

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

Whitbread's News

Vol. VIII.—No. 21.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1873.

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



IMOGEN.—By LOUISA STARR.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1873.

The prevailing topic in all men's mouths during the last two weeks has been the execution of the crew of the "Virginus," and the diplomatic difficulties that are likely to arise therefrom to disturb the always precarious relations between the Governments of the United States and Spain. Cuba, under Spanish rule, has ever been an eyesore to Americans, and has long caused an itching of the American palm. It is not to be wondered therefore, that the large majority of the American press seize with undisguised eagerness upon the "Virginus" horror as a handy pretext for urging the immediate annexation of the island to the Union. In the interests of humanity we believe that the absorption of Cuba by the United States would be about the very best thing that could happen. For years past the Pearl of the Antilles has been acquiring a most unenviable reputation for the lawlessness that is abroad within its limits. The barbarities that disgraced its rulers have called in vain for redress. But the cup of iniquity is full at last and the days of the Spanish rule are as good as numbered. The mere capture of the "Virginus" was in itself a matter of little moment to outsiders; an affair to which the world paid little heed. The vessel was a merchantman, manned by filibusters, and engaged in carrying contraband of war to a belligerent port. But it is the barbarous massacre of the crew, of a band of men of various nationalities, without the formality of a trial, and without orders from head quarters, that cries aloud for vengeance. That the cry would be answered appeared at one time extremely doubtful. The promptitude of the United States Government in avenging the wrongs of its citizens is not what it was once boasted to be. The case of Dr. Howard gave ample proof of this. The shilly-shally of the Washington officials in that matter did much to hurt the prestige of the country, and now we find the Spanish organs in Cuba actually daring the United States to interfere. The Spanish people, says the *Constancia*, have not become degraded to such an extreme as to be frightened by those who might have to pay dear for their insolence in the event of intervention. We are glad to see that the United States will, to all appearance, insist, at the cannon's mouth, upon redress. It is to be hoped, too, that England will not forget her own foreign prestige and will demand a strict account for the lives of her subjects who perished at Santiago de Cuba. The tenure of power at present enjoyed by the Gladstone Government is feeble indeed, and any neglect to avenge such a deliberate insult to Great Britain would be the death-knell to its hopes. The question is one in which great issues are involved to more than one nation. Spain has unquestionably shown herself totally unfit to govern Cuba, and the time has come for her to place the reins of government in stronger hands. Such an action would inevitably result in the fall of Castelar from power, and possibly in the triumph of Don Carlos. Yet the alternative, in the event of refusal, would be bitter and humiliating to Spain. The Republic, with the Intransigentes on one side and the Carlists on the other, has enough to attend to at home, without engaging in a foreign quarrel which must prove disastrous, and possibly fatal to its very existence. Even were Castelar to take the more graceful course; to refuse to recognize the action of the Spanish authorities in Cuba, to apologize for the indignities put upon the American and English flags, and inflict condign punishment upon the perpetrators of the massacre, the injured parties would still be justified in saying: You are not strong enough to direct matters in your West Indian colony, your authority is virtually nil, and we insist upon your handing over the island to a Power that shall be capable of enforcing its laws and putting an end to the scandals which have disgraced you in the eyes of the nations.

There is an amusing phase about the Cunningham-Heney affair, which has been entirely overlooked by the daily press—perhaps for the reason that the press of both sides of politics played no inconsiderable part in the little comedy. On the morrow of the day when the member for Marquette made the statement in the House that he had been approached by alderman Heney who sought to induce him with a bribe to throw his influence on the ministerial side, the Reform papers loudly denounced Sir John Macdonald for his neglect in moving that the offender be brought to the bar of the House, and his delay in causing an investigation to be made. On the other hand the ministerial papers defended, as in duty bound, the Premier's line of conduct. When, however, the parties changed sides and Sir John's followers found themselves in the cold shades of Opposition, the cry was changed. The names being altered the story was the same. The new Opposition cried out against the new Ministry for neglecting to order an investigation, and the new ministerial papers defended the omission. Without for one moment justifying Sir John's neglect we think it is to be regretted that the incoming Ministry did not institute an inquiry. It would only have been what could be expected after the persistent demands of their supporters for immediate investigation, and by so doing they would have wrested one engine of assault from their opponents. As the matter stands it is somewhat complicated. If Mr. Cunningham's statement is correct it would manifestly have been to the interest of the late Minis-

try to hasten enquiry. This they neglected to do. If Alderman Heney's statement is correct, then a supporter of the present government is guilty of deliberately mis-stating facts on the floor of the House, and the Ministry should be only too eager to remove such a stain from their party. Both sides, however, have avoided investigation and the public is at liberty to draw what conclusions it likes.

The present lull in the political atmosphere is singular and significant. People speak of the momentous contest which has just closed with ill-disguised feelings of dubiousness. They look to the future with no bright anticipations. The leading organs of public opinion are reticent. The chief ministerial papers tell us nothing of their plans or their policy. Liberals and Conservatives regard the interval between this and the meeting of the Parliament, as an interregnum, during which nothing definite can be done. The reason for all this doubt and hesitancy is not far to seek and it should be made known. We trace it to the strange action of Mr. Mackenzie, and his cabinet. Of course, he could not appear himself in his seat on the Treasury Benches, to proclaim his Ministry, and give a few words of explanation. But as he was not present when Sir John announced his resignation; nor the next day when Mr. Geoffrion asked for an adjournment; nor the day after, when the Prorogation took place, the Opposition, his own party and, above all, the Country had a right to expect a few words from some one authorized to speak in his name. The vicarious intervention of Mr. Holton and the bad temper which that gentleman displayed at the very last moment, created a disagreeable impression. The strength of parties is so nearly balanced, that it would have been unwise for Mr. Mackenzie to make or caused to be made in his name, a formal declaration of policy; but there were many ways in which he might have intimated to the Country, the course he intends to pursue. Having failed to do so, and his organs still failing to do so, the consequence is that the public mind is a blank and that the present aspect of things is by no means cheering.

The early winter which has surprised us this year bears forcibly to mind the truth of the disagreeable fact that the severity of our climate, especially in the Province of Quebec, is a serious drawback to the material prosperity of the country. If the rigor of our winters decreased, in the course of time, as it has done in the West, consequent on the clearing of the forests, the drainage of marsh lands and the settlement of wide wastes of territory, there would be some chance of bettering our condition. But unfortunately, from some meteorological peculiarities still unknown to us, the climate of Lower Canada has not varied one degree from that of the days of Champlain. Having this great fact, therefore, staring us in the face, we should learn to adapt ourselves to the circumstances which it creates. There never was a greater mistake than to make this Province an agricultural country. What can the field produce when it is ploughed only at the end of April, and is frost-bound in the beginning of November? How can cereals grow in a land where there is no Spring, but a sudden leap from Winter to Summer, and where the Summer itself is generally a series of blighting droughts? The Province of Quebec was meant by nature to be a manufacturing district. Its water-power, unrivalled in the world, points to that destination. In Summer, the mere fall of the water, by simple contrivances, can be made to propel machinery, while in Winter, steam can be used to the greatest advantage. Instead of sitting idle for five months in the year, around the fireside, our farmers and our farmers' sons should be employed in the mill, the foundry, the workshop and the factory. Much has been done towards meeting the true wants of this Province, but much more remains to be accomplished. For the furtherance of the change in this respect, we look to foreign immigration. The more skilled workmen are attracted to Canada, and to the Province of Quebec, the better. Several French gentlemen, of means and experience, have attempted the opening of manufactures in our midst, and though their efforts have so far not been very successful, not even among their French Canadian compatriots, we trust that their good example will still bear fruit. The French speaking population of the Province, which comprises the vast majority of the inhabitants, is precisely the one which has to move in the premises.

In looking over our large list of exchanges, it strikes us that sufficient notice has not been taken of a new work of reform which is being vigorously prosecuted in Montreal. We refer to the official inspection of meat and fish. The amount of putrid and tainted matter which is confiscated every week for having been offered, on the public markets, is something appalling. The serious resistance made by dealers to the Inspectors is additional proof of the magnitude of the evil which is being combated. Now, there seems to be no reason to doubt that the same infamous impositions on the public are practised in such cities as Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa, Quebec, St. John and Halifax. Inspection with them must be as necessary as with the inhabitants of this city, and hence it is that we call their attention to the important crusade against swindling which has been inaugurated here. It is a question of hygiene which interests all classes, especially the poor who are less able to defend themselves against the exactions of unscrupulous dealers. In summer, when the lighter meats are more in use,

it is well known that a bit of tainted mutton—and mutton will not keep beyond a day, except on ice—is simply poisonous. In winter, when pork is in general demand, the insidious presence of trichina should be the object of particular search. In Montreal, sausage is largely made from refuse meat, and the same may be the case elsewhere. This is clearly a question for municipal legislation, and, in large cities, the Inspectors should be supported by the whole authority of the Board of Health.

Are the beings in the Spirit World able to cast off their nationality, their education, and their individuality, when they shuffle off this mortal coil. It would seem so. At all events, the language employed by the spirit of Dickens in dictating the continuation of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" to the Brattleboro' medium would warrant us in the belief. In the supplement to the novel, the novelist is made to speak of events "transpiring," of the "walking-beam" of an English steamer, of the "balance" of a man's life, and of credulous persons who "endorse" what other people have "stated." Dickens was not always a perfect grammarian, but he was at least an educated man, and could speak English. After his death he appears to have embraced the characteristic idiom of the uneducated New Englander. The metempsychosis is not a pleasant one.

A bright proposition for the prevention of railway accidents has been made by an English genius. This individual suggests that every engine should be fitted with an apparatus for instantly disconnecting it from the train it draws. In the case of obstruction ahead the driver would instantly detach the engine, and with his faithful stoker, charge on the obstruction, either to victory or to death. A very pretty theory indeed. If it were carried out to the letter, the heroism of Curtius would be utterly eclipsed, though perhaps more availing. In the first place, what have the engine drivers to say to it. And even if devoted men enough were found to risk their life in this manner, what about the impetus sustained by the cars, which would almost inevitably follow their leader to their fate.

The truth of the maxim that circumstances alter cases was never more clearly proven than in the case of M. Assi, *quondam* Communist, and now occupant of the responsible post of director of mines in New Caledonia. The miners, under the leadership of Paschal Grousset, ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Commune, recently struck; but the director, forgetful of the prominent part he had formerly taken in the organization of strikes at Creuzot, was equal to the occasion, put down the strike with an iron hand, and administered a sound thrashing to his former colleague, the ex-Minister. The oft-quoted saying, *calum non animus, mutant qui trans mare currunt*, hardly holds good in this case.

Canadian journalism appears, unfortunately, to be falling into disrepute both at home and abroad. Lord Dufferin's statement that the newspaper reports of what goes on in Parliament are utterly untrustworthy has been capped by a remark from the New York *Albion*: "Now that Sir John has retired from office," says that journal, "his past acts will be freely criticized, even by the most truckling portion of the Canadian press, than which there is, perhaps, not a more unworthy and crouching one to be found in the world." That is a hard hit, but the real sting lies in the truth it carries with it.

The immigration of Americans into Canada looks odd enough, but it is nevertheless a fact. From January to October of the present year, six thousand five hundred Americans settled in the Dominion, and the value of effects entered by them amounted to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Within the past five weeks over fifteen hundred Canadians have returned from the United States to their old homes.

The new law that has recently come into force in the United States with regard to the transportation of animals is deserving of the attention of members of the S. P. C. A. It imposes a fine of not less than \$100, nor more than \$500, for confining animals in cars, boats, or vessels, longer than twenty-eight consecutive hours without having been unloaded for at least five consecutive hours for rest, water and feed.

Mr. Arch appears to have been discriminating between the United States and Canada, and very much in favour of the latter. He demands from Uncle Sam twenty dollars a head, paid in advance, for the labourers he is bringing over; and not unnaturally Uncle Sam does not see it. What is the meaning of this? Is Canada the true Land of Promise after all?

It is said that the Government have declared themselves to two clergymen from Prince Edward Island as in favour of denominational schools in that Province. We doubt the accuracy of this information. If true, however, it is safe to foretell that such a policy will break the Government all to pieces.

The late elections in the United States have resulted in the return of candidates antagonistic to the Republican party and the present administration. In the West, more especially, the change in public feeling amounts almost to a revolution, and politicians do not know how to account for it.

OYSTERS AND INSANITY.

This is a startling title. Prof. Siegfritz, of Gorlitz, Germany, holds that both are allied. He says, among other things:

The American oyster, which has not been tamed like ours by centuries of cultivation, is still more violent in its effects. In New York, pursuing my studies about the wharves and the markets, I had frequent occasions to note the violent accession of frenzy which ensued upon the consumption of bivalves. Sailors, labourers, mechanics, grown men and mere lads, after indulging their appetites for bivalves and whiskey, would be almost sure to quarrel and fight. Then the pistol and the knife were suddenly called into requisition, and a murder almost inevitably ensued; sometimes of Saturday nights there would be three or four most brutal homicides in rapid succession. I blush to say that even the emigrants from our pacific

fatherland, when they have acquired this unhappy appetite for bivalves, are no longer to be relied on for a faithful observance of the laws and the peace of society, but frequently become infuriated and frenetic to the last degree. So thoroughly well understood are the morbid influences of this poisonous article of food in the metropolis of the United States, that moral insanity has not only come to be recognised in courts as a valid and sufficient plea in bar in all cases of homicide and ravishments and brutal assaults, and in some classes of robberies also (such as defalcations, thefts of bonds, bank robberies, and the like), but the victim of the disease, in spite of all the atrocities he commits in his frenzy, receives the greatest amount of sympathy and commiseration from large classes of the community. One may well conceive the humanity which gives rise to this sort of feeling; but is it legitimate to suppose that an abnormal state of society ensues in consequence, and that the effects are not conducive to what we are used to consider good government?

While I was in America I saw the excitements caused by immediate indulgence in shell-fish violently illustrated. They have there a sort of political assemblage called a clam bake, where speeches and music and songs are interspersed with profuse feasts upon a species of oyster called the clam. Vast crowds attend these celebrations, and no sooner are they gorged with the insidious comestible than they become full of excitement and furores; swear themselves away in fealty to the most worthless of demagogues; sing, fight, dance, gouge one another's eyes out, and conduct themselves like madmen in a conflagration. Now, it was a precisely similar madness that infected the Roman world and made so many tyrants, brutes, and suicides there. And it was from a similar cause. Far, from the time of Cæsar, the Roman passion for oysters was a passion simply without bounds. They became connoisseurs in shell-fish, ransacked every sea for them, from the Syrian syrtis to Britain, planted them everywhere, and ate them without moderation. Hence, Apicius slew himself under Trajan. He had the art of preserving oysters, but could not preserve himself. The last fatal delirium of Lucullus, in which he passed away after many banquets, can only be explained upon the ground of moral insanity from ostreophagy.

That which made suicides made tyrants likewise. Tiberius went to Caprea for oysters as well as to indulge his sombre hatred of man. Nero, Caligula, and that great brute Vitellius were all pre-eminent ostreophagists. The latter, after eating a monstrous pie of peacock's brains garnished with oysters, would slaughter a thousand Romans, take a vomit, and turn to eating again. His morbid appetites for oysters and for blood were equally pronounced and equally remarkable. But instances are too numerous to mention here, especially as I have collated them very carefully in the appendices. I will simply refer to the case of Philoxenus the Solonist, a man who was perverted into a demagogue and a tyrant by the fact of his having in early life caught oysters for a livelihood. It is related by Phœnias the Erosian. He was first an humble and contented fisherman this Philoxenus, but was induced first to take oysters, then to taste them, and so turned from his honest pursuits to demagoguery and tyranny, and was finally fatally murdered. *Sic semper ostreogastriani!*

The ancients, though they had many mistaken ideas in regard to oysters—as, for instance, in supposing them to promote the peristaltic and glandular activities in a regular and wholesome way—yet seem to have dimly understood that they were dangerous as food, and especially that they provoked the temper and brought out into sharper relief the ruggedities of the natural disposition. Some sorts of shell-fish are styled by Epicharmus “the banishers of men,” because, I suppose, they tend to make people unsociable. The sea-limpet is credited with relaxing the mind by Alcæus. The cockle is by all the Greek poets noted as rough and gaping, like fishwives. “Offspring of a rough dam” is the epithet Aristophanes applies to the oyster, and Menæchmus, a practical writer, long ago attacked the bivalves on account of the unwholesome salts they contained. This must refer to phosphorus. It cannot mean sea salt, since the Greeks were so persuaded of the salubrity of that that they invariably diluted even their finest wines with it.

At Colchester, in the English Essex, and at Pongateague, Choptauk, Maggoty, Annassex, Accomac, and other places on the Chesapeake Bay, where I went to observe the process of planting oysters and the kinds of beds in which they thrive best, I noticed an apparent exception to the circumstances above noted, which puzzled me a great while. The people of these places live surrounded by oysters, and make them their principal diet, yet are the most pacific and mild-mannered folks. Their temperament is lymphatic, and they themselves are a cold, watery, flabby tribe, with sallow, soft flesh, pale bluish eyes, straight yellow dead hair, and speaking a dialect very different from and nearly unintelligible to the people around them.

At Philadelphia, however, mentioning the anomaly to some savans, it was quickly explained to me that the reason for the exemption of these people was the fact that they invariably ate their bivalves fresh from the water. Philadelphia, which is renowned for its medical schools, has the reputation of producing more medical experts than any other part of the globe. The business is pursued professionally in this city of furnishing professors who appear as witnesses in criminal trials and give suitable illustrations of infinitesimal or metaphysical distinctions such as are not apparent to the vulgar understanding. Hence, I have great pleasure in accepting the explanation which one of these ingenious gentlemen furnished me of the difference between oysters fresh and oysters in the state in which they usually come to the market. The oyster is a gross feeder, omnivorous and voracious. Deprived of water, he begins to assimilate air. But this induces quite a new activity in the phosphorus he secretes. A process of slow combustion begins in it, and this increases with each day the oyster is kept.

NEW BOOKS.

LANGUAGE LESSONS. An Introductory Grammar and Composition for Intermediate and Grammar Grades. By William Swinton, A. M. 18mo. Linen. pp. 168. Price 50 cents. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

We have already had occasion to draw attention to one of the series of Professor Swinton's grammatical works. “Language Lessons” is the second of the series in which the “Progressive English Grammar” occupies the third place. It is an easy introductory work, in which the object aimed at is to familiarize children with the English Grammar while familiarizing them with the language. Every rule given is amply illustrated by plain exemplifications, though rules and definitions occupy a secondary place in the system to practice and habit. We believe the mode introduced by Professor Swinton to be far preferable to the old fashioned method still in vogue in many schools, and with this recommendation we bring it under the notice of teachers and school trustees.

FIVE YEARS IN AN ENGLISH UNIVERSITY. By Charles Astor Bristed, late Foundation Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. Third Edition. New-York; G. P. Putnam's Sons. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Cloth. pp. 572.

