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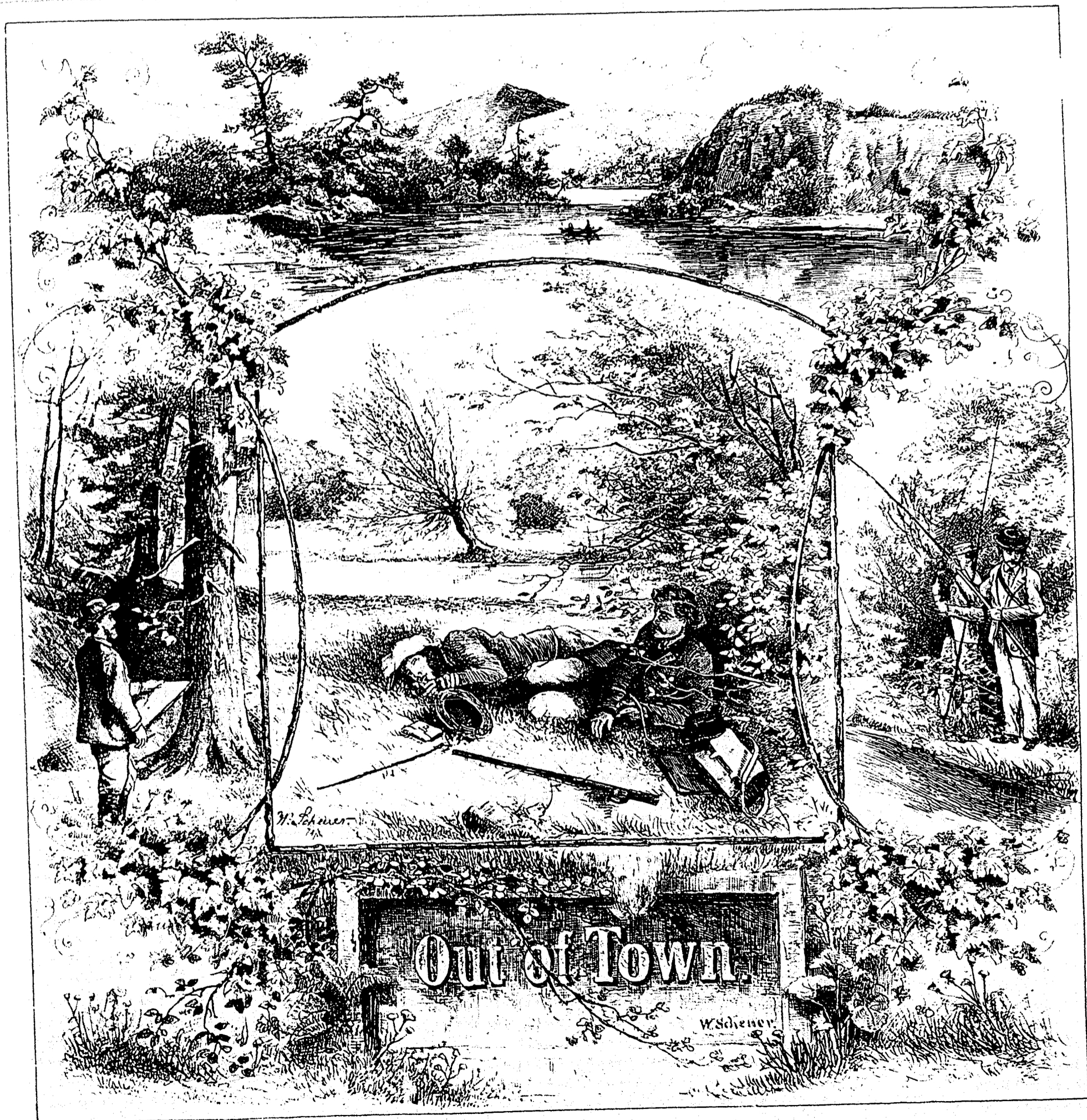
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Illustrated News

Vol. IX.—No. 25.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1874.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
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AN ARTIST'S FANCY.—By W. SCHUERER.

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Canadian Illustrated News.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1874.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MISSION.

Mr. EDGAR's mission to British Columbia has proved a decided failure. We confess we should have been considerably astonished had it turned out otherwise. The whole business has been characterized by an amount of bungling which leads us to look forward to the verification in this instance of the old saying; *Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*. Throughout there have been mis-statements and mis-understandings which could lead to only one result, ignominious failure. Mr. EDGAR has returned in the unenviable character of a baffled diplomat who owes not a little of his want of success to his own want of tact. The British Columbians have allowed the valuable advantages offered them to slip through their fingers, and have to thank their own obstinacy, in great measure, for their loss. Mr. MACKENZIE has added nothing to his reputation for penetration and sagacity; and as he took the conduct of the whole matter into his own hands, he is not in a position to lay any of the blame upon his colleagues. Of course the inevitable rule in such cases is true in this. No one of the responsible parties is willing for one instant to admit that he acted with anything but the most consummate tact and skill. The British Columbians hold Mr. MACKENZIE and his envoy answerable for the failure of the negotiations. Mr. MACKENZIE and his supporters lay all the blame at the door of the British Columbians. And, as is once more the rule in such cases,

there is right and wrong on both sides. We are aware that we stand almost alone in this view of the case. Party journals, according to their invariable practice, have contented themselves with merely sifting the evidence in so far as it exculpates their side, and have proceeded to sum up against their opponents. A careful review of the facts of the matter should give a different result.

In February last Mr. EDGAR was sent to British Columbia to confer with the Local Administration of that Province upon certain public questions with which it was concerned, and especially upon that of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He took with him a letter from Mr. MACKENZIE introducing him to the British Columbian Premier, Mr. WALKEM. As much rests upon this letter, we quote the passage relating to Mr. EDGAR in full. "Allow me," Mr. MACKENZIE wrote, "to introduce Mr. JAMES D. EDGAR, of Toronto, who visits your Province on public business for the Government. Mr. EDGAR will confer with yourself and other members of the Government of Columbia on the questions lately agitating the public mind in Columbia, and will be glad to receive your views regarding the policy of the Government on the construction of the Railway. But for the meeting of Parliament in four weeks, some member of the Government would have visited your Province, but Mr. EDGAR as a public man is well known here and fully understands the questions he will discuss with you." On the 8th May Mr. EDGAR presented the proposals of the Dominion Government, but, (we quote from the Government organ at Ottawa) "in accordance with the instructions from Ottawa he proposed much more." So far, good. But unfortunately Mr. EDGAR had no credentials beyond Mr. MACKENZIE's letter, already quoted. On receipt of this Mr. WALKEM appears to have jumped at the conclusion that Mr. EDGAR was desirous of making some definite arrangement, and accordingly asked for his credentials. He replied as follows: "In reply to your request that I should submit your proposals for a change in the railway clause of the Terms of Union, to the Local Administration for their consideration and acceptance, I have the honour to inform you that I am not in the position to advise His Excellency the Lieut-Governor in Council to treat such proposals officially, nor can I tender such advice until I shall be informed that you have been specially accredited to act in the matter as the agent of the General Government, and that they will consider your acts or negotiations in the matter binding upon them."

Now all that Mr. MACKENZIE stated in his letter was that Mr. EDGAR was authorized to "confer" (not to conclude); to "receive your views," (not to make any definite arrangement.) So far it is evident that on Mr. WALKEM lies the greater part of the blame. He had totally misconstrued the terms of the Premier's letter. It was all nonsense to talk about Mr. EDGAR's acts or negotiations being binding upon the Dominion Government, when he had no power to do anything beyond to confer with the British Columbia Cabinet and to receive their views. At this step, however, Mr. EDGAR shows his unfitness for the mission he had undertaken. Instead of displaying the coolness and tact that are indispensable to the successful diplomat, he flies into a passion, and writes an indignant letter to the British Columbian Premier. Mr. WALKEM replies, with a courtesy and coolness that contrast strangely with the Canadian envoy's heat. He says: "Mr. MACKENZIE in an 'unofficial—and in his only—letter to me respecting your visit has expressly narrowed and confined the object of your mission to the holding of a personal interview with my colleagues and myself in order that our views regarding the policy of the Government on the construction of the railway' should be ascertained without 'tedious and possibly unsatisfactory correspondence'—I quote his words. These things having been done, the special aim desired, I may be permitted to think, has been attained by Mr. MACKENZIE."

Here it will be seen that Mr. WALKEM changes his ground slightly. But he still goes on to ask "for your official authority for appearing in the role of an agent contracting for the Dominion of Canada." We utterly fail to see what was the necessity for this. Just as we are unable to understand the object of Mr. EDGAR's blustering letter. The latter had received and fulfilled his mission. Mr. WALKEM expressly states as much. The views of the Cabinet had been ascertained "without tedious and possibly unsatisfactory correspondence." It was not for Mr. EDGAR to judge, in the face of the snubbing he received, whether the "views" communicated to him were satisfactory or not. The information required once obtained, it was his business to make up his report and go home. In the same way it was none of Mr. WALKEM's business, after he had recognized, and complied with the terms of, the Canadian Premier's letter, to persist in harping on the subject of the official authority of the Canadian envoy. The business of the mission was concluded—though not as satisfactorily as would have been desired;

and there was no necessity either for Mr. EDGAR to vent his ill-humour in peevish letters, or for Mr. WALKEM to blazon abroad his distaste for Confederation by assuming the authoritative airs of a parish beadle.

As for Mr. MACKENZIE's share in these transactions, we are unable to see how he is to be held blameless. Even the *Globe* itself, though it has never chronicled any false step on the part of the Premier, will not attempt to make us believe that he is infallible and impeccable. Assuming as he did the sole conduct of the matter he is personally responsible for his envoy's mistakes. But altogether apart from this there are certain points on which Mr. MACKENZIE, and Mr. MACKENZIE alone, is to blame. In the first place the selection of Mr. EDGAR as envoy to the Pacific throws little credit on the Premier's powers of discernment. The appointment was evidently made on purely political grounds, without any regard for the fitness of the appointee. With the mere fact of the political nature of the appointment, we have, as things go, no fault to find. But we venture to submit that there are among Mr. MACKENZIE's deserving supporters many men of greater ability than Mr. EDGAR, who would have fulfilled the delicate mission to British Columbia in a manner creditable alike to themselves and to their employers, and satisfactory both to the country at large and the Province in particular. Again, why did Mr. MACKENZIE omit to furnish his commissioner with credentials from the proper department? Taking into consideration the character and object of the mission this was, perhaps, not absolutely necessary. But knowing, as he did, the peculiar difficulties that had to be overcome, it was his duty to employ every means in his power to bring about a harmonious agreement. The British Columbians have already been once bitten in their dealings with Ottawa, and it is only natural that they should be more than usually cautious in treating with the Dominion authorities. Foreseeing this the Premier was, in our opinion, guilty of a huge blunder when he sent off Mr. EDGAR unfurnished with the proper official documents. Once more why does Mr. MACKENZIE arrogate to himself the powers of other departments than that immediately under his charge? To be Premier is not to be the entire Cabinet. Mr. MACKENZIE, great as he unquestionably is, is not yet in a position to say, "L'État c'est moi." A story is told of HANDEL that he once ordered dinner for six at a coffee house, and at the appointed hour turned up alone. The waiter hesitated to serve up the banquet, and on being asked the reason for the delay replied that he was waiting for the company. Serve up the dinner at once, shouted the maestro in a rage, "I am de company!" We fear Mr. MACKENZIE's indulgence of his appetite for power will serve him the same trick the musician's appetite played with him. It will give him indigestion.

Mr. Legge in his interesting report of the preliminary explorations made by him on the shores of Georgian Bay and eastwards, for railway connection with the cities of Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec, took occasion to give some slight indication of several sites which will probably before long be considered suitable for important towns and cities. As this country has seen under the Upper Canada compact, now passed away and almost forgotten, quite enough of the practice of forestalling occupancy of public emplacements of this nature, we would invite the attention of the authorities of Ontario, in which these sites principally occur, and who we do not for a moment suppose have any besides public-spirited intentions in regard to them, to the desirability of determining the exact location of these lake and terminal cities, by communication with the railway surveyors, and in due time of having the city lots disposed of by public auction, with the usual stipulations for duties of settlement. We have a vision of cities with wide, handsome streets, and plenty of commerce to keep the life in them, where now the mink and beaver have things all to themselves.

We have no intention to go into a discussion of the proposed Reciprocity Treaty in advance of positive information supplied by Government, but if it be true that the Americans are unwilling to yield to us a share of their coasting trade, it cannot be amiss to suggest that we, too, must hold firmly to our rights in this matter. In any scheme of reciprocity mutual concessions must, of course, be made, but Canada need show no undue eagerness in that direction. Our present inferiority to the Americans in population, extent of commerce, and development of resources should not be made an argument of weakness in the negotiation. Rather should that circumstance incite us to a spirit of independence and proud reliance on ourselves. The experience of the abrogation of the Treaty of 1854 ought never to be forgotten.

The hot weather has come at last, and we find traces of its effects in the editorial columns of the newspapers. Timely topics are scarce, and the heavy political writer is

at a discount. Staid party newspapers descend to the discussion of such trivial subjects as Fanning in church, while the typical country sheet opens its columns to the consideration of such unaccustomed matters as the transit of Venus, the Carlist War, Professor Schliemann's Trojan discoveries, and the crisis in France. Cremation, the *pi-aller* of the perplexed editor, is totally tabooed as a theme utterly unbearable at the present state of the thermometer, and even the fiery Rochefort is dismissed as out of place during the "heated term."

