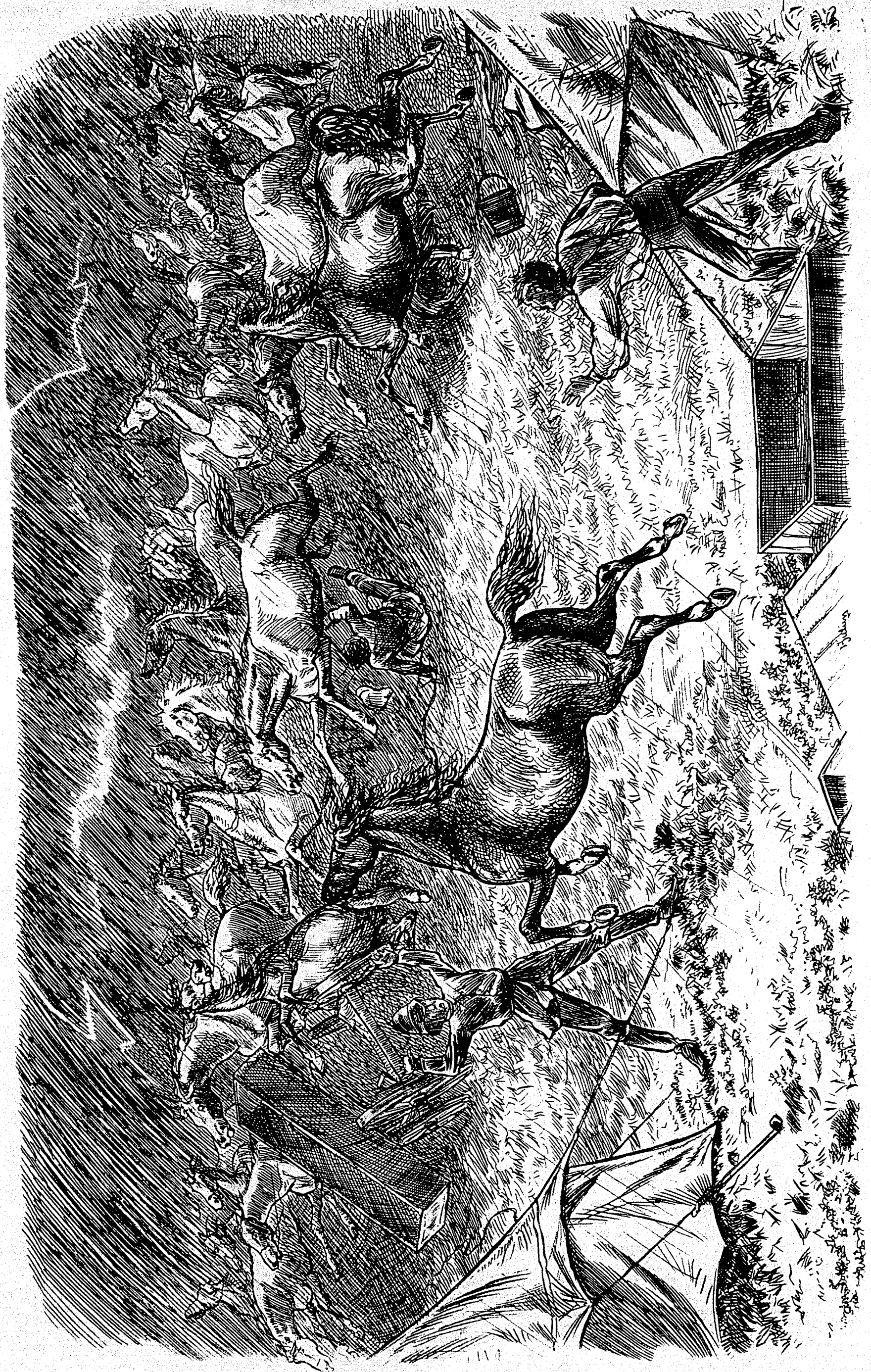


EMBARKATION OF THE HORSES OF THE MOUNTED POLICE, AT TORONTO, 6TH JUNE.



ON THE WAY TO MANITOBA.—INTERIOR OF OFFICERS' CAR AT 11 P. M.





STAMPEDE ON THE 20TH JUNE.



## AT A MAN-MILLINER'S.

Monsieur Trois-Etoiles' admirers and customers (the terms are by no means synonymous, for admiration is cheap, and Monsieur Trois-Etoiles' dresses are costly) base their reverent regard on loftier reasons than the mere fashion of the moment. They believe in Monsieur's mission—a regenerative one—in the matter of trains, and underskirts, and *polonaises*. They consider that a male reformer was necessary, averring that women's minds are too absorbed by the study of details to be able to regulate the general principles of costume: they consider that Monsieur deserves his celebrity, his irreproachable horses, that Swiss villa at Enghien, all the moral and material harvest he has reaped, by real services rendered to the art of self-decoration. We, who judge these novices by their outward effect, are biased in our conclusions by a mean prospective of other results—bills whose totals invariably contain four figures. This is unworthy of us, I have been assured. Monsieur is an artist, and should be judged from a purely artistic point of view. 'See his atelier, (who would dare call it a shop or work-room?) examine his studies in the rough, unprejudiced by any fear of paying for them; and Monsieur will have one traducer the less. Such are the theories and recommendation of the Comtesse O Tempora and Maréchale O Mores. Would I, if converted, make public renunciation of the normal masculine faith? Not march to Notre Dame in the simple attire (it was but a sheet) of ancient apostates, but, according to that more terrible modern practice, put my recantation into black and white? I would. Monsieur did not receive his customers' husbands, brothers, and fathers as a rule; but the Comtesse and Maréchale are all powerful in the atelier, and an exception was made in my favour.

We pass through a double door; we mount a padded staircase, hung with silk, heated like a conservatory capable of raising pines, and smelling of *poudre de riz*. Evergreens to right and left make a dwarf avenue of the staircase. There are flowers in hanging corbels—camellias and lilies; there is an eternal ascending and descending procession of pretty women: briefly we mount Jacob's ladder. And the ladder leads to pleasant places. On the first-floor there is a busy, noiseless coming and going, the flutter and *frou-frou* of femininity, and still that perfume of flowers that neither sew nor spin, but simply deal at Monsieur Trois-Etoiles, and find that function arduous enough. On either side folding doors were opened wide, and in and out passed young girls, whose figures presented fantastic out-lines, being clad in the costumes of six months hence—whose heads were strange and wonderful with unpublished chignons. These horribly progressive damsels speeded the parting customers with polite assurances of quick delivery, welcomed the coming with nice little ready-made phrases of delight and surprise. The excessive, the hyperbolic was cultivated in speech, as well as in manner and dress. The blondes were too blonde, and made one wink with their splendour, the brunes were too sombre, and depressed the observer. There was no medium between the milk-maid's kirtle and the duchess's train. The skirts had a superabundance of plaits, or none at all. It was a panorama of fashion plates of 1883. In the first saloon sat the secretary, perched on a small platform, and ticking down every visitor that entered, the orders given, and the dates when mesdames must positively have that *falbala* or this *cotillon*. Here the Maestro is occasionally to be found bowing in his clients like a prince of the blood royal. To-day he is absent *en consultation*, it is whispered. We traversed three or four large saloons, furnished with a quiet taste that, to some minds, did the great man milliner rather more credit than most of the garments he has named and patented. Broad oak tables were in the centre of the rooms, and spread out upon them cuttings of pink, green, yellow, and black fabrics, interspersed with delicate laces and exquisite specimens of the artificial floriculturist's art, in garlands, bouquets, and trimmings. Everywhere the same subdued, decidedly genteel agitation reigned. Ladies—foreigners for the most part, and the noisiest persons present—were choosing stuffs and patterns, served by serene, abstracted, and dignified young gentlemen, who made discreet inquiries concerning 'the next article,' like so many dukes in reduced circumstances. No bustle, no verbosity or insistence. At times myrmidons came and questioned the young noblemen in rigid frock-coats as to a shade, a measurement, a combination of colours or stuffs, a novelty in trimming, a heresy in shapes; and the youths dropped a brief, dignified, disinterested answer, with the air of sullen bards divorced from the ideal. And silently to and fro passed the gracious young girls with novel chignons, dressed in black, and trailing through the saloon skirts that were veritable models, practical examples of Monsieur's art. I surmised that a wise trade policy dictated their presence. They were living temptations for the *clientes*, plastic realisations of what a pair of scissors would make of these cuttings on the tables. By studying those animated and perambulating canons of taste, the dullest Teuton, the most primitive Transatlantic possessor of newly-struck 'ile,' could choose her *pouff*, her bodice, her sash, without thereby exposing herself to the derision of the boulevards. The choice might be rendered quite perfect and Parisian by a consultation with a formidably dignified lady between two ages, as the French phrase politely describes the predicament into which we must all fall unless the gods love us, to whom I was told to bow as the *genus loci*. But she was frigid. Monsieur's establishment is uniformly iced to several degrees below zero—and she would have been a more than ordinarily bold Columbian who had dared solicit that ducal dame's advice in the matter of stuffs and *façons*. She is the *Première*, the chief forewoman; a terrible authority, and a lady whose lessons in deportment would make the fortune of any young ladies' seminary. The hundred richest wardrobes in Paris have no secrets that she does not share. She knows when Lady A.'s green silk was turned; she knows every item on the glove budget of the Princess B. A lady to propitiate.

Monsieur was still invisible. We advanced in search of him into the farthestmost saloon, where on wonderfully lifelike manikins are hung the complete toilettes, perfected a day or two ago, and ready for delivery. Monsieur gives his private view no less than the contributors to the *Salon*, and in a studio that will quite bear comparison with the comfortless barns of the Rue des Martyrs. The walls are one vast sheet of looking-glass, an I reflect head, shoulders, and unto the last inches of the trains. From morning to night groups of well-bred enthusiasts collect around the studios, and the fumes of most delicate incense rise into the illustrious Trois Etoiles' nostrils. The more extravagant costumes are generally labelled for Germany, when not, it must be said, for England. The simple

creations—not quite Arcadian even these!—remain in Paris. They are studied, arranged, worked up like a five-act drama, and cost rather more—two hundred francs the stuff, six or eight hundred francs the make, or, as Monsieur's artists say, the composition. The ecstasies excited by these regenerative conceptions are almost delirious: there are breathless fits of admiration, mute rhapsodies before the decorated manikins; everything else has disappeared for the worshippers—waltzes, balls, husbands, children, lovers; the Antinous himself—above all, the Antinous would shrink into insignificance beside these pendent rags. And we grope reverently in the plaits to discover how the vaporous scarf that floats behind is attached under the sash, the primitive *raison d'être* of the founce, the secret of the mystic marriage of Epaulette with Bodice. It is enthralling, and quite as intellectual as our daily drive round the Lac. The *Première* stands before her masterpieces, and modestly receives the felicitations of the spectators. The only drawback to the triumph is that the masterpieces in question cannot go into decent society in the character of their present possessors. La *Première* feels this sorely; 'but then we can see them at the Opera,' is the comforting reflection suggested to her. A moving tempest of tulle, Chinese crape, and lace passes before us, borne aloft at arm's length by damsels, who disappear in its clouds. That is Madame O Tempora's dress, and the Comtesse disappears to try it on behind folding doors, through the chinks of which a white vivid light is streaming. We are left during the trying-on process in a genteel chaos of discreet young ladies, clients, and clerks. The Maestro is still invisible, but he is replaced by a young man, small, spare, and active, who dances from point to point in the midst of clerks, customers, fleuristes, show-women, cutters-out, &c., ejaculating orders in dubious French, like a well-bred but epileptic clown.

At last I am informed that the first stages of the trying-on process are over. We can penetrate into the illuminated sanctuary. The sanctuary is rather like the *coulisses* of a minor theatre. The windows are bricked up, enormous glasses are affixed to the walls. The centre of the room is void; around it on a species of counter, on sofas, chairs, and ottomans, are odds and ends of stuff, flowers, ribbons, shreds of tulle, spangles, beads:—the costumier's room before a new ballet or burlesque. A row of footlights fitted with movable shades serves in lieu of chandelier, keeping the upper part of the room in shadow, and illuminating the person and the toilette under examination as they ought to be illuminated in every decent ball-room. Here is Madame O Tempora, receiving the shower of electric light, bare necked, though it is not later than 2 P. M. without, with a complacent equanimity that says a good deal for the strength of her nervous system. A young woman is kneeling before her, pinning up an invisible plait in the bodice, festooning a new "effect" (amongst other ameliorations Monsieur has reformed the dress-maker's phraseology; it is now highly artistic and picturesque) at the side. Under the raised arms little girls pass to and fro, handing strips of muslin, flowers and pin-boxes. A shred or flower is taken now and then, and plastered, with the decision of sudden inspiration, on the skirt. It is a dress rehearsal. Three times already the illustrious Trois-Etoiles has been sent for. Three times, with the air of a veteran victor at the decisive moment of a hot engagement, La *Première* hath half opened an inner door to announce that the Maestro is about to appear. He is near at hand, in the next room, bestowing a consultation on a lady with an eyeglass, apropos of a newly-made magnificent costume, which he considers his *chef-d'œuvre*. He is right. I cast an indiscreet glance into the adjoining room when the door opens, and I must allow that the composition in question is a very poem, a piece of the wardrobe of Utopia. A dress of white *fage*, ornamented with *points de Venise*, so intertwined and involved as to make the masculine brain giddy; the corsage is cut square: the whole is rich, and withal simple. It would befit a sofa and novel at home, and not to be out of place at the Orleans' garden-parties at Chantilly. The doors open wide, the Maestro appears. His person is disappointing, though undeniably Britannic. He is a pink and white dapper man, with fat and shiny face; his hair parted in the middle; his moustache pendent, and highly oleaginous.