It may perhaps be objected by some persons that the subject of Mr. Bristed's book is one which has been thoroughly overdone, and been thrust upon the public *ad nauseam*. This is certainly very true. University life has been dragged so frequently into novels of all classes and kinds that it is no wonder that the reading public is, as a rule, heartily tired of it—the more so as for their delineations of life at the great English centres of education, the authors of the books in question more frequently drew upon their imagination than not, producing a result which is better capable of being imagined than adequately described. We must, however, claim an exception in the case of Mr. Bristed, who in the work before us describes merely his own experiences at Cambridge, which he supplements with some very valuable observations, contrasting the good and bad points of the English and American University systems. As an outsider he was, of course, more than usually on the look-out for fresh traits and new customs, while from the fact that he already at the time of his arrival at Cambridge owed allegiance to an American Alma Mater, we may fairly acquit him of any desire to laud the educational institutions of Great Britain at the expense of those of the United States. On the other hand we have the best of evidence that he was by no means prejudiced in favour of his own country. On his return he commenced publishing a set of sketches which formed the groundwork of the present volume. Two different magazines at different times began to publish these papers, “but were very soon afraid to go on, because I did not pretend to conceal our inferiority to the English in certain branches of liberal education.” This was over twenty-five years ago. Later on, in 1851, the author published the result of his observations in book-form, and now after a lapse of nearly a quarter of a century his work has once more been placed before the public in a third edition, revised and corrected up to the present date. The greater part of the book is taken up with the author's relation of his experience during his five years' stay at Cambridge. On this portion we need dwell but briefly, for the story has been so frequently told that it will scarcely bear repeating. We are bound, however, to admit that the writer has in this matter an advantage over the majority of those who have treated the subject, inasmuch as writing for those who had but little acquaintance with the manners and customs of English Universities, he was compelled not only to give his relations at some length, but also to supplement them with continual explanations. In this he has been extremely successful. His account is lucid throughout without once declining into the wearisome, and he has endued the whole with an interest which cannot fail to attract. In the twenty-five chapters which contain his narration of University life he gives a thorough description of everything worthy of note. The daily routine, the various examinations and triposes, the text-books and subjects for reading, out-door sports and amusements, Commencement, Commemoration, private tuition, the credit system, clubs, reading parties, all are described and explained—and, where necessary, illustrated—in a manner which for clearness and thoroughness we have never seen surpassed. And all this, it must be borne in mind, is not the result of a system of evolution from the inner consciousness—now too frequently practised—nor is it a compilation. Throughout it is merely a description of what the author saw and actually passed through. But it is not this portion of the book that will possess the greatest attraction for the thinking reader. The last couple of hundred pages the writer devoted to a very masterly comparison of the advantages offered by the English and American University systems. Our space will not allow of our following him at length, so we content ourselves with giving a brief résumé of his deductions. In the first place he is loud in his praises of the English system, which turns out thorough, accurate scholars, who never forget their learning in after-life, though it is to be admitted that such men, owing to their very accuracy of habit, are too exclusively consumers, and not sufficiently producers of learning. Owing to the same cause, and their habit of weighing things carefully and exactly, English University men are less fitted to be writers than speakers. The physical results of the English system he contrasts most favourably with the ill effects of the American, as witnessed in the large mortality returns among students in the States. While he renders a high tribute to the gentlemanly behaviour of the Cambridge undergraduates, he is compelled—well, to say as little as possible about their morality. There is an admirable chapter on the Oxford movement of 1842, with a somewhat curious statement to the effect that Puseyism has diminished in power. The book closes with a chapter on proposed reforms in American colleges, and is completed by an appendix containing specimens of Classical and Senate-House examination papers. We may congratulate Mr. Bristed on his having perfected his work *ad unguem*, and on the success with which it has met, as exemplified in the demand for a new edition which has recently been published in England.

NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE.

There is worse fun in the world than can be got out of the sanitary magazines. These lively periodicals are so charmingly innocent, so intensely goody-goody, that they make very much better reading than many so-called comic papers. How Molière would have roared if it had been his lot to read them. How he would have scathed the editors and their prosy talk about nicotine, alcohol, pure air in bedrooms, sewage, *et hoc genus omne*. How he would have shown up, perhaps in a supplementary *Malade Imaginaire*, “*La Santé, Journal Hygiénique et Salubre*,” in which a second Argan put his whole trust for health and immunity from the ills that flesh is heir to. Do not imagine that this is a puff for “*La Santé*,” Journal &c.—like that infamous but very amusing paper George Augustus Sala had in *Belgravia* the other day. Outside of my own imagination, I am not aware of the existence of such a periodical. By the way, who are the Argans who take their rule of life from these sanitary magazines? Young men and misses, I presume, nearly all. I cannot imagine a hale, hearty old gentleman wasting his time in endeavouring to reform his habits and way of living upon the dicta of a pack of sages who differ on the very subjects on which they are striving to build their reputations. Yes, it must be the young men and misses who are prematurely afflicted with asthma, who wear respirators and huge comforters of a bright frosty day, who are particularly nervous about draughts, and hold in holy horror King James's “devil's own weed.” What a pass must these unhappy mortals be reduced to when their authorities, their guides, comforters, and friends, the sanitary journals, differ. For differ they do, as I have already hinted. Talk about doctors' differing! It is great fun, I admit, (for all but the patient) to hear a lot of medicos belabouring each other with hard terms out of the Pathological Dictionary. But it is better fun even than that, and less dangerous fun withal, to get a couple of our journals of health squabbling over a point of hygiene. I beg their pardon, squabbling is too harsh a word. These paragons are too virtuous, too high-minded in their disputes, to admit of squabbling. Each insists, with the peculiar gravity, the *mens conacia recti* that are characteristic of the class, upon the correctness of its theory, and the fatal effects of their opponents' system. A battle-royal in this polished style is just going on between two recognized authorities in the hygienic world on the question of leaving bed-room windows open at night. But this subtle disquisition has no charms for us. We leave it to “*La Santé*,” to discuss in its usual virtuous and happy manner. Bah! because it is virtuous shall there be no more cakes and ale—no more beer and tobacco. *Allons, m'jeu-ra canamus.*

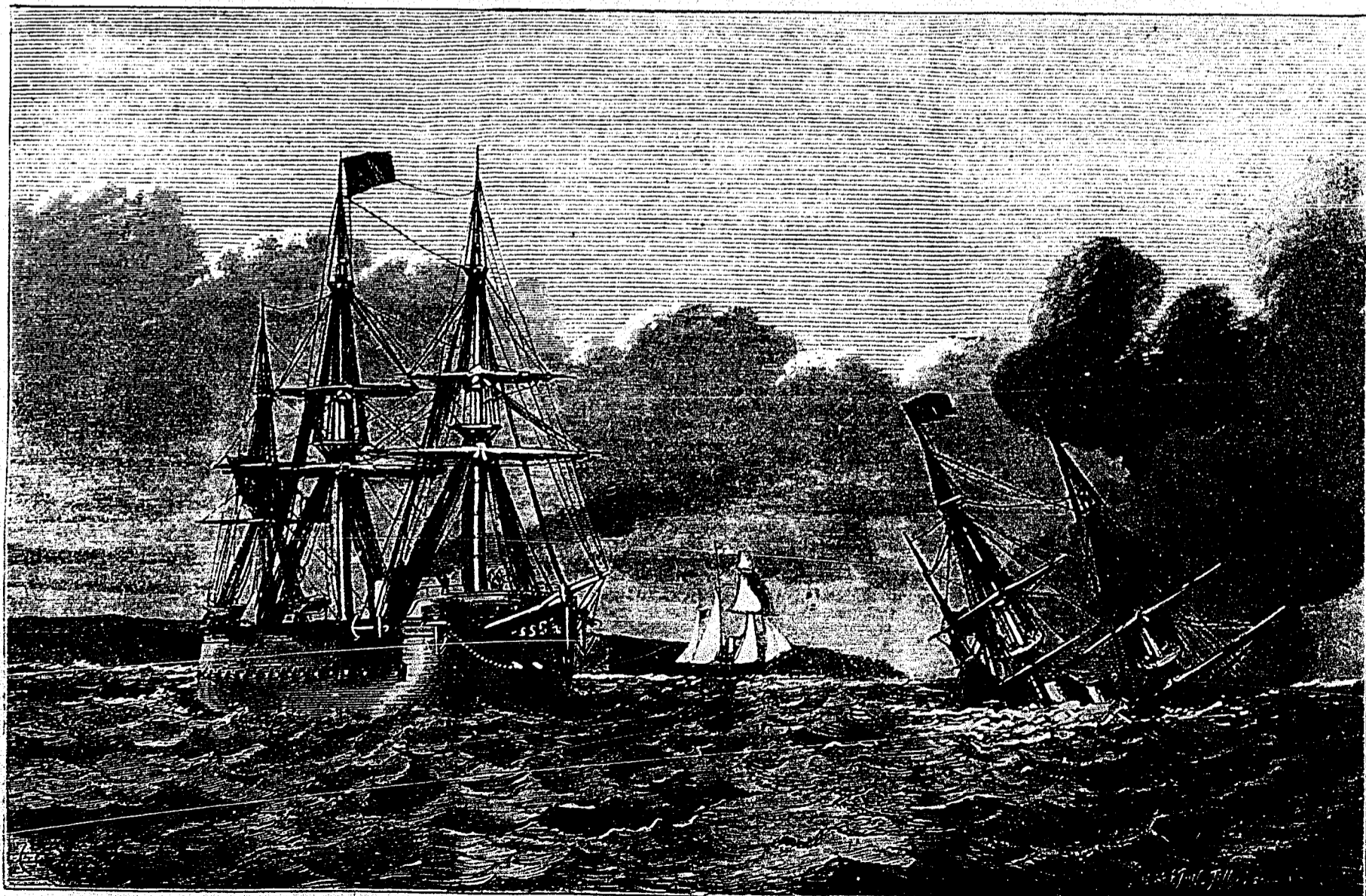
These plaguey hygienists are assailing us in another and a tender point. Oysters! Professor Anton Siegfritz, of Gorlitz, has come out with the following astounding statement: “In the case of all those who do more bodily than mental labour, and in proportion as the physical exceeds the mental exercise, I have observed a distinct and positive tendency in the oyster, when eaten, to produce emotional insanity, or that sudden, transitory, unheralded, yet terrible phrenesis which so fatally disturbs the peace of society.” Shade of Dando, Professor, what next? You tell us that beer is injurious, that spirits are fatal, that tea cannot be drunk with impunity, that coffee is even worse in its effects, and that water as a rule is sufficiently impure to cause disease. And now it is the oyster's turn, the “succulent bivalve” that the rural reporter delighted in. “A distinct and positive tendency to cause emotional insanity!” *Donnerwetter!* Professor, be careful in your statements. Are you aware, sir, that if the murder list in New York is swelled within the next few years you, and you alone, are to blame. When emotional insanity can be superinduced at the price of a dozen of East Rivers, we may look out for murders galore and pardoned murderers by the bushel. Aristophanes calls the oyster the “offspring of a rough dam.” Hm! I might alter the phrase if I liked, but on second thoughts perhaps better not.

This sectarian school question has, like most things in this “wale,” its humorous points, which serve to lighten the somewhat dreary monotony of the dispute. They have just been at it at St. Louis, and, as not unfrequently happens, the separatists got the worst of it. A certain Father Phelan has been publicly expressing his opinion that the pupils in the public schools graduate to become horse-thieves and blasphemous scoundrels generally. This is pretty strong language, especially from a minister of the Gospel, but as Father Phelan himself was in part educated at a St. Louis public school, as one of the St. Louis papers very gleefully points out, we presume he knows what he is talking about. If I had a son, and wished, as I naturally should wish, to bring him up a gentleman, I think, after the specimen of St. Louis educational manufacture exhibited in the Rev. Mr. Phelan, I should be particularly careful to avoid the Mound City.

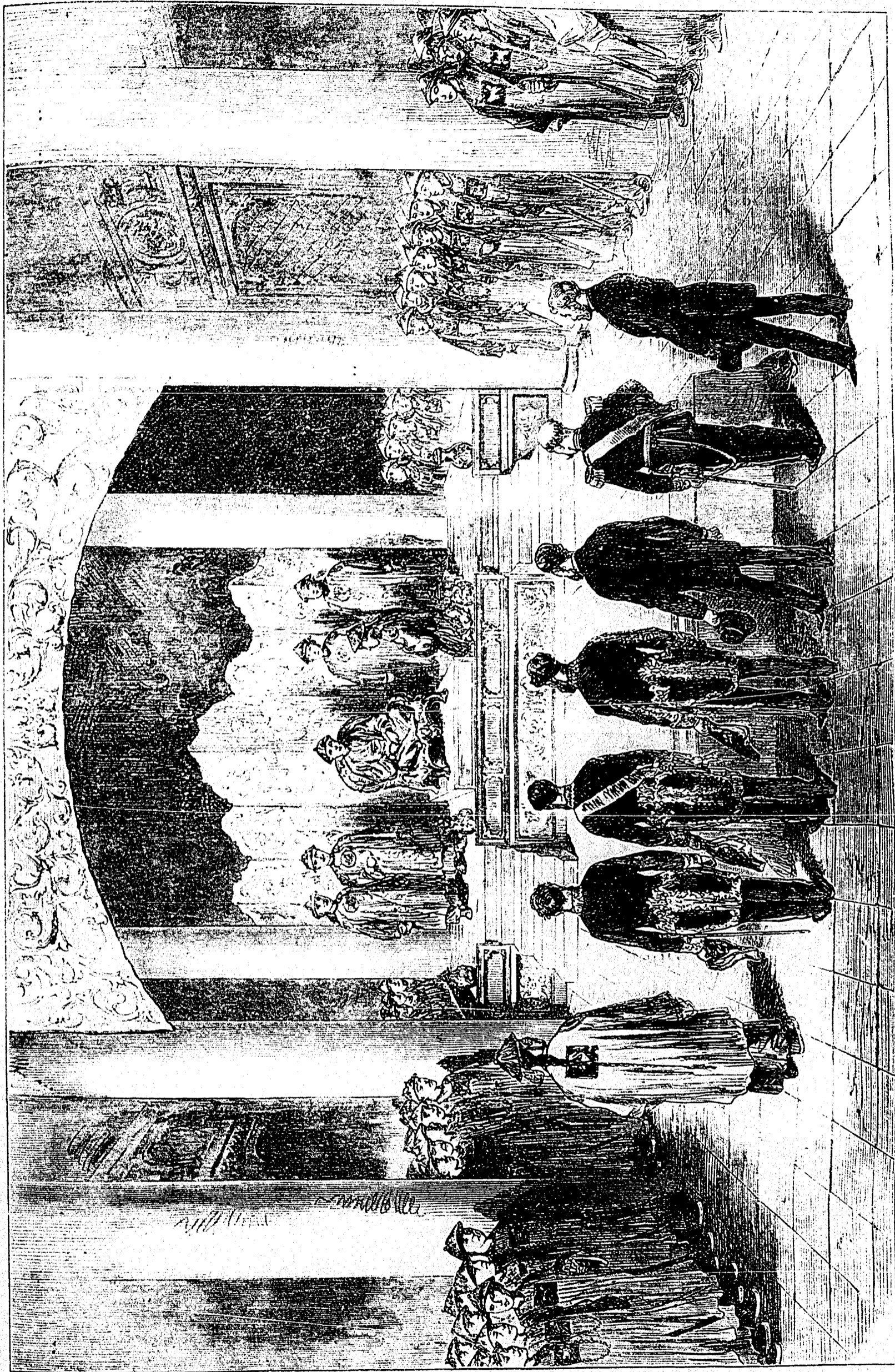
“Say, what d'ye think of my pahnts?” asked a youth of me the other day. I confessed that I had bestowed no mental labour whatever on his nether garments, and was consequently not in a position to offer an opinion. In a word, I declined to constitute myself a judge of the young man's raiment, inasmuch as it is a matter in which I do not feel the least interest. I can understand, or at least I am content not to understand, how a lot of ladies can get together and discourse about their frills and flounces and furbelows, envy Miss Einesen's lovely polonaise, and criticize Miss Anderesen's new head of hair. But I am utterly unable to fathom the motive which impels a pack of men to talk—and some can talk of nothing else—about “pahnts” and “vosts” and “hahnts,” like a parcel of fledgling tailors. If it takes nine tailors to make a man, in the name of goodness how many of these tailor's dummies does it take to make the resemblance of a man? I like to see a man well dressed if I do not dress well myself. When I was a youth, and was courting my adored Amelia—Ai, ai, she is Mrs. Mohur now, has a yellow skin and a bad digestion, and bullies old Mohur like a Fury—no one was more careful than I about the fitness and fitting of my apparel; but I am certain I never stooped to ask another man's opinion of my “pahnts.”



Sault Ste. Marie.—DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE INDUSTRIAL HOME FOR INDIAN CHILDREN AT GARDEN RIVER.



SPAIN.—THE " FERNANDO CATOLICO " SINKING, AFTER HAVING BEEN RUN DOWN BY THE " NUMANCIA."



CHINA.—RECEPTION OF FOREIGN MINISTERS AT PEKING.

THE HEROINE OF VERCHÈRES.

Whoever glances over the early annals of Canada, will be struck with the romantic incidents which at every turn open on the view: feats of endurance—of cool bravery; Christian heroism, in its grandest phases; acts of savage treachery, of the darkest dye; deeds of blood and Indian revenge most appalling; adventurous escapes by forest, land and flood, which would furnish material for fifty most fascinating romances. No greater error ever was than that of believing that few reliable records exist of the primitive times of Canada. Had we not the diaries of Jacques Cartier; the *Routier* of Jean Alphonse de Xaintonge; the *Voyages* of Champlain, Charlevoix Du Creux, Bressani, Sagard, Hennepin, LaPotherie, &c., we still would have the *Relations*, and that admirable *Journal* of the Jesuits, written up, day by day, for so many years, containing such a minute record of every event which transpired in New France. The Jesuits' *Journal* and the *Relations* are likely to remain the fountain-head not only of early Canadian history but frequently of American History. One can readily enter into the meaning of one of our late Governors, the Earl of Elgin, who, in one of his despatches to the Home Government, in speaking of the early days of the colony, described them as "the heroic times of Canada;" the expression was as eloquent as it was beautiful. There is but little doubt that our descendants will be just as familiar with the beauties of Canadian history, as the great bulk of the present generation are ignorant of them. The gradual diffusion of knowledge; the spirit of research and improvement to which everything tends in the Dominion, mark that period as not very far distant. D'Iberville, Mlle. de Verchères, Latour, Dollard des Ormeaux, Lambert Closse, may yet, some day or other, under the magic wand of a Canadian Scott, be invested with a halo of glory as bright as that which surrounds, in the eye of Scotia's sons, a Flora McIvor, a Jeanne Deans, a Claverhouse, or a "Bonny Dundee."

However in order to fully understand the motives which prompted the acts of our respected French and English ancestors, the reader must constantly have before him the hostile doings and revolutions in the old world. But more on this theme hereafter.

Let us present to the reader's view, one of the graceful figures which marked one of the proudest epochs of Canadian history, the era of Frontenac.