The Free School policy of the New Brunswick Government has been undoubtedly sustained by the elections which are about closing in that Province. An unusual, we had almost said a perilous amount of violence was infused into the campaign. The issue is such that the question must perforce come up for settlement at the next Session of the Federal Parliament. Mr. Costigan will then bring forward his resolutions. It is no use sounding the note of alarm prematurely, but for ourselves we know of no matter so fraught with danger to the Constitution as is this school business.

Gambetta has inaugurated a new mode of dealing with his adversaries. Instead of challenging them to a duel, according to old French ideas, he has adopted the rougher but readier English plan of having them arrested and fined by the police magistrate. This is the course he has pursued against a M. de St. Croix, who brutally assaulted him with a stick at the railway station. We are inclined to have some faith in M. Gambetta as a reformer after such a proceeding. It is to be hoped that his action will have the effect of stopping street fights among gentlemen.

During his stay in New York, Henri Rochefort carefully abstained from giving a circumstantial account of his evasion from Noumea. The reason he urged for his silence was the fear of implicating fellow-convicts who were still in the island. The necessity for this reticence is to be regretted, because it leaves a delicate little matter unsettled. Did Rochefort break his parole or not? All his friends would like to be clear about that. However low the ex-communist has fallen, it would be satisfactory to ascertain positively whether he has maintained his honour or not.

The member for Marquette says that the Grand Lodge wants to rule Canada. He affirms, furthermore, that unless the Manitoba difficulties are speedily settled annexation will ensue. Now really, in view of these facts, it is too bad that Mr. Cunningham should withdraw from political life and retire to the shelter of magistracy.

Is anything going to be done to keep St. Helen's Island from desecration this summer? If not, after the first picnic the grass will be trampled, the bushes stripped, and the whole scenery ruined for the rest of the season; and we shall have nothing but empty soda bottles to show for it all.

McVicar was superintendent of fisheries and editor of a paper at Sarnia. He might have known that the two offices were incompatible, especially when his paper attacked the Government. Mr. McVicar has been given full leisure to give his undivided attention to his editorial labours.

Attorney-General Walkem had no need of being so touchy. The destinies of British Columbia do not lie solely in his hands. Hon. Amor De Cosmos is still in Ottawa, and he and the Premier will make it up between them, without the help of intermediaries.

Mr. Sandford Fleming's report has set everybody thinking about the Pacific Railway. The Government cannot shirk the work. Professional men show that it is feasible, and the country will require its construction. If the road is not built, the future of this country is lost.

Mr. M. P. Ryan retains his seat for Montreal Centre. It is now Mr. Fred. Mackenzie's turn. It is a hard matter to under take the responsibility of ousting a man, after he has sat through one session of Parliament.

Our civil service friends had better cultivate a habit of know-nothingism. There is such a thing as destitution and there are swarms of applications for vacancies.

An Ottawa paper calls Dr. Strange, of Kingston, Orlando Furioso Strange. The Doctor ought to show that paper that the *soubriquet* is deserved.

The Ministerial papers are beginning to clamour for full and accurate information concerning the Reciprocity Treaty. What does it mean?

The Quebec Government are said to be meditating dissolution. It is a risky game. Dissolution saved Mackenzie, but it ruined Gladstone.

Really, they are slow about it. We have been expecting a copy of that Ross letter for the last month. What is the matter?

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE RATIONALE OF ANNEXATION.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS:

SIR,—A word upon a topic which has occasionally served to entertain the leisure of our reading public—I mean annexation—may perhaps not be deemed at the present moment either useless or unnecessary.

It is certainly conceivable that the question may arise in the minds of a few Canadians by birth or adoption. Is our Confederation worth preserving? We also think that it will be by no means difficult to discern that on fair discussion it will be found to be so. The Dominion of Canada is a nation within a ring fence—its filling up and its complete political homogeneity have yet to be achieved. It is large in extent of territory, but we shall hope not too unwieldy, if we exert ourselves faithfully to complete its communications.

Notwithstanding its recent organisation into a Dominion, British North America forms a nation with traditions both interesting and patriotic, and has a history linked with the greatness of the empire with which it is still connected. A nation, as we have lately been told, lives in its history and its traditions. This is certainly true so far as it goes. It is true of the United States, and why not of ourselves?

It is admitted we are no longer dependent on Great Britain in the sense in which dependence used to be understood, but we still acknowledge ourselves the recipients of important benefits, both moral and material, through our connection with the Mother of Nations.

There is no need at present to comment upon the institutions or the public feeling of the neighbouring Republic. Let it suffice that our friends across the lines have started the business of free institutions upon a distinct basis from that which underlies our own modes of thought and action.

Annexation is a word easily pronounced, but that is nearly all that would be found easy about it. For, observe, other discrepancies being put aside, there is an essential limit to the extent of your model Republic, and this limit will be discovered in the, after all, only human capacity of the legislative Unit. If the desires of man are boundless, his powers, on the other hand, are far from being so. The extent of any self-governed Empire or Republic—if government, within its bounds, is to be a reality and not a sham—will have to be limited by the mental endurance of the individual citizen. Designate governments as you please, this is nature's law of self-governed communities, and we may observe that a constitutional Monarchy differs very little from a Republic in its claims upon its individual members. Casting our eyes across the line that separates us from our neighbours, we would ask if the constituent politician in that favoured land has not already under his charge as much territory as he can govern with comfort and satisfaction to himself, and whether, for his own sake, he should be the person to cry out for more. The world has never before seen so large or complex a Republic as the United States. If the citizen of that country takes up the duty that devolves upon him, every considerable portion of every State and Territory must come within his ken—be under his periodical review—and the telegraph has made this only too possible. Have we ever fully measured this obligation and burden, or fairly estimated its bearings upon the limited human capacity of the anxious constituent ruler? The pages of a great metropolitan newspaper in New York will give some conception of what we mean. Such a newspaper seeks to provide that the American citizen shall not enter upon the work and contest of legislation unpanoplied by knowledge of his duties. For fullness and approximate completeness of detail, when has the world seen anything like this before? If it could only enlarge the powers of the reader to correspond with the perfection of its machinery! But a limit has been set to these powers by their creator. The great bulk of the collected matter has to be passed over by the private reader. Would this man be made any happier by having a great Dominion to supervise, as a slight addition to the present claims upon his severely taxed nerves and mental powers? or would it increase his unpleasant consciousness of not being able to overtake the responsibilities of his position? For neither country could afford to be left ungoverned for the gratification of a popular fancy, and the theory of popular government is that the citizen should participate.

All men in free countries need a political system that will come within the mental grasp of those amongst them who are accustomed to exercise the thinking faculty. Politics, whether taken up as the chief pursuit of life, or in the simply patriotic sense of the private citizen, while they form a fine exercise for the cultivated intelligence, constitute also no little strain upon the mental faculties of the faithful student. The absorbing attractions of other departments of life have left the more earnest enquirers in a considerable minority—but all good subjects or citizens should be able to give an intelligent vote—for their collective voices, in the last resort, decide questions of imperial and world-wide significance, and all enlightened men amongst them will wish to educate themselves to the point of doing so. Our Canadian journals devote themselves with great assiduity to assisting the judgments of all classes of politicians in their mastery of this great department of the science of life. Of the entire mass of thought in Canada a considerable proportion is given to politics, and this thoughtfulness, taken in its entirety, forms the great balance-wheel or pendulum that regulates the clock of state and prevents its springs and levers from pursuing at any time too headlong or uncontrolled a course. Now all thought, but the lightest, im-

plies labour, however we may choose to overlook the fact. Can we, Canadians, afford any more than our active-minded neighbours to enlarge so enormously the field of supervisions? We should have to master those voluminous politics in addition to our own, while the thing that is really needed is rather a greater devotion of study to our home interests.

However wide may be the territory we choose to grasp within our immediate sympathies and labours, it is the tract of which we are denizens which will always have the first claim. If Canada were annexed to the States, or the States to her, she would be just as much Canada as at present in her essential, moral, and material requirements, for these are affected by her geographical position, her traditions, and the condition of her people. The point of chief importance in connection with the hypothesis of annexation is, then, that as the principal result of such an arrangement, if it were ever attempted, we should find that we had acquired two huge orbs of political thought and responsibility to master instead of one. If the one we are already endowed with, comprising the interests of the northern half of the continent, will soon be as much as we can fairly bring within our control, what would the new requirement become for us? If the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the peopling and development of our vast interior territory—the opening of new channels for trade, and the cultivating pleasant relations with the outer world, are already sufficient to keep our minds something more than merely amused; how would things be if we had the southern negro upon our hands—the Indian of the Territories—the repression of the speculative mania—the reform in the United States currency—those terrible quadrennial elections, which seem to be always going on—not to speak of the minor excitements involved in the general diplomatic relations of our neighbours which we should have to assume, or of their great festivals, as the day of Independence, of the evacuation of the country, of the decoration of the graves of the brave fellows who fell in their civil war, &c.

What I have thus endeavoured roughly to set forth I conceive to be the broad ground for avoiding the great extension of our political field which annexation would involve. If we were to extend the argument so as to embrace the question of relative degrees of liberty under a constitutional Monarchy and a Republic, it would not be by any means difficult to show that all the tyranny that the constituents of either have any occasion to fear, under any supposable circumstances, would take the form in these times of what is known as monetary and speculative corruption; and we need not consider in this respect we have anything more to dread than our lively-spirited neighbours. The Crown may be looked upon as a very quiet force as regards the control it exercises in this Dominion, but it should be justly recognized in the peace it has succeeded in diffusing and maintaining, and this most valuable blessing is perhaps the easiest of all to overlook. The essential principle of British rule, of governing for the good of a people and not for a class, is the one upon which our own liberties will in all the future have to be based.

In our permanent relations with our friends of the United States, as well as with our more immediate connexions in Great Britain, we have an increasing commercial intercourse, the constant natural flow of over-crowded populations to newer lands, and the claims of a common Christianity to bind us all in a world-respected social compact; and there should be nothing to hinder these great links in the intercourse of the three communities from receiving daily accessions to their strength and importance.

I am, yours, &c.,
CANADENSIS.

THE FLANEUR.

A legal scruple.
Was the appointment of Mr. Dorion to the head of the Quebec Bench a regular one?
It was, unquestionably.
How so?
He was appointed by the Minister of Justice.

What fee did Paine, the expert, receive for proving that Palmer, not Boyes, wrote the famous slip to Mr. Young?
The trifle of \$500.
At such rate poor Boyes himself would undertake to prove that he had mistaken his own handwriting.

For once our lawyers were agreed
In choosing a *Batonnier*,
From prejudice their choice was freed,
His name is William Kerr;
But they did a great deal more,
For in acting thus—
A marvel never seen before—
The lawyers were unanimous!

Some timid people imagine that there is danger in the doctrines of spiritualism. They apprehend that the fancy is apt to get too highly coloured by them, and that the moral faculties may be wrought up to a perilous degree of morbid tension. Such fears are puerile. The motto of spiritualism is, and ought to be:

"In medio tutissimus ibis."

Who will say that no good can come from Manitoba? It gave us one capital joke in the shape of Cunningham, and now it furnishes us with a pun. Speaking of Sir Henry Thompson's new hobby, a Fort Garry man says it is nothing new for Red River, where *crea-mating* has been carried on for generations upon generations.

What are the duties of a President of the Council?
To reside in Montreal and practise law.

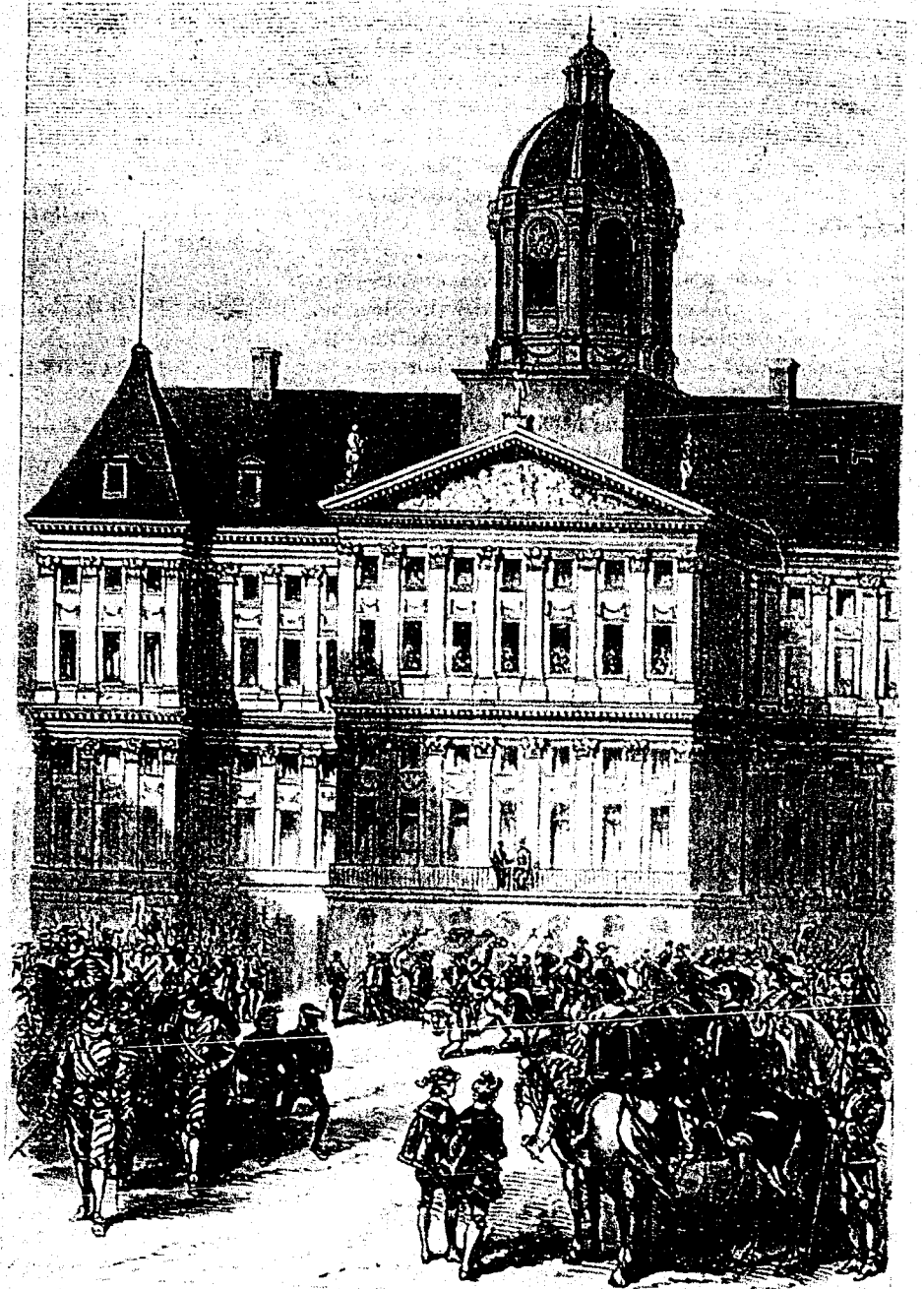
A new way of speaking German in one lesson.
Talk gibberish for about ten minutes, without stopping, and wind up with "gehabt haben." You will be sure to bring out the intelligent reply "so?"

