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Wholesale News

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W. H. HINGSTON ESQ., M. D., Mayor of Montreal.
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The story of "THE LAW AND THE LADY," which has been terminated in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, proved very acceptable to our readers, and quite redeemed the pledges we made concerning it when we purchased the right to publish it in our columns. That our judgment of its merits was well founded we learn from a letter of Mr. Wilkie Collins himself, who informs us that it is already being published in five continental languages—French, German, Italian, Russian and Danish.

Desirous to continue maintaining the standard of our serials, we have, after much consideration, chosen over many competitors one of the great works of

Erckmann-Chatrian,

whose reputation is world-wide, though not appreciated as it should be in Canada. The work selected is

The Story of a Peasant,

or Episodes of the Great French Revolution, a master-piece of style, interest, and idealized realism. It is, perhaps, the chief work of the illustrious authors, full of information and entertainment.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS'

Montreal, Saturday, April 17th, 1875.

SENATE AND RAILWAY POLICY.

Whether or not the Senate resented the vote of the House of Commons on Mr. MILLS' motion, or the language used when it was under debate, it has certainly shown its independence by rejecting an important measure of the Government, namely, the "Bill for the construction of a Railway from Esquimalt to Nanaimo in British Columbia." The agreement to construct this Railway was a part of the compromise recommended by Lord CARNARVON on the appeal of British Columbia; and accepted as well by Mr. MACKENZIE'S Government as by that Province. The action of the Senate is, therefore, to be greatly regretted. We make this statement apart from all consideration of the merits of the question as to whether or not the building of that Railway was in itself advisable. Probably it was not; and for some years to come it might have represented some millions wasted; or rather unproductive. We had not, however, as the late Mr. ROBERT BALDWIN, in one of his last speeches, solemnly told the Legislative Assembly, at a session in Toronto, to consider whether the work was best to be done, considered by itself, but whether the faith of the country was pledged to it.

This being ascertained, then no consideration of profit or the reverse ought to cause any hesitance. We have reason to believe that it was on this ground that the Government of Mr. MACKENZIE acted. On the simple merits of the proposed Railway they would not have recommended its construction to Parliament. But being part of the compromise recommended by the Imperial Government and accepted as such by them and by the Pacific Province, they felt it to be their duty to undertake it; and the House of Commons passed the Bill by a decisive majority. This much must be set down to the credit of both.

The vote in the Senate was a little curious. The Hon. Mr. SCOTT seconded by the Hon. Mr. PENNY moved the second reading of the Bill; when the Hon. Mr. AIKINS (one of the late Ministers) moved in amendment that the second reading take place in six months hence. After a very earnest debate, in which the members of the Government in the Senate very strongly pressed the measure, the amendment was carried on the following division: *contents*,—the Hons. Messrs. Aikins, Alexander, Allan, Armand, Bellerose, Benson, Campbell, Chapais, Chic, Dever, Dickey, Dumouchel, Flint, Hamilton (Inkerman) Hamilton (Kingston) McClelan, Macpherson, Penny, Read, Ryan, Seymour, Trudel, and Vidal,—23. The *non-contents* were the Hons. Messrs. Bailargeon, Brown, Bureau, Carroll, Chaffers, Christie (speaker) Cormier, Cornwall, Haythorne, Howlan, Leonard, Letellier de St. Just, McDonald, Miller, Montgomery, Muirhead, Paquet, Scott, Simpson, Skeal, and Wark,—21. It thus appears that this very close division was mainly a party one; the friends of the late Government voting for the rejection of the Bill. But if the Hon. Mr. PENNY had voted on the Government side, his vote would have created a tie, and the measure would have been carried by the casting vote.

IRISH IMMIGRATION.