It will be remembered that the Marquis of Tracy, in 1663, was escorted to Canada by one of the *crack* French corps of the day—the regiment of Carignan. Four companies (some 600 men) were shortly after disbanded in New France: the officers and privates were induced, by land grants and provisions, horses, and other marks of royal favour, to marry and settle in the new world. One of the officers, M. de Verchères, obtained in 1672, on the St. Lawrence, where now stands the parish of Verchères, a land grant of one league in depth, by one league in length. The following year, his domain received the accession of *Ile à la Pêche* and *Ile Longue*, which he had connected by another grant of one league in length. There did the French officer build his dwelling, a kind of fort, in accordance with the custom of the day, to protect him against the attacks of the Iroquois. "These forts," says Charlevoix, "were merely extensive enclosures, surrounded by palisades and redoubts. The church and the house of the *seigneur* were within the enclosure, which was sufficiently large to admit, on an emergency, the women, children, and the farm cattle. One or two sentries mounted guard day and night; and with small field pieces, kept in check the skulking enemy, warning the settlers to prepare, and hasten to the rescue. These precautions were sufficient to prevent attack,"—not in all cases, however, as we shall soon see.

Taking advantage of the absence of M. de Verchères, the Iroquois drew stealthily round the fort, and set to climbing over the palisades; on hearing which Marie Magdeleine de Verchères, the youthful daughter of the laird, seized a gun and fired it off. Alarmed, the marauders slunk away; but finding they were not pursued, they soon returned and spent two days hopelessly wandering round the fort without daring to enter, as, ever and anon, a bullet would strike some of them down, at each attempt they made to escalate the wall. What increased their surprise, they could detect inside no living creature, except a woman; but this female was so intrepid, so active, so ubiquitous, that she seemed to be everywhere at once. She never ceased to use her unerring fire-arms until the enemy had entirely disappeared. The dauntless defender of fort Verchères was Mlle. de Verchères: the brave deed was done in 1690.

Two years subsequently, the Iroquois, having returned in larger force, had chosen the moment when the settlers were engaged in the field with their duties of husbandry, to pounce on them, bind them with ropes, and secure them. Mlle. de Verchères, then aged nearly fourteen, was sauntering on the banks of the river. Noticing one of the savages aiming at her, she eluded his murderous intent by rushing towards the fort at the top of her speed; but, for swiftness of foot the savage was a match for her, notwithstanding that terror added wings to her flight, and with tomahawk upraised, he gradually closed on her as they were nearing the fort. Another bound, however, and she would be beyond his grip; he sprang and caught the kerchief which covered her throat, seizing it from behind. Is it then all up with our resolute child?—quick as thought, and while the exulting savage raises his hand to strike the fatal blow, the young heroine tears asunder the knot, which retained her garment, and bounding like a gazelle within the fort, closes it instantly on her relentless pursuer, who retains as an only trophy the French girl's kerchief.

To ARMS! To ARMS! instantly resounds within the fort; and without paying any attentions to the groans of the women, who see from the fort their husbands carried away prisoners, she rushed to the bastion where stood the sentry, seizes a musket and a soldier's hat, and causes a great clatter of guns to be made, so as to make believe that the place is well defended by soldiers. She next loads a small field piece, and not having at hand a wad, used a towel for that purpose, and fires off the piece on the enemy. This unexpected assault inspired terror to the Indians, who saw their warriors, one after the other, struck down. Armed and disguised, and having but one soldier with her, she never ceased firing. Presently the alarm reached the neighbourhood of Montreal, when an intrepid officer, the Chevalier de Crisasi, brother of the Marquis de Crisasi, then Governor of Three Rivers, rushed to Verchères, at the head of a chosen band of men; but the savages had made good their retreat with their prisoners. After a three days' pursuit, the Chevalier found them with their cap-

tives securely entrenched in a wood on the borders of Lake Champlain.

The French officer prepared for action, and after a most bloody encounter the redskins were utterly routed—cut to pieces, except those who escaped; but the prisoners were released. The whole of New France resounded with the fame of Mlle. de Verchères' courage; she was awarded the name of the "Heroine of Verchères," a title which posterity has ratified.

Another rare instance of courage on her part crowned her exploits, and was also the means of settling her in life. A French commander, M. de Lanaudière de la Perade, was pursuing the Iroquois in the neighbourhood, some historians say, of the river Richelieu, other say of the river St. Anne, when there sprang unexpectedly out of the underbrush myriads of these implacable enemies, who rushed on M. de la Perade unawares. He was just on the point of falling a victim in this ambushade, when Mlle. de Verchères, seizing a musket and heading some resolute men, rushed on the enemy, and succeeded in rescuing the brave officer. She had indeed made a conquest, or rather became the conquest of M. de la Perade, whose life she had thus saved. Henceforward, the heroine of Verchères shall be known by the name of Madame de Lanaudière de la Perade, her husband a wealthy *seigneur*. Some years later, the fame of her daring acts reached the French king, Louis XIV, who instructed the Marquis of Beauharnais, the Governor of Canada, to obtain from herself a written report of her brave deeds. Her statement closes with most noble sentiments, denoting not only a lofty soul, but expressed in such dignified and courteous language as effectually won the admiration of the great monarch.

Madame de la Perade, née de Verchères, died on the 7th of August, 1737, at St. Anne de la Perade, near Montreal.

She is one of the ancestors of the present *seigneur* de L'Industrie, near Montreal, the Hon. Gaspard de Lanaudière, whose forefathers for two centuries shone either in the senate or on the battle-field of Canada.

Mlle. de Verchères' career exhibits another instance of the sentiments which inspired the first settlers of Canadian soil, and by her birth, by her life and death gives the lie direct to the wholesale slanders, with which some travellers like Baron Lahontan have attempted to vilify the pioneers of New France.—*Maple Leaf*. By J. M. Lenoire.

BOPEEP THE GREAT.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALLA.

This Bopeep was a house—large, white, square, sepulchral-looking—at the eastern or the western extremity of St. Celsus-on-Sea; the ultima Thule, the John o' Groats of the salubrious watering-place. Were I to state likewise that it was a public-house, the landlord or landlady, or the manager, or the board, or the committee who govern it, might be offended. It is the Bopeep Hotel, but beyond that it is, so far as I could discover, Bopeep itself. It stands solitary and austere in its grand isolation. The martello tower on the beach close by, the coastguard barracks a little inland, the station of the London-super-Mare, Haroldsend, and St. Celsus Railway adjacent, and the tall white cliff, with its patches of emerald herbage, spangled with wild flowers—none of these surely can have anything to do with Bopeep. No, no; the big white house must have been self-containing, self-sufficing, autonomous, and autocratic. It was Bopeep the Great, and naught but itself could be its parallel.

But why Bopeep? My dear sir, can you tell me why there is a street in Dublin called Stoneybatter, why there is a thoroughfare in Brighton called Bartholomew's, of what ingredients the cordial popular about sixty years ago, and called Cranbanbury, was composed, and what kind of a dance was a Rigadon? My dear madam, do you know why, the smaller bonnets become, the more expensive they grow? why your fishmonger charges you half-a-crown for a pair of soles which would be dear at ninnepence? and why not one English cook out of a hundred can fry potatoes, make an omelette, or has ever heard of *sauce Robert*? When, on the spur of the moment, and without book, you can explain these mysteries, you may be able to enlighten my ignorance with respect to Bopeep. I sought information from the flyman, but his words were as those which darken counsel instead of illumining it. "It's the Bopeep Hotel, sure enuff," he explained (ha, ha! "explained"!); "but that ain't it. It were Bopeep long afore the hotel were there and the railway come. It's called Bopeep because there ain't nothing else on that side afore you come to the Bull's Head; at least, so I heard my uncle say, as lived man and boy in these parts for seventy year; but I was born at Tunbridge myself!" Had there ever been a person of the name of Bopeep living in the neighbourhood? No; the flyman had never 'heard of such a party.' Don't think my question too absurd. Mr. Bopeep may have been a foreigner. Shallalalah in Punch is obviously of alien extraction, and surely you believe in him.

They are very many exquisitely beautiful drives out of St. Celsus-on-Sea, although the roads, as a rule, are so steep, that as the gaunt white horse dragged the fly and myself (I am certain with infinite reluctance) up the acclivities, I was constantly reminded of General Wolfe and his brave Grenadiers in Canada, who—

'What was astonishing, nay, very particular—
March'd up rocks which were quite perpendicular.'

Not only are the Heights of Abraham verging on the 'quite perpendicular,' but the streets of Quebec itself are Avernine in their hilliness; so much so that the French drivers of the 'sulkies'—Quebec is the only place where a *désobligeante*, the real *désobligeante* that Sterne saw in the inn-yard at Calais, is yet to be found—tell strangers that Lower Canada possesses a peculiar breed of horses whose fore legs, being shorter (like kangaroos) than their hind legs, enable them to climb mountainous ascents with comparative facility. "But how about descending?" the traveller may inquire; whereupon the driver replies that the banks of the St. Lawrence produce another breed of horses whose legs are shorter behind than before, and are thus specially adapted to going down hill: a legend which, for coolly impudent mendacity, approaches the story of a certain Californian quadruped who is gifted with the curious faculty of shortening his legs *sideways*, in order to run along the sandhills which skirt the road.

I had need to talk of legends, since, despairing of obtaining any trustworthy facts with regard to Bopeep, I threw myself blindly into the mythical. I shot Niagara, and after—well, afterwards I found myself in the dominions of the wildly

conjectural and the not unpleasantly chimerical. I might have saved myself all this trouble—so, doubtless, you in your wisdom may opine—had I taken the bull, or rather Bopeep, by the horns, walked boldly into the hotel, and asked whence it derived its name. An unbridled imagination, an inexhaustible caprice are surely justifiable in the case both of owners of racehorses and proprietors of hotels. There is a miserable poverty of invention in the hackneyed iteration of Waterloo and Royals, Castles, Pavilions, and Alexandras; whereas, on the other hand, I have always admired the independent originality of the Monster at Pimlico, the Hen and Chickens at Birmingham, the Mount Ephraim at Tunbridge Wells, and especially of Jack Straw's Castle at Hampstead. Jack Straw never lived at Hampstead; he never had a castle; there never was such a person (philosophically speaking) as Jack Straw. Don't believe anything you may read about him in Shakespeare or the *History of England*. He was a myth, like Romulus and Remus, like Ajax and Achilles and John Bull. So, perhaps, I began to fancy, was Bopeep the Great. There flashed upon my brain an appalling apologue once told me by a friend, who went into a barber's shop to be shaved, in a back street of one of the decayed Cinque Ports—it was not Haroldsend, in Sussex. The barber was a grim gruff man, of somewhat seafaring mien, and with a huge pair of bushy black whiskers, and the temperament of my friend is somewhat nervous. The marine Figaro was conversational withal, especially with regard to the local history and antiquities. "This used to be a horrible place for piriits and smugglers," he observed, brandishing his razor. "Ah," quoth my friend, wincing a little as the shear went somewhat too close to his jugular. "Yes," pursued the barber, "a awful place. Many's the dark deed, I'll go bail, as 'as bin done in this werry 'ouse, and"—as he spoke he leered brightly in his customer's face—"for hanythink we know, their skellingtons may be hunderneath that werry trap-door." There was a trap in the floor close to the customer's chair, and as the bushy-whiskered barber concluded his remarks, he stamped on the closed valve ominously. I don't know whether my friend bolted then and there into the street, with the towel round his neck and the lather on his chin; but he was wont to say afterwards that he never thought of that decayed Cinque-Port barber and the possible "skellingtons" without a shudder. Now why, I mused, recalling this idle tale, should not Bopeep have been, in days gone by, a bold smuggler, or, better still, a famous pirate? Why should not Bopeep be one of the innumerable aliases of that Harpog, or Hastigo, or Hastig, the Northman buccaneer, renowned all along this coast, and who seems to have alternately ravaged and resided at every one of the Cinque Ports? Hastig-Bopeep—I arbitrarily assume his sobriquet—was as mighty a rover of the stormy main as ever deserved trial before the High Court of Admiralty, and hanging, much higher than Haman, at Execution Dock. It is from dauntless adventurers of the Hastig-Bopeep type that our ineffable Norman aristocracy are so proud to trace their descent. They have a greater claim to the *sangre azul* than the grandees of Spain. Their blood should be blue enough, for their ancestors were never so much at home as when tossing about, in search of plunder, on the bosom of the dark blue sea.

Some antiquaries have tried to make out that Hastig-Bopeep was a good Catholic; but the Norman chroniclers more than hint that he relapsed into paganism, and was not only an eater of horse-flesh (a most heathenish practice, Mr. Bicknell), but was wont to sacrifice those noble animals to Odin and Thor. Did you ever hear of the audacious trick which the pirate played upon the right reverend Bishop of Luna? Landing at a petty town on the Italian coast, and in his savage ignorance thinking that he had reached Rome the capital of the world, he sent in a cartel to the bishop expressive of his desire to renounce the errors of paganism, and be reconciled to holy Mother Church. "Very well, *mi filio*," quoth my lord bishop; but he orders all the gates of the town to be double-locked, and pops all his treasure into a Chatwood's burglar-proof safe. Presently a terrible howling and yowling is heard from the Northmen's camp. *Madame se meurt, Madame est morte*; I mean that word is brought to the bishop that Hastig-Bopeep has fallen mortally sick; that he is *in extremis*; that he has given up the ghost; but that just prior to his dissolution he bequeathed all his vast riches to the Bishop and Chapter of Luna, on the sole condition that his body should be buried in consecrated ground. Who could refuse so pious a request? Not the Bishop of Luna certainly, who made haste to have the handsomest catafalque in the cathedral brushed and polished, and caused the largest wax-candles to be lit, and an additional staff of choristers to be laid on to chant a *missa pro defunctis*. Nor, I imagine, did his lordship forget to mention to the local Court of Probate that no legacy would be paid on the Hastig-Bopeep property, the bequest being in pure frankalmoin or manual deed of gift. In due time the funeral procession of the late distinguished naval commander reached the cathedral. The bishop and clergy were splendidly arrayed; the mourners were numerous; the ladies of the city were dressed in the deepest and most tasteful mourning that Messrs. Jay, at so short a notice, could furnish; but, ah, for the perfidy of mankind, and of pirates in particular! Just as the bishop was singing the *Pax vobiscum*, the lid of the coffin (mahogany, covered with crimson velvet, silver-gilt nails, and cherubs' heads, 'Admiral Viscount Bopeep, Admiral of the Black, G.C.B.,' a *chef-d'œuvre* of Banting) was bursten open with a terrific report, and out jumped Hastig-Bopeep, the pirate chief, in a frilled nightgown over a complete suit of chain-armor, and with a double-headed battle-axe in his wicked hand. With one blow did he cleave the right reverend occupant of the see of Luna from the beautiful diamond cross at the apex of his mitre even to a malachite button, the lowermost of his under-waistcoat. His unscrupulous companions made work quite as short of the canons and prebendaries, the proctors and prothonotaries of the Court of Probate; one chaplain (he was only a curate, poor devil) was spared, for the purpose of marrying Hastig-Bopeep (who had plenty of wives already in every port, you may be sure, the rascal!) to sixteen of the most beautiful dames in Luna, with whom, and with as much sacerdotal and secular plunder as he could collect, he sailed away, and three months afterwards bombarded, attacked, and sacked Great Grimsby in Yorkshire. The inhabitants of Luna, to this day, annually sing a hymn praying for immunity from piratical attack, and ending, *A peste, fame, bello, et Bopeepo, Domine, libera nos*, and the martyred Bishop of Luna was made a saint, under the style and title of San Lionardo; but why on earth should my head be running on St. Leonard, who is a Sussex saint, and not a lunar one?—*Belgravia*.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE STAGE DRIVER'S PARABLE.

Behind four shony coated, willing cattle
I sat by old Ned's side,
While the quaint humour of his jocund rattle
Shortened the ride.

"This hyar ten miles," said he, "is an invention
"Of some hoss-hating devil!"

"How so?" asked I, and gave the track attention;—
"Tis a dead level."

"That's so," said he, "and that's jest what's the matter,
"That's what tis Boss;
"In all Amerikee thar aint no flatter
"Nor crueller on a hoss.
"And on that same I'll bet my bottom dollar.
"No—rise and fall,
"Whar droy with judgment they don't touch their collar
"Most ways at all
"Is best for teams. But now they're constant doin
"All what they know.
"Its rough on wind and limb. They're allus goin—
"No chance to stop and blow!
"This road is jest like Life. Thar aint no emblem fitter
"Nothing it likens more;
"And the smooth road is hardest on a critter
"And makes him shoulder-sore.
"For man can't work no more than horse flesh, steady
"Without a rest;
"But a slack trace will make us fresh, and ready
"Next hill to breast.
"Then on the upward grade don't let us grumble,
"Thar's One knows best!
"And, when the down grade comes, in spirit humble
"Thank God for rest.
"So my advice is:—When the whipcord stings us
"Don't fret nor foam
"But think who 'tis that holds the lines and brings us
"The best road home."

NED P. MAR.

Miscellaneous.

A Precocious Political Economist.

We learn from the recent biography of John Stuart Mill that he began to learn Greek when he was three years old, and could read the "Anabasis" when most children are being taught the alphabet. At twelve he wrote a history of the Roman Constitution and began writing a continuation of the *Hiad*, and he seems to have been an independent thinker on the subject of political economy by the time he attained his fifteenth year.

A Gastronomic Timon.

A French gentleman of epicurean tastes and refined experiences, becoming disgusted with the unskillful manner in which butcher's-meat and poultry are treated by the San Francisco boarding-house keeper, has hired him to the almshouse in that city, where, for the inconsiderable sum of \$5 per week, he is permitted to dwell as a non-vagrant boarder. The net per annum income of Mr. Durgot is precisely \$700. Income, \$700; expenditure, \$200; result, happiness.

Putting Wings to Them.

David Cox was very particular about the quality of the paper he worked on. There was a certain Scotch variety he loved heartily. The paper was very thick, and white, with here and there little black or brown specks. In the landscape part these specks were of no consequence, but they looked out of place in the sky. On one occasion, being asked what he did to get rid of them, he replied, "Oh, I just put wings to them, and they fly away as birds."

A Legal Novelty.

A novelty has been introduced into legal matters which will surprise many who believed in the value of the fiat of an English jury. At the County of Middlesex Sessions a prisoner was found not guilty by a jury after a short consideration. The assistant judge declined to accept that verdict, and directed the jury to reconsider the issue, and after a delay of three-quarters of an hour they returned a verdict of guilty. No comment need be made we should fancy by us, but a considerable amount of comment will be heard elsewhere.

A New Goose with Golden Eggs.

The goose that laid golden eggs is an old story, but the following tale is new. A short time ago five geese owned by a man living at Mormon Island, California, died from an unknown disease, and on examining the gizzard of one, grain gold sufficient to make a five-dollar piece was found. The remaining four each contained almost the same amount of the precious stuff. The gold was probably picked up by the fowls near some claims where the miners had been sluicing, and it is presumed that the quicksilver attached to it caused their death.

Waterproof Varnish from Blood.

Dr. Scherzer, an eminent Austrian naturalist, during a recent visit to China, learned the mode of preparing a waterproof varnish very extensively used in that country for coating boxes and other packages which it is desired to protect against moisture. For this purpose four parts of blood, fresh drawn, are mixed in four parts of powdered slaked lime and a small quantity of alum. One, two, or three coats of this mass, which is slightly viscid, will impart so great a degree of impermeability to wood to which it has been applied that it is said to be unnecessary to line with tin boxes that have been thus treated.

Joseph Arch's Beginning.