There are two things in Canada which have gone beyond the region of gravity, and which cannot be mentioned without a malicious smile—Royal Commissions and Confidential Missions. Sir John is responsible for the first; Mr. Mackenzie for the second. Poor Edgar!

HOLLAND.—FETES AT AMSTERDAM IN HONOUR OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ACCESSION OF WILLIAM III.



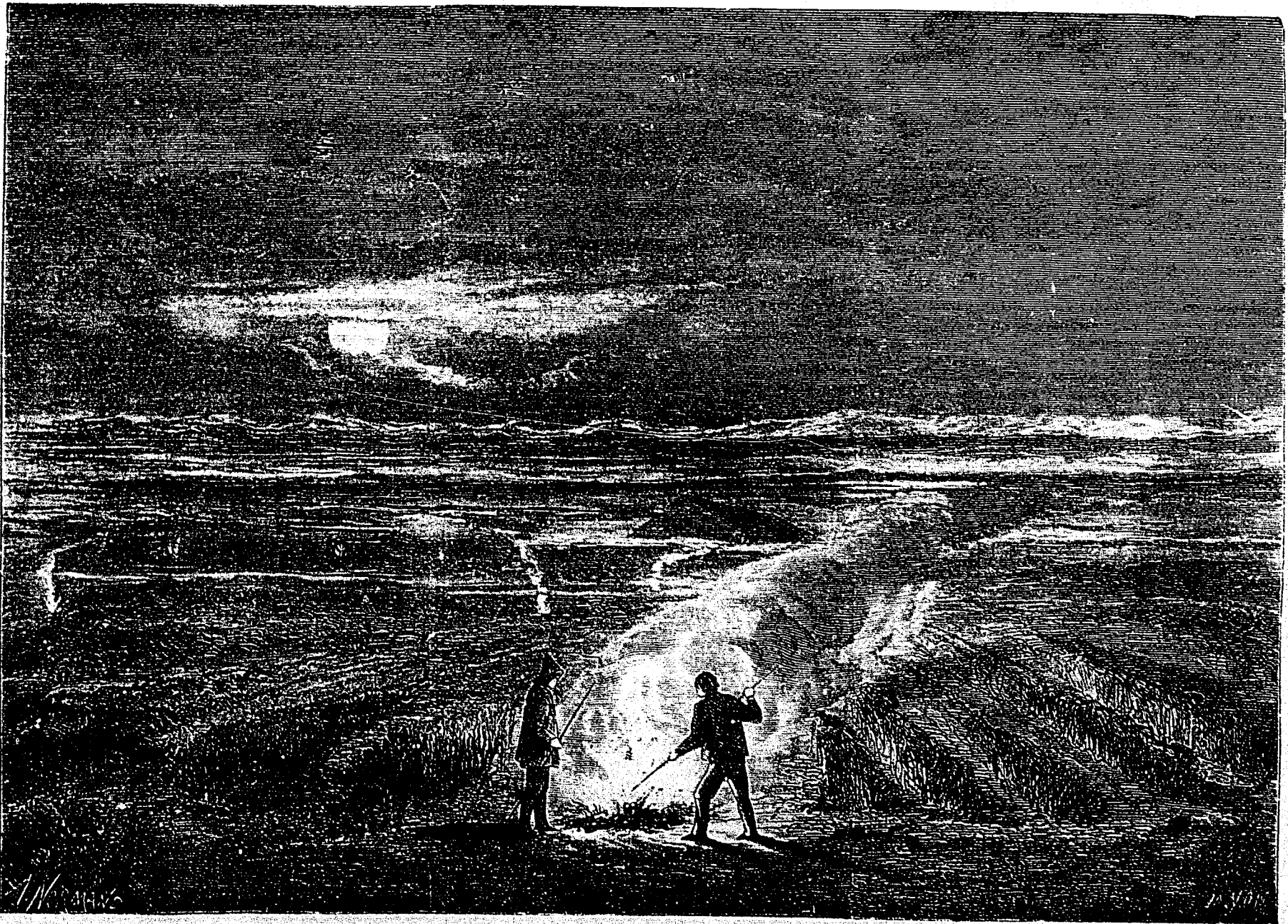
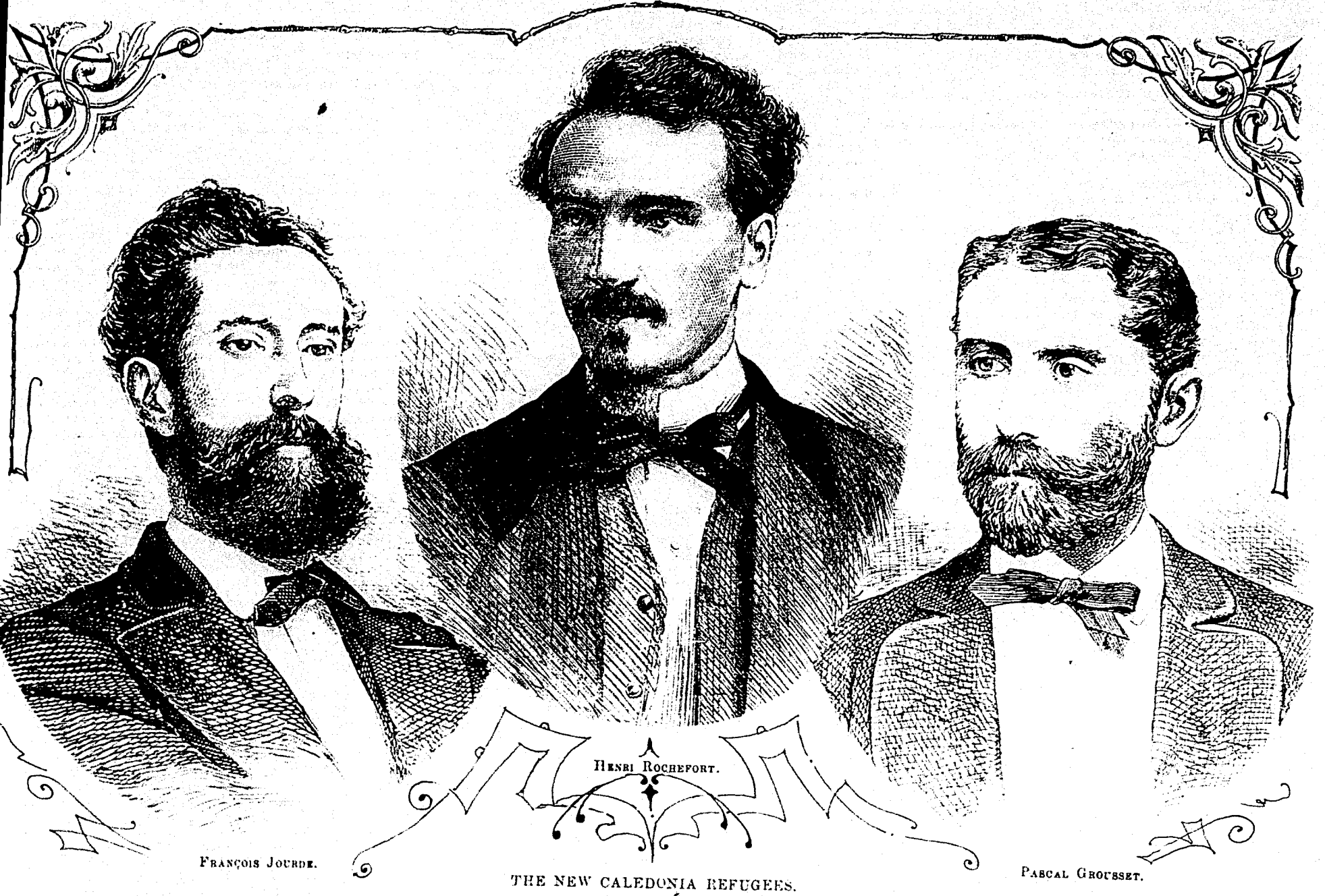
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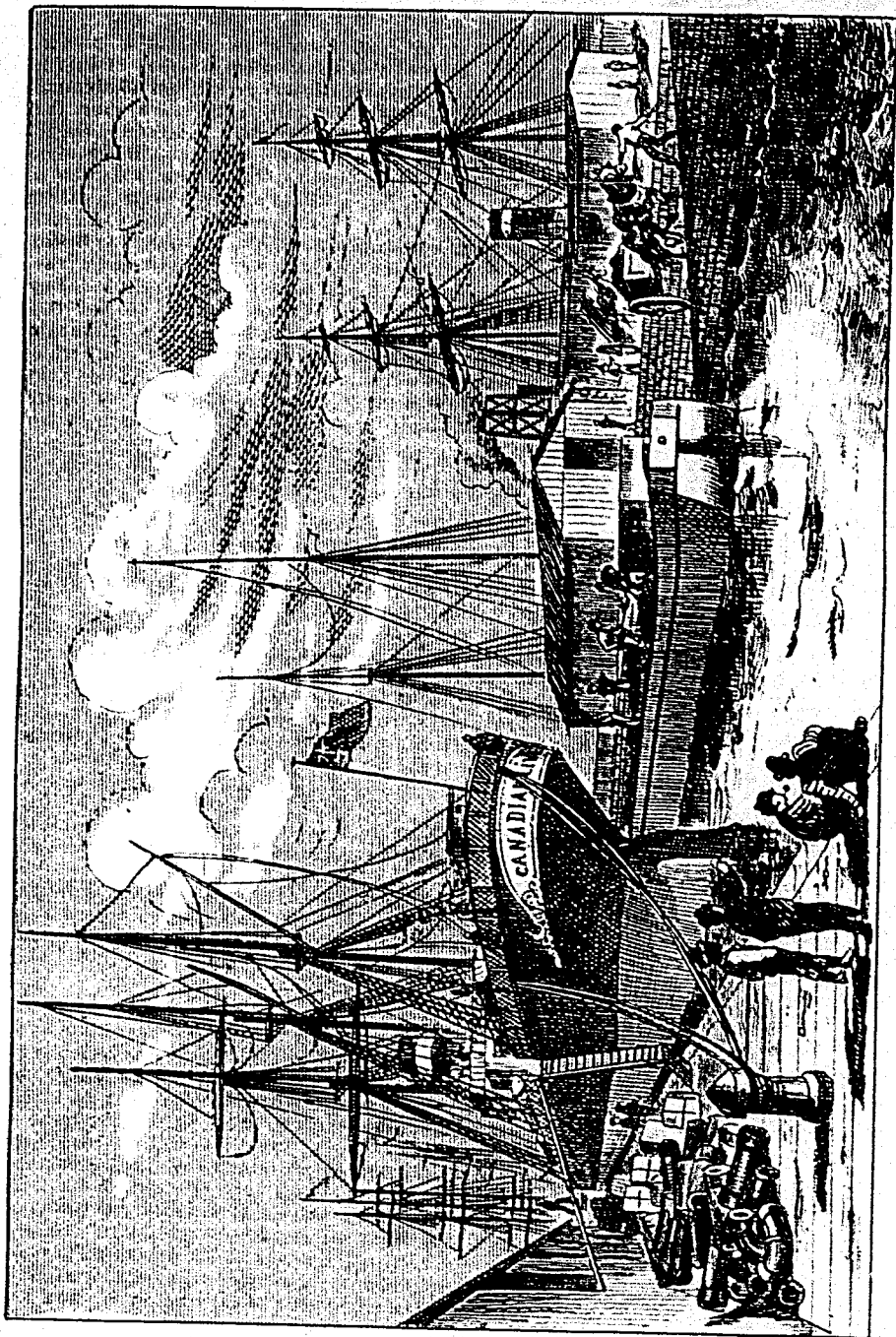
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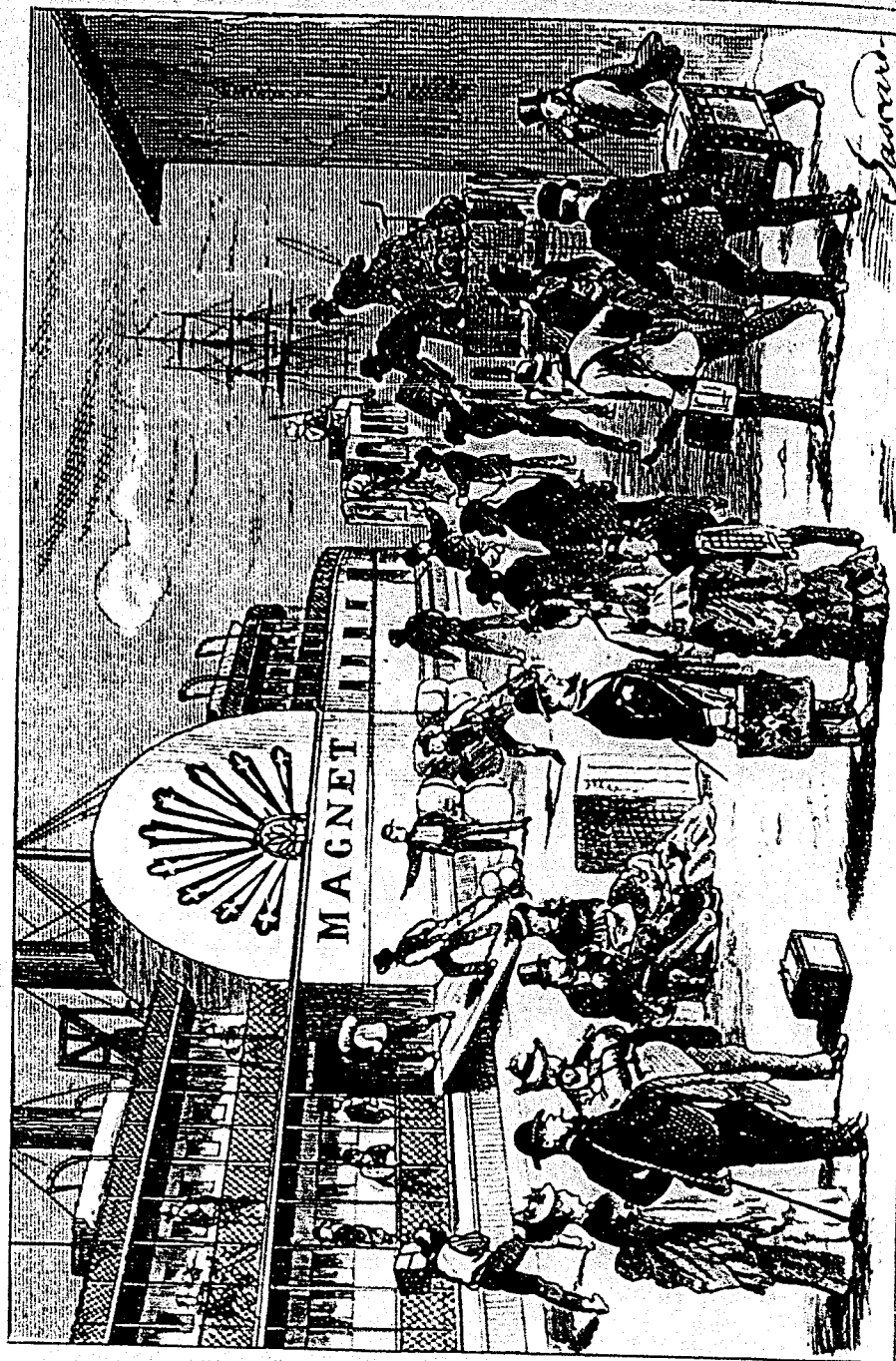
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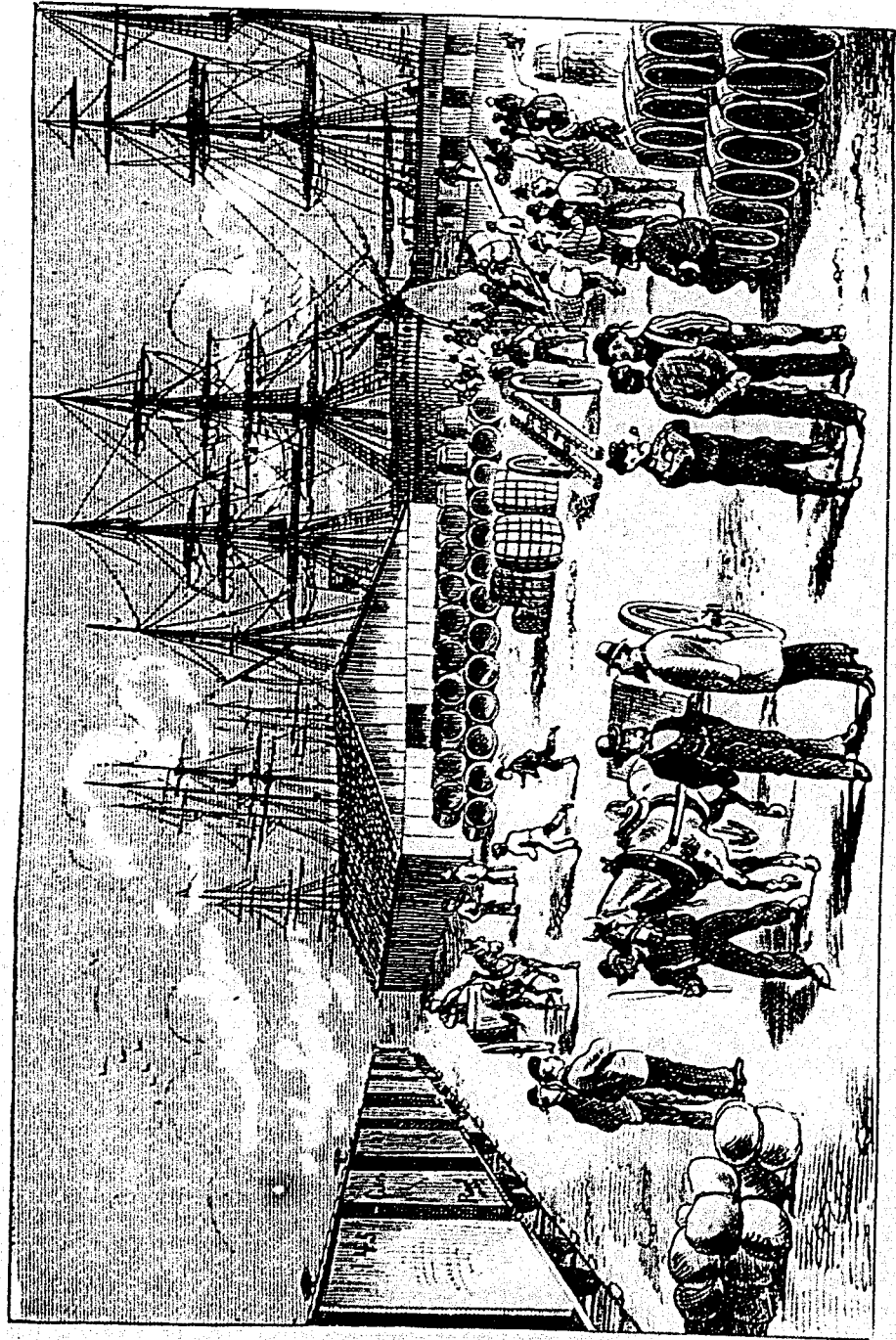
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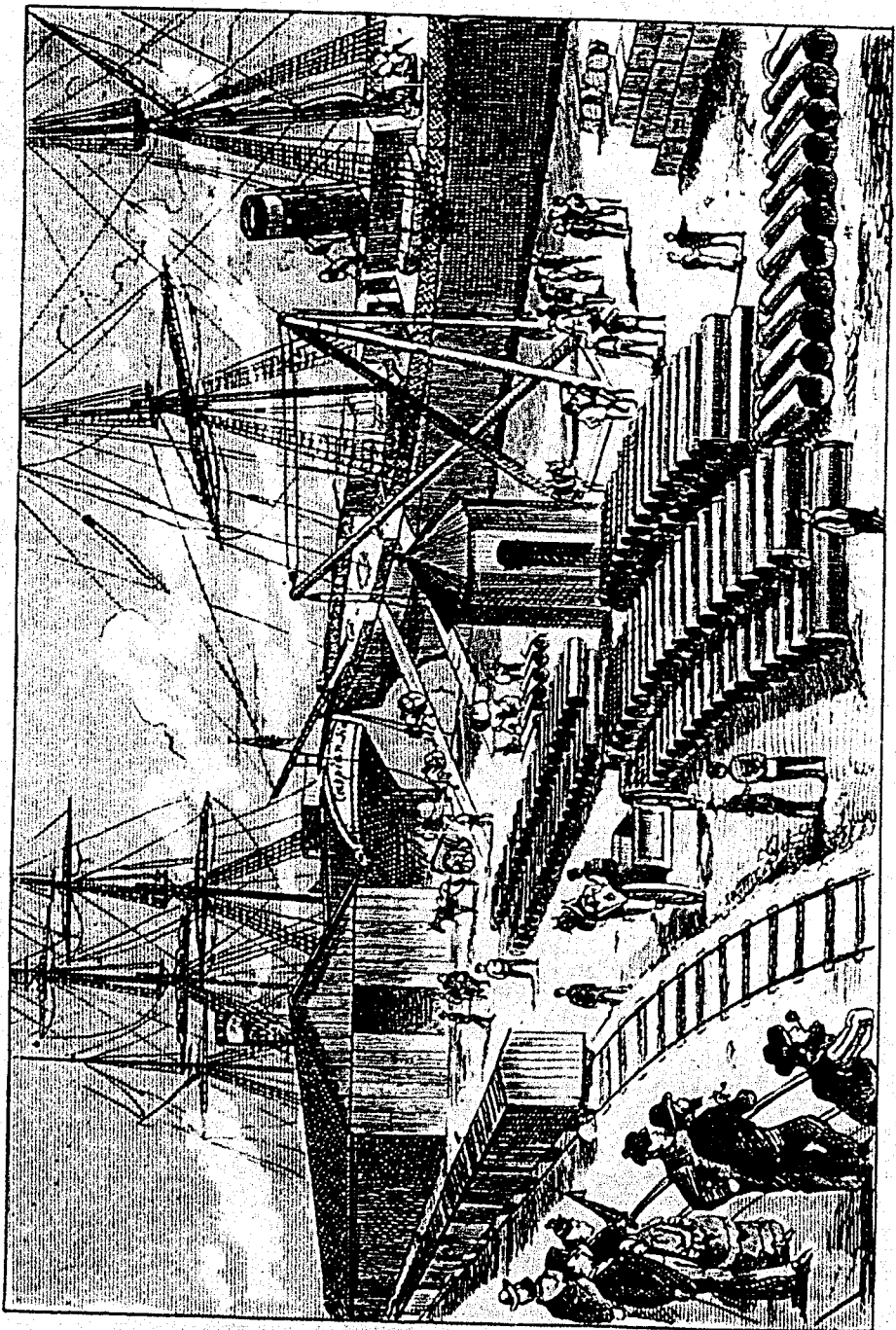
THE ALLAN WHARF.



THE UPPER CANADA BOAT.



THE DOMINION S.S. CO'S WHARF.



ON THE ALLAN WHARF.

SKETCHES IN THE HARBOUR OF MONTREAL.

REAL AND IDEAL WIVES.

Owing to a wise prodigality of good in nature, or a wisely imposed delusion in men, ideal wives are much more common than ideal husbands. They are not found in every house, nor indeed in every street; but there are a few of them in country and town, and we all know some of them. They are not our wives—but, unfortunately, the wives of others. Our wives may have extended catalogues of charms and virtues, but ideal honours do not sit upon them. Men are more enthusiastic and given to dreaming than women, and hence the excess of female over male perfection. If the power of idealizing were equal in both sexes, the chances are they would hate one another. As it is, women are not in the least ashamed of being called angels and enchantresses. If men will go astray in this way, it is no business of women to set them