MR. PETER O'LEARY, Delegate of the Irish Laborers' Union has made public the results of his mission to Canada. He landed from the "Scandinavian" at Quebec on the 1st of June last; and remained a few days in that city to see how immigrants would be treated. His opinion is that everything is done that could be reasonably expected. From Quebec he came to Montreal. He paid a visit to the Quebec immigration reception house, and thought the sanitary arrangements were not as good as they ought to be. Neither were the beds very clean. He paid a second visit to that institution a few days ago, and found things altered very much for the better. From Montreal he went to Ottawa, where he was cordially received by the Government and citizens, receiving attention from every person that he met. Thence to Toronto, where he derived much information and received every attention. From Toronto he went to Manitoba by the Dawson route. From the time he left Prince Arthur's Landing, until he arrived at the north west angle, he did not feel any serious inconvenience except a little from mosquitos. He remained one day at Fort Francis, at the Rainy Lake end of Rainy River. This is one of the loveliest spots he ever saw, and when the railway reaches this, he thinks it will certainly become an important place, as there is good land, good water, good air, a noble river, and plenty of timbers. Of Fort Garry and Manitoba his impressions are that the old countries must find outlets for their surplus people, and these outlets are on the fertile Canadian Western plains. Although the winter may be severe, vegetation is rapid and fruitful, and when the railway is pushed through Manitoba, according to Mr. O'LEARY it will be one of the most prosperous Provinces of the Canadian Confederation. The progress made by the city of Winnipeg during the few weeks that he remained there was something wonderful; new houses springing up on every hand, signs of industry to be seen everywhere. From Manitoba he came back to Toronto

by way of the United States, as he wanted to see Canada in winter, and made an extensive tour through the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, and also through the Eastern cities of the United States. He collected much information about the working classes which he intends to publish. He is also drawing up a report to present at a public meeting in Ireland, in which his impressions and ideas will be embodied, as he feels there cannot be too much information about Canada given in the Old Country, and believes that if it was better known a large stream of tourists would visit its shores every summer. For natural beauty and sublime grandeur it is not surpassed by any country in the world, and he is certain if this was understood by the English travelling public, that there would be a large influx of wealthy visitors, as, indeed, there is every accommodation for them. A fine line of boats from Liverpool to Quebec, railway system from that point to the interior, large and commodious hotels in every town and village, palatial steamboats on the rivers and lakes, and courtesy and attention paid to strangers by every body. These are facts that the Canadian papers ought to make known in Europe, as it would assist to open up the country, and develop its great natural resources. We thank MR. O'LEARY for these kind words, and we sincerely trust his mission may bear abundant fruit.

THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE.

A beautiful story of reconciliation is telegraphed us from Venice. Kaiser FRANZ JOSEPH has come in state to the City of the Doges, where he has been met by VICTOR EMMANUEL and received with enthusiasm by the whole population which was so long subjected to his thrall. Lissa and Custozza were forgotten. At a grand banquet, the wrongs of former days were drowned in gleaming goblets, the health of the Austrian Emperor was cordially proposed, and his Majesty in return pledged the peace and prosperity of the beautiful Bride of the Sea.

It was an historic scene. Fraught with hopes for the future, it recalls fruitful lessons drawn from the almost immediate past. Venice, even in her bondage, was associated in our minds with Italian gaiety and abandon. She was "the pleasant place of all festivity." Now that she is free, she has become still more the prime object of every tourists' curiosity. And the meeting of her King with the Austrian Emperor, a few days ago, brings the mind forcibly back to that ever memorable day in the autumn of 1866 when her final deliverance was proclaimed. Then her exultation overflowed. Her enthusiasm was unbounded. She held high Carnival, such as even the delirious genius of Paganini could scarcely fitly celebrate, not on the eve of Lenten penitences, but on the termination of her worse than Babylonish captivity. All her population was astir to greet the King of her election, as his gilded gondola skimmed the lagoon on its way to the Rialto, and the ancient aisles of the cathedral of St. Marks rang with their acclamations, when the Archbishop intoned the *Te Deum* in thanksgiving to God for their deliverance. Old and young, high and low, took part in the national jubilation, every one contributed his mite to increase the general joy and pride, and while the officials hoisted the tricolor on the towers of St. Marks, and boomed the cannon at the feet of Dandolo's brazen steeds, an obscure *diva* poured forth her barcarole on the illuminated waves of the Brenta, and an humble artisan (whose name should have been preserved) wrote above his stall the pathetic words: "*O mia cara Italia! voglio, ma non posso, fare niente di piu per te!*" We should not begrudge the Venetians the enthusiasm and the triumph which they then displayed and the throbs which they must have felt the other day, on seeing the Emperor of Austria. We must be fair to nations as well as to individuals. Italy may have her wrongs. Venice may have had her shortcomings. But no amount of

sympathy for Austria should make us regret that, in the revolution of things, the Queen of the Adriatic has had once more the chance to rise to that proud eminence

"When many a subject land
Looked to the winged lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles!"