This is the way Joseph Arch began: A couple of labourers knocked at Arch's cottage in Burford one evening. Mrs. Arch answered the summons and saw two sturdy bread winners from a neighbouring village. "We want thy man Joe, is 'e at whom?" "What's a wantin' lads?" "Why, we want to talk to 'im about formin' a union. Other trades 'ave a union, an' we doant see why we shouldn't 'ave one: it's time we didsummat." "You form a union? Why, you ain't got spirit enough, my lads, for no such thing." "Yes, we 'ave, if Joe will only lead us?" And it came to pass that Joe consented to lend them, and before the men left his cottage that night he had pledged them to address a gathering of labourers at Wellesborne the following week.

Clever Citizens.

A few ingenious workmen in the Mexican Mint have just shown the workmen in the Philadelphia Mint how to make money almost as rapidly and honestly as if they were municipal politicians. These enterprising Mexicans have been accustomed, in the seclusion of their homes, to make "blanks" of base metal of the same thickness and weight as the silver dollar. These blanks they carried with them to the mint and stamped them with the Government dies, carrying away an equal number of genuine silver blanks and leaving the counterfeit dollars to be paid out by the Mint. This business has been for a long time carried on with the utmost success, and it was only in conse-

quence of inquiries set on foot by the American Government that the suspicions of the Mexican Mint Directors were aroused.

Wholesale Deportation.

An impetuous fellow who owned a dog that was greatly troubled with fleas, heard that mercurial ointment would relieve his pet from the tormenting insect, and straightway went to a druggist. "A pound of mercurial ointment?" "Yes, you keep mercurial ointment, don't you?" "Of course, but a pound is a large quantity. What do you want it for?" "I want it to kill the fleas on my dog." "But, my dear sir, a pound of this ointment will kill all the fleas in the world!" "Well, he's got them!" The ointment was applied to the brute—he was smeared all over with it—from his ears to his tail. During the night the owner of the dog was awakened by the sound of subdued music in his room; he arose, and struck a light to discover whence the noise came, and found that nearly eight hundred thousand fleas had collected on his dog's nose, where there was no ointment, and were stinging. "They have driven me from home!"

Successful Treatment of Leprosy.

Experiments of an important nature are being made in regard to the cure of leprosy, hitherto regarded as an incurable disease. The Madras surgeon in medical charge of the penal settlement at Port Blair believes that he has made a valuable discovery, namely, that leprosy can be cured by the oil of the gurjun tree. It is reported that every leper in the settlement is fast being cured. The oil of the gurjun balsam, or wood-oil, has long been used all over India by the natives for skin diseases and sores. In the event of its turning out that leprosy is curable, the discovery will not only be valuable as regards those afflicted with that disease, but it will stimulate the medical profession to further exertions to discover the antidote to other diseases of a like nature hitherto considered incurable. This oil seems to be beneficial to all descriptions of sores and ulcers, and also has other valuable properties.

Stilled Wood.

It is a curious fact, and one of great practical importance in structural science, that in the salt mines of Poland and Hungary the galleries are supported by wooden pillars, which are found to last unimpaired for ages, in consequence of being impregnated with the salt, while pillars of brick and stone, used for the same purpose, crumble away in a short time by the decay of their mortar. It is also found that wooden piles, driven into the mud of salt flats and marshes, last for an unlimited time, and are used for the foundations of brick and stone edifices; and the practice of docking timber, by immersing it for some time in seawater, after it has been seasoned, is generally admitted to promote its durability. There are some experiments which appear to show that, after the dryrot had commenced, immersion in salt water effectually checks its progress and preserves the remainder of the timber. If care be taken to renew the coat of paint as often as it decays, wood on the outside of the buildings may be made to last for centuries; paint, however, is no preservative against the internal or dry rot, notwithstanding the opinion so generally prevalent to the contrary.

A Hint for Horse Trainers.

A gentleman recently purchased a high spirited horse that had never been shod. On the smith attempting to shoe him he resisted all efforts, kicked aside everything, and nearly crippled himself against the anvil, when he was finally returned to his stable unshod. In despair his owner was about consigning him to the plough, when a gentleman, who had been a traveller and touched Mexican soil in his tour, took a cord, put it into the mouth of the horse like a bit, and tied it tightly on the animal's head, passing his left ear under the spring, not painfully tight, but tight enough to keep the ear down and the cord in its place. This done, he patted the horse gently on the side of the head, and commanded him to follow, and instantly the horse obeyed, perfectly subdued and as gentle and obedient as a well-trained dog; suffering his feet to be lifted with entire impunity, acting in all respect like an old stager. The gentleman states that this was a means resorted to in Mexico and South America for subduing wild horses. The plan is as ingenious as it is simple, and well worth the attention of those who have unmanageable horses.

A Mistaken Cerberus.

Perhaps the richest and most lucky man in France is the Duc d'Aumale, yet he is not at all popular; his ambition is to be "second" in Gaul. His wealth will go to the Comte de Paris in the natural course of things, who is not a millionaire. It has therefore been a fortunate occasion for the count to be reinstated in the family castle of Amboise, famous in history for the triumph of the Guises over the "dumb captain," the Prince of Condé, and where decapitations and hangings continued for a month before the castle, and where the young king, his brothers, their attendants, and the ladies of the Court were daily spectators. A short time ago the Comte and Comtesse de Paris visited this property after being restored to them in a very quiet manner and alone. Not being known, the house porter, like all such cerberuses in France, was rude; the count threw open the window of the dining-room to admire the landscape, and was ordered not to do so by the porter; the two visitors inspected other portions of the building, and on departing passed through the dining-room, when the porter brutally called upon the count to close the window. The latter replied coldly, "I shall do so when I come to inhabit the castle in a few weeks." The porter was dismissed for his insolent bearing.

The Weeping Rats of Baltimore.

It is perhaps not generally known that rats occasionally weep. Their tears are not idle tears of sentiment, of which neither they nor any one else know the meaning, but spring from the depth of despair when they are pursued by a dog or a ferret and find escape impossible. An account of a rat thus overcome by grief has been given to a reporter of the *Baltimore American*, who interviewed a famous ratcatcher of that city, who related that when visiting a house on Madison Avenue, his ferret started a large rat, which ran the whole length of the dwelling between the floors until it came to the only hole left unstoppered, where its progress was arrested by a net. After making frantic and fruitless attempts to escape, the rat, when it saw the ferret approaching, gave way to despair, and finally burst into tears. The ratcatcher, who was standing by, counted no fewer than seven large tears trickle down the rat's cheeks and roll over its nose. The story is also corroborated by a boy who was present on the occasion and vouches for the sincerity of the rat's emotion. It may further interest householders to hear that there are never so many rats in a house as people suppose, and that it is very seldom he finds more than 25 rats under one roof. In the present days, however, of high prices, a man should have a tolerable income to support 25 rats, in addition to mice, besides his own family.

A Perplexed Pastor.

A priest not accustomed to the "roar and excitement" of the present life à la mode de Dublin was standing at the corner of a square about the hour of dinner, when a former resident of the same locality as the father, but now a Dublin citizen of renown (in the cab-ranks), observing the worthy father in perplexity, addressed him: "O Father O'Leary, how is your reverence?" "Mighty put out, Pat." "Put out! Who'd put out your river-

once?" "Ah, you don't understand. I am invited to dine at one of the houses in this square, and I have forgotten the name!" "Oh, is that all? Just now be aisy, your reverence; I'll settle that for you." Away drove the talented carman around the square, glancing at the kitchens, and when he discovered a fire that denoted hospitality, he thundered at the door and inquired: "Is Father O'Leary here?" As might be expected, again and again he was repulsed. At length the angry footman exclaimed: "No; bother on Father O'Leary, he is not here, but he was to dine here to-day; every one is waiting for Father O'Leary." Paddy, leaping from the door as if the steps were on fire, drove up to the astonished priest, saying: "All is right, your reverence, you dine at 43, and a mighty good dinner you'll get." "Oh, Pat," said the grateful pastor, "the blessings of a hungry man be upon you." "Long life and happiness to your reverence. I have got your malady. I only wish I had your cure."

A Bold Strike for Business.

A watchmaker once came to Florence, Ala., an entire stranger, just after the people had started a new town-clock in the tower of the court-house, but nobody came to give him a job. A week or two passed on without improving his prospects, when, in a kind of desperation, he determined to make a bold strike for business. Everybody swore by the town-clock, of course, a fact which the watchmaker knew; so, after night, he made his way into the tower and changed the hands a few minutes. Heard nothing of it on the day following, and so changed them again the next night. On the morning after the second change had been made, a mau called on the watchmaker and spoke of employing him to regulate the town-clock; but the watchmaker told him he thought no regulation was necessary, as he had noticed that the clock was running exactly with his time, and drawing forth his watch, he compared it with the clock, a id, sure enough, they were exactly together. Next morning the town-clock and the watches of the place were further apart than usual, and the gentleman who had called at the watch shop the day before now again presented himself accompanied by several friends. To their great surprise they found the watchmaker's regulator and watch still exactly with the clock, and that settled the matter. They all left their watches to be cleaned, remarking that they would rather have no watches at all than watches that did not keep time. The news spread; other irregular watches came in by the score until, before the day was over, the watchmaker had the windows hung entirely full of work.

Mistaken Identity.

An English magistrate, in his confessions, gives the following facts to the world: "I had to address the patients of what is called an 'aristocratic' asylum the other day, and a round dozen of us sat down to a very comfortable dinner before the lecture. Our party consisted of half a dozen 'selected' patients, a clergyman, one or two visitors, and the medical staff. I have seldom experienced a more intellectual party. Politics, religion, and the social topics of the day, were discussed with surprising ability by the company generally, and it was difficult to distinguish the lunatics from their companions at the table. I was so much struck with the jolly aspect of one of the party with an especially rubicund face, that I nudged the chaplain, and asked him in confidence what was the old gentleman's delusion. My reverend friend replied, in a whisper, 'He is not a patient, but a visitor—my wife's brother!' I made no more inquiries of that kind, but I was so impressed by the intelligence of another gentleman present that I concluded he must be a local magistrate. He was absolutely great on legal matters, and I felt certain that he must be a lawyer, and a very 'cute' one too. Presently the conversation turned upon a suicide which had taken place in the village, a gentleman having shot himself the day previously. My legal friend described the occurrence to me very minutely, and seemed quite affected by the incident. He then, with a gravity of countenance which quite disarmed me, added, 'And you know, Mr. G., the most disgraceful part of the business has yet to be told. This gentleman who blew his brains out yesterday had never taken out a licence!'"

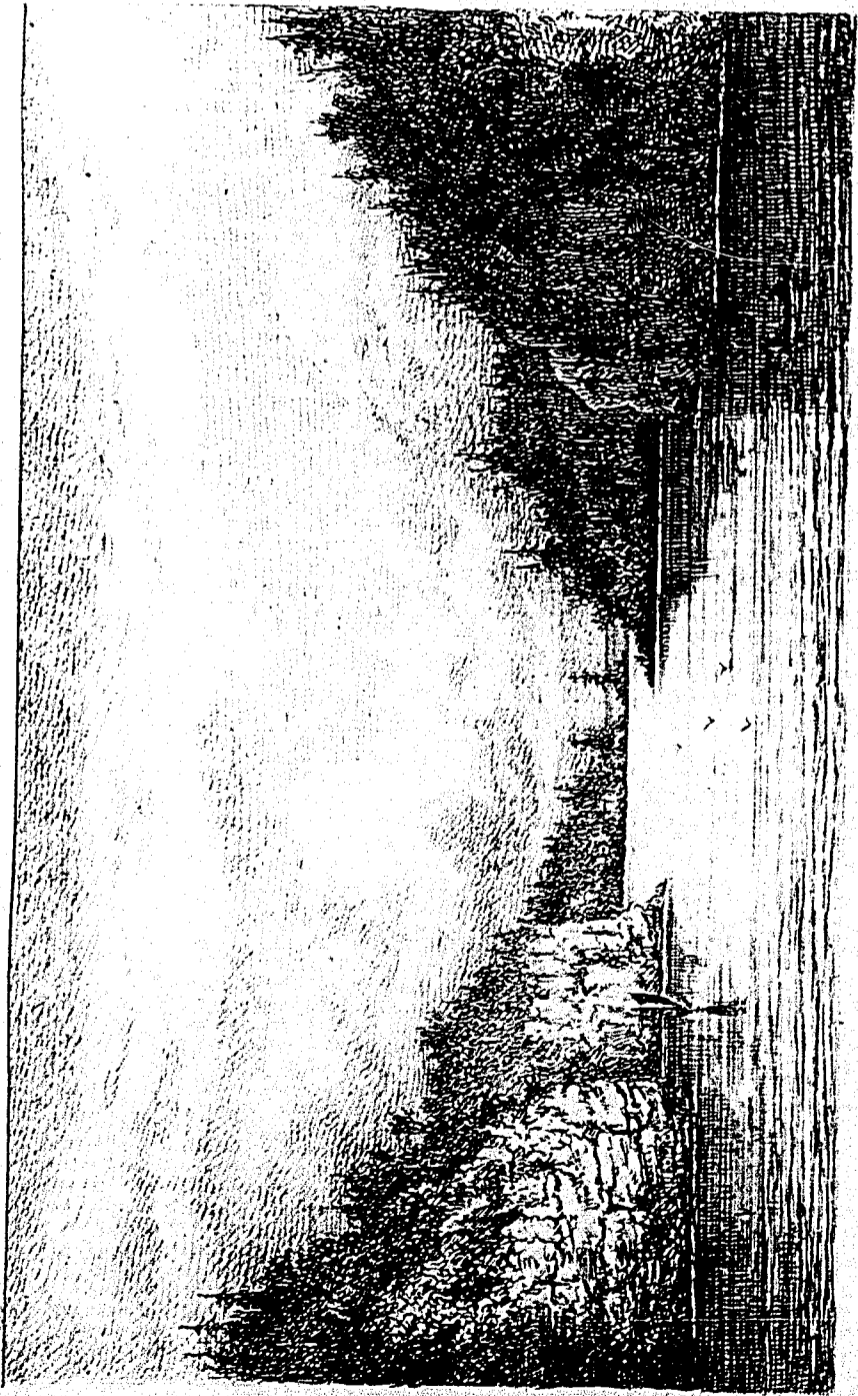
A Managerial Trick.

If Italian audiences and singers are over-enthusiastic, the same objection cannot assuredly be laid to the charge of the Germans. The difficulty is to keep them awake, according to Mr. Richard Levy, who is one of the directors at the Vienna Opera-house. He is rather an excitable little man himself, and the suppleness of those with whom he has to deal is incomprehensible to him. Not long since, the "Trovatore" was being performed in the dreariest manner conceivable. Singers, musicians, and audience, all seemed equally sleepy. Levy was in a frenzy; instead of warming to their work—as we are told the new tenor Campanini warms gradually to his part—the singers became more and more flat, and, of course, half the audience were fast asleep. Suddenly a brilliant idea struck him. "Come, come!" he cried to the singers, "Show a little spirit! Verdi is in the house! What will he think of you if you don't do better than this?" There was a general excitement and interest, and every one, having asked Levy to point out Verdi, which he did, indicating an old gentleman with a white beard, promised to uphold the honour of the German opera. The *travé* succeeded admirably, the performance was most spirited, and the success achieved brilliant. The next day the singers found out the trick that had been played upon them. They took it good-humouredly, however, and when in the evening "Don Giovanni" was being sung, Donna Anna stepped up to the wily director, and asked laughingly, "Is Mozart in the house to-night?"

Baby's First Tooth.

The Danbury *News* man details the following pleasing domestic event: "Mr. and Mrs. Harbison had just finished their breakfast. Mr. Harbison had pushed back his chair, and was looking under the lounge for his boots. Mrs. Harbison sat at the table holding the infant Harbison, and mechanically working her forefinger in its mouth. Suddenly she paused in the motion, threw the astonished child on its back, turned as white as a sheet, pried open its mouth, and immediately gasped, 'Ephraim!' Mr. Harbison, who was on his knees with his head under the lounge, at once came forth, rapping his head sharply on the side of the lounge as he did so, and getting on his feet, inquired what was the matter. 'O Ephraim,' said she, the tears rolling down her cheeks and the smiles coursing up. 'Why, what is it, Armethea?' said the astonished Mr. Harbison, smartly rubbing his head where it had come in contact with the lounge. 'Baby!' she gasped. Mr. Harbison turned pale, and commenced to sweat. 'Baby has — O, O, O, Ephraim! Baby has — baby has got a tooth!' 'No!' screamed Mr. Harbison, spreading his legs apart, dropping his chin, and staring at the struggling heir with all his might. 'I tell you it is,' persisted Mrs. Harbison, with a slight evidence of hysteria. 'O, O, it can't be,' protested Mr. Harbison, preparing to swear if it wasn't. 'Come here, and see for yourself,' said Mrs. Harbison. 'Open its 'ittle mousy wousy for its own muzzer. That's a toody woody; that's a blessed 'ittle 'ump o' sugar.' Thus conjured, the heir opened its mouth sufficiently for the author of its being to thrust in his finger, and, that gentleman having convinced himself by the most indubitable evidence that a tooth was there, immediately kicked his hat across the room, buried his fist in the lounge, and declared with much feeling and vehemence that he could lick the individual who would dare to intimate that he was not the happiest man on the face of the earth."

Use Dr. Colby's Pills for Torpid Liver.

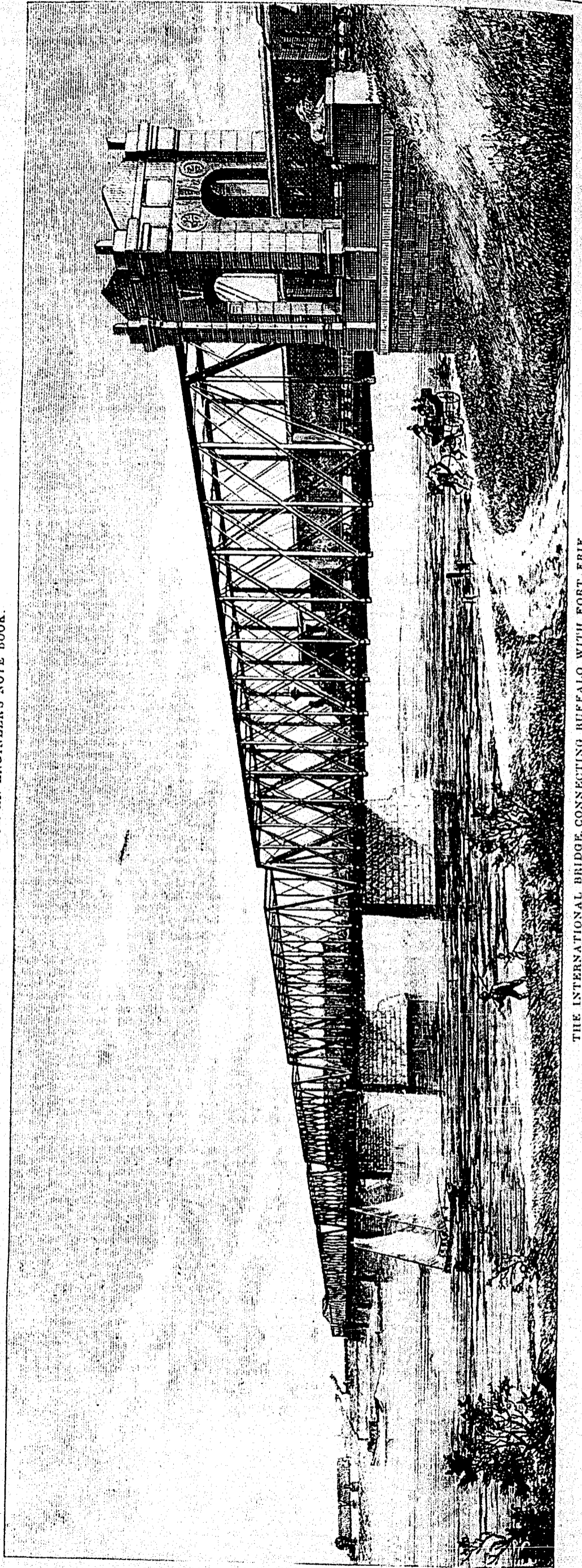


ENTRANCE TO MIRA RIVER, CAPE BRETON. LOOKING SEAWARDS.