A thick white throat enclosed by a fawn-coloured ribbon, a tight-fitting frock-coat, a chronic smile, a bow that does not incline his body—these are the descriptive items remarked by a cursory observer of the great Trois-Etoiles. His voice is strong and high; his accent is boldly insular. He looks round with an absent air, then suddenly speaks. He has seen at a glance what is missing in Madame O Tempora's toilette. The train has been drawn out carefully to its full length before his arrival. "What are you thinking of, Esther? Madame's figure must have nothing but draperies. Too low in the neck. An *épaulette en biais*. A *supon* to the right at the hip. Take half that bouquet at the breast away. And do you go to Trouville this year, madame?" His manner is easy, assured, and well-bred. He has genius of a certain kind, undeniable tact, and imperturbable *sang froid*. And I think he believes in his mission. He will not dress every one. He would not bestow a glance on those clumsy Germans in the first room. I hear he refuses to make for a certain popular actress, because she does not share his ideas of the capabilities of her figure, and wants her dresses too low. He converses in English with old docile trusted customers like Madame O Mores, and for her he consents to give a little professional exhibition. A messenger is despatched to remote regions, and presently the folding-doors are thrown open, and two young ladies enter, preceding an extraordinary apparition. A slight damsel, whom the master calls Mary, a dark-eyed English girl, with that indescribable air known as *vispa* in Italian, *lista* in Spanish *espèrle* or *déliuré* in French, and perhaps "wideawake" in English, advances erect and haughty, dressed as a rainbow. Like a queen of comedy she places herself in the strong white light of the foot-lamps. The electric rays smite on multitudinous scales and spangles. She glitters from head to foot like a pillar of golden ore, or like a stalactite. The exhibition has been noised through the rooms, and visitors and employées gather at the doorway, and mount on chairs to obtain a better view. Happily, Mary is not timid. She turns, bends, takes a few steps, dragging that rainbow train after her, never smiling, never heeding the spectators, simply fulfilling a mission. A noble duchess is to wear the costume at an Italian fancy ball. The corsage is made with basques, cut according to the fashion of the middle ages; it is covered with golden scales, and seems to explode under the converging lights. On the chest there is a rainbow garland; the skirt is in tulle, very long, with iris colours on the founces. The head-dress is high, with a firmament of stars set on a field of the same prismatic hues. The fan and shoes are to match, even the gloves, even the

comb. The allegory is conscientiously studied in all its details. Monsieur remains cool in the midst of wild enthusiasm. His is the composed demeanour of a successful author. He has retired behind the counter, and salutes, without bending, the noble company at the door. Miss Mary stoops slightly. Four little girls advance bearing a pile of lilac satin. The rainbow disappears, falls suddenly; and on the simple black costume left apparent, in a moment, as though by enchantment or Porte St. Martin machinery, the dress of an Incroyable is elaborated. An Incroyable à la Watteau, with a species of coat in lilac satin, with long tails, enormous breast-flaps in pink satin. The skirt is in lilac tulle, studded with small bouquets. A tall hat in grey felt, garnished with a big posy of roses and feathers, towers on the head. A long iron-grey veil, delicate pistache, green gloves, and lilac satin slippers with pink bows, complete the costume. And Miss Mary takes a tall gold-headed cane from the hand of an attendant, and poses before us a perfect Thermidorienne. We are enthusiastic; the ladies emit little shrill shrieks; but the Maestro remains iced, and receives compliments with an indifference replete with a deep eternal melancholy.

This is what I beheld under the guidance of Mesdames O Tempora and O Mores. I dare not express my personal opinion after that experience. I respect Monsieur. His tender melancholy impresses me. But is he an eminently moral and useful institution? EVELYN JERROLD.

## GEORGE SAND.

George Sand has been spending some days in Paris. She keeps a *pied à terre*, a small apartment, and has for years, at the French capital, so that she is quite as much at home here as at Nahant, which is twelve hours distant. She is now seventy years old. She attends the theatres, writes plays, and seems to be as enraptured with the mimic scenes as forty years ago, when she disguised herself in male attire to be self-protecting; when she roamed about the streets at night; or, for economy's sake, when she promenaded the Quai St. Michel with her first lover, Jules Landeau. Such an age since then! Alfred de Musset is dead, and so is Frederick Chopin, with the latter of whom she passed eight years of her life, and whose music inspired "Consuelo." Nobody would think now, to see Jules Landeau, fat and grey-haired and small-eyed, married and happy, and a member of the French Institute—one of the Immortal Forty—that he was once a broken-hearted youngster, believing the world false because a woman abandoned him for a "handsomer man," and trudging along toward the Mediterranean coast friendless and homeless, dreaming to drown his sorrows in the blue waters of that inhospitable sea. And one would hardly think to see George Sand now, with the heaviness of age in her face, that she has been the grand hope and despair of so many men. As much as she formerly seemed to enjoy the admiration of the world, she now avoids it, so that she has the reputation of being a complete savage toward strangers who have a curiosity to see her. Her son Maurice made a very happy marriage with a daughter of the eminent Milan engraver, Calamatti. Like his mother he is artist, poet, musician, writer. Her daughter Solange married, about sixteen or eighteen years ago, a clever sculptor named Clesinger, unfortunately his violence of temper, aggravated by drunkenness, forced her to return to her mother, with a child, a lovely little girl whom the grandmother adores. The great romancer lives with her children and grandchildren, and if any living woman has an eventful past to look back upon and entertain her old days, it is she. She made a law unto herself and followed it, regardless of all established canons. But she never lost her self-respect, and seems always to have ennobled with the honest and loyal base of her character and the richness of her genius whatever she did, was it fault or an indiscretion. Her history of her life, in twenty volumes, is her most remarkable work, but while it is full of most interesting and charming details of her inner and outer life, it is by no means confessional, and throws no light whatever upon several phases and experiences the world would like to know the exact truth about, as it fancies that people of genius are influenced by ways and means common mortals are ignorant of. Her house at Nahant is said to be anything but imposing. One sees considerable needlework, drawings, sketches, &c., all of home talent. At eleven o'clock she breakfasts with her family, embraces her son, and presses the hand of each one present. Her table is abundant and delicate. She eats with appetite, and indulges in coffee morning and night. Silent and grave, she loves better to listen than to talk, and she is a most sympathetic listener. When she gives herself up to the general fun no one exceeds her in laughter and repartee. Her house is old, being hardly worthy the name of chateau, and is the very same in which her accomplished grandmother, the illegitimate daughter of the Marshal de Saxe and the Countess Aurore de Koenigsmark, reared her.

## ROMANCE IN THE TREASURY.

A correspondent says: "I am acquainted with a lady who writes Spencerian pages in the Patent Office at Washington for \$900 a year. Her father was a naval officer of long and meritorious service, and died a rear admiral. Her husband put \$70,000 on the wrong side of the stock sale in New York, lost, sneaked to the hereafter through the back-door of the suicide. Patient and lovable, she works as steadily as if some mighty reward were near at hand. I suppose it is hope on, hope ever, with her, though nobody can see anything she has to expect more than a life of routine and an humble grave. In Paris she would have flown first to the streets and then to the charcoal brazier. In London it would have been the Argyll Rooms, gin, and the waters of Blackfriars Bridge. As you pass the tables of the ladies in the Treasury building you are moving among better materials for romance than exist in the teeming brains of Hugo or Turgenieff. 'You see that second woman to your left,' whispered Spinner. 'Her father was once at the head of two railroads. The '57 panic laid him out. She married a Baden baron, and he left her in a year or two for some Dutch flame. She has a noble little boy, five years old now. Says she is going to fit him for Harvard by and by, and then make a Senator of him. Watch her count that money. You cannot move your fingers up and down in the air as fast as she brushes off the single notes. Never did a day's work of any kind in her life till she came here.'"



NOTICE.

Owing to the protracted sittings of the Deaf and Dumb Convention at Belleville and the delay consequent on the finishing of the necessary drawings, our illustrations of that important session have to be postponed till our next issue.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF OLD QUEBEC.

We have received from the publisher Adolphus Bourne, engraver of this city, five chromo-liths of Quebec and environs as seen in 1832. As works of art, the illustrations are very creditable indeed, the colouring being appropriate and fresh. As reminiscences of ye olden tim: in ye olden city, they are valuable and we are certain that the publisher will find a large demand for them throughout the Provinces, especially Quebec. The sketches include two views of Quebec from Point Levi, the Market Place, Esplanade, and Place D'Armes.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE REGATTA AT SARATOGA.

The following is the official decision of the judges:—Columbia, 1st; Wesleyan, 2nd; Harvard, 3rd; Williams, 4th; Cornell, 5th; Dartmouth, 6th; Princeton and Trinity doubtful. Commodore Brady recorded the time of Columbia at 16:42½; Wesleyan 16:50; Harvard 16:54, and Williams 17:08½.

THE DEAF AND DUMB CONVENTION.

The attendance at Belleville on the 16th was large. Papers were read by Dr. Peel, of New York, on the "Object-Teaching" of deaf-mutes, and by Alphonso Johnson, of New York, on "The best means of teaching the idiomatic use of the English language." A paper by Mr. Wing, on the same subject, was also read. Mr. Porter, of Washington, advocated the greater use of the manual alphabet. The Convention in the afternoon were presented with an address by the Belleville Board of School Trustees. In the evening there was a reception and social given by the Councils of the County of Hastings and the Town of Belleville.

On the 17th, after the reading of several interesting papers, a warm discussion took place on the subject of Unsectarian education it being generally held that it was quite possible, and, indeed, was a duty, to teach the primary truths of religion, without any reference to denominational dogmas. In the afternoon Mr. D. Greenberger, of New York, illustrated his method of teaching articulation and lip reading, by a number of experiments on some deaf-mutes; he succeeding in eliciting indistinct vowel sounds separately. The most interesting feature of the day's proceedings was an explanation of "Visible Speech" by Professor A. Graham Bell of Boston, Mass., with a number of explanations, which gave the greatest satisfaction from 8 to 10 at night.

On the 18th several important papers were read and several new questions brought up by the delegates, relating to the education of the deaf mutes and the blind. Dr. Gillet read an able paper on "The location, site, buildings and material arrangement of an institution for the deaf and dumb," which elicited considerable enquiry and discussion. Dr. Palmer, by request, gave a brief statement, showing the order of exercises, &c., observed in the Ontario Institution for the deaf and dumb.

A WRITER'S TREASURES.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* writes as follows of the home of Major Ben Perley Poore at Newburyport, Mass.: "This homestead of the Major's comprises about four hundred acres, a portion of which is under fine cultivation. This land was granted to one John Poore, November 20, 1650, by the Selectmen of Newbury, because 'he was so remote from meeting,' and it has remained in the family ever since—Ben Perley Poore belonging to the seventh generation which has inhabited the property. The picturesque, original family mansion, built in 1650, is a curiosity in itself, but has been so added to and enlarged from time to time that almost every style of architecture for two centuries past is discernible in its surroundings. There are old stone towers and turrets overrun with ivy, looking like relics of old feudal castles. A clock tower and dial face the driveway, and a colossal statue of an Indian—perhaps 'Great Tom,' the aboriginal owner—stands in a bower on the smoothly shaven lawn, just opposite the doors of the mansion. From the summit of the hill, some three hundred feet above the river, a magnificent view is afforded of the ocean on the east, and of all the pretty New England villages of white houses nestling in the green for thirty miles around. On this hill is erected an observatory, assisting one in discovering all the loveliness spread out for miles around. The original domicile has diamond paned windows in old metallic casements; the walls are covered with ancestral portraits, ancient armour, and weapons of every kind known to the civilized or barbarous world. I suppose no older furniture exists in a presentable shape anywhere else in the country than is found within these walls. Four rooms have been devoted to articles a century or more old, and are called the 'Continental Rooms.' They comprise a parlor, sitting-room, bedroom, and kitchen, furnished in the 'old colony times' style. The panelling came from the old Province House in Boston; the stairway from the old Tracey House, where Washington and Lafayette slept; the andirons, pewter dishes, the china, the roasting jack, spinning wheel, huge old-fashioned fireplaces, bedroom furniture, everything, in fact, in these four rooms is fully a hundred years old. On the stairway hang powder-horns and firearms which saw service during the trying times of the Revolution, and the drum which led the brave troops to Bunker Hill from Newbury Green. Then the Major has a printing-press upon which Benjamin Franklin tried his 'prentice hand. It is kept in an attic furnished as a complete printing office. His writing-desk once belonged to

John Quincy Adams, when he was first elected to Congress. He has pictures or autographs of every French ruler from 1590 to the present time, and portraits of all the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the United States and of nearly every member of Congress since our republic began; he has the names of all the signers of the Declaration and autograph letters from nearly every distinguished man in the country; he has also specimen plates from the White House, illustrating the term of every Presidential incumbent. His amount of family silver is almost princely in quantity and elegance. His stock is of the finest breeds, and his farm is in every way exemplary. No wonder Charles Sumner found in Major Poore his most intimate friend and companion. One can imagine the curiosity-loving statesman contentedly luxuriating amid all this collection of rare and priceless relics. The Major married a Georgetown lady, and has his winter residence in that ancient and eminently aristocratic burgh, and his summers are always spent at his beautiful New England home by the sounding sea. Indian Hill is so famous in Massachusetts that every stranger within travelling distance is taken to see this museum."

PRINCE BISMARCK AT HOME.

A Berlin correspondent of a Parisian paper has made a holiday trip to Varzin, and gives the following account of what he has seen and experienced there:—Prince Bismarck's possessions comprise five different villages and one hamlet. They are named Varzin, Wussow, Puddiger, Wisdow, Chomitz, and the hamlet of Charlottenthal. According to all that I have heard since my stay in the neighbourhood, the mighty Chancellor of the Empire is nowhere less popular than here on and around his own estates. I happened to meet a peasant who was going my way, and he gave me to understand that for all that Prince Bismarck was not considered proud or haughty, "One cannot call him so," remarked my rural companion, "on the contrary, he speaks with everybody, high and low. You can see him at almost any time, either on foot or on horseback, or driving in his carriage, but always he has his old three cornered felt hat on, which he has now worn more than four years at least, for I saw it on his head in the year 1869." "As I am told," resumed the peasant, "he always goes about in uniform in Berlin. If the Prince happens to meet a little boy or girl on their way to school, he will stop and ask them, 'Where are you going to, my child,' and as is natural enough the children answer, 'We are going to school.' Then the Prince advises them to be good children and to work diligently. But one must admit that Bismarck is very clever, and knows how to speak with one." The talkative peasant then continued, "One day I was coming home from the wood—for let me tell you I am a charcoal burner, and was driving along a byway, and who should come riding up on horseback but Bismarck. He stopped his horse, and said to me, 'But you have a full half cord of wood in that cart; is not that too much for one horse, especially you are not driving along the high road.' I answered him, 'Were I to load less in the cart it would not pay to go to the wood even—it would not be worth while harnessing the horse.' The Prince laughed heartily at my answer; but, my dear sir, you must perceive he is clever, and was so clever as to perceive with one look that I had exactly half a cord of wood in my cart, which it was indeed, neither more nor less." This proof of talent seemed to have made a deep impression on the charcoal burner. After a while he commenced again saying, "One cannot call him miserly or niggard, for if one has the misfortune to lose a cow, he sends at least 20 thalers, sometimes 30. But Frau von Blumenthal was also very good to the poor, even too good at times." All of the conversation which I relate here was said in a certain tone of acknowledgment, as if in excuse for other thoughts not pronounced, but sure enough it did not come from the peasant's heart. Other countrymen in the neighbourhood with whom I spoke expressed themselves similarly, and at last I learned that there was only one popular man in the country round about, and that was the former owner of Varzin, Herr von Blumenthal."