right. They are little given to extravagant estimates themselves, but they are hungry for hyperbolical praise. They sit demurely, and smile the last shred of a man's reason away, while he assures them that they combine all the charms of Pagan goddesses and all the virtues of Christian saints. If men, with their warm and capricious imagination, choose to place them on thrones while the real sovereigns are out for a stroll, they don't care. They do the honours as though they were at least heirs-apparent; and they suffer no more qualms of conscience than if they had but just established their claim to a privilege from which they had been long unfairly alienated.

Ideal wives are of low stature and extremely fair. They are soft and gentle in manner and slow of motion. They have blue eyes, golden hair, rich mezzo-soprano voices, and wear moderate dress-improvers. Their hair and its colour are their own; and they fear strong men, but like to look at them from windows, balconies, carriages, and other places of security. They are a trifle unhappy, and have not been married to their first love. They cannot sew over well, but they have a positively maddening way of leaning over the backs of chairs while they are asking their husbands if they shall wear blue or pink ribbons. They have no mothers living. They care little for going into society. They never desire to obtain the good wishes of other men, save when their husband's interest is to that effect. They are not painfully clever musicians, but they know some sweet simple airs, and sing those at evening by the open window. They are liable to be defrauded by the servants, and are imposed upon by trades-people. They regard their husbands as supreme arbiters in all matters. They would stay as they are or fly to New Zealand with him, as he desired.