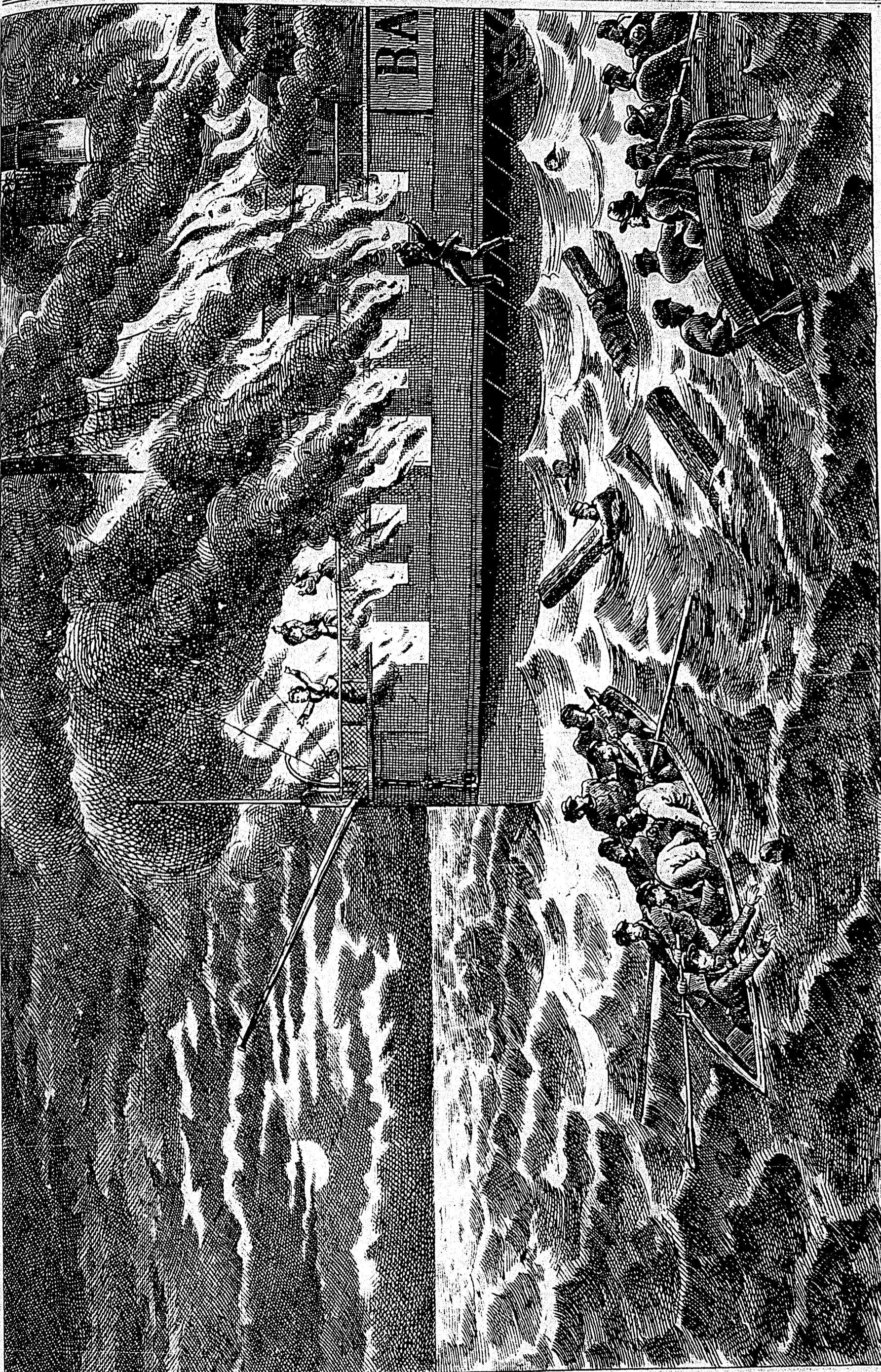


LEAVES FROM AN ENGINEER'S NOTE BOOK.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS AT LOUISBOURG, C. B.



THE INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE, CONNECTING BUFFALO WITH FORT ERIE.



THE BURNING OF THE STEAMBOAT "BAVARIAN" ON LAKE ONTARIO.—FROM PARTICULARS FURNISHED BY A SURVIVOR.

Our Illustrations.

Our front page represents the fair Imogen, dressed in boy's clothes, seated in the cave of Belarius.

"I am sick still; heart-sick, I'm sure,
I'll now taste of thy drug."

The engineer, a couple of leaves from whose note-book we furnish in this issue, is Mr. Albert J. Hill. The first sketch speaks for itself; the second is aptly described in the following lines of J. H. Davies:

"The fisher's cottage now lonely stands,
Where busy multitudes did daily pass,
A vestige here and there the eye demands,
A heap of rubbish in the long drawn grass."

The International Bridge Company was formed, in 1857, by joint acts of the Legislature of New York State and the Canadian Parliament, to which there have been several amendments, and, finally, the authority granted to construct the bridge was confirmed by Act of Congress, June 30th, 1870. Prior to this, in 1869, the American and Canadian Corporations were consolidated, by Act of the New York Legislature, May 4th, and of the Canadian Parliament, June 22nd. The meetings to perfect the consolidation and elect officers were held May 18th, 1870. The following board of officers and directors of the Consolidated Company were chosen:—President, C. J. Brydges, of Montreal. Vice-President, Hon. E. G. Spaulding, of Buffalo. Secretary and Treasurer, Joseph Hickson, of Montreal. Counsel in Canada, John Bell, of Belleville. Counsel in United States, E. Carlton Sprague, of Buffalo. Engineer, E. P. Hannaford. Directors, C. J. Brydges, of Montreal; Hon. E. G. Spaulding, of Buffalo; Hon. Jas. Ferrier, of Montreal; E. C. Sprague, of Buffalo; Aquilla Walsh, of Simcoe, Ont.; P. R. Jarvis, of Stratford, Ont.; John Bell, of Belleville, Ont. The contract for building the bridge was let to the celebrated contractors, C. S. Gzowski & Co., of Toronto. Its location commences at a point on the American side of the Niagara river, in the city of Buffalo, 320 feet below or northerly from the intersection of the north line of South street with the easterly line of Black Rock harbour; thence across Black Rock Harbour, Squaw Island and the Niagara river, to a point on the Canada shore of said river one hundred and twenty feet below a point situate on the line between lots six and seven in the concession fronting on the river in the Township of Bertie, County of Welland, in the Province of Ontario.

The cost of the bridge is about \$1,500,000. It is also stated that owing to the unexpected difficulties and accidents the contractors have not added much to their wealth in building it.

It has been leased for twenty years to the roads which will run trains over it. They are the Grand Trunk, the Great Western Air line, the Canada Southern, the New York Central, the Erie and the New York, West Shore & Chicago. It is now generally considered a pity that it was not built so as to admit of a double track.

The last rail was laid about 11 a.m. on Saturday, the 1st inst., and the first engine and car passed over it about noon on the 3rd, with quite a number of New York Central and Grand Trunk officers on board, and others who happened to be at Fort Erie at the time.

"The Reception of the Foreign Ministers" at Peking is a curious illustration of the ceremonial in force at the Court of the Celestial Empire.

We present a sketch of the destruction by fire of the Industrial Home for Indian children, at Garden River.

It was at first believed that the sinking of the "Fernando Catalico" by the "Numancia" was an act of hostility, but later intelligence ascribes it solely to accident. The whole of the crew went down.

The burning of the "Bavarian," on lake Ontario, on the evening of Nov. 5th, needs no further description than that given in the daily papers. Our sketch is founded on incidents furnished us directly by one of the survivors, an officer of the ill-fated vessel. The celebrated summer palace of Sans-Souci, is on the outskirts of Potsdam, eighteen miles from Berlin. Among its noblest historical associations are the names of the great Frederick and Voltaire.

The South Eastern RR. Company have leased new and commodious offices, at the corner of St. James and St. Peter streets. We give a fine illustration of this building in the present number.

The South Eastern Counties Junction Railway is a new road—opened up for traffic in October 1871—between West Farnham, Province of Quebec, and Richford, Vermont; distance 33 miles.

This road was contracted for and built by Hon. A. B. Foster, the present manager, and passes through one of the finest agricultural districts in Canada. The road has been extended and completed to Newport, Vermont, under a charter to the Mississippi & Clyde River Railroad, leased to the South Eastern, a distance of 28 miles from Richford to Newport, were it makes a connection with the Connecticut & Passumpsic River Railroad.

This connection gives Montreal another first-class Boston and New York line, and will also connect with the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, making the shortest road from Montreal to Portland.

For pleasure travel to the White Mountains it is the shortest and most direct line from Montreal, connecting at Well's River with the Littleton route. The cars of the South Eastern leave Montreal daily and run to Newport without change. The road is said to be one of the best finished and furnished roads in Canada. The depots are of brick, and the rolling stock all new and of the latest and most improved design for comfort and safety.

Last September, when the road was declared open from Montreal to Newport, the event was celebrated by a pleasure party at which some of the principal men of the province were present. The new road sprang into immediate popularity and we are happy to learn that it is doing a large business.

Music and the Drama.

Mdlle. Belocca, the new operatic star, has been offered £1,000 to sing at ten concerts in London.

The Theatre of La Scala at Milan is to be opened on the 26th of December with Verdi's "Aida."

The concerts given by the Viennese lady orchestra will commence at Paris on the 1st of November.

Mrs. Patti has made her reappearance at Moscow, in the "Traviata," and her success was immense.

Mlle. Bonfanti, the popular dancer, arrived in New York by the steamer "Hausa" on the 8th inst. from Europe.

Miss Braddon's new play, to be produced at the London Lyceum Theatre, is called "Griselda." Mrs. Bonshy will act in it.

Sothern is buoying the Philadelphians up by promises of the production of a new absurdity, "Dundreary's Private Theatricals," in the spring.

Next year London is to have an English opera. Mr. Carl Rosa undertakes the enterprise, and Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley have, it is said, been engaged.

Miss Ford, daughter of Mr. John T. Ford of Baltimore, the eminent manager, is the author of the play of "Daniel Boone," produced lately at the Bowery Theatre.

Chess.

It is impossible for us to answer letters by mail. Games, Problems, Solutions, &c., forwarded are always welcome, and receive due attention, but we trust that our correspondents will consider the various demands upon our time, and accept as answers the necessarily brief replies through our "column."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. J. L., Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Yours of the 11th reached us too late for insertion this week.

At the International Exhibition in Vienna a set of chessmen attracted a considerable share of public interest on account of the novelty of the idea. All the pieces are portraits of illustrious and distinguished personages: for instance, the two kings are portraits of the Emperors Wilhelm and Napoleon; the two queens of the Emperesses Eugenie and Augusta; the two knights of the Crown Prince Frederick Wilhelm and Prince Friedrich Carl; the two bishops of Messrs. Thiers and Gambetta; Prince Bismarck and Count Moltke, McMahon and Chanzy, are also represented. The Rooks represent the fortresses Strasburg and Metz. The whole set is a highly finished production, the likenesses excellent. The whole set is a collection of portraits of the most prominent men in the late Franco-German war.

REVIEW OF CHOICE GAMES.

The following beautiful game was played between Mr. Morphy and an Amateur, Mr. Morphy giving the odds of his Queen's Rook.

(Remove White's Queen's Rook.)

French Opening.

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| White—Mr. Morphy. | Black—Amateur. |
| 1. P. to K. 4th | 1. P. to K. 3rd |
| 2. P. to K. B. 4th | 2. P. to Q. 4th |
| 3. P. to K. 5th | 3. Kt. to K. 2nd |
| 4. P. to Q. 4th | 4. Kt. to K. Kt. 3rd |
| 5. B. to K. 3rd | 5. B. to Q. Kt. 5th ch. |
| 6. P. to Q. B. 3rd | 6. B. to Q. K. 4th |
| 7. Kt. to K. B. 3rd | 7. Castles. (a) |
| 8. B. to Q. 3rd | 8. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd |
| 9. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd | 9. Kt. to Q. 2nd |
| 10. P. to K. R. 4th | 10. P. to Q. B. 4th |
| 11. Kt. to K. Kt. 5th | 11. P. takes P. |
| 12. P. takes P. | 12. B. to Q. R. 4th |
| 13. Kt. takes R. P. | 13. B. takes Kt. ch. |
| 14. B. takes B. | 14. P. to K. B. 4th |
| 15. Q. to Q. R. 5th | 15. Kt. to K. B. 3rd (b) |
| 16. P. takes Kt. | 16. R. takes P. |
| 17. P. to K. Kt. 4th | 17. Kt. takes K. R. P. (c) |
| 18. Kt. takes R. (ch.) | 18. Q. takes Kt. |
| 19. R. takes Kt. | 19. B. to Q. 2nd |
| 20. B. to Q. B. 3rd | 20. B. to h. sq. |
| 21. Q. to K. R. 7th ch. | 21. K. to B. 2nd |
| 22. P. to K. Kt. 5th | 22. Q. to K. Kt. 3rd |
| 23. Q. takes Q. ch. | 23. K. takes Q. |
| 24. R. to K. R. 8th | 24. P. to Q. R. 3rd |
| 25. B. to K. R. 2nd | 25. K. to B. 2nd |
| 26. P. to K. Kt. 6th ch. | 26. K. to B. 3rd |
| 27. B. to K. R. 5th (d) | 27. P. to Q. R. 4th |
| 28. B. takes Q. R. P. | 28. R. takes B. |
| 29. K. takes B. | 29. R. takes P. |
| 30. R. to K. B. 8th ch. | 30. K. to his 2nd |
| 31. R. to K. B. 7th ch. | 31. K. to his sq. |
| 32. R. takes K. Kt. P. | 32. R. takes P. |
| 33. R. takes P. and wins. | |

- (a) Castling thus prematurely involves Black in immediate difficulties.
- (b) Q. to K. sq. seems preferable.
- (c) Kt. to K. B. sq. might have given Black more hope of extrication.
- (d) Threatening B. to Q. Kt. 4th, &c.

Game played at a recent meeting of the Counties Chess Association, Eng., between Mr. Burt and Mr. Wayte.

Ruy Lopez Knight's Game.

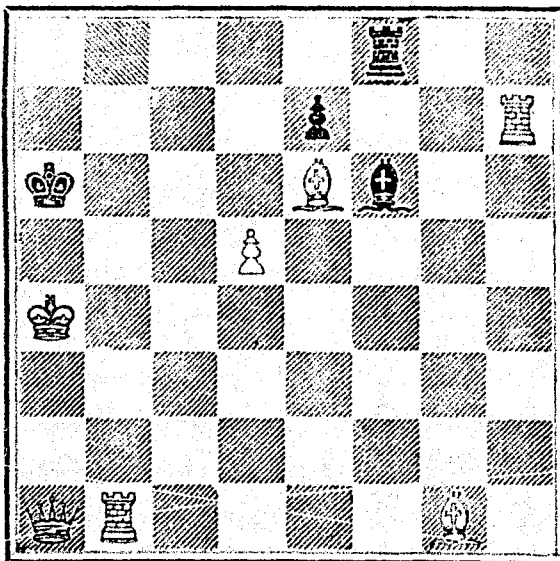
- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| White.—Mr. Burt. | Black.—Mr. Wayte. |
| 1. P. to K. 4th | 1. P. to K. 4th |
| 2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd | 2. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd |
| 3. B. to Q. Kt. 5th | 3. P. to Q. R. 3rd |
| 4. B. to Q. R. 4th | 4. Kt. to K. B. 3rd |
| 5. Castles. | 5. B. to K. 2nd |
| 6. B. takes Kt. (a) | 6. P. takes B. |
| 7. Kt. takes P. | 7. Q. to Q. 5th |
| 8. Kt. to K. B. 3rd | 8. Q. takes K. P. |
| 9. P. to Q. 3rd (b) | 9. Q. to K. Kt. 5th |
| 10. Kt. to K. 5th | 10. Q. to K. B. 4th |
| 11. P. to Q. 4th | 11. Castles. |
| 12. P. to K. B. 4th | 12. Kt. to Q. B. 4th |
| 13. P. to Q. B. 3rd | 13. P. takes P. |
| 14. P. takes P. | 14. P. to Q. B. 4th |
| 15. B. to K. 3rd | 15. K. R. to Q. sq. |
| 16. Q. to K. Kt. 3rd | 16. Kt. to Q. 4th |
| 17. P. takes P. | 17. Kt. takes B. |
| 18. Q. takes Kt. | 18. P. to K. B. 3rd |
| 19. P. to K. Kt. 4th | 19. Q. to K. 3rd |
| 20. Kt. to Q. B. 4th | 20. Q. takes Q. (c) |
| 21. Kt. takes Q. | 21. K. B. takes P. |
| 22. K. to B. 2nd | 22. P. to Q. 6th |
| 23. R. to K. sq. | 23. Q. B. takes P. |
| 24. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd | 24. Q. R. to K. sq. |
| 25. K. to Kt. 3rd | 25. P. to K. B. 4th |
| 26. Q. Kt. to Q. 5th | 26. B. takes K. Kt. |

- (a) This is not good play, as it sets free Black's Queen's Bishop, and also enables him more rapidly to develop his game.
- (b) R. to K. sq. is a much better move.
- (c) Black might have taken with advantage the K. Kt. P. with Queen, checking; the move in the text, however, is equally conclusive.

PROBLEM No. 106.

By I. R., M. B., Hamilton.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Art and Literature.

M. Michelet is writing a history of the year 1815 and the Restoration.

Good reading but a horrid story, is what the critics say of Wilkie Collins and his "Dream Woman."

A work on "Democracy in Europe," by Sir Thomas Erskine May, will shortly be published by Messrs. Longman.

The first edition of Mr. Mill's autobiography is, it is announced, nearly all sold, and a new edition will be issued as soon as possible.

A polyglot journal, printed in Italian, French, German, and Russian, will shortly be brought out at Florence. It will be entitled *Argo*.

A new novel has just been finished by Berthold Auerbach; the plot of the story belongs to the period of the late war, and the scene is in Alsace and the Black Forest.

"Dante and his Circle," with the Italian poems preceding him (1100—1300—1300—) a collection of lyrics, edited and translated in the original metres, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, will be shortly ready.