THE MAN OF ECONOMY.

"Don't," says a writer, "marry an economical man. The man who turns up his trousers at the angles when there is a spot of mud on the pavement, and who will run a mile after an omnibus, if he is caught in a shower, rather than take a fiacre, or, if he does take one, haggles with the driver over his fare, and presents with one *sou pourboire*. The man who wears galloshes and gets his overcoat turned, instead of giving them to his valet. The man who goes and dines with his friends, and feasts on truffled pheasants and Johannisberger, and smokes their best Havanas afterwards, and then asks them to dine in return, and treats them to stewed larks, bad Marsala, and cabbage weeds. The man who sends you a New Year's box of three francs' worth of bonbons, bought at the *epicier's*, or an infinitesimal bouquet from the flower market, which might stand in a *liqueur* glass. The man who advises you to read 'How to dress on £15 a year as a lady, by a lady,' and who says he thinks Englishwomen dress better than American women because the former wear one-buttoned gloves, half boots with elastic sides, and straw hats all the year round. The man who spends an hour snipping the margins of his letters, in order to avoid putting on an extra stamp, and who will spend another hour holding a letter he has sealed, and wants to reopen, over the steam of a tea-kettle rather than spoil the envelope by slitting it. The man who stops in town all the year round, and says he thinks the return of cool weather in the winter quite sufficient change of air; or who, if he does perpetrate the extravagance of travelling, goes to a second-class hotel, and leaves it very quietly in the middle of the night or in the early morning so as not to have to tip the waiters. If such a man, after infinite deliberation and calculation of consequences and additional expenses, makes up his mind to invite you to come and help him to prepare his cheeses and 'bread-crumbs' his dirty white kids, refuse him, though you were on the wrong side of thirty and had never had an offer before. He would be quite capable of buying you all your drawing-room furniture second-hand, and of putting a silv r-gilt wedding ring on your taper finger. If, however, you want to be good natured to him refuse him by letter and understamp it. The aggravation he will feel at having to pay overweight, will quite counterbalance and neutralize the pain your refusal might otherwise have occasioned."

A BOON TO THE DYING.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* says: "Overlooking the valley of Mexico there is a beautiful town called San Angel. Its location is elevated, the climate is that of perpetual spring, the atmosphere pure and balmy, the scenery beautiful as in the gardens of the Perii. No lovelier spot was ever gazed upon by mortals. The ancient inhabitants of the valley appreciated its beauties and delighted in its climate. Hither they were accustomed to resort long before Cortez looked down upon the city of the Aztecs. Recently this place has become a famous place of resort for consumptive patients. Some astonishing results have followed a residence here, by patients stricken by the destroyer of life, *tuberculis pulmonalis*. In one case a gentleman in the last stages of the disease was sent hither by his physician. He expected no favourable results, but thought to gratify the wishes of his patient by sending him there to die. The patient went. The sulphurous water, the pure air, and the pleasant climate had a wonderful effect. The patient began to improve, slowly at first, but more rapidly as his residence was prolonged. In a few months he could not only walk without fatigue, but could run and leap like a young man. In five months he left San Angel in robust health, and now physicians unite in writing San Angel as their prescription for consumptives. Hundreds of persons who have gone out, declining from the ravages of the fatal disease, have returned in a short time cured of their ills. Sunny rooms are the thing. The temperature of San Angel never exceeds seventy degrees and rarely descends below sixty. A great many sick people now go to this favourite place. San Angel is a beautiful village, and first-rate accommodations may be secured at reasonable rates. In years to come many invalid Americans will resort to this place, where they can have the advantage of climate with all the comfort to be had in a populous city, whose inhabitants are noted for hospitality and refinement."

LATEST LITERARY FORGERY.

"BINLEY AND '46"

For some time past a poem entitled "Binley and '46" has been going the rounds of the press, purporting to have been written by Bret Harte. Of course the average editor, on seeing a poem by Bret Harte, grabbed his shears and cut it out to reprint. It finally reached *Frank Leslie's*, and was given the benefit of a full-page illustration by Matt Morgan. The poem appeared for the first time in the *Open Letter*, and its history is as follows:

Some weeks ago one of the editors of the *Open Letter* made the assertion that a poem written in the style of a well known poet, no matter how absurd, would be copied clear to the Atlantic sea-board. This point was disputed. Accordingly the poem was written in the *Open Letter* office as a contribution by Bret Harte, and published as such. The result was as expected. The papers were sold, and we now take the opportunity of informing them that, as the joke has gone so far, they might as well know all about it.

In the first place the complete absurdity of the poem ought to strike anybody. It represents an engineer running through a snow-blockade without any stoker, and at last freezing to death by the very side of a blazing fire with steam up. The publication of the literary fraud had two results—first, how much the acceptance of matter depends upon the name it bears; second, that the discriminating and critical powers of the average American editor are of the lowest.—*San Francisco Open Letter*.

A NEW AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

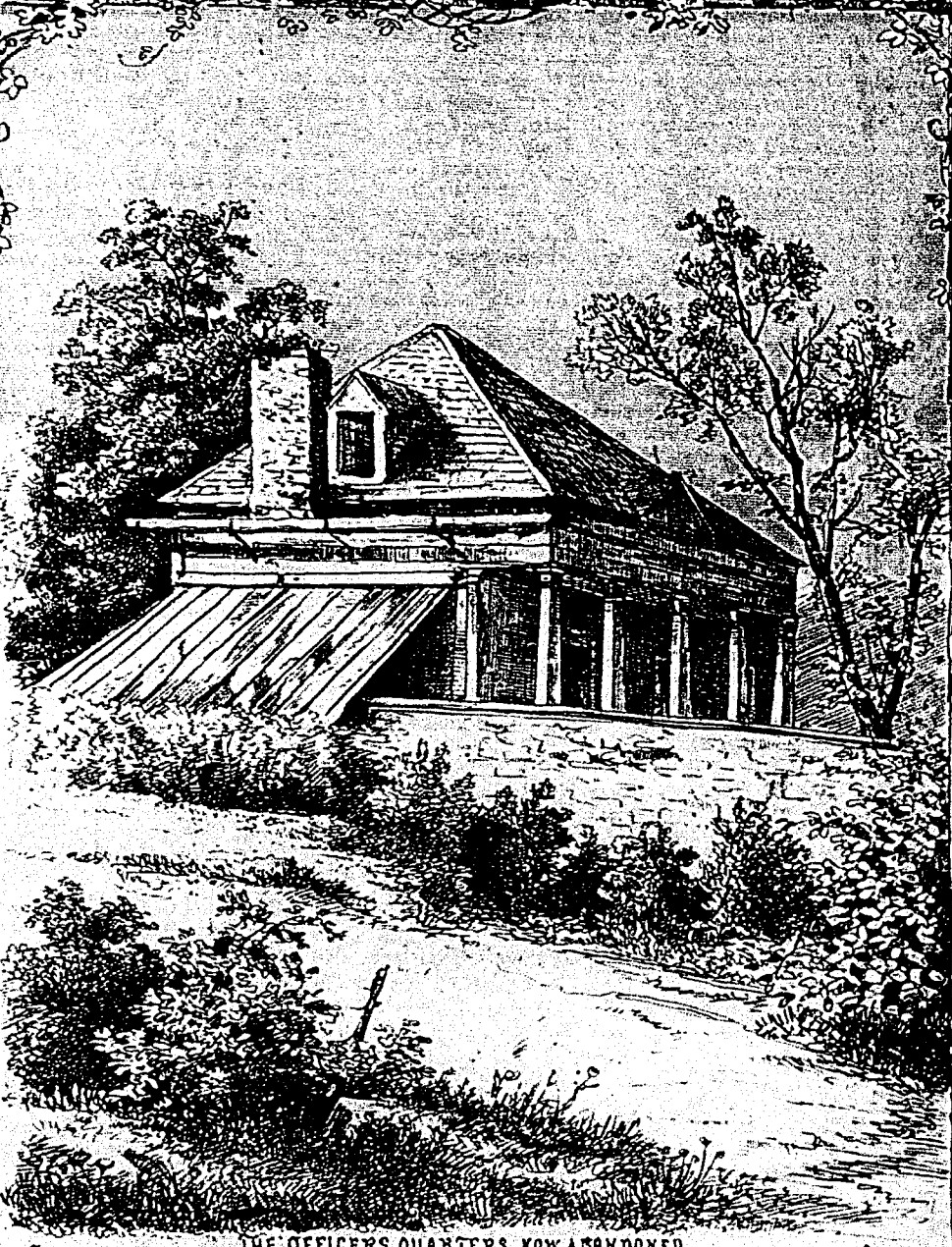
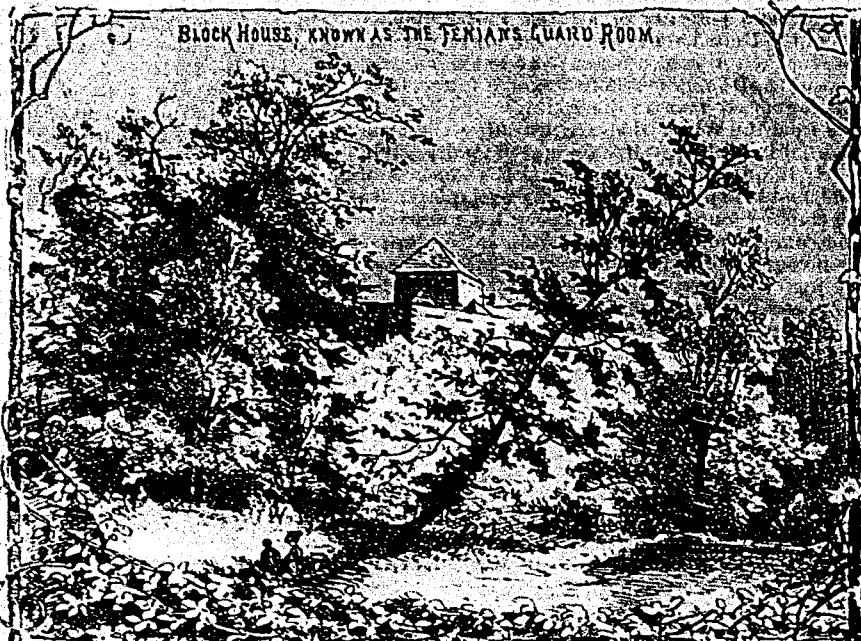
The London *Daily Telegraph* announces that the proprietors of that paper have united with Mr. James Gordon Bennett in organizing an expedition of African discovery, under the command of Mr. Henry M. Stanley. The purpose of the enterprise is to complete the work left unfinished by the lamented death of Dr. Livingstone; to solve, if possible, the remaining problems of the geography of Central Africa; and to investigate and report upon the haunts of the slave-traders. For this difficult and dangerous journey Mr. Stanley has displayed fitness of a peculiar kind, and we cannot but feel a pride in the selection of one of our countrymen, and a member of our calling, for so honourable a task. "He will represent," says the *Telegraph*, "the two nations whose common interest in the regeneration of Africa was so well illustrated when the lost English explorer was rediscovered by the energetic American correspondent. In that memorable journey Mr. Stanley displayed the best qualities of an African traveller; and with no inconsiderable resources at his disposal to re-enforce his own complete acquaintance with the conditions of African travel, it may be hoped that very important results will accrue from this undertaking, to the advantage of science, humanity, and civilization."

A TRAGEDY OF ANNE BOLEYN.

A five-act blank-verse historical drama has been produced in Edinburgh (at the Princess's Theatre) entitled "A Crown for Love." It has been brought out by Miss Evelyn's company, the author unnamed. The plot is founded upon incidents during the reign of King Henry the Eighth, and between the years 1532 and 1536, embracing chiefly a sketch of the life of Anne Boleyn from the date of the King's wooing at Hevor Castle to her marriage and subsequent brief reign as queen, the picture terminating with her imprisonment in the Tower, her trial and execution. In the first act King Henry meets Anne Boleyn; has a sharp contest with old Armour the blacksmith, who delivers a bold defiance of the King; and delivers a splendid speech impugning the authority of Rome in the matter of his proposed divorce from Queen Katherine. In the second act the Princess Mary, enraged and maddened to witness the joy with which Anne Boleyn receives the news of the Queen's death, curses the ambitious lady, and foreshadows the disaster that subsequently overtakes her. The third act is the vehicle for the progress of Jane Seymour's plot against the Queen; the fourth act also containing some highly dramatic scenes including the trial of Anne for high treason and her sentence; while the fifth is noticeable for its portrayal of the last hours of the unhappy Queen and the *tableaux* with which it closes, the curtain falling as she ascends the scaffold, where the executioner stands ready to perform his ghastly office.



Block House, known as the Fenians Guard Room.



THE OFFICERS QUARTERS, NOW ABANDONED.



THE MILITARY BURYING GROUND.



THE STEAMER

SKETCHES IN ST.