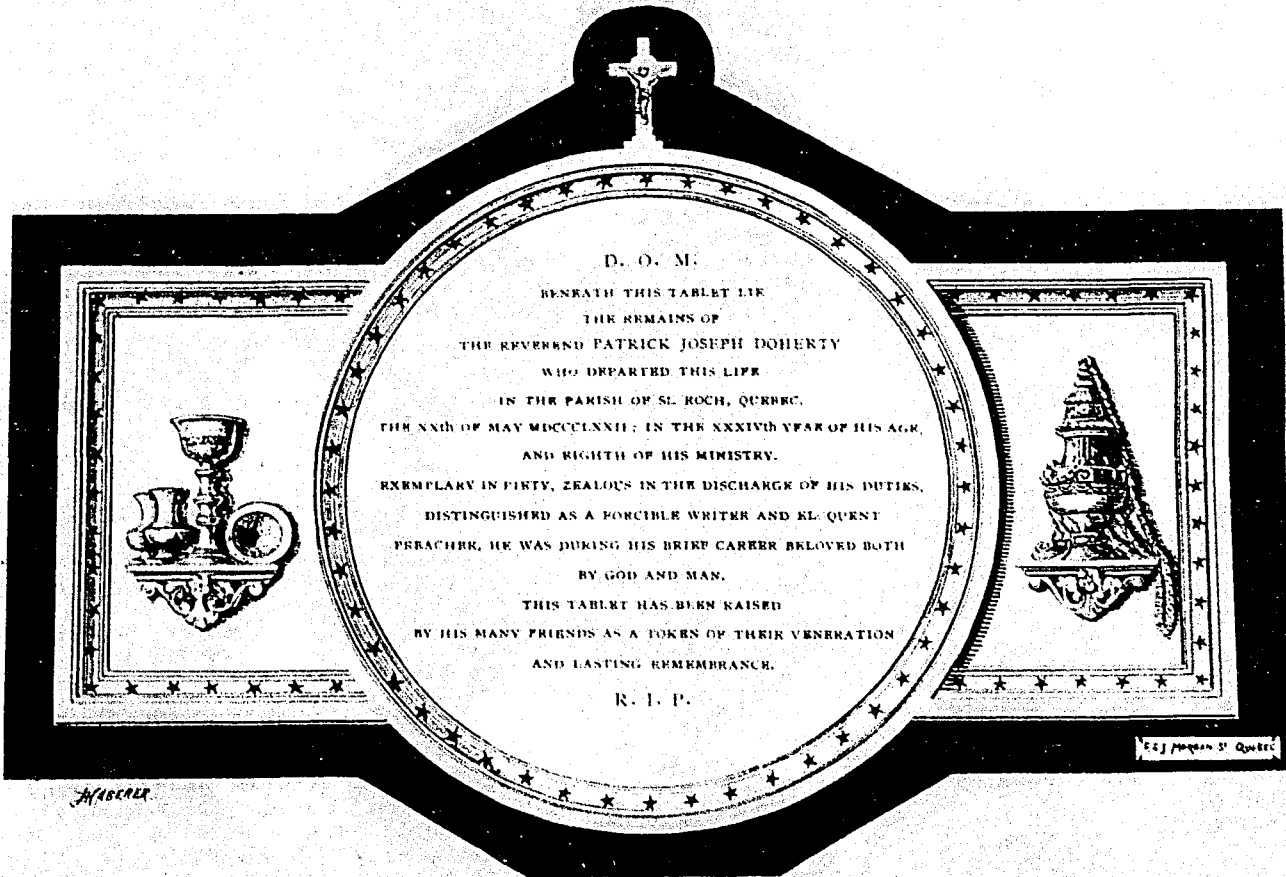
Between the ideal and the real there is a class which may be called polylogically the mezz-ideal. We see them much oftener than the ideal, but unfortunately not so often as the real. They are tall and slender, and somewhat yellow. They have mild, grey eyes, and noses "tip-tilted, like a flower." They have sensitive, sympathetic mouths and simple hearts. They are not utterly amiable, but are easily wooed to peace. Their knowledge of household affairs is accurate, but not obtrusive. It is never visible except in exigencies and under excitement. They are ready to go out when it is desirable, and they are ready to remain at home. They do not abuse the servants in the parlour, or despise all other women. They have a placid affection for finery, but

are not passionately extravagant. They accept presents from their husbands as when they were lovers. They answer in all things that they are subject to their lords, but they rebel sometimes—just enough to make the subjugation a matter of interest, and the reconciliation a delicious repetition of old love scenes.

Real wives are much the most easily found of all. They are ninety-nine out of every hundred married women. They are such as your wife, dear sir, though you would not care to tell her so, for you have previously quoted her to herself as one in a thousand. They are short of temper, and have morning quarrels with servants about eggs, or table-linen, or the castor of the arm-chair. They are dictionaries of chit-chat, and press it into your ears while your eyes are trying to obtain consolation from a newspaper. They are continually predicting your ruin if you don't abandon your dearest friend. They wonder aloud at their enduring your being ten minutes late for dinner. If you go out, only for half an hour of an evening—to the club or to see some bachelor friend—they ask you what kept you out the whole evening, and whether you know they wished to talk to you about the kitchen-range. They wonder where you order your coal, and



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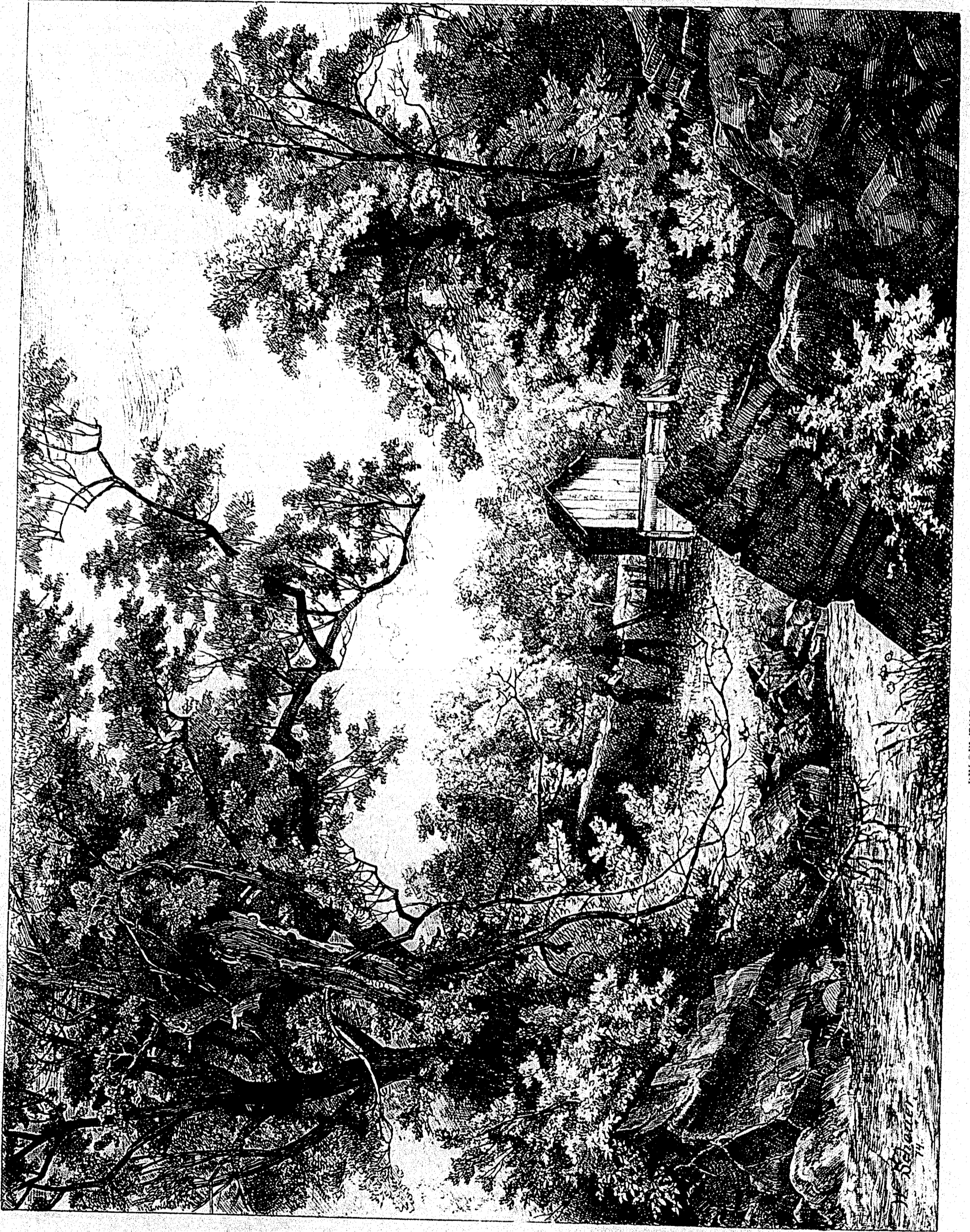
TABLET ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE REV. J. P. DOHERTY, QUEBEC.

if you know you get only half the proper weight. If you fall asleep at the fire, you wake to find them in tears over your neglect; and if you try to read, they revile you for your rudeness and want of consideration. They do not know how money goes, and they wonder you are content to live in so mean a house. If it is summer they hate Bray, and won't go there for a few months, because all their friends are at Harrogate or Brighton, or Bundoran or Tramore. If it is winter you might be able to afford more than three parties in the season, or if not you should go to the south of Europe, where you may have good society without much expense. They get millinery in three different houses, that no one bill may seem excessive; and they never can discover how you are not speechlessly grateful for their economy — *Ireland's Eye*.

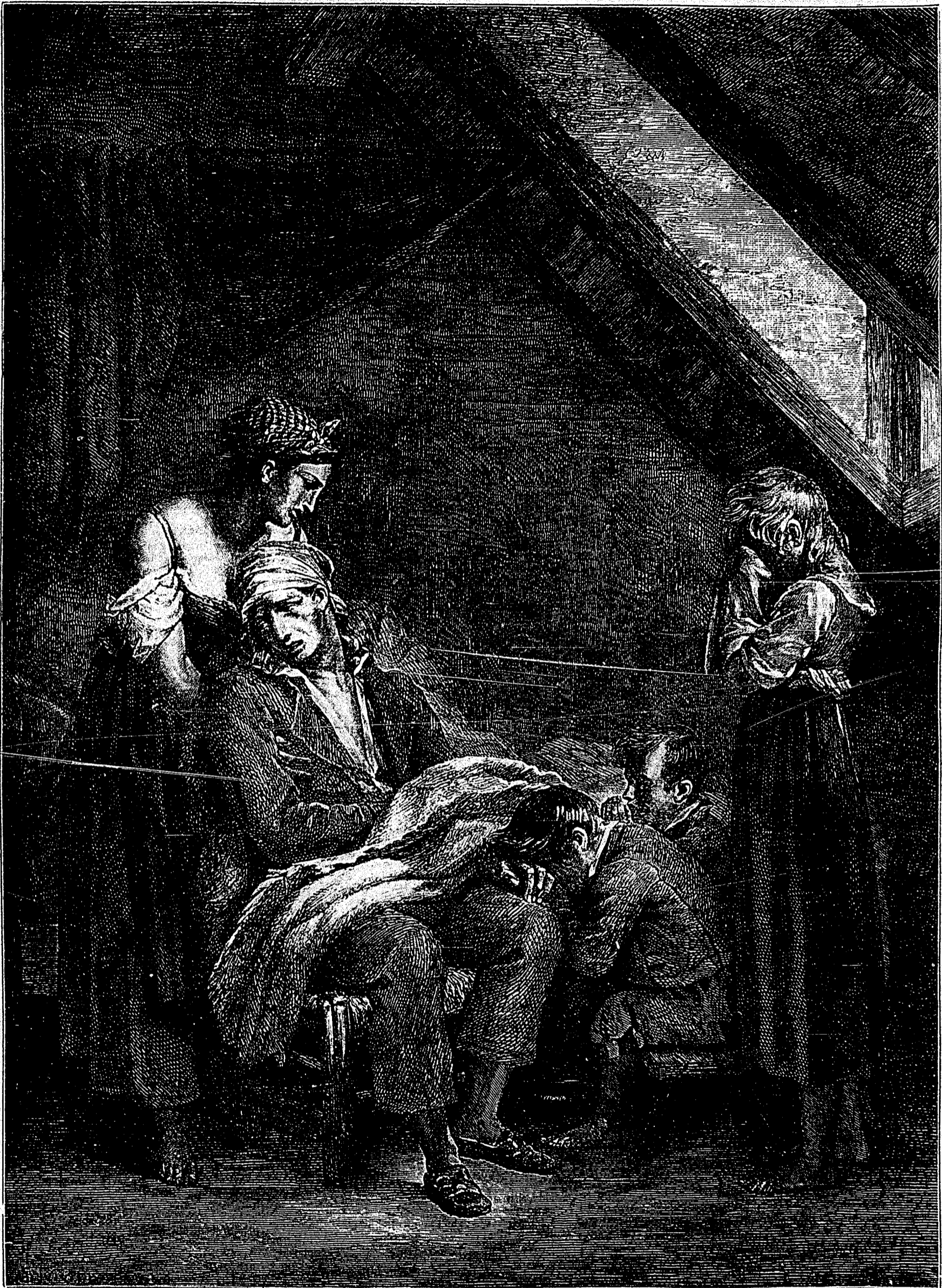
ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