We know that there are pessimists who do not think as we do. We have met even intelligent Irish gentlemen who deprecate the independence of their country, on the ground that it could not govern itself even if it were free. We have heard from the lips of a learned German Doctor of Laws, who pretended to know, that the Poles did not merit and were incapable of maintaining the autonomy for which they have so gloriously bled and died. We are aware that there are those who, adopting the ideas of HALLAM and other writers, have regretted the disenfranchisement of Venice, and her adoption of a Government of her choice. But why take this gloomy view of things? Why pretend that there are nations which are unable to govern themselves? We cannot subscribe to any such doctrine. We do not believe that civilized Christians cannot accomplish what Persians, Chinese and Tartars have achieved. The friend of man, the lover of civilisation, must recognize Providential workings in the upheavals of our time. This is particularly apparent in the case of the Italian peninsula. Who of us expected to see the end of a sixteen hundred years' struggle between Italy and the foreigner, when for the first time in all that period no stranger rules south of the Cottian Alps? And with regard to Venice, in what strange ways has it come to pass that she is free, when hope was almost gone, and after so many cruel delays, as at Campo Formio in 1797, at Vienna in 1815, at Villafranca in 1859.

When certain elements of national life still remain, we believe in the resurrection of nations. We believe that Spain and Italy will revive. We believe that the distinctive characteristic traits of the old Venetians will appear again. The fishermen who fled from Aquileia, at the approach of the Huns in 421, were the founders of a race of soldiers and merchants who conquered Candia and the Ionian Islands, stormed the stronghold of Byzantium, held their own in the dark days of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, repelled all the encroachments of the German Emperors, especially of Barbarossa, spread their commerce all through the Mediterranean as far as Acre and Alexandria, and made of their native city the emporium of art and trade. Venice has a great work before her—that of her own rehabilitation. Let her rekindle the ambition of her children, direct her geographical advantages to the development of commerce, and thus give work to the thousand hands that have so long been ingloriously idle. Work is what Venetians most need. By building up their own fortunes, they will build up the prosperity of their country.

GRAPE CULTURE.

The excellent paper on this subject which recently appeared in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS has been copied in many parts of the Dominion. The New York *Daily Witness* in reproducing it, states that it does so on account of the valuable information it contains for the northern tier of American States. The venerable editor then continues to give his own experience. He says: Whatever will ripen in Lower Canada will, we presume, ripen in any part of the United States except Alaska or elevated regions. We have fruited the Adirondack, the Concord, the Delaware, and the Rebecca in Montreal, which is about one degree farther north than Philipsburgh, but their product, except in favorable years, was of very inferior quality, and the Rebecca was a failure. There are several conditions necessary for obtaining grapes early and good in climates that have short Summers.

1. A good, dry soil richly manured.
2. Keeping it clear of all other crops, and not allowing the vines to overshadow

each other's roots. The radiation of heat from the earth is essential to the ripening of grapes, and therefore it is probable that a yellowish-colored soil, equally rich, is better for them than a dark-colored soil.

3. In Fall prune off the side shoots to within an inch of the cane, and shorten that to about four feet, laying it down on the ground and covering it with four or five inches of earth.

4. When the grapes begin to set, if the bunches are numerous snip off half of them.

5. A wall or board fence on the north or northwest side to break the winds and radiate heat are exceedingly valuable.

The close season for fishing in Quebec is as follows: White Fish, from 10th November to 1st December; Salmon Trout, Lake Trout, or Lunge, from 15th October to 1st December; Speckled Trout, Brook or River Trout or Lunge, and Winnoneche, from 15th September to 1st January; Bass, from 15th May to 15th June; Pickerel or Dorée, from 15th April to 15th May; Maskinonge from the 15th of April to the 15th of May; lobsters, 1st July to the 31st August. The regulations are as follows:—No person shall during such prohibited times fish for, catch, kill, buy or have in possession any of the above mentioned kinds of fish. Each person guilty of violating these regulations is liable to fine and costs, or in default of payment is subject to imprisonment. Complainants will receive one-half of the fine imposed, and be paid for their cost and attendance as witnesses. All well-disposed persons are requested to afford the local fishery officers whatever information and assistance they can towards carrying out these provisions of the fishery laws.

The *World* shows that by the following three salient items of needless expenditure, \$48,000,000 of consequently unnecessary taxation have fallen upon the people of N. Y. State (of which New York pays 53 per cent.), thus indicating the magnitude of the reform Governor Tilden has begun and intends to carry out.