Mdlme. Rattazzi writes from Paris to the *Gazzetta di Milano* that she has kept her late husband's papers, and will follow the example of Mrs. Grote, by publishing, when her grief will have somewhat subsided, a work entitled "Rattazzi and his Time, by a Witness of the last Ten Years of his Life."

Gerard Massey has given some seven years of close study to the origin and comparison of myths, and in about two years will bring out the results of his investigations and philosophising in an elaborate work. He thinks he has discovered many curious and important facts, and concludes that Max Muller has explored more territory than he has tiled. The subject is fascinating, but far less important than those who are fascinated with it are apt to suppose. Mr. Massey is very scholarly in his habits and a good deal of a recluse.

According to the English papers, Bellows' French and English Dictionary must be a typographical curiosity. It is a complete dictionary of the two languages in a volume three-quarters of an inch thick, measuring four inches and a quarter by two inches and three-quarters, and weighing only four ounces and a half. It is printed in "brilliant" type, the smallest known in Great Britain, and two sizes smaller than that in which the most minute pocket testaments are printed. *Mem.* Do not try to read this dictionary through in course without first obtaining a new pair of patent eyes.

Messrs. Dulau have formed, under the title of *Napoleon III. devant la Presse Contemporaine*, a collection of the various notices of the ex-Emperor called forth by his death. It comprises articles from papers and magazines published in England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, and other countries. There are no notices from Holland, for Messrs. Dulau found that the Dutch papers did not attempt to say anything original, but contented themselves with humbly translating from the London journals. Messrs. Dulau have also made a most curious collection of caricatures which appeared in *Punch* of Louis Napoleon from 1845 to 1872. There are added caricatures from *Fion*, *Judy*, the *Tomb-hawk*, and *Vanity Fair*.

Scraps.

Coal has been discovered in the South African diamond fields. Grace, the celebrated English cricketer, has been married to a Miss Day.

A British captain has taken possession of New Guinea in the name of the Queen.

Sprats sell in some parts of England at eight cents a bushel. They are used for manure.

Madras possesses 124 Hindoo religious castes who will neither eat together nor intermarry.

A team of English cricketers, including W. G. and G. F. Grace, sailed for Australia on the 22nd ult.

The expenses of the Vienna Exhibition have added nearly twelve millions of florins to the national debt.

The "Path to Matrimony" is the latest parlour game—all who are good "game" being preferred as the participants.

Joseph Arch went out of his way to go to New Hampshire the other day, to carry a bundle to an English labourer from his wife.

Victor Emanuel had such a good time in Berlin that he gave one hundred and fifty watches to various attachés of the Imperial court.

A number of Welsh quarrymen have entered into a subscription and have founded a scholarship of £20 a year in the new college at Aberystwith.

A new method of fishing is now in vogue in Stokes Bay. Torpedoes are exploded in about twenty fathoms of water. The fish come to the surface, and are then captured with ease.

A Western railroad conductor, after twenty years' experience, concludes that he would rather carry twenty thousand men passengers than to have one lone, lorn female board his train.

A very heart-rending scene took place at Vienna when the Emperor William left. Both Emperors embraced and kissed each other three times. The Emperor William was in tears.

An American diplomatist, Mr. Wade, having lately died at Peking, the Chinese attributed his decease "to the inexpressible emotion which he experienced at seeing the august face of the Emperor."

Once more the rumour is rife that an announcement of Prince Arthur's approaching marriage will be made early in next session, previous to which he will be called to the House of Lords under an Irish title.

Postal cards are shortly to be issued in the Dutch Indies on rather curious conditions. If the contents appear to the post-office official to be of an insulting nature, the card will be sent under cover to its address.

A project has been put forth for a limited liability company to commemorate the Tichborne trial by a grand historical picture. The capital is set down at £20,000, to be raised by 400,000 shares at 1s. each. Mr. Whalley heads the list of subscribers for 100 shares.

At the end of October the records from Memphis showed that out of a population of 55,000, probably not more than 12,000 were remaining in the city. Over 1,500 had died from yellow fever, and about 1200 were then sick. In the asylums there were no less than 1200 orphans.

The presence of the American Prince of showmen, Barnum, at Paris is thus accounted for by the *Figaro*. He wishes simply to engage for his collection the "veritable nurse of M. Thiers," an old lady of some ninety-six years, and who accounts for the great statesman's small stature by the fact that her husband always dosed the baby with *eau de vie* when she was out of the way.

A prettier guide to matrimony has seldom been devised than the prize competed for recently by the Bachelor volunteers of Bigger. A handsome gold ring was given by the ladies of the neighbourhood, the winner to retain it for a year, unless in the interim he should become disqualified by matrimony for further competition, on which happy event the ring becomes his own in perpetuity.

Oddities.

Advertising for a wife is just as absurd as it would be to get measured for an umbrella.

Putting up a stove-pipe in Danbury is politely termed "attending a black crook matinee."

A man, who is eulogized as an "energetic citizen," was run over by a funeral in Providence, R. I.

On week days you buy your music by the sheet; on Sundays you can have it by the choir for nothing.

It has been ascertained that the reason the police take a man to the station-house when he is full of liquor is that his friends may bail him out.

Policeman Price, of Washington, having died and left no less than two widows, there is a dispute over his effects. Both women think it is too bad to be without money and without Price.

Mrs. Peru, of Della, Iowa, who postponed her daughter's wedding four times because it rained, thought it poured when the bridegroom finally said she might go on postponing indefinitely.

A well-known *Illustrator*, very short-sighted, read recently for two hours one of his works to a tree on the Boulevard, not taking it for one of his friends that he encountered in the fog, but who bowed after the opening chapter.

Once a careless man went to the cellar, and struck the candle into what he thought was a keg of black sand. He sat near it drinking wine until the candle burned low. Nearer and nearer it got to the black sand, nearer and nearer, until the blaze reached the black sand, and as it was sand, nothing happened.

If many professing Christians should speak out the things they really feel, instead of the smooth prayers which they do pray, they would say when they go home at night, "O Lord, I met a poor wretch of yours to-day—a miserable unwashed brute—and I gave him sixpence, and I have been sorry for it ever since."

A good old elder of an Aberdeen church who was given to extravagant exaggeration, was at last called to account for his offences in that respect, and admonished not to give way to the besetting sin in future. The good old man received the admonition meekly, and earnestly said: "I know how prone I am to this fault, my brethren, and it has given me tortures of pain, and night after night I have shed barrels of tears over it." The meeting adjourned in silence.

It is interesting to notice a man of tender corns on a croquet ground. He will stand around, always in the way, until some sunny-haired maiden croquets on his pet toe, and then he will throw his mallet among the players, and go waltzing off on one leg among the shrubbery, choking himself black in the face with exclamations he dare not utter, while the maiden will smile secretly, and murmur, "Oh, injured Mr. M. or N., as the case may be, I did not mean to."

A justice of the peace in Illinois, before whom a citizen had prosecuted his daughter's lover for ejecting him from his own parsonage the Sunday evening previous, solemnly decided as follows:—It appears that this young fellow was courtin' the plaintiff's gal, in plaintiff's parlour, and that plaintiff intruded, and was put out by defendant. Courtin' is a public necessity, and must not be interrupted; therefore, the law of Illinois will hold that a parent has no legal right in a room where courtin' is afoot, and so the defendant is discharged, and plaintiff must pay costs.

A gentleman saw his boy in front of the house throwing a ball in the air one evening. He hadn't played ball himself for thirty years, and knew nothing of the kind of ball base-ball clubs have introduced in the last few years, but he felt the old spirit rising in him at the memory of former triumphs, and he held up his hands, and told his son to "let her slide." She slid. He caught it full and fair, and then dropped it, and started into the house, with his eyes full of tears and his hands pressed under his armpits. The youth subsequently informed another boy that he could plainly hear the "old man's" bones snap.

A Western newspaper, wishing to do the handsome thing by the local doctor, recently made the following announcement:—"Dr. Crawford was called, but under his prompt and skillful treatment the young man died Wednesday afternoon." We don't know what the doctor said to this; but if the editor of that newspaper is taken sick we advise him not to call in Crawford.

The autumnal season has produced the usual amount of newspaper notices, both in prose and verse; but we have seen nothing to compare with the sad refrain of a journal printed in Pennsylvania, and appropriately called *The Valley Spirit*, which thus gives vent to its feelings:—"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year; it's a little too warm for whisky hot, and a little too cold for beer."

HOW?

Perhaps I am a little too hasty, a little too ready to light up at a minute's notice; but there are some words that seem to me to carry an especial grain of gunpowder in them, and the above is one of the sort. To have a person, after you've been through a long explanation, put his fingers to his mental ears and query you thus, or worse still, "How?" is too exasperating for human nature to bear. But that is what John Stringer did to me, bending his head a little nearer, and speaking in an absent, aggravating manner that tantalized me beyond words.

You see John Stringer and I were engaged; we'd been engaged for a long time, and perhaps had got to be a little too matter o' course to each other.

We were sitting there over the fire, after the old folks had gone to bed, and I fell to telling him about Sophie Mills' wedding—her white silk dress, her bride-cake, and her bridesmaids frosted all over to match it, and I ended this way:

"But it don't make any difference, John, to people that love each other; all that's o' no more account than last year's snow-drift. They could be married in calico and homespun, with feet on a rag carpet like this, and love each other just as well."

"How?" said John, absently. He was watching the coals flicker up and die out again, and picking up a stray chip now and then to fling on the embers—a fashion he had when he was thinking.

Now I had had the headache all day, and I guess I was rather more fidgety than usual, though I didn't think so then; but when John bent his great broad shoulders over, as if he hadn't heard a word I said, and, in fact, had something better to occupy his mind, I just fired up, first, and then the blaze died down into sulks, and when we parted that night John and I had our first and last quarrel.

My heart did not misgive me that when I saw John's great tall figure going out the door it was the last time he'd lift the latch for many a year; but so it was.

You see I held my head pretty high in those days, and I wouldn't show that I was a bit cut up about it, so I paired off with Mrs. Plumber's Jesse, a likely, spruce young fellow enough, but no more to be compared with John than a cockleshell is to a brigantine.

Oh, well, mother sighed, and tried right hard to bring us together again, but it wasn't to be.

John was a powerful, muscular man, and I used to see him go up the road many a time when I was out in the shed milking, and, peeping out at him through the chinks, I thought his broad shoulders stooped more than ever, and his figure was growing more stork-like. Such an awkward fellow as John was! I came near rushing out on him once, with my sunbonnet, and my sleeves rolled up, and flinging my arms around his neck, but John liked to see folks tidy, and I never did it.

Jesse Plumber was the beau o' the village—dapper, neat, and dainty as you please; and all the girls thought I had come to my senses when I ousted 'em o' Jess. And by and by it was Jess that came sparkin' o' nights, and sat o' winter-evenings over the embers, and he was so soft spoken and pleasant that even mother forgot her vexation. (She always set store by John, mother did.) Well, in the spring we were married, and I had a string o' pearls and a real silk bridal dress, and felt kind o' lifted like when the girls crowded round me and hoped I'd be happy. I hoped so, too; I wasn't sure of it.

Remembering the day that came after, I can't recall one hard word I ever heard from Jesse. We weren't near enough to each other to quarrel; we just laid apart like two old volumes; there wasn't any fire' twixt us, nor anything 'twixt us, either love or laughing, whereas John and I had always been bubbling over one way and another.

I worked hard, for my silk dress and necklace were all I had of riches; and I cut up my gown one day to make a cloak for the baby. You see, I couldn't give up my pride, and was just as high-spirited as ever. But our farm didn't prosper, and Jesse didn't prosper; and Mrs. Plumber came to live with us, to look after things, she said; and she got pitying him every now and then for marrying a poor wife, and—oh, well, what's the use o' talking?—sometimes I couldn't help wishing John Stringer's strong shoulders were at the wheel, when I was working myself to death morning and night for nothing.

Then, when the baby grew bigger, I took to teaching an A. B. C. class as I used to before I was married; but what little I knew had run wild since then, and I couldn't keep the boys straight somehow; and the girls didn't care about samplers, for the sewing-machine had ridden right over everything.

Then Jesse fell ill of the fever, and with all the fuming and fretting and nursing of his mother, and with all my watching day and night, somehow he slipped off between us. And I found myself a widow, with the ill-fared, wasted farm on my hands, and Mother Plumber drizzling and maundering after Jesse in a way to break my heart.

But I kept my spirit up yet, and I advertised half the place for sale at the court house; for if I could sell it we should, skin though somehow on an acre or two I thought.

Well, who do you suppose came over one sunny afternoon as I was standing in the kitchen? Who, to be sure, but John Stringer, large as life—a little gray mayhap, and a little more angular, but keen and strong as ever. He'd a use for that bit o' land, it seemed, and had his eye on it along back. "Always was wanting what wasn't his," Mother Plumber said. She owed him a grudge for being more forehanded than Jesse. It took a deal of looking after, and lawyering and surveying and the Lord knows what, to settle it; and I used to see John Stringer's stooping shoulders and broad felt hat down just beyond the rise of the meadow time and again. But he scarce ever came near the door, till one day—I can't tell how it was when the settlements were to be made, I just took baby upstairs and had a good cry; for that bit o' land had been Jesse's favorite piece, and Mother Plumber had been harrying me all day about it.

"The ways o' Providence are so strange," said Mother Plumber, laying her specs down atop o' the Bible, and putting on that awfully patient air which was wearing me to skin and bone—"past finding out. Now, if Jesse had married Sophie Mills that was, and you—"

But I did not wait to hear any more. As I say, I just caught up baby and went off to the garret. And while I sat by the cobwebbed window, Mrs. Barrett—Sophie Mills that was—went riding by in her new spring wagon. She had her half-dozen children, round and rosy as a barrel of apples, with her. Sophie nodded and smiled to some one coming up the road, and looking along I saw John Stringer walking, thoughtful-like, right up to our gate, just as he used to come in courting days—for John never had any foolish way about him. I saw Sophie look back at him as she and the children, with their fluttering ribbons and gay gingham, disappeared at the turn of the road. Then I smoothed my hair and washed my face and went down. The time of settlement had come, I knew.

"Mary Ann," said John, gravely, "the lawyer will be here presently; but I reckon we can make it all clear in our own minds without his help. And I've settled it, in fact that there are certain conditions on which I'll take the land—if you agree."

Then I flew into a passion, "You've been long enough making up your mind," says I. "I don't throw my land at anybody's feet, and I haven't asked any favors of you, least-ways, John Stringer."

"Softly, there, softly!" says John, putting out his hand. "Don't be in a hurry, little woman."

"John Stringer," says I, all in a heat, "you're just the same man you was years ago, when you thought I was always flying up every time you got o' temper yourself."

"And weren't you, little woman?" said John, quite gravely. "Don't women folks always like their own way better than anything else?"

"You don't know anything about women," I cried, "any more than you did then. You thought I wanted silks and furbelows more—than—"

"Than you did me," said John; "and right enough you was, too, if you could ha' got 'em. I always said so, Mary Ann."

"Any man with half an eye would have known better," says I, hotly.

"How?" said John. His great hulking figure lifted itself up, and he looked at me with those sharp brown eyes that used to give me a start in old time. "How?" he repeated, softly. "Do you mean to say I was mistaken years ago?" His big, brown hand was all of a tremble as he held it out to me.

"Little woman, little woman," says he, "let's ha' done with it all now, and it all be as it never was."

Presently Mother Plumber put her head in the door. "Pears to me that lawyer's making a long spell of it," says she. "Ben't you a'most tired of waytin' for him, Mr. Stringer?"

"I guess we've settled it pretty much without the lawyer," says John, rising; "and that is the condition I had to propose, Mary Ann—to take you and the meadow land together!"

And he did.

BEAUTIFUL LOVE.

Love, dost thou wait for me in some rich land
Where the gold orange hangs in odoriferous calm?
Where the clear waters kiss the flowery strand,
Bordered with shining sand and groves of palm?

And while this bitter morning breaks for me,
Draws to its close thy warm, delicious day;
Lights, colours, perfumes, music, joy, for thee;
For me the cold, wild sea, the cloudy grey!

Rises the red moon in thy tranquil sky,
Plashes the fountain with its silver talk,
And as the evening wind begins to sigh,
Thy sweet girl's shape steals down the garden walk.

A white robe glimmering through the scented dusk,
Lingering beneath the starry jasmine sprays,
Where thy thick-clustered roses breathe of musk,
A sudden gush of song thy light step stays.

That was the nightingale! O Love of mine,
Hear't thou my voice in that pathetic song,
Sinking in passionate cadences divine,
Fainting and falling with its rapture strong?

I stretch my arms to thee through all the cold,
Through all the dark, across the weary space
Between us, and thy slender form I fold,
And gaze into the wonder of thy face.

Pure brow, the moonbeam touches, tender eyes,
Splendid with feeling, delicate smiling mouth,
And heavy silken hair that darkly lies
Soft as the twilight clouds in thy sweet South.

O beautiful my Love, in vain I seek
To hold the heavenly dream that fades from me!
I needs must wake, with salt spray on my cheek
Plunged from the fury of this northern sea.

(Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.)

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL,

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

He was prepared for any folly from a girl of nineteen. It is in the nature of youth to be sentimental; and he supposed that his daughter must have the ordinary share of sentimentality.

"Yes, papa. I was engaged to Edmund Standen, but everything seemed to be against our marriage, so I thought—"

"You were wise, for once in your life," cried Mr. Carew. "Why you will be a queen, child. And I—well, I suppose I shall not be compelled to end my days as a parish schoolmaster. Why didn't you tell me this before? Has my life been such a bright one that you need keep the sunshine of prosperity from me?"

"I—I—hardly knew how to tell you, papa. Poor Edmund. It seems so hard to give up every thought of him."

"Well, it's rather a sudden renunciation, certainly. However, no girl in her senses would act otherwise than you have done. Rather lucky that your sweetheart was off to Demerara."

"Yes, papa. I don't think I could have accepted Sir Aubrey if Edmund had not been away."

"I suppose Sir Aubrey means to explain himself to me to-morrow."

"I think he is coming here to-night, papa."

"Then you had better clear out of the way. We must have our talk alone."

"Very well, papa; I'll go to Mary Peter's. I want to see the dress she's making for Miss Jane Toynbee. Oh, how nice it will be when I have new dresses of my own. Oh, by-the-by, papa, if Sir Aubrey should want to fix the date of our marriage—he would hardly wish to do that yet awhile, but if he should—make it as far off as you can. I don't want the Standens quite to despise me; as they would if they knew that I had jilted Edmund in order to marry Sir Aubrey."

"Defer the marriage! Yes, and give Sir Aubrey time to alter his mind, or to die in the interval; and then you would realise the old adage of 'between two stools.' No, Sylvia; if Sir Aubrey wishes for a short engagement I shall not be insane enough to propose delay."

Sylvia sighed, thought of all the joys that must attend the translation from poverty to wealth, and submitted. She put on her hat, and ran off to spend half an hour among the cat-tings of silk and lining and open papers of pins which bestrewed Mary Peter's humble apartment on a busy evening. What would poor Mary Peter say if she heard of this new engagement? There had been talk enough and astonishment enough about Edmund Standen's subjugation. But this latter conquest was as far above the first as yonder evening star, shining softly above the cypress, surpasses the feeble lustre of village lamps. Sylvia did not mean to tell her humble confidante about the change in her circumstances yet awhile.