The mechanical dentist must be a genuine workman. When he is about to make bone or ivory teeth he cuts a tusk into pieces, and shapes each piece by an elaborate series of mechanical processes. Sometimes for a customer who has plenty of guineas to spare he will make a whole set, upper or lower, as the case may be, out of one piece. He saws his block of ivory roughly to the size; and then, with infinite patience, files and graves it into shape. He has at hand a model of the patient's gum, and works at that model with exactness. The teeth are not separate pieces; they are cut into apparent rather than real separation, like the teeth of a comb. An artistic workman will take care that the teeth shall present some of that irregularity which our natural grinders always exhibit: a learner falls into the mistake of making them too good. Ivory, however, with all its excellences, becomes discoloured; and hence the chief motive for making teeth of certain mineral or vegetable compositions. There is, in fact, a sort of triangular duel always going on among the ivory dentists, mineral dentists, and vegetable dentists, each class fighting stoutly against both of the others. Whether your dentist really makes the teeth which he inserts in your cranium is a question he does not deem it necessary to answer. In truth, he very rarely does anything of the kind. There are certain dealers, who sell sets of teeth, half-sets, twos or threes, singles or doubles, front or back, top or bottom, finished or unfinished, as well as all the apparatus and tools required for the dentist's art. And some of these dealers are themselves supplied by manufacturers who conduct operations on a considerable scale. There is one firm in the metropolis at the head of the trade who built a really beautiful factory a few years ago, replete with steam-engines, tool-making shops, and all the appliances for a well organized staff of two hundred operatives. How many incisors and canines, premolars and true molars, such an establishment can turn out in a year we will leave Cocker to calculate. Our American cousins, it appears, are not at all behind us in this art; while they are, perhaps, still more ready than ourselves to apply steam power to its development. A recent computation makes the number of artificial teeth fabricated in the United States as high as three millions annually—symbols (according to some folks' notion) of three million attacks of toothache. In one of the largest and most

complete factories where mineral teeth are made, the chief ingredients comprise felspar, silica, and clay; those of subsidiary character are sundry metallic oxides, to produce those tints of discoloration which are necessary to make the imitation a good one. The felspar, silica, and clay are ground to an impalpable powder under water, then dried and made into a paste. The teeth are cast in brass moulds, varied in size and shape to suit the requirements of the mouth. A special kind of paste, to form the enamel, is first put into the mould with a small steel spatula; the platinum rivets by which the teeth are to be fastened are adjusted in position; and then the paste forming the body of the tooth is introduced until the mould is filled up. Next ensue powerful pressure and drying. When removed from the mould the tooth goes through a process called *biscuiting* (analogous to a particular stage in the porcelain manufacture), in which state it can be cut like chalk. It is then sent to the trimmer, who scrapes off all roughnesses and unnecessary projections, and fills up any depressions which may have been left in the operations of moulding. A wash called *enamel* is made by selecting various ingredients more fusible than those of the tooth,



BELOW THE DAM, BELLEIL LAKE, P. Q.—BY W. SCHREIBER.



THE UNHAPPY FAMILY.—By PRUD'HON.

hand. It is you who will be responsible before God. We are alone; face to face in the abyss. Go on—finish—make an end. I am old and you are young; I am without arms and you are armed;—kill me.”

While the old man stood erect, uttering these words in a voice louder than the noise of the sea, the undulations of the waves showed him now in the shadow, now in the light: the sailor had grown lividly white. Great drops of sweat fell from his forehead; he trembled like a leaf; he kissed his rosary again and again. When the old man finished speaking, he threw down his pistol and fell on his knees.

“Mercy, my lord! Pardon me!” he cried; “you speak like the good God. I have done wrong. My brother did wrong. I will try to repair his crime. Dispose of me. Command. I will obey.”

“I give you pardon,” said the old man.

II.—THE PEASANT'S MEMORY IS AS GOOD AS THE CAPTAIN'S SCIENCE.

The provisions which had been put into the boat proved most acceptable. The two fugitives, obliged to make long detours, took thirty-six hours to reach the coast. They passed a night at sea; but the night was fine, though there was too much moon to be favorable to those seeking concealment.

They were obliged first to row away from France, and gain the open sea toward Jersey. They heard the last broadside of the sinking corvette as one hears the final roar of the lion whom the hunters are killing in the wood. Then a silence fell upon the sea.

The *Claymore* died like the *Avenger*, but glory has ignored her. The man who fights against his own country is never a hero.

Halmalo was a marvellous seaman. He performed miracles of dexterity and intelligence; his improvisation of a route amid the reefs, the waves, and the enemy's watch, was a masterpiece. The wind had slackened and the sea grown calmer. Halmalo avoided the Caux des Minquiers, coasted the Chaussée-aux-Bœufs, and in order that they might have a few hours' rest, took shelter in the little creek on the north side, practicable at low water; then, rowing southward again, found means to pass between Granville and the Chaussée Islands without being discovered by the look-out either of Granville or Chausey. He entered the bay of Saint Michel—a bold undertaking, on account of the neighbourhood of Cancale, an anchorage for the cruising squadron.

About an hour before sunset on the evening of the second day, he left Saint Michel's Mount behind him, and proceeded to land on a deserted beach, because the shifting sands made it dangerous. Fortunately the tide was high.

Halmalo drove the boat as far up as he could, tried the sand, found it firm, ran the barque aground and sprang on shore. The old man strode over the side after him and examined the horizon.

“Monseigneur,” said Halmalo, “we are here at the mouth of the Couesnon. There is Beauvoir to starboard, and Huïseas to larboard. The belfry in front of us is Ardecon.”

The old man bent down to the boat and took a biscuit, which he put in his pocket, and said to Halmalo, “Take the rest.”

Halmalo put the remains of the meat and biscuit into the bag and slung it over his shoulders. This done, he said “Monseigneur, must I conduct or follow you?”

“Neither the one nor the other.”

Halmalo regarded the speaker in stupefied wonder.

The old man continued, “Halmalo, we must separate. It will not answer to be two. There must be a thousand or one alone.”

He passed, and drew from one of his pockets a green silk bow, rather like a cockade, with a gold fleur-de-lys embroidered in the centre. He resumed; “Do you know how to read?”

“No.”

“That is fortunate. A man who can read is troublesome. Have you a good memory?”

“Yes.”

“That will do. Listen, Halmalo. You must take to the right and I to the left. I shall go in the direction of Fougères, you toward Bazouges. Keep your bag; it gives you the look of a peasant. Conceal your weapons. Cut yourself a stick in the thickets. Creep among the fields of rye, which are high. Slide behind the hedges. Climb the fences in order to go across the meadows. Leave passers-by at a distance. Avoid the roads and the bridges. Do not enter Pontorson. Ah! you you will have to cross the Couesnon. How will you manage?”

“I shall swim.”

“That's right. And there is a ford—do you know where it is?”

“Between Anoy and Vieux-Viel.”

“That is right. You do really belong to the country.”

“But night is coming on. Where will monseigneur sleep?”

“I can take care of myself. And you—where will you sleep?”

“There are hollow trees. I was a peasant before I was a sailor.”

“Throw away your sailor's hat; it will betray you. You will easily find a woollen cap.”

“Oh, a peasant's thatch is to be found anywhere. The first fisherman will sell me his.”

“Very good. Now listen. You know the woods?”

“All of them.”

“Of the whole district?”

“From the Noirmoutier to Laval.”

“Do you know their names too?”

“I know the woods; I know their names; I know about everything.”

“You will forget nothing?”

“Nothing.”

“Good. At present, attention. How many leagues can you make in a day?”

“Ten, fifteen—twenty, if necessary.”

“It will be. Do not lose a word of what I am about to say. On the edge of the ravine between Saint-Reuil and Médiac, there is a large chestnut-tree. You will stop there. You will see no one.”

“Which will not hinder somebody's being there. I know.”

“You will give the call. Do you know how to give the call?”

Halmalo puffed out his cheeks, turned toward the sea and there sounded the “to-whit, to-hoo” of an owl.

One would have said it came from the night-locked recesses of a forest. It was sinister and owl-like.

“Good,” said the old man. “You have it.”

He held out the bow of green silk to Halmalo.

“This is my badge of commandant. It is important that no one should as yet know my name. But this knot will be sufficient. The fleur-de-lys was embroidered by Madame Royal in the Temple prison.”

Halmalo bent one knee to the ground. He trembled as he took the flower-embroidered knot, and brought it near to his lips, then paused, as if frightened at this kiss.

“Can I?” he demanded.

“Yes; since you kiss the crucifix.”

Halmalo kissed the fleur-de-lys.

“Rise,” said the old man.

Halmalo rose and hid the knot in his breast.

The old man continued; “Listen well to this. This is the order: *Up! Revolt! No quarter!* On the edge of this wood of Saint-Aubin you will give the call. You will repeat it thrice. The third time you will see a man spring out of the ground.”

“Out of a hole under the trees. I know.”

“This man will be Planchenaull, who is also called the King's Heart. You will show him this knot. He will understand. Then, by routes which you must find out, you will go to the wood of Astillé; there you will find a cripple, who is surnamed Mousqueton, and who shows pity to none. You will tell him that I love him, and that he is to set the parishes in motion. From there you will go to the wood of Couesbon, which is a league from Floërmel. You will give the owl-cry; a man will come out of a hole; it will be Thuault, seneschal of Floërmel, who has belonged to what is called the Constituent Assembly, but on the good side. You will tell him to arm the castle of Couesbon, which belongs to the Marquis de Guer, a refugee. Ravines, little woods, ground uneven—a good place. Thuault is a clever, straightforward man. Thence, you will go to Saint-Onen-les-Toits, and you will talk with Jean Houan, who is, in my mind, the real chief. From thence you will go to the wood of Ville-Anglose, where you will see Guiter, whom they call Saint-Martin; you will bid him have his eye on a certain Courmesni, who is the son-in-law of old Goupil de Pléfeld, and who leads the Jacobinery of Argenta. Recollect all this. I write nothing, because nothing should be written. La Rouerie made out a list; it ruined all. Then you will go to the good of Rougefeu, where is Milette, who leaps the ravine on a long pole.”

“It is called a leaping-pole.”

“Do you know how to use it?”

“Am I not a Breton and a peasant? The *ferie* is our friend. She widens our arms and lengthens our legs.”

“That is to say, she makes the enemy smaller and shortens the route. A good machine.”

“Once on a time, with my *ferie*, I held my own against three salt-tax men who had sabres.”

“When was that?”

“Ten years ago.”

“Under the king?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Then you fought in the time of the king?”

“Yes, to be sure.”

“Against whom?”

“My faith, I do not know! I was a salt-smuggler.”

“Very good.”

“They called that fighting against the excise officers. Were they the same thing as the king?”

“Yes. No. But it is not necessary that you should understand.”

“I beg monseigneur's pardon for having asked a question of monseigneur.”

(To be continued.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

JUNE 10.—The Duke of Connaught, Prince Arthur, appeared in the House of Lords last night for the first time, and participated in the deliberations.—The first locomotive and train of passenger cars passed over the St. Louis bridge to-day.—The new prospect for a line of steamers between Montreal and Quebec is receiving general favour here at the hands of the traders, merchants and capitalists. Mr. Deschamps is most active, and has succeeded this week already in raising over \$50,000 in stock here.—The investigation by the Accountants into the affairs of the Erie Road continues, but no report has been made yet. The broad gauge track is to be remodelled to narrow gauge immediately.—Jean Francis Landriot, Archbishop of Amiens, is dead.—Advices from the famine stricken district in India are more favourable. Cases of actual starvation are now rare. The number of people employed at various relief works is decreasing, in consequence of rain prevailing everywhere.

JUNE 11.—The body of a victim of the Mill River disaster has been discovered, Rosa Wilson of Haydeenville. There are but two of the one hundred and forty lost not recovered.—The extensive cotton mills of Mosley and Marr, at Manchester, have been destroyed by fire; the loss is estimated at \$250,000.—The Governments of Germany, Servia and Roumania, have confidentially informed the other European powers that they have concluded an agreement to mutually protect their interests and position against the designs of Turkey.—The differences between the Khedive of Egypt and the Sublime Porte are serious, and intimates that grave complications in the East are probable.—The University of Cambridge has conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws on James Russel Lowell, of Boston.—The Municipal Council of Bordeaux has been suspended for having permitted a public demonstration of hostility to the Government.—The International Sanitary Congress has been postponed until the 7th January, 1875.—General Concha has begun active operations against the Carlists in Navarre.—The American pilgrims to-day paid a visit to Cardinal Borromeo who distributed among them copies of the medal, especially struck off by command of the Pope, in commemoration of the pilgrimage.—The Senate confirmed J. C. Bancroft Davis as Minister to Germany, to succeed Hon. Geo. Bancroft.—In the Commons to-day, Mr. Gladstone asked leave to present a petition to Parliament, signed by 86,000 labourers, asking for county and borough franchise.—Numerous bands in the Basque Provinces have revolted against Don Carlos, demanding peace. Don Carlos has ordered that upon capture they should be shot.

JUNE 12.—The *Monitor* holds England responsible for the escape of Rochefort and his companions, and declares that the British Government cannot refuse to enter upon an enquiry as to whether one of its subjects, in assisting convicts to escape, has not transgressed international law.—Government has suspended the publication of *Le Pays* and *Le Rappel*, Radical-Republican, and *Le Dix-Neuvième Siècle*, Conservative-Republican organs, for a fortnight, because of violent attacks upon its policy.—Zabala, the President of the Spanish Ministry, has authorized the generals commanding the National forces in the north to grant pardons to Carlists who give in their submission to the Government.—Mantillo, whose appointment as Minister to the United States was some time ago announced and afterwards contradicted, has been ordered to proceed to Washington without delay.—The Carlists have shot two officers who mutilated at Durango.—The American pilgrims have presented to the Pope \$100,000 in money, besides a coffer of gold nuggets from American mines.