Governor Tilden has shown that the State canals, which ought to be self-supporting and to yield a regular revenue besides, have during the last five years cost the taxpayers more than \$14,000,000. The Comptroller has shown that since the war a number of new, unnecessary, and unfinished public buildings have been erecting at an ultimate cost to the State, including furniture and equipment, of about \$30,000,000. Since the excess of advances from the State Treasury to the State prisons over receipts from their earnings has amounted to \$4,000,000. Here are three salient items of needless expenditure aggregating \$48,000,000!

The Republican party in Connecticut has been badly defeated. Governor Ingersoll, Democrat, has been re-elected. The Democrats have also elected Mr. G. M. Lander, in the First Congressional District, over General J. W. Hawley; Mr. James Phelps, in the Second District, over Mr. Kellogg, and Mr. W. H. Barnum, in the Fourth District. Mr. Starkweather is the only Republican sent to Congress. In the Legislature there is an increased Democratic majority.

Dispatches from Constantinople state that the famine in Asia Minor continues, having been greatly aggravated by the late disastrous floods, which destroyed much property and increased the destitution largely. The Relief Committee finds itself unable to meet the constantly increasing demands that are made upon it. It is estimated that over forty thousand persons are receiving aid. Many families, driven to distraction by hunger, have sold their children into slavery for food.

It matters not how often you stoop, if what you stoop for is worth picking up. Unfriendly indeed is he who has no friend bold enough to point out his faults. Not every one who has the gift of speech understands the value of silence.

WILLIAM HALES HINGSTON, M.D.
L.R.C.S.E., D.C.L., M.L.A., &c.

The newly elected Mayor is the son of the late Lieut.-Col. Hingston, formerly in H. M. 100th, a regiment which came to this country to take part in the last American war, and did much service. The Hingstons had been established in Ireland for centuries, and are allied with the Cotters of Cork, the elder Latouches of Dublin, and the Hales family; and on the mother's side to the old family of the Careys. When the number of Regiments was reduced, after the close of the war, the 100th became the 99th, and was only disbanded several years afterwards, when Colonel Hingston selected a pretty spot on the banks of the Chateaugay River, near Huntingdon. There he organized the Militia Force, Lord Dalhousie giving him command of the County of Huntingdon; and subsequently, Sir James Kempt, of the County of Beauharnois. The wounds, however, he had received in action, especially one through the groin at the battle of Chippewa, which had lamed him, terminated his life early, when the subject of our notice—one of six children—was only eighteen months old. A widow's pension is not much, but it sufficed, with rigid economy, to educate the children. William was first sent to a small Grammar school in the neighbourhood, kept by a Rev. Mr. Williams, a Church of England Clergyman, and afterwards by Mr. (now Sir) John Rose, and subsequently by a Mr. Anderson. During Mr. Rose's time he obtained the first prize in the Junior Class, and during Mr. Anderson's incumbency, the prize among the Seniors. Then, at thirteen, he was sent to the Montreal College, where, at the end of his first year, he obtained the prize in every branch, carrying three first and two second, while his chief opponent, the present superior of the College, obtained the remaining two first and three second. The Rev. Mr. Villeneuve, one of his masters, often spoke of him as having been, at that time, full of fun and merriment, "un grand farceur," as he was termed, and doing anything to create merriment or avoid a quarrel, but when a quarrel was forced upon him never shrinking from the issue, no matter how uncertain it might appear. He afterwards, spent a couple of years in studying pharmacy with R. W. Rexford, when he entered upon the study of medicine at McGill University.

He graduated at the end of four years, and immediately left for Edinburgh, to obtain the Surgeon's diploma of that University; but by practising the most rigid economy he succeeded in visiting England and Ireland also, and almost every country in Europe, spending the greater part of his time in the hospitals and bringing back with him diplomas from Scotland, France, Prussia, Austria and Bavaria. One, the membership of the Leopold Academy, purely honorary and given only to authors, was the first ever obtained by a Canadian, Sir William Logan and T. Sterry Hunt being the next recipients of the honour. He had almost made up his mind to settle in Edinburgh, as assistant to Professor Simpson, but yielded to the well understood wishes of his mother and returned to Canada.