Mr. Carew had not been alone ten minutes before he heard the click of the latch, and the garden gate opened to admit Sir Aubrey Perriam. The schoolmaster had been wondering, with sore perplexity, whether that proposal, whereof Sylvia had just informed him, had been really a serious offer, or only one of those fligid meaningless compliments which gentlemen of the old school are apt to indulge in.

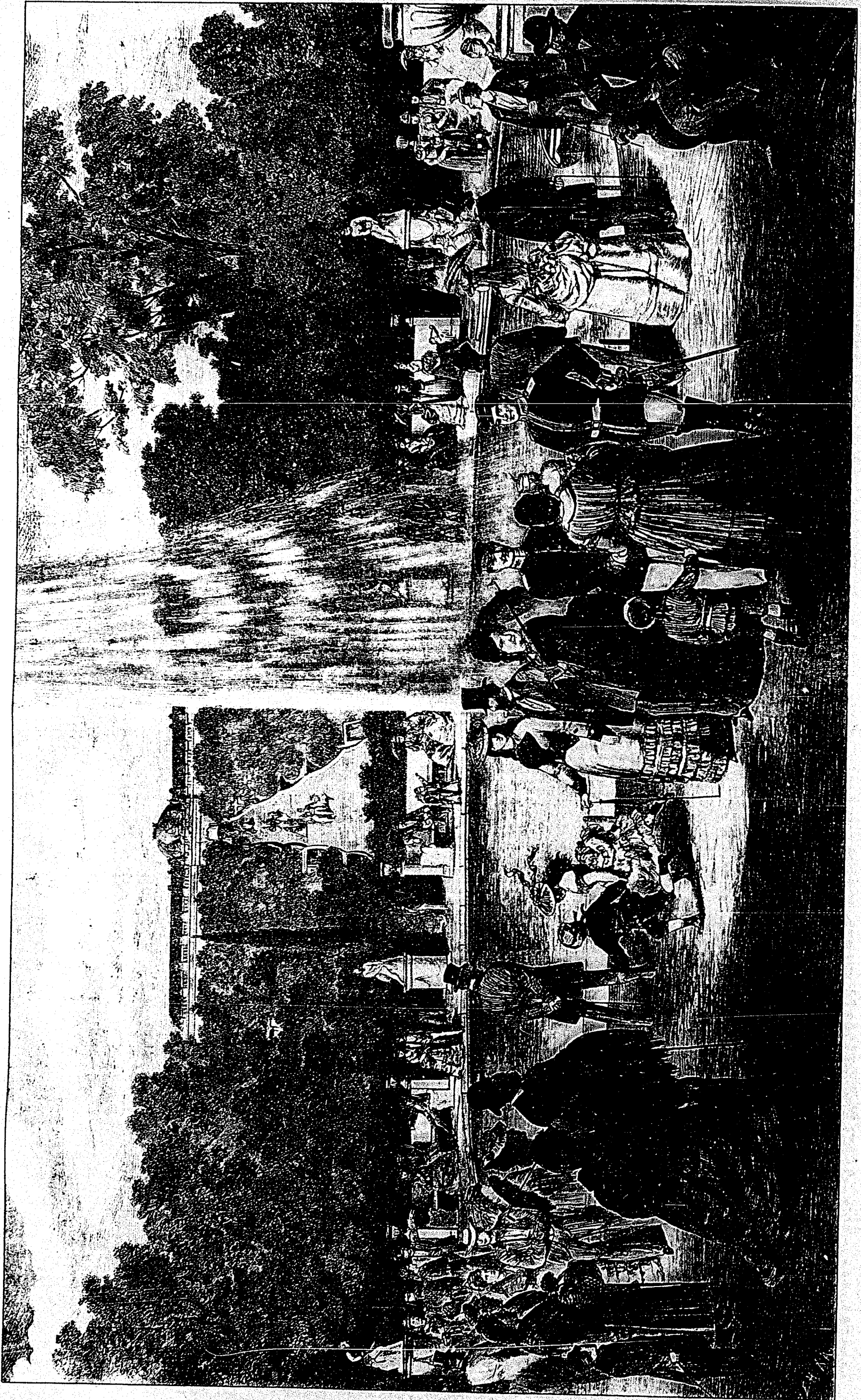
The sight of that grey-haired figure in the summer dusk set his heart beating at a gallop. The whole thing had seemed too good to be true. But this appearance of the baronet seemed to confirm Sylvia's statement.

James Carew emptied the ashes out of his pipe, and dropped that treasure into the pocket of his well-worn velvet shooting-jacket. Sir Aubrey came up the garden path.

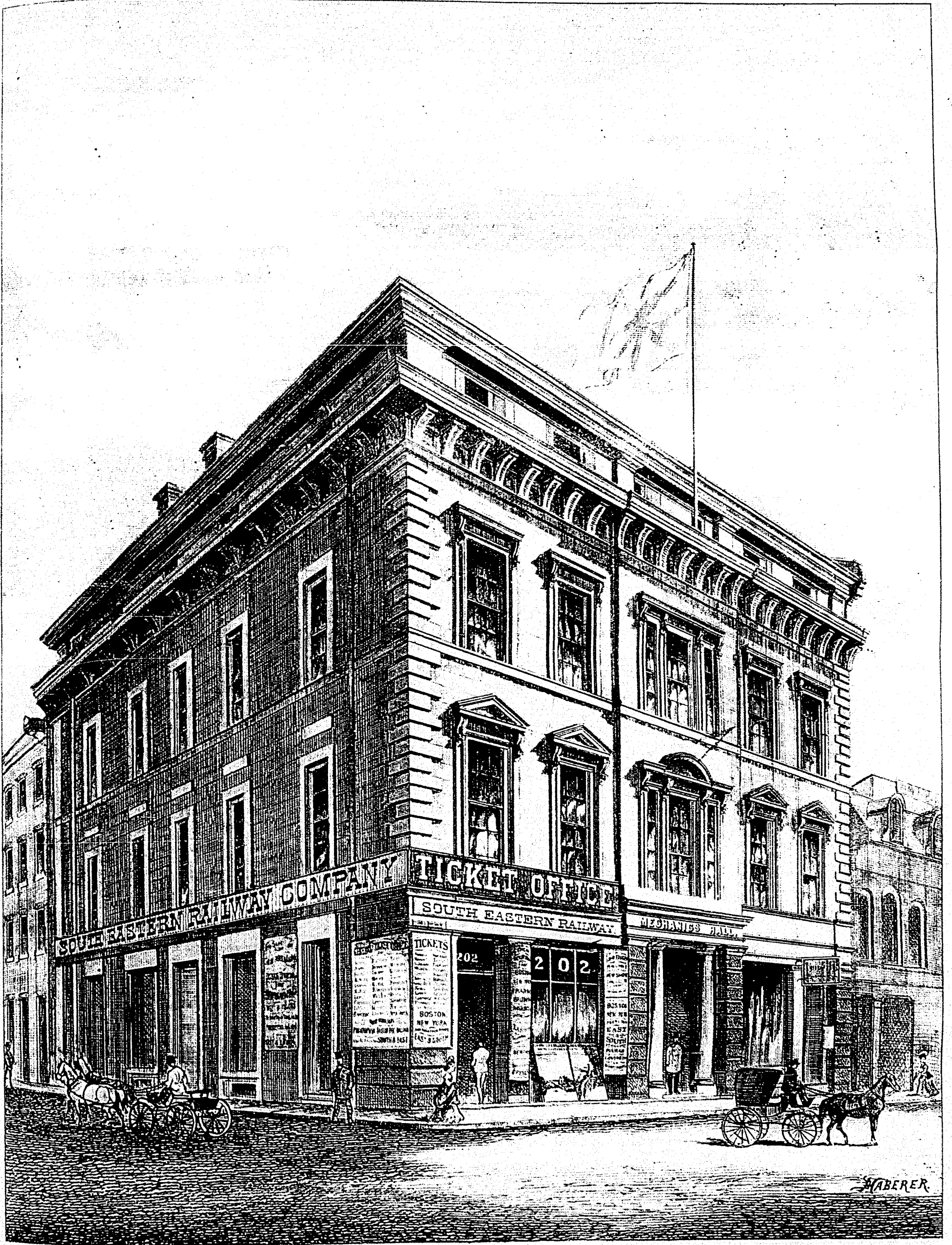
"Good evening, Mr. Carew," said the visitor, in his low, bland tones. "All alone? Miss Carew is out, I suppose," he added, looking into the parlour through the wide open casement.

"Yes, Sylvia has gone to see one of her friends in the village. She has very few friends, poor child; and the one or two she does associate with are hardly congenial spirits. But my poor girl has a soft, clinging nature, and must have something to love."

"I regret to lose the pleasure of seeing her," said Sir Aubrey, "yet I am not very sorry she is absent. I want to have



GERMANY—ON THE TERRACE AT SANS-SOUCI.—POTSDAM.



MONTREAL.—THE SOUTH EASTERN RR. COMPANY'S OFFICES, St. JAMES STREET.

a little serious talk with you, Mr. Carew. Your daughter has told you the motive of this visit, perhaps."

"She hinted at something, which I could hardly believe possible. I thought my poor child, in utter ignorance of the world, might naturally mistake gallantry for—"

"For affection," said Sir Aubrey. "I am not skilled in the art of gallantry, Mr. Carew, and when I spoke to your daughter the other night—too hastily, perhaps—I spoke straight from my heart."

"And your words went straight home to hers, Sir Aubrey," answered the schoolmaster, with feeling. "Need I say how deeply I feel the honour you have conferred upon my daughter. Yet when I reflect upon the disparity—"

"In our ages?" said Sir Aubrey, quickly.

"No, Sir Aubrey, in your social position. If I objected to my daughter's union with a banker's son, whose family opposed the marriage, have I not still stronger reason to object to a marriage which all the country will condemn?"

"Do you imagine, sir, that I exist only to please my neighbours?" cried Sir Aubrey, haughtily. "The lady I choose for my wife, sir, ascends at once to my own level, and let me see any gentleman or lady in this country who will presume to disparage her. Come, Mr. Carew, let us discuss this subject from a business point of view. I have proposed for your daughter's hand, and she has done me the honour to accept me without reserve. The preliminaries of the marriage are all that you and I have to settle."

"Will you take a seat, Sir Aubrey, and allow me to light the candles?" said Mr. Carew, leading the way into the dusky parlour.

"You needn't light candles. We can talk just as well in the twilight," said the visitor, seating himself just within the doorway.

Mr. Carew was not sorry to remain in that friendly half-light. Who could tell what questions the baronet might intend to ask him—questions upon which his daughter's future fortune might depend—questions which might tax his ingenuity to the uttermost to answer satisfactorily. It was some advantage to keep his face in the shadow.

"When a man of my age makes such a proposal as I have made to your daughter," began Sir Aubrey, "it is only natural to suppose that he is moved by a deep and powerful feeling. I have heard of love as swift and sudden as this love of mine, and ridiculed it, many a time before to-day. I now confess, in all humility, that I underrated the power of the god. He has avenged himself upon my infidelity, and has transformed the unbeliever into a fanatic."

He paused, sighed gently, as if regretting his own abasement, and then went on in the same half-meditative tone.

"You say the county, which has its own standard of right, will take objection to my marriage with your daughter, Mr. Carew. I am prepared for that. I will go further and say I know that they will ridicule my infatuation—set me down as a dotard, at fifty-seven years of age, laugh at the old man and his fair young wife. In answer to all this I can only say that I know my own heart, and that it is not mere admiration for your daughter's beauty which has influenced my conduct. I should despise myself could I think that I had been caught by a pretty face; like the brainless moth which seeks its destruction in the flame that dazzles and allures it. No, Mr. Carew, I love your daughter honestly, and sincerely, in all purity and truth; and I am willing to trust the remnant of my days to her keeping."

"Nay, Sir Aubrey, at fifty-seven a man has hardly passed the prime of life."

"Have you any objection to offer to this marriage, sir?" asked Sir Aubrey, with a stately condescension, as if fully aware that the question was an empty courtesy.

"Objection! I am deeply honoured by your choice. I feel more pride than I can venture to express, lest I should lapse into seeming servility."

"Not another word, Mr. Carew. I feel that however humble your present position may be you were born to occupy a better one."

"I was, Sir Aubrey. My father was a merchant of some standing, who sent me to Eton and Oxford, and suffered me to marry and begin life with the idea that I was a man of independent means. His failure and death within three years of my poor Sylvia's birth left me a pauper. This employment, humble though it is, was the best that offered itself to the ruined Oxonian, who had neither trade nor profession. You may say, perhaps, that I might in all these years have endeavoured to improve my condition. I can only answer that whatever energies I ever had were deadened by the blow that reduced me from delusive affluence to actual poverty. The little I can earn here has sufficed to maintain my child and myself. The retired life has suited my habits and inclinations; and thus I have never taken arms against a sea of troubles, but have rather preferred the obscurity of this peaceful haven."

"I understand," said Sir Aubrey. "And you had no wife to share or lighten your struggles. She died before your misfortunes?"

"Yes, my wife was dead."

"I inferred as much."

There was a pause. Sir Aubrey had something more to say, but hardly knew how to say it. He was a rich man, and he had told himself that this Mr. Carew might entertain an exaggerated notion of a wealthy bridegroom's liberality. He might count upon profiting to some large extent by his daughter's union with the lord of the manor. It was for Sir Aubrey to undeceive him at once upon this point.

"Your daughter having done me the honour to accept me, and there being no impediment to our marriage, it appears to me, Mr. Carew, that the event cannot take place too soon; unless, indeed, Sylvia should desire delay; a wish which I should infinitely regret, for where there is so great a disparity of years that wish might indicate uncertainty of purpose."

"My daughter has no such wish, Sir Aubrey," replied Mr. Carew, promptly. "But a woman can hardly pass from the position of my daughter to that of your wife without some trifling preparations in the way of *trousseau*."

"Of course. But in all her arrangements I hope Miss Carew will remember that I am a man of the simplest habits; that I see hardly any society, and that I utterly abhor the frivolities of fashion."

"I have no doubt that she will be proud to be ruled by your superior judgment in all things," replied the schoolmaster, who was beginning to feel a shade of anxiety. There had been, so far, not a syllable that hinted at any improvement in his own circumstances. Sir Aubrey had not uttered the important word *settlement*. And it was a word which Mr.

Carew felt could hardly issue from his lips. To betray his expectation of profit from the marriage would seem like bargaining for the price of his daughter.

While he was meditating this, somewhat uncomfortably, Sir Aubrey relieved his doubts by becoming business like.

"With regard to settlements," he said, "I conclude that as you can give nothing to your daughter, you will not entertain any exaggerated expectations upon that point. I will freely own to you that I do not understand, or approve, the modern system of making a wife independent of her husband. Dependence is one of woman's sweetest attributes—her most winning charm. I should not like my wife—were she a nobleman's daughter—to possess an independent income during my lifetime. I shall, therefore settle nothing upon Sylvia."

Mr. Carew's heart grew heavy. Why, at this rate, Edmund Standen might have been a better match than Sir Aubrey.

"But I shall settle two or three thousand a year—say five thousand—upon my widow. When I die Sylvia shall have that income, and the Dowry House—now let off, and worth two hundred a year."

"Sir Aubrey," said the schoolmaster with a dignified air, "far be it from me to dispute the justice or the generosity of any decision you may arrive at. I am certainly inclined to think that for my daughter's future comfort, and your exemption from small worries, it might have been wise for you to settle upon her some moderate allowance in the way of pin money, were it only three or four hundred a year, which would have made her independent, so far as concerns a woman's trifling requirements."

"A woman's trifling requirements," echoed Sir Aubrey; "you don't mean to tell me that your daughter, brought up in this cottage, would require three or four hundred a year to buy gowns and bonnets?"

"Certainly not, Sir Aubrey. But charity makes a large item in a lady's expenditure, and Sylvia, as the mistress of Perriam, could hardly come to you for every half-crown she wanted to give to a sick cottager."

"Good heavens, sir," cried the baronet, "do you suppose that I cannot make my wife an allowance for pocket money, when she is my wife, without binding myself to pay her so many hundreds a year upon a piece of stamped parchment before I marry her? I will amply provide for your daughter in the event of my death; but I will never consent to render her independent of my bounty during my lifetime."

The schoolmaster murmured a vague assent; but felt more and more uncomfortable. "How am I to profit by such a marriage?" he wondered. "Am I to sit in the gate like Mordecai, and to be not a jot better off for my daughter's advancement?"

Again Sir Aubrey came to his relief.

"As regards yourself, Mr. Carew," he began, graciously, "I have reflected that it could hardly be satisfactory to you to occupy your present position—honourable as that position is—when your daughter is Lady Perriam. I shall therefore request you to accept a hundred a year, which I shall be very happy to remit to you by quarterly payments, in lieu of your present stipend, and which will enable you to live in quiet independence—"

the baronet was about to say "elsewhere," but checked himself lest the phrase should sound like a sentence of banishment,—in any locality most agreeable to yourself."

"You are very good, Sir Aubrey. I place my future entirely at your disposal," answered the schoolmaster.

"A hundred a year! A poor pittance, although twice as good as my present income," he thought, deeply disappointed by the baronet's narrow views on the subject of settlements. He had fancied that an elderly lover would be lavish—ready to empty his coffers at the feet of his idol. And here was Sir Aubrey, driving as hard a bargain as if he had been Shadrack Bain, cheapening a herd of store oxen at Monkhampton cattle fair.

A hundred a year! It seemed a pitiful result of such a wondrous event as the baronet's subjugation. Mr. Carew could only comfort himself with the idea that Sylvia, once married, must assuredly acquire some power over her husband's purse, and that it would be hard if her father were not something the better for her altered fortunes.

"You spoke just now of Sylvia's *trousseau*," said Sir Aubrey, who felt more at his ease now that he had expounded his views. "I have not forgotten that necessity. Perhaps you will contrive to give your daughter this little packet without offending her delicacy. It contains a hundred pounds in bank notes."

James Carew took the small parcel, and his faded face flushed faintly at the mere thought of its contents. How long it was since he had held as much money in his hand. The day had been when a hundred pounds would have made an insignificant item in the vast sum of his needs; but of late years sovereigns had been as drops of his heart's blood, so dear had it cost him to part with them.

"I shall be obliged if you will bear in mind what I said just now about simplicity of attire," said Sir Aubrey, when Mr. Carew had murmured his acknowledgment of the lover's first gift. "A woman cannot be too plainly dressed for my taste; nor does Sylvia's beauty need adornment."

Sylvia opened the gate while her elderly lover was speaking, and came across the dusky garden. Sir Aubrey went out to meet her, almost as eager as if he had been twenty-five instead of fifty-seven. Business-like and deliberate as he had been in the adjustment of monetary questions, he became enthusiastic at sight of Sylvia.

"My sweet one," he said, detaining her in the garden, "I have seen your father, and settled everything. And now I want you to name the happy day that is to make us one."

That sudden appeal made Sylvia tremble. What, was her doom so near? She had thought it a grand thing to be Lady Perriam, while that change of fortune appeared still distant. She had forsworn herself—renounced her lover—become a renegade. Yet at the near approach of that brilliant fortune for which she had sacrificed all lesser things, there came a revulsion of feeling. If she could by any possibility have drawn back at this last moment, she would have done it, recalled her renunciation of Edmund, become once more the happy girl who had pillowed her head upon her lover's breast, and felt herself brave enough to face even poverty for his sake.