JUNE 13.—A special despatch from Nelsonville, Ohio, reports everything quiet. The pickets were taken off at the mines yesterday, and twenty-five deputy sheriffs from Athens were sent to preserve order.—Information received here from Prattville, Greene county, announces a great flood there which has carried away houses and destroyed other property. The daughter of I. Searles, named Abby, was drowned.—The rumours which have been circulating through Europe that the Khedive of Egypt was making extensive additions to his military establishment are pronounced unfounded.—The Constitutional Bill, prepared by the Left Centre, will be introduced in the French Assembly to-morrow, and urgency will be demanded for it.—The great international race for the grand prize of Paris was run to-day and won by the English colt Trent, Tomahawk second, and Bienville third. Fourteen ran. The betting at the start was 4 to 1 against Trent, 6 to 1 against Sattarella, and 7 to 1 against Tomahawk and Bienville.

JUNE 15.—The steamship Africa is now making the final splice of the Brazilian Cable near Madura. Capt. Hoipine, commander of the expedition, hopes to have the work completed by the 21st.—The Italian Senate has been prorogued. A Consistory will be held in the Vatican on the 22nd inst., when Monseigneur Cheys and Guibert will be formally installed as Cardinals. The American pilgrims attended mass in the Catacombs to-day. Monseigneur Franchi was the celebrant.—The constitutional bill prepared by the Left Centre was introduced in the French Assembly to-day. A vote of urgency was carried by 345 against 841.—It is reported that 18 Carlist officers have been shot at Talara by order of Don Carlos for mutiny.

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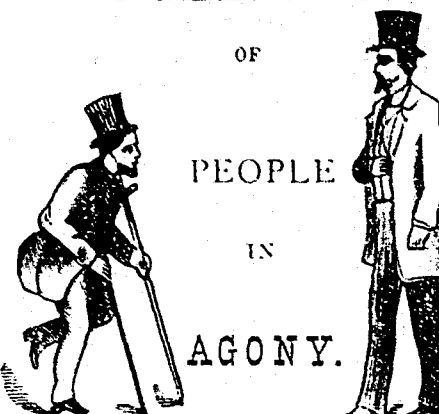
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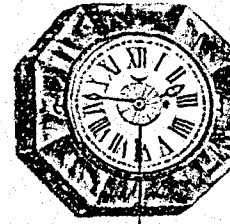
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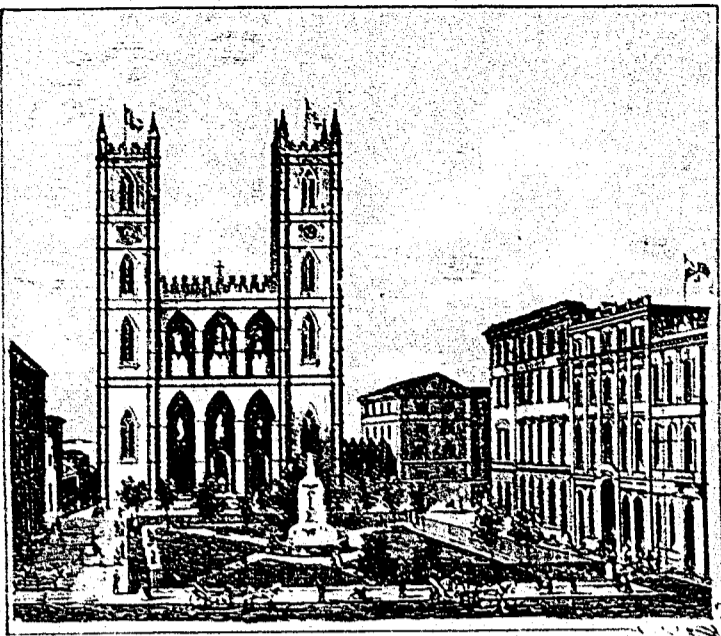
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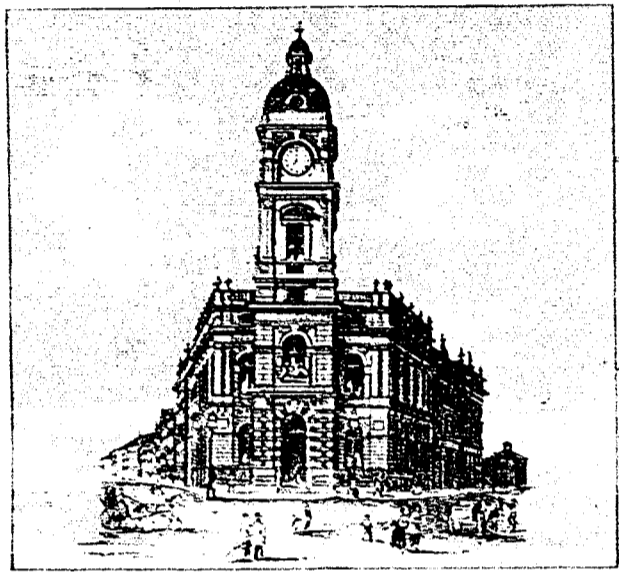
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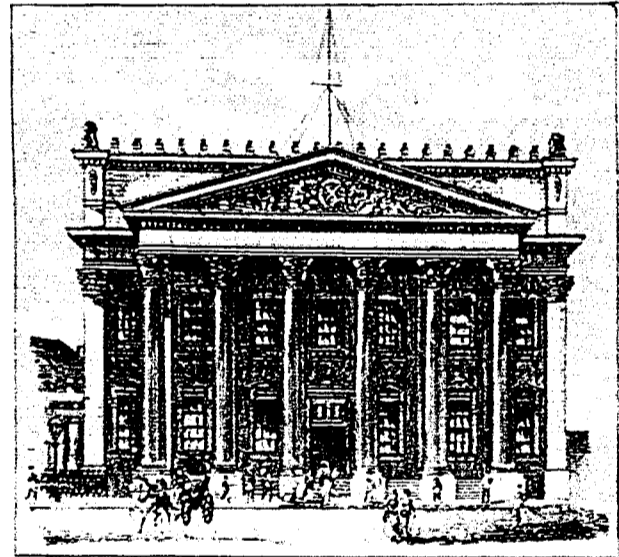
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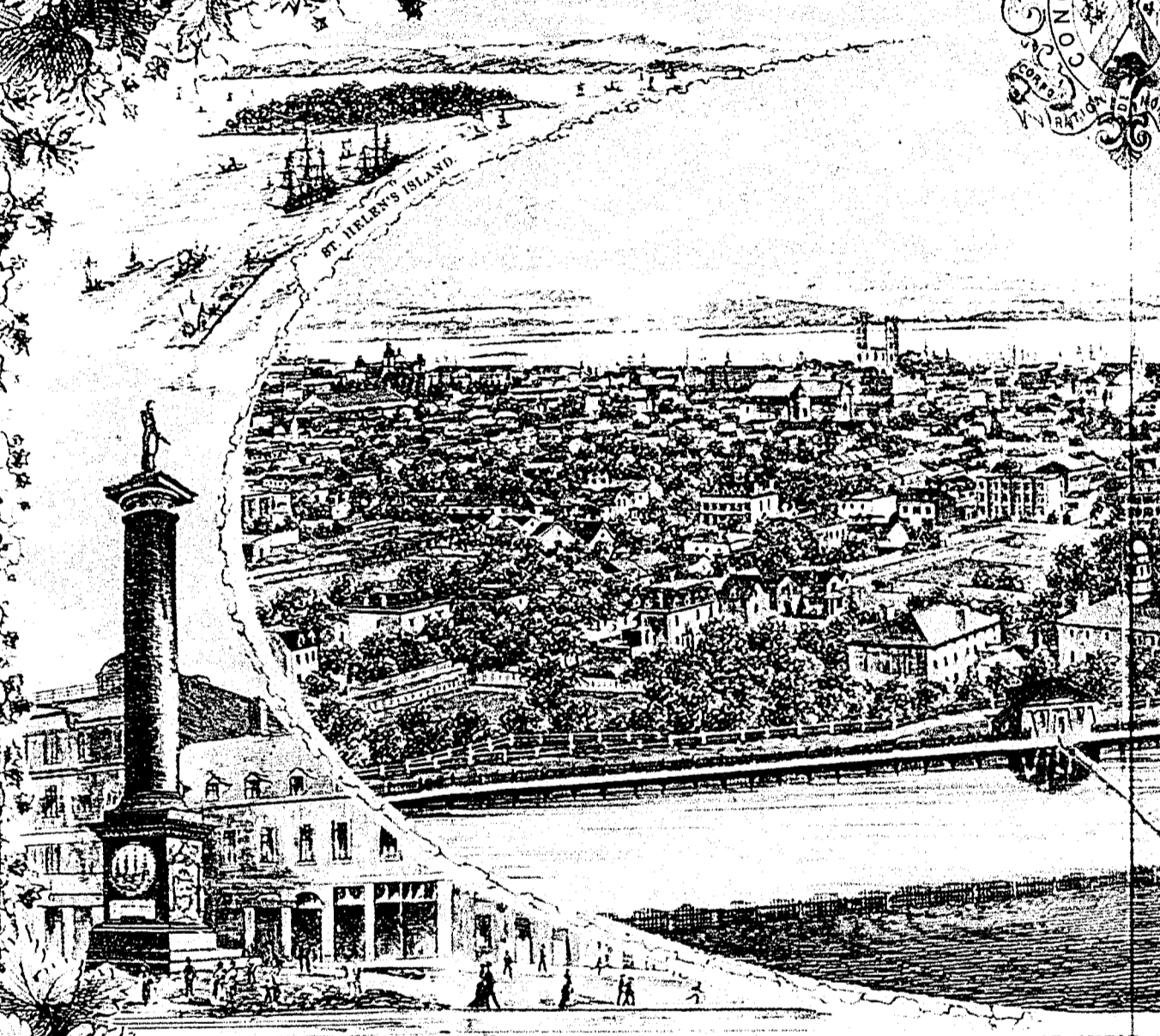
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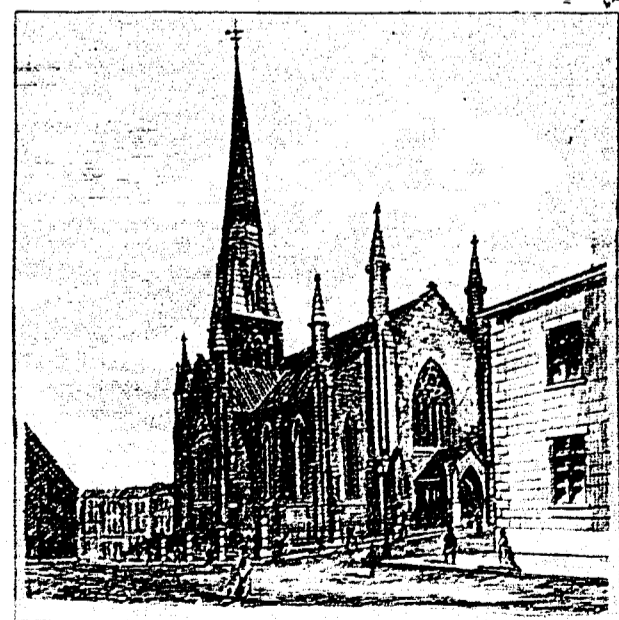


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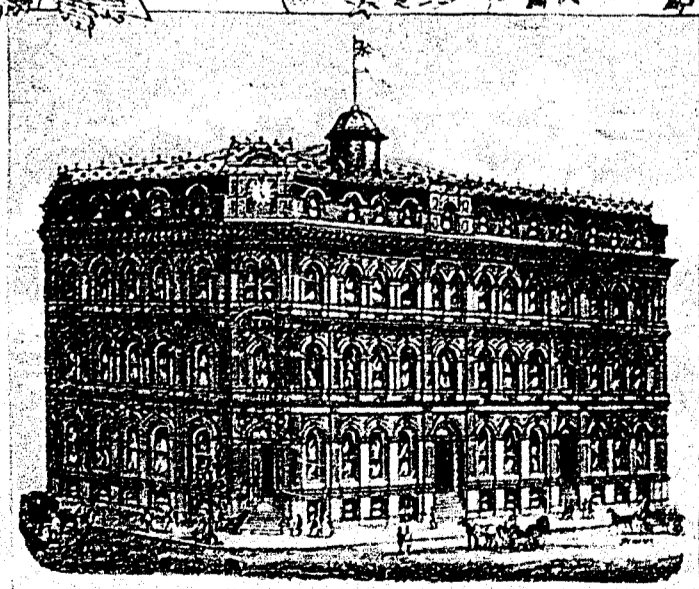
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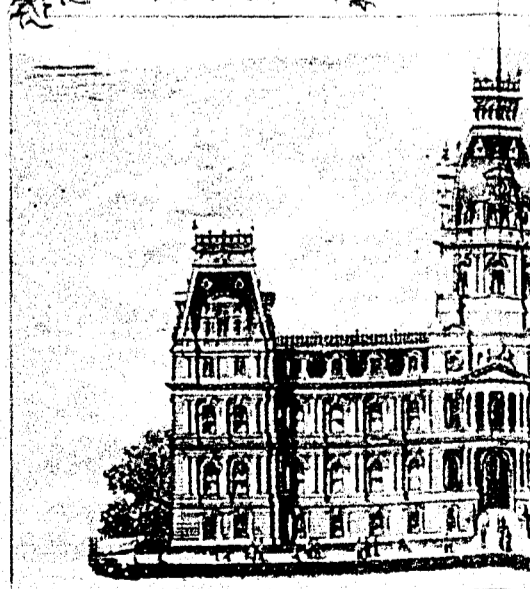