He was frequently in straitened circumstances when in Europe, and in order to gratify his desire for knowledge, with the limited means at his disposal, he required to practice the strictest economy, and the habits of temperance—especially in eating and drinking—which were then engendered have adhered to him through life. Much of his journeyings in Europe were made on foot—an exercise in which he still excels—his travelling companions, for a time, being young Alexander (now Lord) Shand, of Edinburgh, and Mr. P. Honeyman of Glasgow.

Dr. Hingston began the practice of his profession in the city of Montreal, in 1853, taking up his residence in McGill Street. Here his urbanity of manner, his punctuality, promptitude, strict attention to the minutest details of his profession, and his uniform kindness and gentleness of disposition towards all, with his generosity to the suffering poor, soon won for him the good will of those with whom he came in contact, and secured for him a rapidly extending practice. Cholera visited the city in 1854, and was most severely felt in Griffintown. Being the nearest physician to that locality, the Doctor had abundant opportunity of ministering to the relief of the afflicted. He seemed to live on horseback—not yet being possessed of a carriage, or the means to procure one—and wherever he stopped to make a professional call, a crowd of persons were ever ready to assist. More than twenty years have elapsed since then, yet his devotion to his calling on that occasion has secured for him the warmest gratitude and affection of his people. It is stated by those best cognizant of the facts at the time, that he invariably declined to accept a fee where appearances seemed to indicate anything like poverty, a practice he has since continued.

A few years afterwards, we find him moving into a house of his own in Bonaventure St.—to a building on the site now occupied by Mr. Tabb, hardware merchant. Afterwards, he removed to Beaver Hall, where he resided until 1872 when he purchased his present residence, corner of Union Avenue and St. Catherine Streets.

Dr. Hingston has now occupied, for several years, a most prominent position in Montreal, as a leading member of his profession—especially in surgery—his "first love," as the *Canada Medical Journal* states; and having, at the present time, besides large city practice, one of the very largest consulting practices in Canada—call him frequently to visit outlying towns and cities, and not unfrequently to the neighbouring States.

Soon after beginning practice, Dr. Hingston received, unsolicited, the appointment of Surgeon to the English speaking department of the Hotel Dieu Hospital, and has been unremitting in his attendance upon the suffering inmates of that excellent institution. There he has had the largest field in this country for the exercise of his calling, and has acquired a dexterity and precision in operating which is unusual. Many of the more difficult and hazardous operations in surgery have been there introduced by him to the profession in Canada, such for instance, as excision of the knee joint, removal of the womb, and congenital and acquired deformities. The scope and function of our journal prevent our detailing them here, but among the more formidable we may mention the successful removal of the tongue and lower jaw, at the same time; and, among the more fortunate, twenty-six successive operations for removal of stone in the bladder, *without the loss of a single life*.

Though attached to no Medical School, Dr. Hingston has largely availed himself of the material at his disposal in the hospital, for practically instructing the medical students who attended it. Every day, for many years, clinical instruction was given—the Doctor receiving no pecuniary reward therefor. But as the young gentlemen, whom he instructed, graduated in medicine, and scattered themselves over the country, they gave many evidences of their gratitude to, and confidence in, their generous instructor, and have largely assisted in building up his reputation.

Again visiting Europe, in 1867, one of his masters, Professor (now Sir James) Simpson, paid a high tribute to Canadian Surgery in the person of Dr. Hingston by inviting him to perform a surgical operation of difficulty on one of his (Sir James') patients; and on speaking of him, a few weeks afterwards, in a British Medical Journal of the time, Sir James styles him, "that distinguished American Surgeon lately amongst us."

As a graduate of McGill University he was one of a few gentlemen to organize the McGill University Society, and to advocate and secure the appointment, from among the graduates, of Convocation Fellows to the University. The Hon. Alexander Morris, now of Manitoba, Mr. Brown Chamberlin and himself were the first office bearers in the McGill University Society, a society founded chiefly for the purpose named; but he alone, we believe, never occupied the position in the University he was instrumental, in part, in obtaining for his fellow graduates.

When Bishop's College Medical School was organized by the late Dr. Smallwood and Dr. David, Dr. Hingston was named Professor of Surgery, and afterwards Dean of Faculty, both of which, however, he was forced to resign as the duties were incompatible with his position at the Hospital. He received the degree of D.C.L., from the University at Lennoxville in 1871.