But it was all too late for turning back. Sir Aubrey's patrician hand had drawn hers gently through his arm with an air of proprietorship.

"Let it be as soon as possible, my dear," he said, in a tone that was half lover-like, half fatherly, "the autumn will soon

be upon us, and I should like to spend September in Paris. I am always glad to get away from the falling leaves."

Paris seemed a name of enchantment to this untravelling girl. Not Damascus, Balsora, or Bagdad—no city she had ever read of in the Arabian Nights—could have more the sound of a fairy tale.

"I should like to see Paris," she said, forgetting her tardy remorse.

"We will spend our honeymoon there, love!" replied the baronet, who had made up his mind about it before he came to woo. It would be an inexpensive honeymoon. Lodgment in his *entresol* would cost him nothing. There would only be some slight difference in the terms of his contract with the *traiteur* who supplied his table.

"Your father agrees with me that there is no motive for delay, except for the brief time you may require to have two or three dresses made," said Sir Aubrey. "We will be married very quietly in yonder church some morning, before any of the village gossips have had time to discover our intention."

"That will be nice," said Sylvia, somewhat listlessly, "but I should have liked a few months' delay."

"A few months! What for?"

"The question was embarrassing."

"How can you be sure that you really care for me—that your regard for me is anything more than a passing fancy?" she faltered after a pause.

"I have no doubt as to my feelings," replied Sir Aubrey, with offended dignity. "Perhaps it is you who are doubtful about yours."

"No, indeed!" cried Sylvia quickly. Not for worlds must she offend him. Was not the die cast? She might keep back her letter to Edmund, which was not yet posted, but she could not undo her interview with Mrs. Standen. The next mail would doubtless carry a full account of that interview to her lover. And was it likely he would forgive her for having rejected his mother's offered friendship—for having renounced him deliberately in the very hour of his mother's relenting? Sylvia felt that Edmund was lost to her, and that there was nothing for her between marriage with Sir Aubrey and ignominious downfall.

Reflection showed her that her own interest demanded a speedy marriage. What would be her position if Edmund came back and denounced her? He might be cruel enough to tell Sir Aubrey how fondly she had loved him; with what oft-repeated vows she had sworn to be true. What might not a betrayed lover do to proclaim her baseness? The best possible shelter would be Sir Aubrey's name. No one would dare to assail or to insult Sir Aubrey Perriam's wife.

"Come, Sylvia," said the baronet tenderly, "if you love me ever so little you will not ask for delay. It is in your power to make my life very happy. Why should not my happiness begin as soon as it can? Remember, my sweet one, when you accepted my offer the other night you linked your life with mine. You can hardly unlink it again, unless you really repent your promise."

"No, no. I do not repent. I am honoured, proud, happy, in the knowledge of your love."

"Then we will be married this day month," said Sir Aubrey, sealing the bond with a courteous kiss.

Sylvia made no objection. It is not for the beggar girl to dictate to King Cophetua.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. BAIN PLEADS THE CAUSE OF THE WIDOW.

Sir Aubrey, always an early riser, breakfasted a little earlier than usual on the morning after his interview with Sylvia, and mounted his favourite Splinter directly after breakfast, to ride into Monkhampton. The day was dull and cloudy, and the landscape had not its usual smile as he walked his horse along the hilly road between Perriam and the market town.

Rather a quiet place, Monkhampton, at this hour of the morning. There were two or three sleek vestrymen lounging near the door of that uninviting building the Vestry Hall, disputing about sewer rates, and the advisability or non-advisability of an additional twopence in the pound, lately a point in discussion. The bells were ringing for a week-day service, and a few respectable matrons and a sprinkling of young ladies might be seen wending their way to the parish church; but commerce seemed to be hardly awake in Monkhampton at a quarter-past ten in the morning.

Sir Aubrey drew rein at a house near the beginning of the high street, in a neighbourhood where the town touched the border of the country, and where the houses boasted larger gardens than in the heart of Monkhampton. The house before which the baronet stopped was strong, and solid, and square, and respectable—a house which insolvency could never have inhabited, one might fancy, so boldly did it stare the world in the face—so aggressive was the look of its ponderous iron railings. It was built of dull, yellow bricks, picked out with red, and had three rows of windows, five in a row on the two upper floors, two on each side of the hall door. The steps were as white as hearthstone could make them; the windows as bright as if they had been cleaned this morning, but no flower-pot, no birdcage, no frivolity of any kind decorated those windows. The two on the left of the door were draped with crim-on curtains of a substantial moreen, that assumed the stiffest, straightest folds possible to a textile fabric; the windows on the right were screened as to the lower panes by wire blinds, stern barriers against the prying gaze of passers-by, which said as plain as words could speak, "We guard the sanctity of a lawyer's office."

On the large brass plate, which gave additional dignity to the tall grained and varnished street door, appeared the following inscription:—

Mr. Shadrack Bain,
Solicitor and Land Agent.

Sir Aubrey gave Splinter to his groom, turned the brazen handle of Mr. Bain's door and went in, without further ceremony.

The houses in Monkhampton were, as a rule, thus accessible to the public, and Sir Aubrey was familiar with the habits of his agent. The door on the right of the entrance had the word "Office" painted on its panels, in severe-looking black letters. This door Sir Aubrey opened, and confronted his land steward, who was seated at a desk opposite the door, plodding through a lease with a pencil in his mouth, ready to take note of any flaw in the agreement.

Shadrack Bain was a man of that doubtful and indefinite age which is sometimes called the prime of life. Time had as yet traced no wrinkle on the land steward's brow, amply provided

News of the Week.

with those organs of calculation and perception which assist the pursuit of gain. His hard grey eyes had the clear brightness of perfect health; his dark brown hair still thickly brushed his head; his complexion had a ruddy brownness, thatched his head to the eye—a hue that told of long rides in the open morning air rather than of the midnight lamp. He was fresh, broad shouldered, well built, and, like the Miltonian Satan, stood like a tower among his fellow men. He dressed in a well cultivated rather the outward aspect of a small well, but the sombre attire of the learned professions. He wore, when he went a little beyond his own beat, to be hailed as "Esquire" by railway porters and the commonalty. He had bushy brown whiskers, a close shaved lip and chin, wore a suit of heather tweed, a blue cravat, and a plaited leather watch chain. He rose briskly at sight of his patron, wheeled forward the one comfortable chair of the office, and shut the door which communicated with the back office, whence the scratching of the clerk's pens had been audible as the baronet entered. "This is an unexpected honour, Sir Aubrey," he said in a cheery tone, as the baronet shook hands with him. Sir Aubrey did not always greet his agent so warmly—there were times when he appeared to consider a friendly nod sufficient, and Mr. Bain never invited more familiarity than his patron offered. He took condescension from Sir Aubrey as wise Heathens did. He took the gifts of the gods. But to-day his employer was more than commonly cordial, and Mr. Bain argued that there was something in the wind. "I breakfast at seven all the year round," said Mr. Bain, as his visitor settled himself in the arm chair; "but one doesn't expect to see you in Monkhampton before noon."

Sir Aubrey, with a touch of offended dignity. He thought his steward ought to have been quicker to understand him. "I am not talking of county society. Of course I could fill my house with people if I chose, and, as you say, squander a great deal of money upon visitors who would hardly thank me for my hospitality. But I don't at all desire society of that kind. When I spoke just now of solitude, I meant the solitude of a bachelor. The only companionship I wish for is that of a wife I could love." The baronet pronounced the last word reluctantly. No girl of seventeen could have uttered the portentous syllable more shyly. Mr. Bain's countenance changed not at this announcement. Very early in life had Mr. Bain brought his facial muscles into complete subjection. They were too well trained to betray him, but his broad, strong hand gripped the rail of his chair with a somewhat savage grasp. The hand was behind his back, and Sir Aubrey could not see the action. "You have some idea of marrying?" said Mr. Bain, with a smile, that cold smile which comes and goes at the bidding of the smaller, chill as wintry sunlight. "I have more than an idea, Shadrack. I am going to be married on the twentieth of August." "Next August?" "Of course. Do you suppose I'm going to put my wedding off for a year. What need I wait for?" "Nothing, certainly—as regards pecuniary arrangements. But this seems uncommonly sudden. You have known the lady a long time, no doubt." "I have known her long enough to love her." "Should I be impertinent if I asked who she is?" "Not at all. I came this morning to arrange the question of a settlement. But you understand, Bain, that what a man tells his solicitor is sacred." "Of course." "The fact is I don't want any one in Monkhampton to know that I'm going to be married. I don't want the affair to be so much as suspected till it's all over. I hate talk and fuss, and to be stared at or whispered about. No doubt people will be surprised at my marriage, but they can have their fill of surprise while I am away for my honeymoon, and get accustomed to the fact before I come back." "There is hardly any occasion for surprise, Sir Aubrey, except at the suddenness of the business," said Mr. Bain, with his most deferential air. "The match is a suitable one, no doubt." "I'll trouble you to reserve your doubts and your speculations till you know all about it," resumed the baronet testily. "The match is not what society may call suitable. The match is what the world generally ridicules in young or old—a love match. The young lady—a lady in everything except position—is beneath me in station." "Old idiot! He has fallen in love with some pretty housemaid, or a circus rider, or a French actress," thought Mr. Bain, not yet relaxing his grasp of the chair rail. (To be continued.)

THE DOMINION.—At a meeting of the electors of West Toronto last week, it was unanimously decided to offer the constituency to Sir John Macdonald. Sir John has however declined nomination, on the ground that it would be unfair to Kingston. At an interview between two clergymen from Prince-Edward Island, and Mr. Mackenzie, on Saturday, the latter assured them the Dominion Government would endorse the action of the P. E. I. Legislature if they adopted the denominational school act. UNITED STATES.—Intense feeling has been created throughout the United States by the news of the execution of the crew of the "Virginia." Rumours of all sorts are rife, but doubtless many of them are false, as semi-official information from Washington shows that the activity in warlike preparations does not proceed from any intentions to attack Cuba, but merely to protect American citizens on that island from outrage. Orders have been received at the Brooklyn Navy yard to get the sloops of war "Kearsage" and "Junetta" ready for sea with all possible despatch. The new torpedo boat, "Admiral Porter," has been launched, and will be ready for active service in a few days. The frigates "Brooklyn," "Minnesota," and "Colorado," monitors "Ajax" and "Manhattan" and the sloop-of-war "Canandaigua," are also being got ready. Recent despatches from Cuba bring the details of the execution. Notwithstanding the protests of the British and American Consuls, the sentence was carried out with shocking barbarity, the marines taking as much as seven minutes to perform their bloody work. Sixteen of the victims were British subjects. GREAT BRITAIN.—The project of building a railway in connection with the Ashantee expedition has been abandoned as impracticable. The London newspapers, in commenting on the Cuban executions all express the hope that the United States will avenge the victims. It is said that Sir John Dake Coleridge will be raised to the Peerage. The news from Cape Coast represents the British forces as vigorously prosecuting the campaign against the Ashantes. FRANCE.—The Committee on the prolongation of the Government's powers waited on President MacMahon last week. In reply to them he said he had no desire to modify the language of the address he sent the Assembly, advised them to hasten their legislative work, and expressed his opinion on the merits of presenting all bills to the Assembly for discussion. Col. Stoffel, for using improper language to the public prosecutor in the Bazine court-martial, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment and payment of costs. A plot for the establishment of the Commune in Lyons, has been discovered, and several arrests have taken place. GERMANY.—A special from Berlin to the London Times says Germany will increase her military reserves in consequence of the formation of fortified camps at various points in France. ITALY.—At the opening of the Italian Parliament on Saturday, King Victor Emmanuel, in his speech from the Throne, defined Italy's position towards the Pope, referred to the friendly relations between Italy and the Foreign Powers, and suggested the re-organization of the army and navy. SPAIN.—Rumours have been circulating in Madrid that a Ministerial crisis was impending on account of the "Virginia" affair. Don Carlos has struck a medal in commemoration of the victory claimed by the Carlists in the battle at Miranda.

MARAVILLA COCOA. TAYLOR BROTHERS (the largest Manufacturers of Cocoa in Europe), having the EXCLUSIVE supply of this UNRIVALLED COCOA, invite Comparison with any other Cocoa for Purity—Fine Aroma—Sanative, Nutritive and Sustaining Power—Easiness of Digestion—and especially, HIGH DELICIOUS FLAVOUR. One trial will establish it as a favourite Beverage for breakfast, luncheon, and a Soothing Refreshment after a late evening. N.B. Caution.—"MARAVILLA" is a registered Trade Mark.

MARAVILLA COCOA. The Globe says: "TAYLOR BROTHERS' MARAVILLA COCOA has achieved a thorough success, and superseded every other Cocoa in the market. Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the Maravilla Cocoa above all others. For Invalids and Dyspeptics we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage." For further favourable opinions vide Standard, Morning Post, British Medical Journal, &c., &c.

HOMOEOPATHIC COCOA. This original preparation has attained a world-wide reputation, and is manufactured by TAYLOR BROTHERS, under the ablest HOMOEOPATHIC advice, aided by the skill and experience of the inventors, and will be found to combine in an eminent degree the purity, fine aroma, and nutritious property of the FRESH NUT.

SOLUBLE CHOCOLATE. Made in One Minute Without Boiling. THE ABOVE ARTICLES are prepared exclusively by TAYLOR BROTHERS, the largest manufacturers in Europe, and sold in tin-lined packets only, by Storekeepers and others all over the world. Steam Mills, Brick Lane, London. Export Chocolate Mills, Bruges, Belgium. 8-14 ly.

Reduction in Freight Rates. THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY WILL continue to send out, daily, THROUGH CARS for CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, ST. PAUL, and other Western points, at reduced rates from the winter tariff. Shippers can get full information by applying to Mr. Burns, Agent G. T. R., Chaboulliez Square, or at the Office of the General Freight Agent. C. J. BRYDGES, MANAGING DIRECTOR. P. S. STEVENSON, General Freight Agent. 7-21 W. DR. BESSEY, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 8 BEAVER HALL SQUARE, MONTREAL. 7-23ex.

HEALTH TO THE SICK. Strength & Vigor to the debilitated. DOES NOT REQUIRE COOKING OR WARMING, Is the finest TONIC Stimulant AND NUTRITIVE. INSTANTLY RELIEVES PAIN, CURES ALL WEAKNESSES. Consumption, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Lowness of Spirits, Fever, Ague, Cholera, all Female and Children's maladies, Sick Headache, Bladder Complaints, Sea Sickness, Indisposition, Purifies the Blood and THOROUGHLY RENEWS THE SYSTEM. THERE IS ONLY ONE LIQUID EXTRACT OF BEEF IN EXISTENCE. Signature of the Inventor: Baron Justus Liebig, M.D., F.R.S., Professor in the University of Munich.

"BEST IN USE". THE COOK'S FRIEND. BAKING POWDER. IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. IF NEVER DISAPPOINTS. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 3-15tf. CARD. The undersigned, for several years assistant to the late Mr. CARLSLE, Proprietor of the "TERRAPIN,"

"TERRAPIN." Begs to inform his friends and the public that he has now assumed the management of this popular Restaurant, which will be continued by him on the most modern principles. The Restaurant will be furnished with the most luxurious supplies of Meats, Poultry, Game, Vegetables, &c., while the Bar will be furnished with the best Wines and Liquors that the market can afford. Dinners, Suppers, Lunches, and Evening Parties supplied on the shortest notice, and at very moderate prices. HENRY DUNNE. 8-15 4f. October 23.

CERTIFICATE FROM MR. ALFRED KNUCKLE, American House, St. Joseph Street.—MONTREAL, March 7th, 1872. DEAR SIR.—I was afflicted during the beginning of this winter with a most severe COLD, attended with incessant COUGHING and DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING, which reduced me so low that many persons supposed I could never recover. I tried a great many things, which were given me both by my doctors and friends; but did not receive any benefit from anything until I commenced using your "HOARHOUD AND CHERRY BALSAM," which seemed to give me relief immediately. I continued using it until I was completely cured, and now I believe I am as well as I ever was in my life. I would gladly recommend it to any person suffering from a similar complaint. Almost anybody who knows me can certify to the above. ALFRED KNUCKLE. Mr. RICHMOND SPENCER, Chemist, corner of McGill and Notre Dame Streets.

"HEALTH THE CROWNING BLESSING OF LIFE." WINGATE'S Standard English Remedies. These valuable Remedies which have stood the test of trial, and become a household necessity, are the best that experience and careful research can produce for the cure of the various diseases for which they are especially designed. They are pure in quality, prompt in action, effectual in use, and employed with great success by the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons in Hospital and private practice in all parts of the world.

THE FOLLOWING COMPRISE THE LIST: Wingate's Cathartic Pills—For all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Wingate's Nervo-Tonic Pills—Used with remarkable success in all Nervous Affections. Wingate's Chalybeate Pills—Designed especially for Female use in complaints peculiar to their sex. Wingate's Dyspepsia Tablets—A powerful aid to digestion, and cure for Dyspepsia. Wingate's Pulmonic Trochescs—An excellent Remedy for all Irritation of the Throat and Lungs. Wingate's Worm Lozenges—A safe, pleasant and effectual Remedy for Worms. The above Remedies are sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines. Descriptive Circulars furnished on application, and single packages sent, post paid, on receipt of price. Dr. N. A. SMITH & Co., SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES. No. 845 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL. 7-14 22

\$5 to \$20 per day. Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 7-20 22

TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY. We can confidently recommend all the Houses mentioned in the following List: CALT, ONT. COMMERCIAL HOTEL, HENDERSON DIXON, Proprietor. OTTAWA. THE RUSSELL HOUSE, JAMES GOUIN, Proprietor. PORT ELGIN. NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL, Wm. ALLEN, Proprietor. QUEBEC. THE CLARENDON, WILLIS RUSSELL & SON. STRATFORD, ONT. ALBION HOTEL, D. L. CAYNE, Proprietor. WAVERLEY HOUSE, E. S. REYNOLDS, Proprietor. TEESWATER, ONT. KENT HOUSE, J. E. KENEDY, Proprietor. TORONTO. THE ROSSIN HOUSE, G. P. SHEARS, Lessee and Manager. THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, CAPT. THOS. DICK. WALKERTON, ONT. HARTLEY'S HOTEL, Mrs. E. HARTLEY, Proprietor.

Simmonds' Excelsior BURGLAR DETECTOR. A most perfect invention for the DETECTION OF BURGLARS. Has just been Patented that is sure to awake the inmates of premises and attract the attention of people in the street. It is safe, simple and inexpensive. Patent Rights for Sale. Apply to W. H. SIMMONDS, ACTONVALE, Q. Or, THOS. R. JOHNSON, 44 St. James Street, MONTREAL. October 24. 8-18 4f

Grand Trunk Railway ON AND AFTER MONDAY NEXT, 19th instant, an Accommodation Train for MONTREAL and Intermediate Stations will leave RICHMOND at 5.30 A.M., arriving at MONTREAL at 9.10 A.M. Returning, will leave MONTREAL at 5.15 P.M. arriving at Richmond at 9 P.M. C. J. Brydges, DIRECTOR. 7-21 W