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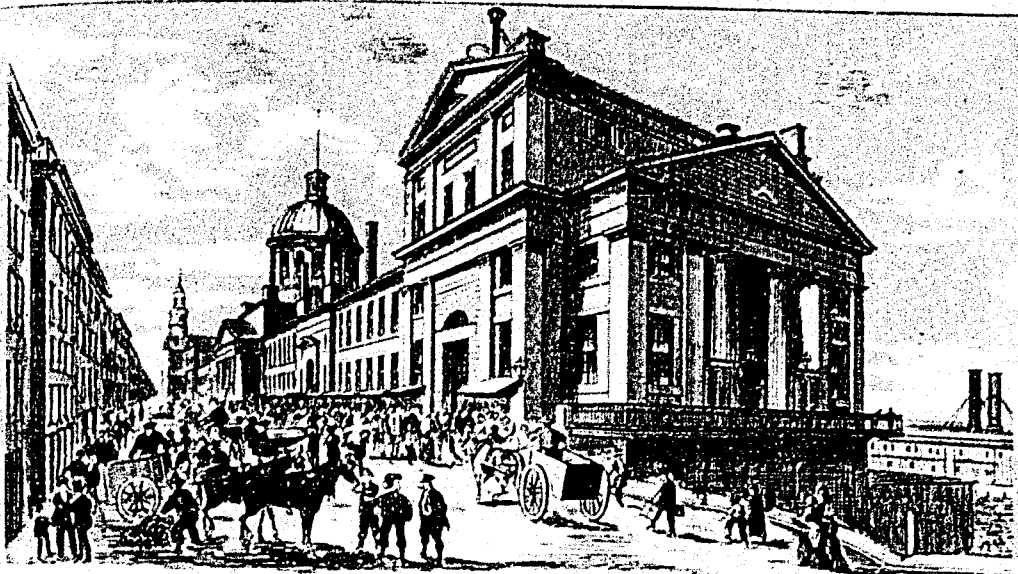


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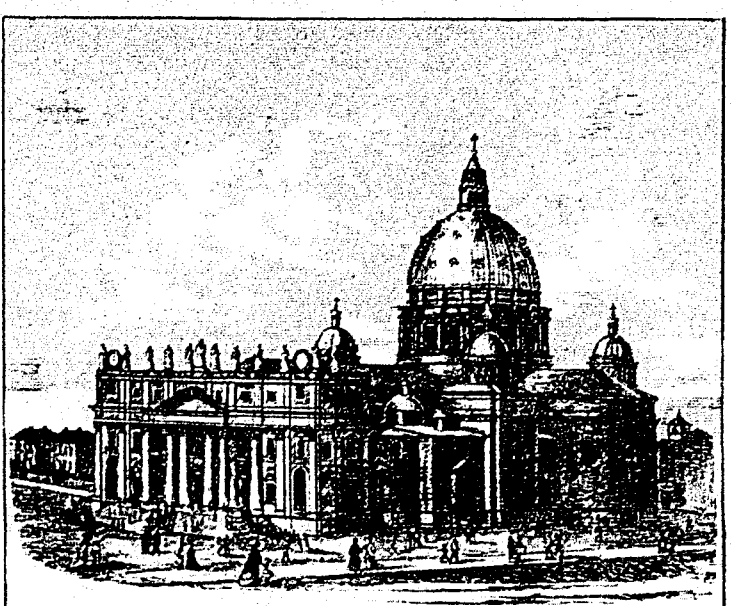


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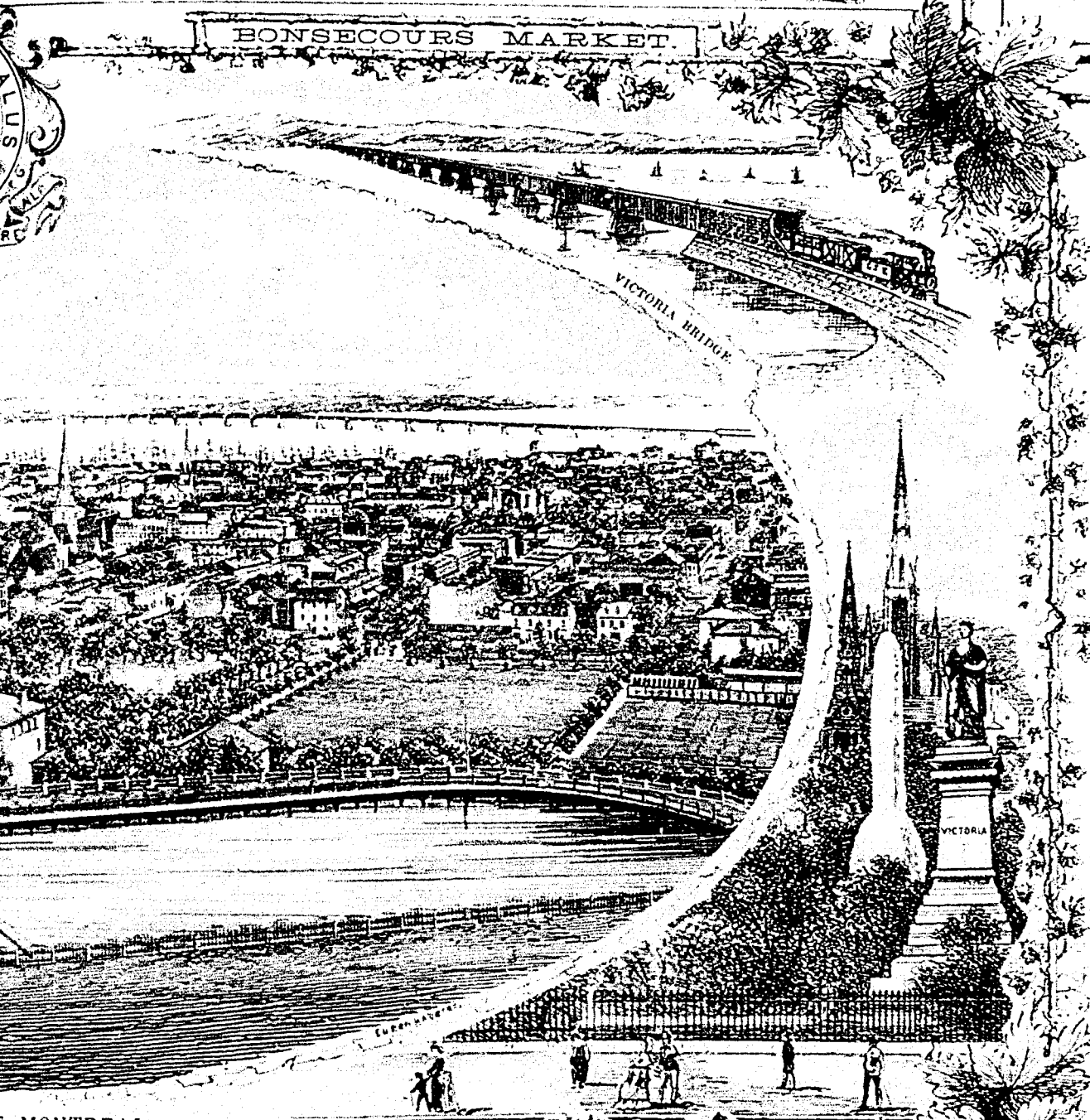




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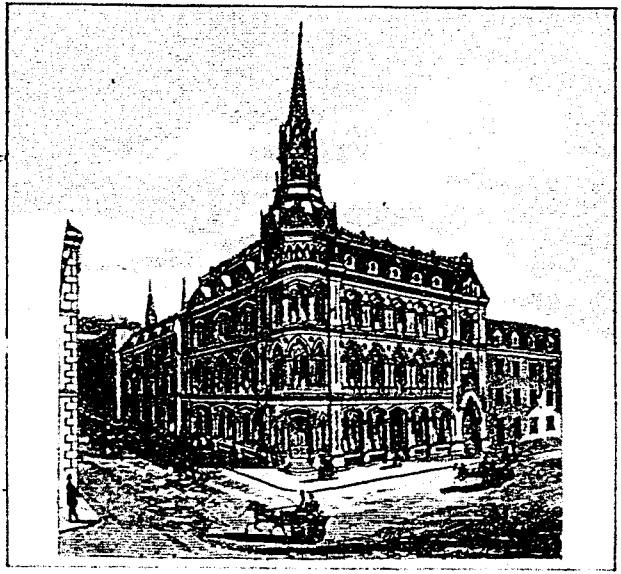


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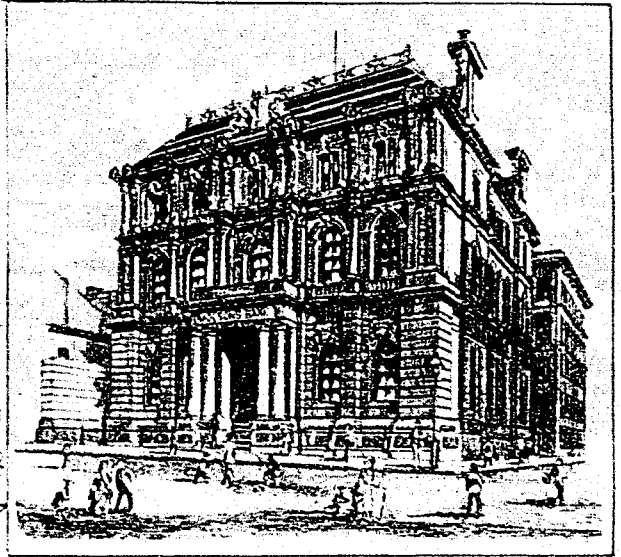


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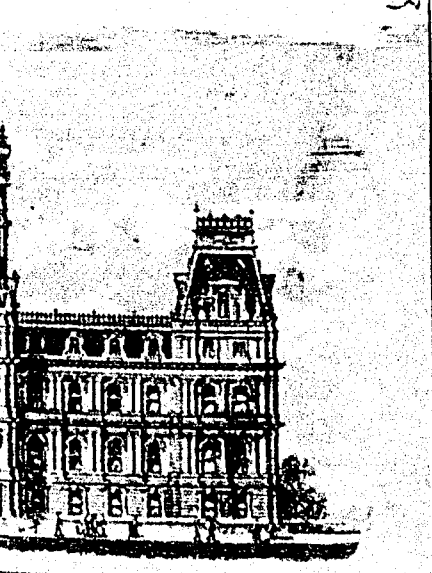
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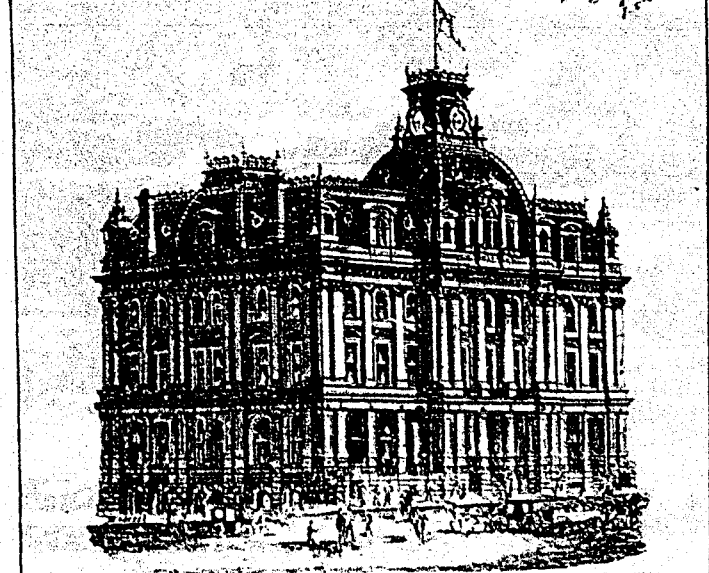
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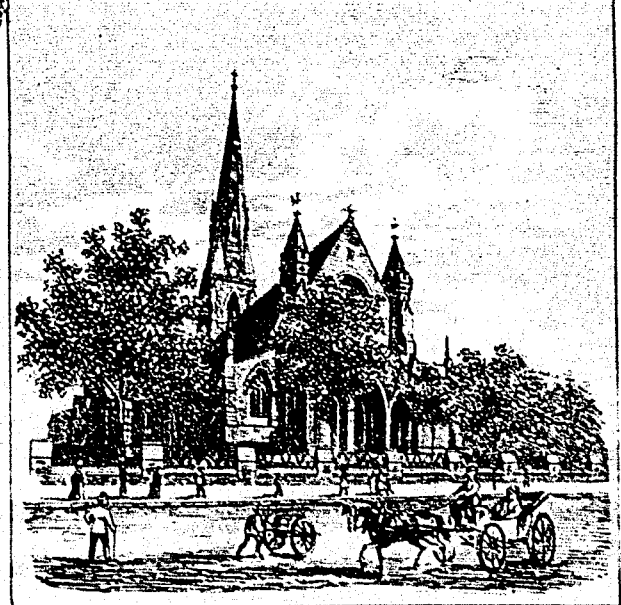
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