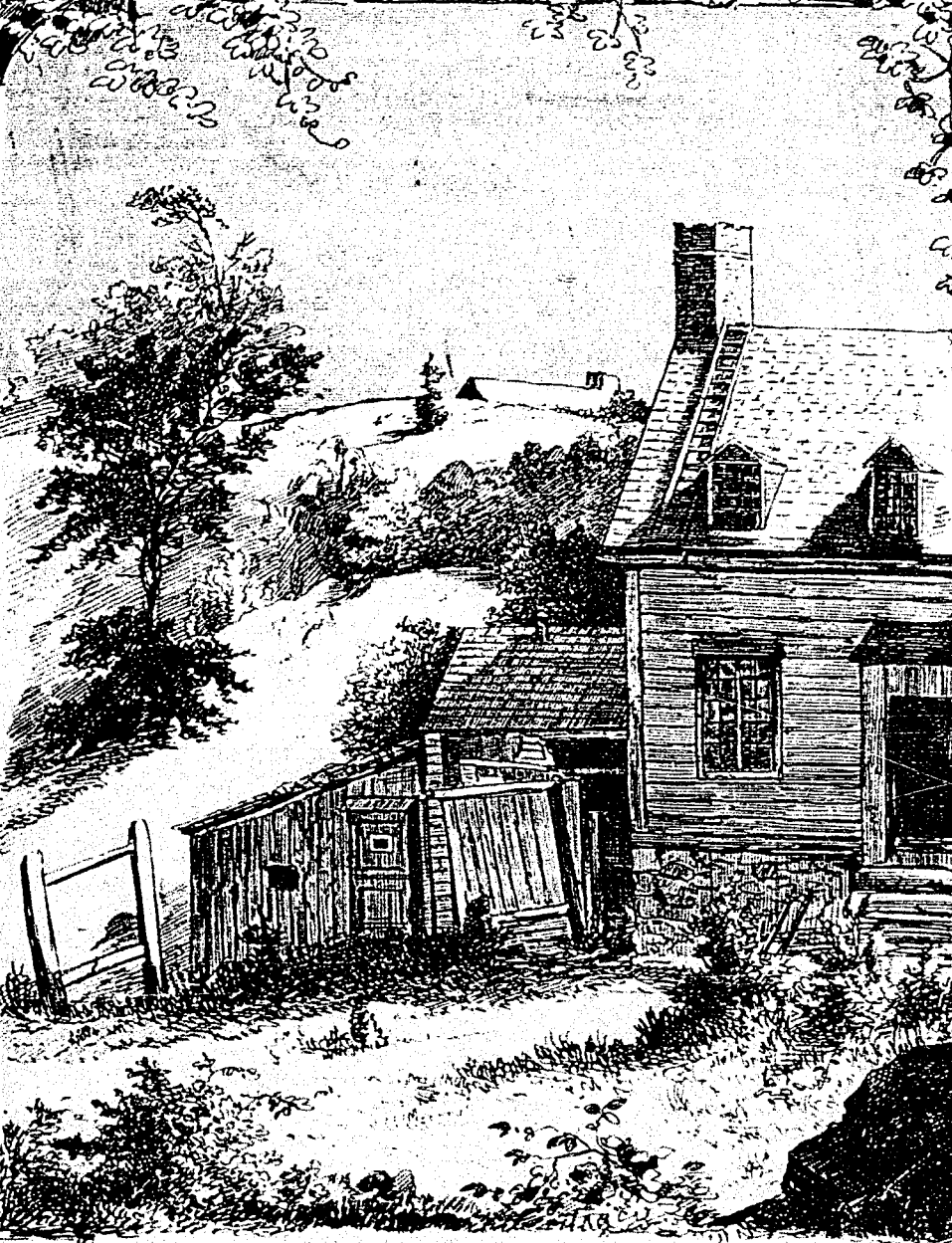


# HELEN'S ISLAND

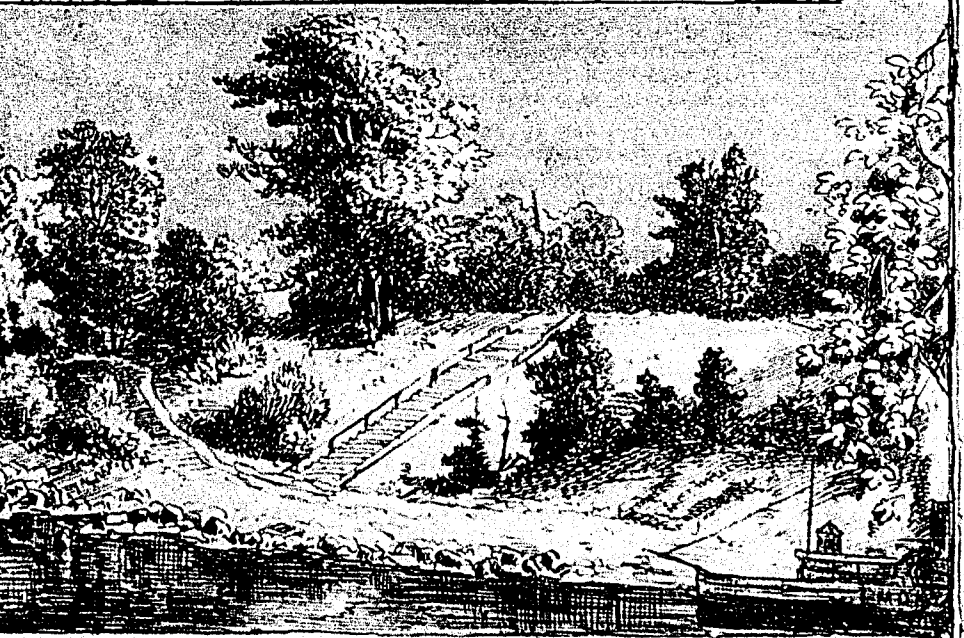
W. SCHUBERT



VIEW AT THE BACK OF THE ISLAND, LOOKING DOWN THE RIVER.



PORTION OF OLD BARRACKS, NEAR THE LANDING.



BOAT LANDING.



THE BATTERY, LOOKING TOWARDS MONTREAL.



## DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

The London *Hornet* calls upon Edmund Yates to dramatize his most dramatic novel—"The Impending Sword"—now appearing in serial form.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons has given a reading at Hanover square, London, and taken the opportunity to bring forward her young musical protégé, Seraphael.

A new *café chantant* has just been opened in Paris in the very middle of the Seine, being reached by steps placed at the back of the Henri IV. statue on the Pont-Neuf.

Miss Blanche Grey is to return to the stage, and has been engaged for next season at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn.

One chorus in Balfe's "Talismano" is said to strikingly recall in the first few bars the comic song, "Ten Little Niggers."

A new high C tenor named Marini has appeared in London as *Manrico*, and created a perfect *furor* by his singing of "Di quella pira."

"Half-a-Crown Diamonds" is the name of a burlesque on "Crown Diamonds," shortly to be brought out at the Criterion Theatre, London.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg is to have a fine English opera troupe next season, including Castle, Campbell, Mrs. Seguin, Maas, Peakes and Carlton, and will give Balfe's "Talismano" and "Mignon."

The *Orchestra* calls *Cora* in "L'Article 47" a "fiendish rôle," and says it is too repulsive for English sympathies. But they witnessed the undiluted original, and did not witness Miss Morris.

Verdi's "Luisa Miller" was announced for production in London at latest accounts, but a writer said that even Madame Patti would have hard work to render that tame opera interesting.

The "Pied de Mouton" may be considered as the "mother" of all extravaganzas, having been played 1,140 times before the present revival at the Porte Saint Martin, Paris. It has been entirely rewritten.

At Mme. Nilsson's benefit concert at St. James's Hall, London, recently the *prima donna* and Signor Campanini sang the duet for *Elsa* and *Lohengrin*, "Cessaro i canto alfin," for the first time in England.

The latest "puff" of the "Sphinx" is to declare that Mlle. Croizette must be encased in wire, otherwise (according to the argument) "falling backward all of a piece as she does she would break her back."

A new piece by Louis Leroy, entitled "A Fallen Angel," is shortly to be given at the Gymnase, Paris. The title promises a compensation for the morality of "Une Femme qui Ment," now running at that theatre.

Mme. Ilma Di Murska will be supported, under Mr. De Vivo's management, next season, by Mr. Braja, Herr Wilhelm (solo violoncellist), by Signor Ferranti, and by either Brignoli or Piazza. Who the *contralto* is to be is as yet undecided.

Mme. Pasca has made an extraordinary success in "L'Article 47" in London. Her triumph was all the more complete from the comparative apathy with which she had been received in the preceding play, but as *Cora* she took a noble revenge.

The London *Athenæum* expresses the opinion, in speaking of Balfe's "Talismano," that it were better for his reputation that he should be reproached with being the inventor of the "publishers' ballads" than that it should be taxed with having overweighted himself in imitating the grand opera school of composition.

Mr. Strakosch is said to have abandoned all idea of carrying on the Italian Opera in Paris next season. The motive for the step taken by M. Strakosch is the impossibility of obtaining for next winter Madame Patti, who is engaged at St. Petersburg on such conditions as to render any competition by the Paris impresario impossible.

Mme. Patti appeared in a new part, that of Luisa Miller, in Verdi's opera of that name. The house was crowded. Signor Verdi was among the audience, and is said to have expressed his high admiration of the performance of Mme. Patti. There is a rumour that Mme. Nilsson will appear in Wagner's "Lohengrin," in London, in the version prepared for the late Mme. Parepa-Rosa.

A weekly paper in New York, recently made a severe attack on Mlle. Albani. To show the position which this Canadian girl has attained it is only necessary to quote from a recent article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which says: "From the first scene Mlle. Albani—now melancholy, now playful and fantastic, and finally impassioned—was all that could have been desired by the poet, the painter, or the musician, who have successively presented to us the fascinating personage of *Mignon*."

There is still little movement in theatrical matters in London. At the Royalty, a new "eccentric comedy," by Mr. Burnand, entitled "Better Late than Never," was produced, and was favourably received. Mr. Charles Mathew's engagement at the Gaiety was brought to a close and Mr. Boucicault's new "comedy drama," "Lad Astray," was produced, with two new actors from America, Mr. Charles Thorne and Mr. Stuart Robson. The Craven-Robertson company has commenced a short season at the Standard with "School," to be followed by "Ours" and "Caste." The seasons of the Lyceum and St. James's terminated with the benefits of their respective managers, and at the former Miss Bateman appeared as Leah. Mr. Buckstone fixes the 3rd of August for his benefit and the close of the Haymarket season.

Mlle. Albani is paying the penalty of a rapid popularity. The *Queen*, one of the noblest papers in England, speak thus severely of her. "The Canadian *prima donna* has now been long enough on the stage to acquire the art of concealing art; but her movements are still mechanical, as if acting under the stage manager's supervision. Mlle. Albani shows no creative faculty; she is imitative, and therefore lacks spontaneity and impulse to supply one of those moments when the great actress can carry the audience away. Her style has been called "unaffected"—stilted would be the right word. It is deficient in grace and finish; the action is angular, and at times awkward. The great histrionic defects of Mlle. Albani arise from a lack of sensibility. In the portions of the music wherein there was no call for brilliant execution the lady sang nicely, although in the cantabile she shows a tendency to drag and drawl the *tempo* to exhibit her high notes."

## ODDITIES.

The police of Charleston, S. C., are described as amiable-looking loungers, dressed in blue sack-coats, blue pants with a white stripe, and Panama hats with long black streamers.

A traveller who is roaming over the "Celestial Empire," says that "the Tartars are cerebro-spinal men in China."

A belle, upon being asked her father's profession, said he "embalmed pork, she believed." He was a bacon curer.

They have a new drink in Philadelphia called the Quaker cocktail. It is served in a broad-brimmed glass.

A daughter was wanting. At last we have found her. She came Sunday morning—a healthy nine-pounder.

"For twenty long years," says a New Jersey paper, "the wolf stood at this poor widow's door." To keep a wolf standing that long is nothing less than cruelty to animals, and the attention of Bergh is called to the circumstance.

An Arizona editor describes a wedding party in that territory as follows:—"The bride in white—the happy groom—the solemn minister—the smiling parents—and from twenty-five to forty shot-guns standing against the wall ready for use—make up a panorama not soon forgotten."

Editing a paper is like carrying an umbrella on a windy day. Everybody thinks he could manage it better than the one who has hold of the handle.

What a glorious air of independence pervades the sanctum where they can say, as they do in the *Washington Chronicle* office:—

We do not belong to our patrons,  
Our paper is wholly our own,  
Whoever may like it may take it;  
Who don't may just let it alone."

The Indiana judges stand no nonsense from the bar. A lawyer there lately, in the course of his argument, used the word "disparagement." "Stop using Latin words," said the judge, "or sit down." The poor lawyer, undertaking to explain, was ruthlessly fined \$20 for contempt.

A good story is told of the manner in which the English volunteer artillery practice with an Armstrong gun, by the London *Figaro*. Having set upon Rye Beach a target a little larger than a man, they stationed about twenty yards away from it in a lateral direction one of their number known as Big Bob, to warn away the shrimpers. The first few shots flew wide of their mark, some of them so ferociously near to Bob that he got nervous, and was about to go away from there, when suddenly—spang! went a big ball through the centre of the target. "I'm all right now," said Robert, calmly feeling for his pipe; "they've laid on another gunner, and the fool is firing at me. I'll have a good smoke."

At the sale of Mr. Sumner's personal property in Boston on the 10th ult., ninety-five dollars were paid for an old Roman lamp, bearing the inscription, "The good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep," to which Mr. Sumner had added—"of all colours." Sumner improving upon the Bible is good, and Bostonian.

"Change cars" is what the bootblack said, when he had got through polishing one of a countryman's brogans.

He went back on his own true love, because she ate onions, and the jury gave her \$3,200 damages.

In the Paris *Figaro* the "Staten Isles" are located somewhere on the Atlantic coast opposite Long Branch.

Toast at a railway dinner: "Our mothers, industrious tenders, though they often misplaced the switch."

The wave on which many a poor fellow has been carried away is the wave of a lace-edged cambric handkerchief.

An interesting little boy, timid when left alone in a dark room, was overheard recently by his mother to say in his loneliness, "Oh, Lord, don't let any one hurt me, and I'll go to church next Sunday, and give you some money."

We find the following item in an Illinois paper: "Mr. \_\_\_\_\_, who has been in retirement for a few weeks after marrying and burying three sisters, came up smilingly to the altar again yesterday, having begun on a new family."

An Irish post-boy having driven a gentleman a long stage during torrents of rain, the gentleman civilly said to him, "Paddy, are you not very wet?" "Arrah, I don't care about being very wet, but, plaze your honour, I'm very dry."

"Phebe Cousins doesn't dress like her brothers of the bar," says the Chicago *Tribune*, by way of commencing an item. That's undoubtedly true; she dresses by putting her clothes over her head, while they don't, and, what's more, they can't. But what business is it of the *Tribune's*, anyhow?