When the Dominion Medical Association was formed Dr. Hingston was appointed first Secretary for the Province of Quebec; and two years ago, he was unanimously elected representative of the Profession for the same Province. During his connection with the Association he contributed several papers on medical subjects.

Last year, he was unanimously elected Governor of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada, in the place of the late Dr. Smallwood.

One of the founders of the Medico Chirurgical Society of Montreal, he has three times held the position of Vice-President, and twice that of President, no small honour in a city where the profession stands so high, and a fair indication, it may be presumed, of the estimation in which he is held by his professional brethren. While the unanimity with which he was called upon to accept, and apparently with great reluctance on his part, the Civic Chair by the members of his own profession as well as by the public at large, is the best testimony that could be given of the esteem in which he is held by all classes and conditions of the community. The boldness and frankness of the new Mayor's inaugural address was of a character to call forth encomiums from the Press generally,—the *Witness* speaking of it as equalling Gladstone's efforts, in clothing the driest material in poetic language.

The ease and elegance with which Dr. Hingston writes, render it a matter of regret to medical readers that he does not contribute so frequently as formerly to the Medical Press of the country. For several years, Dr. Hingston wrote largely. Morgan, in his *Bibliotheca Canadensis*, mentions a dozen of papers from his pen, the more important being on the state of medicine in Paris and Berlin; and a series of papers on the climate of Canada in its sanitary aspects. The latter has, to a great extent, been incorporated in books for the use of schools. As years have rolled on, however, and as professional duties have been multiplied, Dr. Hingston's efforts in that direction have been less frequent, and of a more desultory character; only being called forth in connection with some circumstance or study of special interest.

One of the medical gentlemen who has kindly furnished us much of what we have written, adds among other things: "I have known Dr. Hingston intimately almost since he commenced his professional career, and his bearing towards the public generally has been highminded and honourable; while towards his professional brethren he has ever displayed a courtesy and a delicately honourable bearing to all, even to those tacitly organized against him. He has, in the end, been rewarded, for the younger members of his profession love and trust, and the elder respect him, "To the delicacy of bearing and

sentiment uniformly displayed by Dr. Hingston," says the same gentleman, "as much to any member of the profession, are we indebted for much of a healthier and more wholesome tone of feeling among professional gentlemen than at one time existed."

As Dr. Hingston has, for some time, arrived at an age to enter the matrimonial state we should have wished to mention in this sketch, that he had married, and had sons and daughters. But, so far, no fair one bears his name, and no little ones—except the citizens generally, call him father.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

HAMILTON SKETCHES.

Our Hamilton friends will easily understand the purport of our two little sketches. The indiscriminate cutting of ice in Burlington Bay is known to have occasioned serious accidents this year, and almost loss of life.

OPHELIA.

Another masterpiece from a steel engraving, intended as a companion for the *Marguerite*, published three weeks ago. The work is exquisitely executed and deserves to be preserved. The scene is from the fourth Act of Hamlet, where the love-lorn girl, prior to slipping under the willows, into the cold stream, sings the swan's dirge, *vox ultima cygni*, and strews wild flowers over a fancied bier. "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance . . . , and there is pansies, that's for thoughts. . . . There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you; and here's some for me; we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays. . . . There's a daisy; I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died." Then crowned with fantastic garlands of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies and long purples, she hied her to the river.

There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes.
* * * * *

Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

MONTREAL CITY DRAINAGE.

We call particular attention to our plans and full letter press description of this important civic work. It interests Montreal especially, but bears information for citizens in every part of Canada. The portrait of Dr. Hingston, the new Mayor, which we publish to-day, will be additionally welcome from the connection of that eminent gentleman with the improvement in question.

THE MASON AND THE OVERSEER.

Our cartoon this week sums up the work of the session under the allegory of a stone mason finishing a wall composed of the different measures proposed by the Ministry. Mr. Mackenzie will not object to this reference to an honest trade which once was his. Lord Dufferin passes by, in the character of overseer. He approves the work and promises to retain the faithful workman, but expresses his doubts about one stone, the Supreme Court Bill, which is cracked by amendments. He fears it may be rejected by the architect.

FRENCH COSTUMES.

We invite the attention of our fair readers to the two historical pages, descriptive of the costumes worn in France by ladies from the earliest times until our day. It would appear that France has always been the Queen of Fashion. Artists too, can study these pictures for the instruction which they contain, and writers may learn from them how to dress their heroines, according to the periods which they describe.