"How do you do, Mr. Jones?" said a stranger, blandly smiling as he entered the store of a dealer. "Well, thank you," stily rejoined Mr. Jones. "You don't seem to know me; I am Brown, used to live here," said the visitor. "I beg ten thousand pardons, Mr. Brown," said Jones, relaxing and shaking hands cordially, excuse me. I thought you were a drummer." "And so I am," said Brown. Relapse of Jones.

The observations of a married man have led to the conclusion that money put into mirrors is a good investment, as it affords a marvellous amount of comfort and gratification to a woman. He says his wife thinks just as much of consulting her glass when she ties on her apron as when she ties on her bonnet, and while he goes to the door at once when there is a rap, she exclaims, "Mercy! Joseph, who is that?" and dashes for the looking-glass.

An enterprising superintendent at one of the Sunday-schools at St. Albans, Vt., was engaged one Sunday in catechising the scholars, varying the usual form by beginning at the end of the catechism. After asking what were the prerequisites of the holy communion and confirmation, and receiving satisfactory replies, he asked, "And now, boys, tell me what must precede baptism?" Whereupon a lively urchin shouted out, "a baby, sir."

A SQUALL.—"I'm afloat! I'm afloat!" screamed a young lady of powerful lungs and fingers to match, as she exercised both at the piano. "I should think you were," growled an old bachelor, "judging from the squall you raise."

The rage in colours is now the famous "elephant's breath." This is a very beautiful shade of blue, with a sort of mistiness about it. A *fille* of this shade, elaborately trimmed, and with a tunic of black lace, was one of the handsomest dresses worn at a wedding reception recently.

"What a contradictory thing a thermometer is!" said Spriggings. "How so?" asked Wiggings. "Because the higher you take it the lower it gets."

A cautious Milwaukee reporter, in speaking of a man both of whose legs were cut off by a railroad train, says, "He will probably be a cripple for life."

A New York paper says of the air, in its relations to man, "It kisses and blesses him, but will not obey him." Mr. Jones says that description suits his wife exactly.

A little boy in the country heard his mother tell of eighteen head of cattle being burnt the other night. "Weren't their tails burnt also?" enquired the verdant youth.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

JULY 14.—Bismarck was fired upon, at Kissingen, by a man named Kullman. The ball grazed his wrist.

A great fire raged in Chicago, yesterday. Loss between four and five millions.

The Carlists are stringently maintaining the blockade of Bilbao.

Princeton won the six-oared boat race at Saratoga, yesterday; Yale second.

A canal near Glasgow, Scotland, burst yesterday, causing a flood which damaged property to the amount of £500,000.

Boss Tweed is said to be suffering from want of exercise, and is to have more commodious quarters.

Great enthusiasm prevailed on the occasion of the landing the shore end of the telegraph cable from the steamer "Ambassador," at Rice Beach. The townspeople, including a number of ladies, turned out to lend a hand in hauling the drag rope ashore.

JULY 16.—Mr. Magne, Minister of Finance, has tendered his resignation to the President.

The Carlists will shoot a Republican for every shell fired by the fleet off Bilbao.

Austria and Russia are to negotiate for the recognition by Turkey of the independence of Roumania.

In case of the resignation of General Zabala, which is expected General Moriones would take command of the Army of the North.

Captains Lemarie and Rousseau, late commanders of the steamers "Europe" and "Amérique," respectively, have been dismissed from the service by the French Government, for abandoning their ships.

The complete official list of New York Insurance Companies' losses by the Chicago fire makes the total \$2,727,290, which will bring the Insurance Companies' losses altogether over \$3,000,000.

Tilton is reported to have said that he will devote his life to the destruction of Beecher, and put an end to his ministry. The proof of his statements against Beecher will be ready on Monday. The Committee of Investigation will sanction no compromise.

Prince Bismarck's condition, according to the latest reports, was unfavourable, feverish symptoms having appeared. Kullman now says he had no accomplice in that matter, but planned it all himself. Evidence, however, has been discovered betokening a conspiracy.

JULY 17.—Prince Bismarck's wounds are nearly healed, the inflammation having entirely disappeared.

The death is announced of the grandson of Noah Webster, Rev. Mr. Goodrich, at Lausanne, Switzerland.

The Chicago Railway Companies have decided to raise freights ten per cent. on all lines leading south-west.

Rebuilding has already commenced in Chicago. Thus far, seven persons are known to have lost their lives by the fire.

Great Britain objects to the sixteen conditions proposed to be entailed on the cession of the Fiji Islands to England.

The Carlists hold some 1,600 men, women and children, whom they will shoot in case of an attack being made by the Republicans.

A Constantinople despatch says a fire took place at Galatia on Thursday, which destroyed property to the amount of \$2,000,000.

Last night's despatches say the yacht "Foam" has been found near Niagara, sunk in thirty feet of water, and that there is no trace of her crew.

JULY 18.—Six hundred Mennonites from Hamburg arrived at New York yesterday.

The Licensing Bill has passed the House of Lords.

Cuenca surrendered to the Carlists on the 15th inst.

Columbia won the University race at Saratoga on Saturday, by two boats' lengths.

The French Government have increased the stringency of the regulations respecting Ultramontane agitations.

Spain has been declared in a state of siege, and Carlists property is to be sequestered for the benefit of the representatives of Spain Republicans.

A complete crisis in French politics is said to exist, and the Duke de Broglie having failed to form a Ministry, the task has been entrusted to the Duke De Cazés.

At a meeting of the Chicago Common Council, resolutions were drafted for instructing the Board of Works to furnish a more abundant supply of water in time of fire, and the Board were also directed to have all wooden buildings removed from the city limits.

JULY 20.—Fifteen miners were killed by an explosion in a mine at Wigan, England, on Saturday.

Her Majesty asks for a Parliamentary grant for Prince Leopold, who attained his majority last April.

On his entry into Cuenca, Don Alphonso levied a contribution of £32,000 on the unlucky citizens.

A Calcutta despatch says the rivers from Assam to Oude have overflowed, and great damage has resulted therefrom.

It is thought that the new French Ministry will be a death-blow to the Bonapartists' hopes, they being entirely unrepresented in the Cabinet.

The Yale University Crew sent a challenge to the Harvard Crew, which the latter, on account of the conduct of the Yale Crew at the races, have refused to accept.

Costa Rica advises say it is proposed to open telegraphic communication from Port Limon to Aspinwall, with land lines connecting with Nicaragua, Salvador and Guatemala.

There are rumours of overtures having been made by the Mexican Government for the cession of all Mexican territory north of a direct line of latitude from the Rio Grande to the Pacific Ocean. Capitalists are said to have been purchasing mines in the region proposed to be ceded.

A despatch from St. Paul, Min., says Attorney-General Clarke, of Manitoba, was struck twice by a slung-shot on Sunday night in front of his hotel, and yesterday morning, as he was leaving for the East, he was set upon by a crowd of roughs, headed by the Chief of Police of Minneapolis, who, but for the timely interference of the citizens, would have murdered him.

Baron de Chambord has been appointed Minister of the Interior, and M. Mathieu Minister of Finance for France.

The case against the New Brunswick School Law has been dismissed by the law officers of the Imperial Privy Council without hearing the respondents. This effectually settles the legality of the New Brunswick School Acts.

AMONG THE SHADOWS.

Weary a little, while the light is fading,  
Here in my lonely room,  
Dreaming, I watch the creeping shadows darken,  
Heartsick amid the gloom.  
Flicker the flames up from the glowing embers,  
And fancies come and go,  
Fraught with the light of days my soul remembers—  
Days that were fair, you know.

Weary a little, for the work is lonely,  
The path is steep to climb,  
Cheered never by the sound of pleasant voices,  
As in the bygone time;  
Heartsick a little, for the clouds that gather  
Are dark and strange overhead,  
And the old sunlight and the pleasant weather  
Have passed away and fled.

But dreams are sweet. They glid the gloomy present  
With fitful gleams of light;  
They tinge the past and future with a glory  
Golden, serene, and bright;  
They bring back tender tones and loving faces  
Out of a vanished day,  
And paint in sunny hues remembered places—  
Dear places far away.

Ay—dreams are sweet. And for the weary waiting,  
And for the toil and tears,  
Perchance there may be harvest sweet to gather  
In the fair after-years;  
And for the travail and the long probation  
Rest for the tired feet;  
And for the hard cross, borne with resignation,  
A crown that shall be sweet!

T. FERGUSON.

FOR EVERYBODY.

Cleopatra To-Day.

A correspondent who has been to the British Museum writes: "Full of strange speculations and sober thoughts I paused before the case containing the mummy of Egypt's royal fir, Cleopatra. Before me was the short, dumpy figure of the Queen, the flash of whose eye and the witchery of whose smile had intoxicated the mighty Caesar and unnerved the brawny arm of Mark Antony. She was wrapped a thousand times in linen bands, and seemed bundled up to keep the cold air out. On the outer covering was a portrait of the woman as she appeared in life. The colors were nearly as bright as when put there. The cheeks were full and rosy, the hair dark as the raven's wing, and there was a look of ineffable grace in the face, blushing with an expression that bespoke a knowledge of her beauty and power as a woman rather than that of a Queen. There were the charms before me that had seduced a score of lovers, and the lips that it was delirium to kiss. I stood there, and thought and thought until thinking became a burden.

Coquelin and Croizette.

A Paris correspondent writes: "An excellent actor is Coquelin of the Français; fine appearance, splendid elocution, great memory, graceful manners. And yet during all the years of his connection with the Français he has never, until a few nights ago, had the opportunity of playing one single original part. His lot has been to play the old parts in the old legitimate pieces, in which he has had constantly to encounter that unpleasant form of criticism, 'You are very good, but you should have seen So-and-so in this part.' At last an author, Mr. Paul Ferrier, succeeded in getting a piece accepted at the Français, in which Coquelin was to have the leading rôle. For more months than I care to count up, both author and actor have been waiting for an opening for the piece. Three months ago it was on the point of being performed when the 'Sphinx' came along and took the lead. In consequence a bitter feeling arose between Coquelin and Croizette; the latter artist is almost as powerful now at the Français as Rachel was in her time, and Coquelin's new piece was laid on the shelf until the 'Sphinx' should have its day. Naturally Coquelin was wounded; so was his wife; they expressed themselves very freely on the subject, and when the *répétition générale* of the 'Sphinx' was given their feelings were not much mollified by Mme Coquelin's being refused admittance to this exclusive performance by order of Mlle. Croizette. But it is a long lane, &c. The 'Sphinx' has spoken so often now that it is no longer the oracle it was, and so the other night Coquelin got a chance to play his Tabarin. Tabarin has more than once figured in plays in France since his death, and several pieces with other heroes bear a resemblance to the exploits in which he is now made to reappear. Coquelin's performance was excellent, and a curious feature of the first night was Croizette sitting in a private box applauding. The piece was in two acts and in verse."

Venus's Flytrap.

Venus's Flytrap (*Dionaea muscipula*) is a plant which derives its name from the leaf possessing the power of catching and digesting insects. *Dionaea* grows in soft damp moss, has very simple roots, and its flowers possess little beauty. When an insect touches any of the six filaments of the blade-lobes, one of the latter closes sharply upon it, just as a trap closes on a rat when it is caught. The leaf remains closed for a week or more, and a quantity of juice is secreted from the internal surface, by which the insect is gradually dissolved, and eventually absorbed. This process Mr. Darwin has proved to be of the same nature as that by which food is digested in the stomach of the higher animals.

Journalistic Enterprise.

The New York *Herald* is running a special railway train on Sundays, between New York and Saratoga, for distributing the *Sunday Herald*. The following is its modest announcement of the fact:—"With a view of keeping our readers at the various watering places along the valley of the Hudson and elsewhere informed of the current events of the day, our lightning train will leave the Grand Central depot at half-past three o'clock to-morrow morning. Through it the sojourners at the Catskills,

West Point, Albany, Troy, Saratoga, Lake George and the various places on the route will be furnished with the *Herald* at their breakfast tables the same as though they were in New York. The train will be continued during the season for the convenience of those secluded in the various resorts mentioned." A New York evening paper says "there is no other country where even the largest and wealthiest journals would resort to so unusual, yet sensible, an expedient for circulating their issue." The fact of this being a greater stroke of enterprise than was ever attempted in any other country, will reconcile the average American mind to the "Sunday express" as well as the Sunday newspaper, the latter being no longer a novelty in the States.

Reporting Forty Years Ago.

With the aid of post-horses, macadamised roads, shorthand, and steam-printing, a wonderful feat—wonderful at that time of day—was performed by the *Times* forty years ago (1834). A grand banquet was given to Earl Gray by his Scotch admirers, and the *Times* sent down reporters of their own to describe the proceedings. They left the room at twelve o'clock at night on Monday, the 15th, and at one o'clock in the afternoon of Friday that newspaper reached Edinburgh by the mail with a full account of the proceedings. The reporters, it seems, posted up thirty hours, so that they were in London on Wednesday morning at six o'clock. This was thought so very wonderful in 1834 that Lord Henry Cockburn deemed it worthy of special note.

A Wanderer.

As a proof of the ubiquitousness of Englishmen, a curious incident is related in connection with our late mission to Kashgar. While the mission was staying at Kashgar, its members often noticed a man hanging about the house they occupied, whose features were decidedly of a European cast. Being interrogated, he replied he was a Kirghiz Tartar. This man was temporarily engaged as a mule-driver by one of the exploring parties detached from headquarters at Kashgar, and the manner of his being identified as an Englishman is curious. Colonel Gordon had been making some sketches of the strange figures and costumes gathered around the camp, and, as is usual in such cases, soon became the centre of an inquisitive and admiring crowd. Our friend the mule-driver was among these, and, looking over Colonel Gordon's shoulders, commenced unconsciously to read aloud the remarks written under the various sketches. Colonel Gordon encouraged him in this for some time, and then, suddenly turning round, said, "You are an Englishman!" Upon which the man put his two hands before his face, rushed away as fast as his legs could carry him, and was never seen by the party again. It was conjectured that he was a Crimean deserter.

Uses of Paper.

Newspapers are sometimes valued on grounds apart from their literary merits. A contemporary says that recently a grocer confidentially told him that he preferred the *Saturday Review* to any of the other weeklies, because a page of it would hold exactly a pound of sugar. Upon another occasion a waiter at a tavern expressed a preference for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, on the ground that the quality of the paper made it suitable for screwing-up coppers.

No Speech.

One summer evening during a visit to Salem, the late Mr. Peabody was sitting alone by an open parlour window. The room within was lighted, the street without was dark, so that, while his form was plainly recognisable by anybody passing, he could not see what was outside. A party of young men stopped in front of the house, and began to call for "Peabody!" "Peabody!" "George Peabody!" Supposing very naturally, that the townsmen wished to pay their respects and hear a speech, he came forward, when a voice rose out of the darkness, "Say, Peabody—hic—give us a thousand dollars—hic." Mr. Peabody shut the window very suddenly, and did not make a speech.

An Arab Aristarchus.

Sheikh Nasif el Yazijy was a famous Arab poet and scholar, and a young man brought him a poem to be corrected. He told him to call in a few days and get it. He came again, and the Sheikh said to him, "Your poem is like the missionary's prickly pear." "The missionary's prickly pear?" said the young poet. "What do you mean?" "Why," said the Sheikh, "Doctor—, a missionary, when he first came to Syria, had a dish of prickly pears set before him to eat. Not liking to eat the seeds, he began to pick them out, and when he had picked out all the seeds there was nothing left. So your poem. You asked me to remove the errors, and I found that when I had taken out all the errors there was nothing left."

Sewing on Sunday.

An Englishwoman writes to the London *Spectator*, pleading for the right to sew on Sunday! She thinks the day would be more cheerful to many women if the weariness of idleness were not imposed upon them—that they tire of reading or writing the whole day, and for want of their ordinary knitting or sewing are secretly glad when the day ends. We incline to doubt whether many American women who are accustomed to use their needles on week-days pine for a continuance of that employment on Sunday. There should be, of course, a moderate amount of occupation on Sunday to make the day useful and restful. But rest generally involves change; and, as a rule, regarding Sunday only as a rest-day, the rest is better found by turning the thoughts and the hands away from the avocations of the other six days.

Egyptian Blue.

A remarkable and very beautiful shade of blue is noticeable upon many of the ancient ornaments found in the tombs of Egypt. Analysis some time since proved the colour to be formed by a combination of soda, sand, and lime, with certain proportions of copper, from which substances the Egyptians managed to produce three different products—first, a peculiar kind of red, green, and blue glass; second, a brilliant enamel; and, lastly, the colour to which reference is made above, and which was used for painting. By synthetical experiments Mr. Peligot has succeeded in reproducing this peculiar shade of

blue, by heating together 73 parts of silica with 16 of oxide of copper, 8 of lime, and 3 of soda. The temperature should not exceed 800 deg. Fahr., as, in such case, a valueless black product is the result.

Phylloxera and the French Vineyards.

More than one hundred and fifty various remedies have been tried to check the ravages caused by the *Phylloxera vastatrix* among the vineyards of France, but without success, and the only hope of many scientific men is in the introduction of varieties of vine which are known to be to a certain extent proof against the attacks of this insect. Many American kinds of vine are said to possess the property of resisting the disease for a much longer time than the French vines, and steps are being taken to introduce roots of these varieties into France. In the Department of Hérault alone the produce of wine has fallen from fourteen millions of hectolitres to eleven millions. Not only is the fruit destroyed by the effects of the parasite, but the vine itself is destroyed in a year or two; and one female Phylloxera is said to produce two or three millions of young in a year.

Beauties of Emigration.

An acquaintance of a certain bailie in Scotland made a grievous complaint to him one day of the hard times and the impossibility of scraping together a livelihood in that wretched country. The bailie's own experience ran directly counter to these croakings, for his industry had realised a handsome competence; but he knew too much of the world to attempt to prove to the complainer that his ill success might be partly his own fault. He contented himself with remarking that it was surely possible for a tradesman to draw together a tolerable business. "Not in this country," his friend objected. "Weel, then," said the bailie, "what say ye to emigration? I have heard that some push their way weel in Australia." "Yes," returned his desponding townsman, "that might be the case ance in a day; but, if there is business there, mair folks are there than can get a share o't." "Weel, it may be true ye say," rejoined the bailie; "but ye might gang farther—ye might gang up into the interior." "There's naeboddy there," said the grumbler, "but kangaroos." The worthy magistrate, concluding that kangaroos were a tribe of native savages, among whom a careful pedlar might make "indifferent good" bargains, replied, "Weel a-weel, and isna a kangaroo's siller as guid as anither man's?"

Wedding Outfit on One Hundred Dollars.

"Please tell me through your column what outfit, dresses, &c., it would be economical for a young lady to get who has only \$100 to spend, who expects to be married in the Autumn to a clerk with a moderate salary, living in a small town." Let the wedding dress be of sicillienne cashmere. This is a beautiful material, suitable for Fall and Spring wear, and for evening dress in the Winter. For heavy Winter dress buy an empress cloth; it never wears out, and holds its own as long as there's a scrap left of it. Buy a piece of Wamsutta, one of Loasdale, and a dozen yards of Shaker flannel, and make enough underclothes to last two years. Trim them plainly, but neatly. Have two or three calico wrappers and an afternoon dress of poplin or serge. A black Neapolitaine hat can be worn, with linings and trimmings to suit the season, throughout the year. A beaver sacque for Winter is indispensable, but the rest of the year polonaises of the same material as the dress will answer nearly all purposes of wraps. Of course the other little things will have to come in; but these are the main articles of a modest but sufficient and serviceable wardrobe.

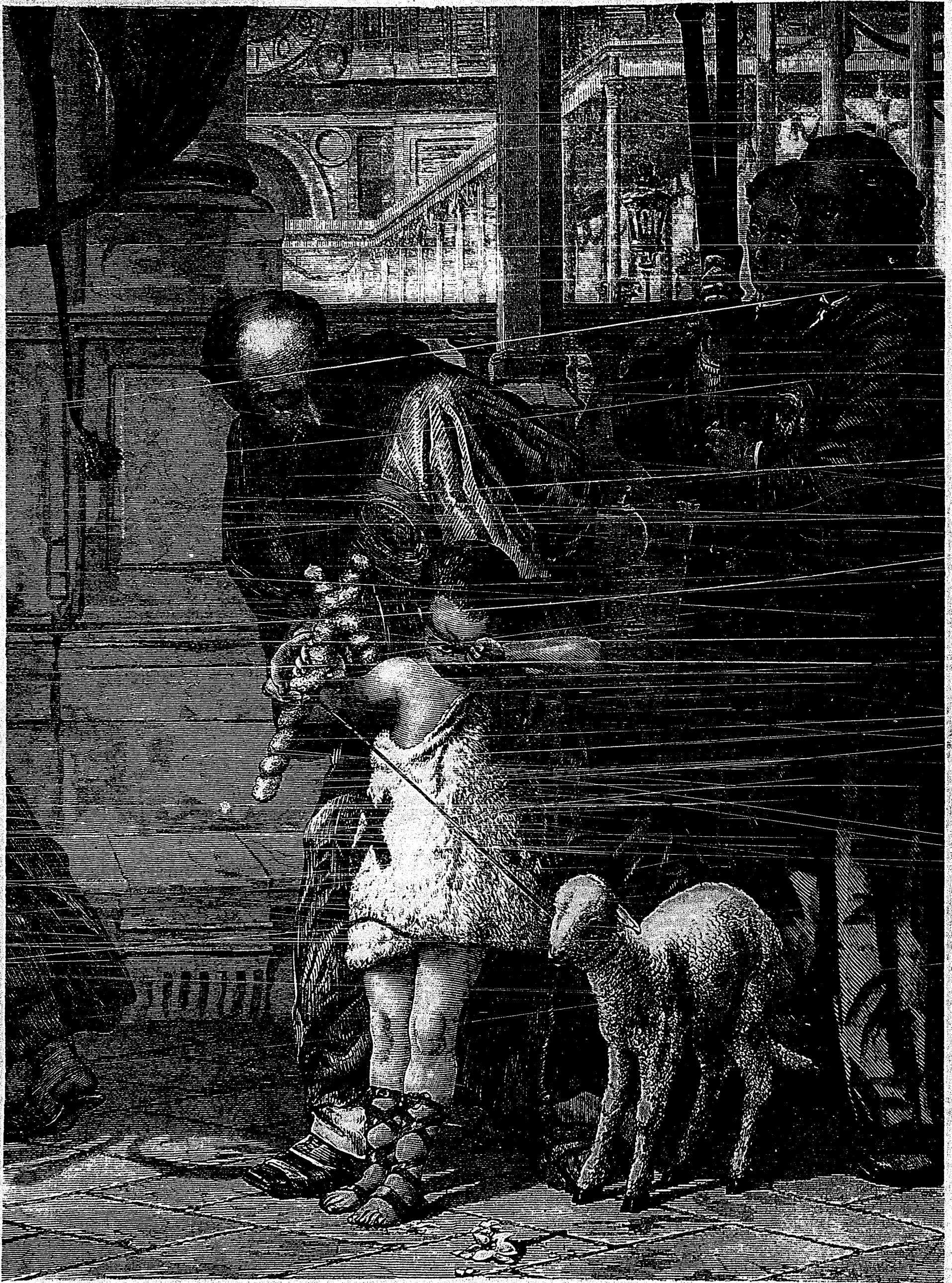
Falling Hair.

The hair like the nails, is very much affected by the various conditions of the physical frame. One of the first indications of falling vigor is in the dryness of the hair, its falling off or its turning gray. It is said that washing the hair with sage tea, will prevent its falling, others recommend water with a little ammonia in it; a diet of coarse food, of bread made of the whole grain and of the great variety of mushes is said to improve the colour of the hair. Iron and sulphur which give the hair its colour, iron predominating in black hair, and sulphur in red and chestnut, are found in the husk of the grain, the part rejected by those who eat only fine flour. Unventilated hats and head-gear which is heavy as well as warm, are apt to make the hair fall. Italian, Greek and Spanish women, who never wear hats, and are much in the open air, have abundant and luxuriant growth of this much prized ornament of woman. But we warn our readers against all patent nostrums that pretend to restore, dye, or stimulate the growth of the hair. They contain either Spanish flies, or bismuth, or lead, which are poisons—the minerals producing paralysis and sometimes death, and the cantharid's raising minute blisters or irritating the surface, and ultimately doing more harm than good.

A Cuban Café.

A Havana correspondent of the Boston *Herald* writes: "The best *cafés* are located near the Plaza de Armas, among which is the famous *Café 'Dominica'*, or in the Louvre, where stands the old Tacon Theatre, and every night these resorts are frequented by large crowds. It is a mingling of strange characters. On one occasion seated at a table in the *Café de the Tacon* I saw a young couple sweep by. On each arm swung a laughing, dark-eyed Cuban girl smoking a cigarette. Again at the table just opposite sat an old man with white head, just ready to go under the sod, yet to-night, under the cheering influences of his bewitching young lady and sparkling champagne, he seemed to renew the gayety of his youth. So they go. There is an unceasing buzz of conversation; the air becomes filled with the smoke of cigars; all is life, bustle, and animation; there is a wild ringing of glasses—in a word, everybody seems to say: 'To-day is ours—let us be merry, for to-morrow—we die.' Yet let me add here that in all my saunterings in Cuba, while I witnessed much drinking places both high and low, yet I saw only one drunken man. Yet they have never dreamed of such a thing in that isle as a prohibitory law. The liquors are consequently of a very fair quality, and quite reasonable in price, and many of their drinks may be called excellent. The Yankee, I noticed, invariably called for his cocktail. But for a really pleasant and refreshing drink they have what is called a 'penales.' It is simply a glass of water in which are placed two small white rolls made of whites of eggs and sugar, a bit of ice, and a few drops of lime-juice, which gives it a good flavour. The taste is somewhat similar to our lemonade."





PROCESSION OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST IN VENICE.





THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.—FROM A PAINTING BY DE CONYNGE.

## TWO VEILS.

From the nun's wan life a buried passion  
Blossomed like a grave-rose in her face;  
"Sweet, my child," she said, "in what fair fashion  
Do you mean to wear this lovely lace?"

"Thus?"—and, with a feverish hand and shaken,  
Round her head the precious veil she wound,  
"Faith in man," she said, "I have forsaken;  
Faith in God most surely I have found.

"Yet, with music in the dewy distance  
And the whole land flowering at my feet,  
Through this convent-garment's dark resistance  
Backward I can hear my fierce heart beat.

"Tropic eyes too full of light and languor,  
Northern soul too grey with northern frost:  
Ashes—ashes after fires of anger—  
Love and beauty—what a world I lost!"

"Sister," laughed the girl with girlish laughter,  
"Sister, do you envy me my veil?"  
"You may come to ask for mine hereafter,"  
Answered very piteous lips and pale.

"No; for your black cross is heavy bearing;  
Tedious counting these stone beads must be.  
Oh, but there are jewels worth the wearing  
Waiting in the sunny world for me!

"Sister, have a care—you are forgetting.  
Do not broder thorns among my flowers,  
Only buds and leaves: your tears are wetting  
All my bridal lace." They fell in showers.

After years and years, beside the grating,  
(Oh, that saddest sight, young hair grown grey!)  
With dry boughs and empty winds awaiting  
At the cloister door, came one to pray.

"Sister, see my bride-veil! there were never  
Thorns so sharp as those within its lace.  
Sister, give me yours to wear for ever;  
Give me yours, and let me hide my face."

SALLIE M. B. PIATT.

## NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

PART THE SECOND.

IN PARIS.

BOOK THE SECOND.

THE PUBLIC-HOUSE OF THE RUE DU PAON.

"During the prosecutions of September you hid yourself, Robespierre."  
"And you, Marat, you showed yourself,"  
"Robespierre, you flung the red cap on the ground."  
"Yes, when a traitor hoisted it. That which decorates Dumouriez sullies Robespierre."  
"Robespierre, you refused to cover Louis XVI.'s head with a veil while Chateaufort's soldiers were passing."  
"I did better than veil his head, I cut it off."  
Danton interposed, but it was like oil flung upon flames.  
"Robespierre, Marat," said he; "calm yourselves."  
Marat did not like being named the second. He turned about. "With what does Danton meddle?" he asked.  
Danton bounded.  
"With what do I meddle? With this! That we must not have fratricide; that there must be no strife between two men who serve the people; that it is enough to have a foreign war; that it is enough to have a civil war; that it would be too much to have a domestic war; that it is I who have made the Revolution, and I will not permit it to be spoiled. Now you know what it is I meddle with!"  
Marat replied, without raising his voice, "You had better be getting your accounts ready."  
"My accounts!" cried Danton. "Go ask for them in the defiles of Argonne—in Champagne delivered—in Belgium conquered—of the armies where I have already four times offered my breast to the musket-shots. Go demand them at the Place de la Revolution, at the scaffold of January 21st, of the throne flung to the ground, of the guillotine; that widow!"  
Marat interrupted him: "The guillotine is a virgin Amazon; she exterminates; she does not give birth."  
"Are you sure?" retorted Danton. "I tell you I will make her fruitful."  
"We shall see," said Marat. He smiled.  
Danton saw this smile.  
"Marat," cried he, "you are the man that hides; I am the man of the open air and broad day. I hate the life of a reptile. It would not suit me to be a woodlouse. You inhabit a cave; I live in the street. You hold communication with none; whosoever passes may see and speak with me."  
"Pretty fellow! will you mount up to where I live?" snarled Marat.  
Then his smile disappeared, and he continued, in a peremptory tone, "Danton, give an account of the thirty-three thousand crowns, ready money, that Montmorin paid you in the King's name under pretext of indemnifying you for your post of solicitor at the Châtelet."  
"I made one on the 14th of July," said Danton, haughtily.  
"And the Garde-Meuble? and the crown diamonds?"  
"I was of the 6th of October."  
"And the thefts of your *alter ego*, Lacroix, in Belgium?"  
"I was of the 20th of June."  
"And the loans to the Montpensier?"  
"I urged the people on to the return from Varennes."  
"And the opera-house, built with money that you furnished?"  
"I armed the sections of Paris."  
"And the hundred thousand livres, secret funds of the Minister of Justice?"  
"I caused the 10th of August."  
"And the two millions for the Assembly's secret expenses, of which you took the fourth?"

"I stopped the enemy on their march, and I barred the passage to the kings in coalition."  
"Prostitute!" said Marat.  
Danton was terrible as he rose to his full height.  
"Yes!" cried he, "I am! I sold myself, but I saved the world!"  
Robespierre had gone back to biting his nails. As for him, he could neither laugh nor smile. The laugh—the lightning—of Danton and the smile—the sting—of Marat were both wanting to him.  
Danton resumed: "I am like the ocean, I have my ebb and flow; at low water my shoals may be seen: at high tide you may see my waves."  
"You foam," said Marat.  
"My tempest," said Danton.  
Marat had risen at the same moment as Danton. He also exploded. The snake became suddenly a dragon.  
"Ah!" cried he. "Ah, Robespierre! Ah, Danton! You will not listen to me! Well, you are lost; I tell you so. Your policy ends in an impossibility to go farther; you have no longer an outlet; and you do things which shut every door against you, except that of the tomb."  
"That is our grandeur," said Danton.  
He shrugged his shoulders.  
Marat hurried on; "Danton, beware. Vergniaud has also a wide mouth, thick lips, and frowning eyebrows; Vergniaud is pitted too, like Mirabeau and like thee; that did not prevent the 31st of May. Ah, you shrug your shoulders! Sometimes a shrug of the shoulders makes the head fall. Danton, I tell thee, that big voice, that loose cravat, those top-boots, those little suppers, those great pockets—all those are things which concern Louisette."  
Louisette was Marat's pet name for the guillotine.  
He pursued:  
"And as for thee, Robespierre, thou art a Moderate, but that will serve nothing. Go on—powder thyself, dress thy hair, brush thy clothes, play the vulgar coxcomb, have clean linen, keep curled and frizzled and bedizened; none the less thou wilt go to the Place de la Grève! Read Brunswick's proclamation! Thou wilt get a treatment no less than that of the regicide Damiens! Fine as thou art, thou wilt be dragged at the tails of four horses."  
"Echo of Coblenz!" said Robespierre between his teeth.  
"I am the echo of nothing—I am the cry of the whole, Robespierre!"  
"Ah, you are young, you! How old art thou, Danton? Four and thirty. How many are your years, Robespierre? Thirty-three. Well,—I have lived always! I am the old human suffering—I have lived six thousand years."  
"That is true," retorted Danton. "For six thousand years Cain has been preserved in hatred, like the toad in a rock; the rock breaks, Cain springs out among men, and is called Marat."  
"Danton!" cried Marat, and a livid glare illuminated his eyes.  
"Well, what?" asked Danton.  
Thus these three terrible men conversed.  
They were conflicting thunderbolts!

## III.—A STIRRING OF THE INMOST NERVES.

There was a pause in the dialogue; these Titans withdrew for a moment each into his own reflections.  
Lions dread hydras. Robespierre had grown very pale, and Danton very red. A shiver ran through the frames of both.  
The wild-beat glare in Marat's eyes had died out; a calm cold and imperious, settled again on the face of this man, dreaded by his formidable associates.  
Danton felt himself conquered, but he would not yield.  
He resumed:  
"Marat talks very loud about the dictatorship and unity, but he has only one ability—that of breaking to pieces."  
Robespierre parted his thin lips, and said: "As for me, I am of the opinion of Anacharsis Cloots, I say—Neither Roland nor Marat."  
"And I," replied Marat, "I say—Neither Danton nor Robespierre."  
He regarded both fixedly, and added; "Let me give you advice, Danton. You are in love, you think of marrying again; do not meddle any more with politics—be wise."  
And moving backward a step towards the door as if to go out, he made them a menacing salute, and said, "Adieu, gentlemen."  
Danton and Robespierre shuddered. At this instant a voice rose from the bottom of the room, saying, "You are wrong, Marat."  
All three turned about. During Marat's explosion, some one had entered unperceived by the door at the end of the room.  
"Is it you, Citizen Cimourdain?" asked Marat. "Good day."  
It was indeed Cimourdain.  
"I say you are wrong, Marat," he repeated.  
Marat turned green, which was his way of growing pale.  
"You are useful, but Robespierre and Danton are necessary. Why threaten them? Union, union, citizens! The people expect unity."  
This entrance acted like a dash of cold water, and had the effect that the arrival of a stranger does on a family quarrel, it calmed the surface if not the depths.  
Cimourdain advanced towards the table. Danton and Robespierre knew him. They had often remarked among the public tribunals of the Convention this obscure but powerful man, whom the people saluted. Nevertheless, Robespierre, always a stickler for forms, asked:  
"Citizen, how did you enter?"  
"He belongs to the Evêché," replied Marat in a voice in which a certain submission was perceptible. Marat braved the Convention, led the Commune, and feared the Evêché. This is a law.  
Mirabeau felt Robespierre stirring at some unknown depth below; Robespierre felt Marat stir; Marat felt Hebert stir; Hebert, Babeuf. As long as the underneath layers are still, the politician can advance, but under the most revolutionary there must be some subsoil, and the boldest step in dismay when they feel under their feet the earthquake they have created.  
To be able to distinguish the movement which covetousness causes from that brought about by principle; to combat the one and second the other, is the genius and the virtue of great revolutionists.  
Danton saw that Marat faltered. "Oh, Citizen Cimourdain

is not one too many," said he. And he held out his hand to the new comer.  
Then he said: "Zounds, explain the situation to Citizen Cimourdain. He appears just at the right moment. I represent the Mountain; Robespierre represents the Committee of Public Safety; Marat represents the Commune; Cimourdain represents the Evêché. He is come to give the casting vote."  
"So be it," said Cimourdain, simply and gravely. "What is the matter in question?"  
"The Vendée," replied Robespierre.  
"The Vendée!" repeated Cimourdain.  
Then he continued: "There is the great danger. If the Revolution perishes, she will perish by the Vendée. One Vendée is more formidable than ten Germanies. In order that France may live, it is necessary to kill the Vendée."  
These few words won him Robespierre.  
Still he asked this question, "Were you not formerly a priest?"  
Cimourdain's priestly air did not escape Robespierre. He recognized in another that which he had within himself.  
Cimourdain replied, "Yes, citizen."  
"What difference does that make?" cried Danton.  
"When priests are good fellows, they are worth more than others. In revolutionary times, the priests melt into citizens, as the bells do into arms and cannon. Danjou is a priest! Daunou is a priest; Thomas Lindet is the Bishop of Evreux. Robespierre, you sit in the Convention side by side with Massieu, Bishop of Beauvais. The Grand Vicar Vaugois was a member of the Insurrection Committee of August 10th. Chabot is a Capucin. It was Dom Gerle who divided the tennis-court oath; it was the Abbé Andran who caused the National Assembly to be declared superior to the King; it was the Abbé Goutte who demanded of the Legislature that the dais should be taken away from Louis XVI.'s armchair; it was the Abbé Grégoire who instigated the abolition of royalty."  
"Seconded," sneered Marat, "by the actor Collet d'Herbois. Between them they did the work; the priest overturned the throne, the comedian flung down the king."  
"Let us go back to the Vendée," said Robespierre.  
"Well, what is it?" demanded Cimourdain. "What is this Vendée doing now?"  
Robespierre answered, "This; she has found a chief. She becomes terrible."  
"Who is this chief, Citizen Robespierre?"  
"A *ci-devant* Marquis de Lantenac, who styles himself a Breton prince."  
Cimourdain made a movement.  
"I know him," said he; "I was chaplain in his house."  
He reflected for a moment, then added: "He was a man of gallantry before being a soldier."  
"Like Biron, who was a Lauzun," said Danton.  
And Cimourdain continued, thoughtfully: "Yes; an old man of pleasure. He must be terrible."  
"Frightful," said Robespierre. "He burns the villages, kills the wounded, massacres the prisoners, shoots the women."  
"The women!"  
"Yes. Among others he had the mother of three children shot. Nobody knows what became of the little ones. He is really a captain; he understands war."  
"Yes, in truth," replied Cimourdain, "he was in the Hanoverian war, and the soldiers said, Richelieu in appearance, Lantenac at the bottom. Lantenac was the real general. Talk about him to your colleague, Dusaulex."  
Robespierre remained silent for a moment; then the dialogue began anew between him and Cimourdain.  
"Well, Cimourdain, this man is in Vendée since when?"  
"The last three weeks."  
"He must be declared an outlaw."  
"That is done."  
"A price must be set on his head."  
"It is done."  
"A large reward must be offered to whoever will take him."  
"That is done."  
"Not in assignats."  
"That is done."  
"In gold."  
"That is done."  
"And he must be guillotined."  
"That will be done."  
"By whom?"  
"By you."  
"By me?"  
"Yes; you will be delegated by the Committee of Public Safety with unlimited powers."  
"I accept," said Cimourdain.  
Robespierre made his choice of men rapidly—the quality of a true statesman. He took from the portfolio before him a sheet of white paper, on which could be read the printed heading: "The French Republic One and Indivisible. Committee of Public Safety."  
Cimourdain continued: "Yes, I accept. The terrible against the terrible. Lantenac is ferocious; I shall be so too. War to the death against this man. I will deliver the Republic from him, please God."  
He checked himself, then resumed: "I am a priest; no matter; I believe in God."  
"God has gone out of date," said Danton.  
"I believe in God," said Cimourdain, unmoved.  
Robespierre gave a sinister nod of approval.  
Cimourdain asked: "To whom am I delegated?"  
"The commandant of the exploring division sent against Lantenac. Only—I warn you—he is a nobleman."  
Danton cried out: "That is another thing which matters little. A noble! Well, what then? It is with the nobles as with the priests. When one of either class is good he is excellent. Nobility is a prejudice; but we should not have it in one sense more than the other; no more against than in favour of it. Robespierre, is not Saint-Just a noble? Florelle de Saint-Just, zounds! Anacharsis Cloots is a baron. Our friend Charles Hesse, who never misses a meeting of the Cordeliers, is a prince, and the brother of the reigning Landgrave of Hesse-Rothenburg. Montaut, the intimate of Marat, is the Marquis de Montaut. There is in the Revolutionary Tribunal a juror who is a priest—Vilate; and a juror who is a nobleman—Leroy, Marquis de Montflabart. Both are tried men."  
"And you forget," added Robespierre, "the foreman of the revolutionary jury."  
"Antonelle?"  
"Who is the Marquis Antonelle?" said Robespierre.  
Danton replied: "Dampierre was a nobleman, the one wh



lately got himself killed before Condé for the Republic; and Beaurepaire was a noble, he who blew his brains out rather than open the gates of Verdun to the Prussians."

"All of which," grumbled Marat. "does not alter the fact that on the day Condorcet said, 'The Gracchi were nobles,' Danton cried out, 'All nobles are traitors, beginning with Mirabeau and ending with thee.'"

Cimourdain's grave voice made itself heard: "Citizen Danton, Citizen Robespierre, you are perhaps right to have confidence, but the people distrust them, and the people is not wrong in so doing. When a priest is charged with the surveillance of a nobleman the responsibility is doubled, and it is necessary for the priest to be inflexible."

"True," said Robespierre.

Cimourdain added, "And inexorable." Robespierre replied, "It is well said, Citizen Cimourdain. You will have to deal with a young man. You will have the ascendancy over him, but he must be carefully managed. It appears that he possesses military talent—all the reports are unanimous in that. He belongs to a corps which has been detached from the Army of the Rhine to go into Vendée. He arrives from the frontier where he was noticeable for intelligence and courage. He leads the exploring column in a superior way. For fifteen days he has held the old Marquis de Lantenac in check. He restrains and drives him before him. He will end by forcing him to the sea, and tumbling him into it headlong. Lantenac has the cunning of an old general, and the audacity of a youthful captain. This young man has already enemies, and those who are envious of him. The Adjutant-General Léchelle is jealous of him."

"That Léchelle wants to be commander-in-chief," interrupted Danton; "there is nothing in his favour but a pun—'It needs a ladder to mount into a cart.' All the same Charette beats him."

"And he is not willing," pursued Robespierre, "that anybody besides himself should beat Lantenac. The misfortune of the Vendean war is in such rivalries. Heroes badly commanded—that is what our soldiers are. A simple captain of hussars, Chérin, enters Saumur with trumpets playing *Ca ira*; he takes Saumur; he could keep on and take Cholet, but he has no orders, so he halts. All those commands of the Vendée must be remodelled. The Body Guards are scattered, the forces dispersed; a scattered army is an army paralyzed; it is a rock crumbled into dust. At the camp of Paramé there are no longer any tents. There are a hundred useless little companies posted between Tréguier and Dinan, of which a division might be formed that could guard the whole coast. Léchelle, supported by Pallain, strips the northern coast under pretext of protecting the southern, and so opens France to the English. A half million peasants in revolt, and a descent of England upon France—that is Lantenac's plan. The young commander of the exploring column presses his sword against Lantenac's loins, keeps it there, and beats him without Léchelle's permission; now Léchelle is his general, so Léchelle denounces him. Opinions are divided in regard to this young man. Léchelle wants to have him shot. The Prieur of the Marne wants to make him adjutant general."

"This youth appears to me to possess great qualities," said Cimourdain.

"But he has one fault!" The interruption came from Marat.

"What is it?" demanded Cimourdain.

"Olemency," said Marat. Then he added, "He is firm in battle and weak afterwards. He shows indulgence, he pardons, he grants mercy, he protects devotees and nuns, he saves the wives and daughters of aristocrats, he releases prisoners, he sets priests free."

"A grave fault," murmured Cimourdain.

"A crime," said Marat.

"Sometimes," said Danton.

"Often," said Robespierre.

"Almost always," chimed in Marat.

"When one has to deal with the enemies of the country—always," said Cimourdain.

Marat turned towards him. "And what then would you do with a Republican chief who sets a Royalist chief at liberty?"

"I should be of Léchelle's opinion, I would have him shot."

"Or guillotined," said Marat.

"He might have his choice," said Cimourdain.

Danton began to laugh. "I like one as well as the other."

"Thou art sure to have one or the other," growled Marat.

His glance left Danton and settled again on Cimourdain.

"So, Citizen Cimourdain, if a Republican leader were to pinch you would cut off his head?"

"Within twenty-four hours."

"Well," retorted Marat, "I am of Robespierre's opinion—Citizen Cimourdain ought to be sent as delegate of the Committee of Public Safety to the commandant of the exploring division of the coast army. How is it you call this commandant?"

Robespierre answered, "He is a *ci-devant* noble."

He began to turn over the papers.

"Get the priest to guard the nobleman," said Danton. "I distrust a priest when he is alone; I distrust a noble when he is alone. When they are together I do not fear them. One watches the other, and they do well."

The indignant look always on Cimourdain's face grew deeper, but without doubt finding the remark just at bottom, he did not look at Danton, but said in his stern voice:

"If the Republican commander who is confided to me makes one false step the penalty will be death."

Robespierre, with his eyes on the portfolio, said, "Here is the name, Citizen Cimourdain. The commandant, in regard to whom full powers will be granted you, is a so-called viscount; he is named Gauvain."

Cimourdain turned pale. "Gauvain!" he cried.

Marat saw his sudden pallor.

"The Viscount Gauvain!" repeated Cimourdain.

"Yes," said Robespierre.

"Well?" said Marat, with his eyes fixed on the priest.

There was a brief silence, which Marat broke.

"Citizen Cimourdain, on the conditions named by yourself do you accept the mission as commissioner delegate near the Commandant Gauvain? Is it decided?"

"It is decided," replied Cimourdain. He grew paler and paler.

Robespierre took the pen which lay near him, wrote in his slow, even hand four lines on the sheet of paper, which bore the heading, "Committee of Public Safety," signed them and passed the sheet and the pen to Danton; Danton signed, and Marat, whose eyes had not left Cimourdain's livid face, signed after Danton.

Robespierre took the paper again, dated it, and gave it to Cimourdain, who read:—

"YEAR 1 OF THE REPUBLIC.

"Full powers are granted to Citizen Cimourdain, delegated Commissioner of Public Safety near the Citizen Gauvain, commanding the Exploring division of the Army of the Coasts.

"ROBESPIERRE.

"DANTON.

"MARAT."

And beneath the signatures—"June 28th, 1793."

The revolutionary calendar, called the Civil Calendar, had no legal existence at this time, and was not adopted by the Convention, on the proposition of Romme, until October 5th, 1793.

While Cimourdain read, Marat watched him.

He said in a half-voice, as if talking to himself, "It will be necessary to have all this formalized by a decree of the Convention, or a special warrant of the Committee of Public Safety. There remains something yet to be done."

"Citizen Cimourdain, where do you live?" asked Robespierre.

"Court of Commerce."

"Hold, so do I too," said Danton. "You are my neighbour."

Robespierre resumed: "There is not a moment to lose. To-morrow you will receive your commission in form, signed by all the members of the Committee of Public Safety. This is a confirmation of the commission. It will accredit you in a special manner to the acting representatives, Philippeaux, Prieur of the Marne, Lecointre, Alquier, and the others. We know you. Your powers are unlimited. You can make Gauvain a general or send him to the scaffold. You will receive your commission to-morrow at three o'clock. When shall you set out?"

"At four," said Cimourdain.

And they separated.

As he entered his house, Marat informed Simonne Evraud that he should go to the Convention on the morrow.

BOOK THE THIRD.  
THE CONVENTION.

I.

We approach the grand summit. Behold the Convention. The gaze grows steady in presence of this height. Never has a more lofty spectacle appeared on the horizon of mankind. There is one Himalaya and there is one Convention.

The Convention is perhaps the culminating point of History.

During its lifetime—for it lived—men did not quite understand what it was. It was precisely the grandeur which escaped its contemporaries; they were too much scared to be dazzled. Everything grand possesses a sacred horror. It is easy to admire mediocrities and hills, but whatever is too lofty, whether it be a genius or a mountain—an assembly as well as a masterpiece—alarms when seen too near. An immense height appears an exaggeration. It is fatiguing to climb. One loses breath upon acclivities, one slips down declivities, one is hurt by sharp rugged heights which are in themselves beautiful; torrents in their foaming reveal the precipices; clouds hide the mountain tops; a sudden ascent terrifies as much as a fall. Hence there is a greater sensation of fright than admiration. What one feels is fantastic enough—an aversion to the grand. One sees the abyss and loses sight of the sublimity; one sees the monster and does not perceive the marvel. Thus the Convention was at first judged. It was measured by the purblind—it, which needed to be looked at by eagles.

To-day we see it in perspective, and it throws across the deep and distant Heavens, against a background at once serene and tragic—the immense profile of the French Revolution.

II.

The 14th of July delivered.

The 10th of August thundered.

The 21st of September founded.

The 21st of September was the Equinox—was Equilibrium.

*Libra*—the balance. It was, according to the remark of Rousseau, that under this sign of Equality and Justice the Republic was proclaimed. A constellation heralded it.

The Convention is the first avatar of the peoples. It was by the Convention that the grand new page opened and the future of to-day commenced.

Every idea must have a visible enfolding; a habitation is necessary to any principle; a church is God between four walls; every dogma must have a temple. When the Convention became a fact the first problem to be solved was how to lodge the Convention.

At first the Manège, then the Tuileries, was taken. A platform was raised, scenery arranged—a great grey painting by David imitating bas-reliefs—benches were placed in order; there was a square tribune, parallel pilasters with pilinths like blocks and long rectilinear stems; square enclosures, into which the spectators crowded, and which were called the public tribunes; a Roman velarium, Grecian draperies; and in these right angles and these straight lines the Convention was installed—the tempest confined within this geometrical plan. On the tribune the Red Cap was painted in grey. The Royalists began by laughing at this grey red cap, this theatrical hall, this monument of pasteboard, this sanctuary of pape-maché, this pantheon of mud and spittle. How quickly it would disappear! The columns were made of the staves from hogsheads, the arches were of deal boards, the bas-reliefs of mastic, the entablatures were of pine, the statues of plaster; the marbles were paint, the walls canvas, and of this provisional shelter France has made an eternal dwelling.

When the Convention began to hold its sessions in the Riding School the walls were covered with the placards which filled Paris at the period of the return from Varennes.

On one might be read:—"The king returns. Any person who cheers him shall be beaten; any person who insults him shall be hanged."

On another:—"Peace! Hats on heads. He is about to pass before his judges."

On another:—"The king has levelled at the nation. He has hung fire: it is now the nation's turn."

On another:—"The Law! The Law!"

It was within those walls that the Convention sat in judgment on Louis XVI.

At the Tuileries, where the Convention began to sit on the 10th of May, 1793, and which was called the Palais-National, the assembly-hall occupied the whole space between the Pavillon de l'Horloge (called the Pavilion of Unity) and the Pavillon Marsan, then named the Pavilion of Liberty. The Pavilion of Flora was called Pavillon-Egalité. The hall was reached by the grand staircase of Jean Bullant. The whole ground-floor of the palace, beneath the story occupied by the assembly, was a kind of long guard-room, littered with bundles and camp-beds of the armed troops who kept watch about the Convention. The assembly had a guard of honour styled "the Grenadiers of the Convention."

A tri-coloured ribbon separated the palace where the assembly sat from the garden in which the people came and went.

III.

Let us finish the description of that sessions-hall. Everything in regard to this terrible place is interesting.

What first struck the sight of anyone entering was a great statue of Liberty placed between two wide windows. One hundred and forty feet in length; thirty-four in width; thirty-seven feet in height; such were the dimensions of this room, which had been the king's theatre, and which became the theatre of the Revolution. The elegant and magnificent hall, built by Vigarani for the courtiers, was hidden by the rude timber-work which in '93 supported the weight of the people. This framework, whereon the public tribunes were erected, had (a detail deserving notice) one single post for its only point of support. This post was of one piece, ten metres (32 feet 6 inches) in circumference. Few caryatides have laboured like that beam; it supported for years the rude pressure of the Revolution. It sustained applause, enthusiasm, insolence, noise, tumult, riot—the immense chaos of opposing rages. It did not give way. After the Convention, it witnessed the Council of the Ancients. The 18th Brumaire relieved it.

Percier then replaced the wooden pillar by columns of marble, which did not last so well.

The ideal of architects is sometimes strange; the architect of the Rue de Rivoli had for his ideal the trajectory of a cannon-ball; the architect of Carlsruhe, a fan; a gigantic drawer would seem to have been the model of the architect who built the hall where the Convention began to sit on the 10th of May 1793; it was long, high, and flat. At one of the sides of the parallelogram was a great semicircle; this amphitheatre contained the seats of the representatives, but without tables or desks. Garan-Coulon, who wrote a great deal, held his paper on his knee. In front of the seats was the tribune; before the tribune, the bust of Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau; behind was the President's arm-chair.

The head of the bust passed a little beyond the ledge of the tribune, for which reason it was afterwards moved away from that position.

The amphitheatre was composed of nineteen semi-circular rows of benches, rising one behind the other; the supports of the seats prolonging the amphitheatre in the two corners.

(To be continued.)

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE MOUNTED POLICE.—As we announced recently, we have sent from this office a special artist to accompany the Manitoba Mounted Police on their excursion over the plains of the Northwest. We present to-day the first three of a series of sketches from our representative to which we invite the attention of our readers. These have been taken amid the hardships of prairie life, with no conveniences at hand, and under the torment of heat, wind, dust and flies. Stickness too has prevailed in the camp. The Mounted Police Force consists of 800 men, one half of whom have been stationed at Fort Garry about eight months. The other half were enlisted this summer and just went out to their destination. They were led by Lieut. Col. French who commands the whole force. They left Toronto on the 6th June with 275 horses, 75 waggons and baggage, on two special trains, and reached Chicago on the 7th, St. Paul's on the 9th and Moorehead on the 12th. At that point the train was abandoned and horses were mounted. The route lay between Moorehead to Dufferin, a distance of 200 miles, which was accomplished in six days, after much hardship and almost complete exhaustion. On the 20th, the day after the arrival at Dufferin the stampede—illustrated on our fifth page—took place. During the night, about 11.30, a formidable storm arose with such deafening thunder and vivid lightning that 200 horses broke from their fastenings and darted helter skelter over the prairie. Tents were blown down and several of the men wounded, though none dangerously. On the 6th July, the Force left Dufferin and three of the companies go direct to the Rocky Mountains; that is to Fort Edmonton. Our artist accompanies this expedition and we may expect some new and interesting sketches from him. The object of the expedition is to conclude a treaty with the Indians of that region and to drive thence a nest of American smugglers, who, it seems, are strongly entrenched there. The troops take 2 pieces of artillery with them. The provisions are drawn in waggons by 100 oxen under the charge of half-breeds. We may expect a lively time.

We learn from our special correspondent that just prior to their leaving Dufferin for Fort Edmonton, fifty men of the force were detached to act as a patrol against the Sioux who were committing depredations in the environs of Pembina, and had carried off several American women. Seven Americans were killed while pursuing the marauders.

ITALIAN MOTHER AND CHILD.—This is the delineation of a lovely type, such as most artists are willing to adopt as an ideal, especially when they study in the peninsula school.

SKETCHES ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.—In this double page, our artist, Mr. Scheuer, has endeavoured to portray some of the landscape beauties of that lovely island which has, this summer, become so popular among the inhabitants of Montreal. Until last year, the people of this city were utterly ignorant of the delights of that spot, and it is safe to say that throughout the rest of Canada, its advantages are utterly ignored. Hence we should recommend all tourists passing through Montreal, to pay it a visit.

PROCESSION OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST.—A truly Venetian scene. The contrast of the sturdy grim processionists with the timid boy and recalcitrant lamb conveys a deep meaning.

THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.—A lovely countenance, so full of light and mellowness that one would imagine it had borrowed the bloom and ripeness of the luscious fruit which the little maiden sells.



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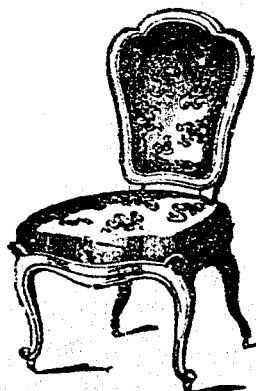
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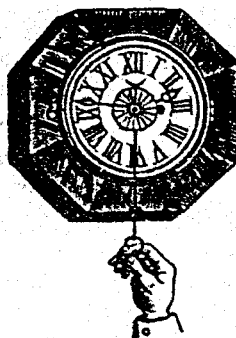
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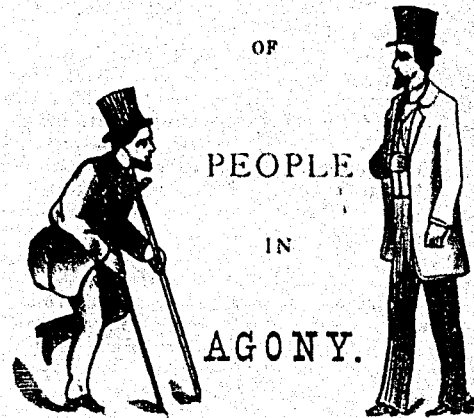
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PEOPLE

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