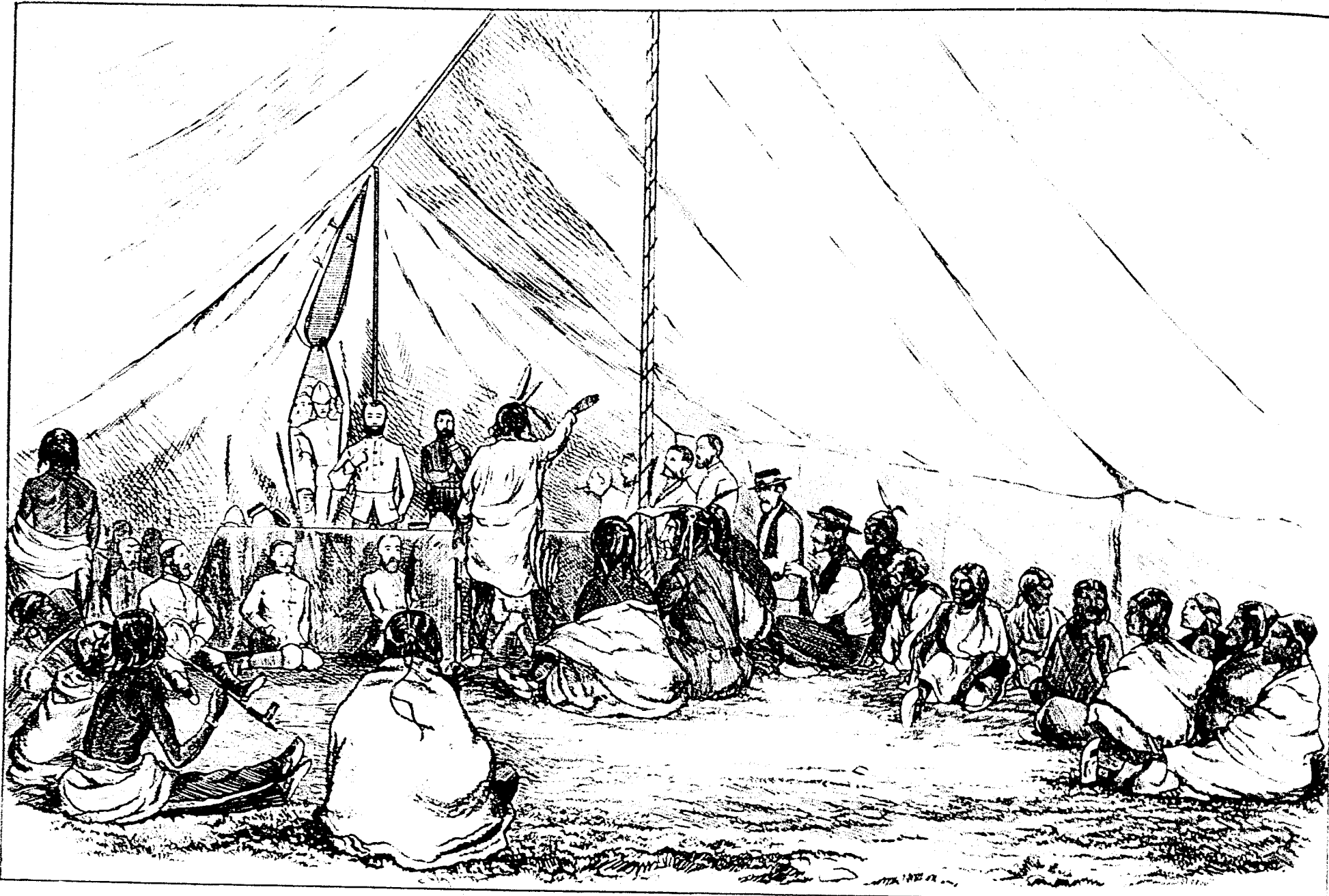
ARTISTIC.

A DISCOVERY of great interest to Egyptologists and antiquarians generally is reported from Port Said. A learned archaeologist in that place has just found a monumental stone to Thotmes III., under whose reign [1491 B.C.] the exodus of the Israelites is supposed to have taken place. The inscriptions already deciphered contain more than four hundred geographical names, all recognizable, and for the most part belonging to Arabia, Armenia, Nubia, and the coasts of the Mediterranean.

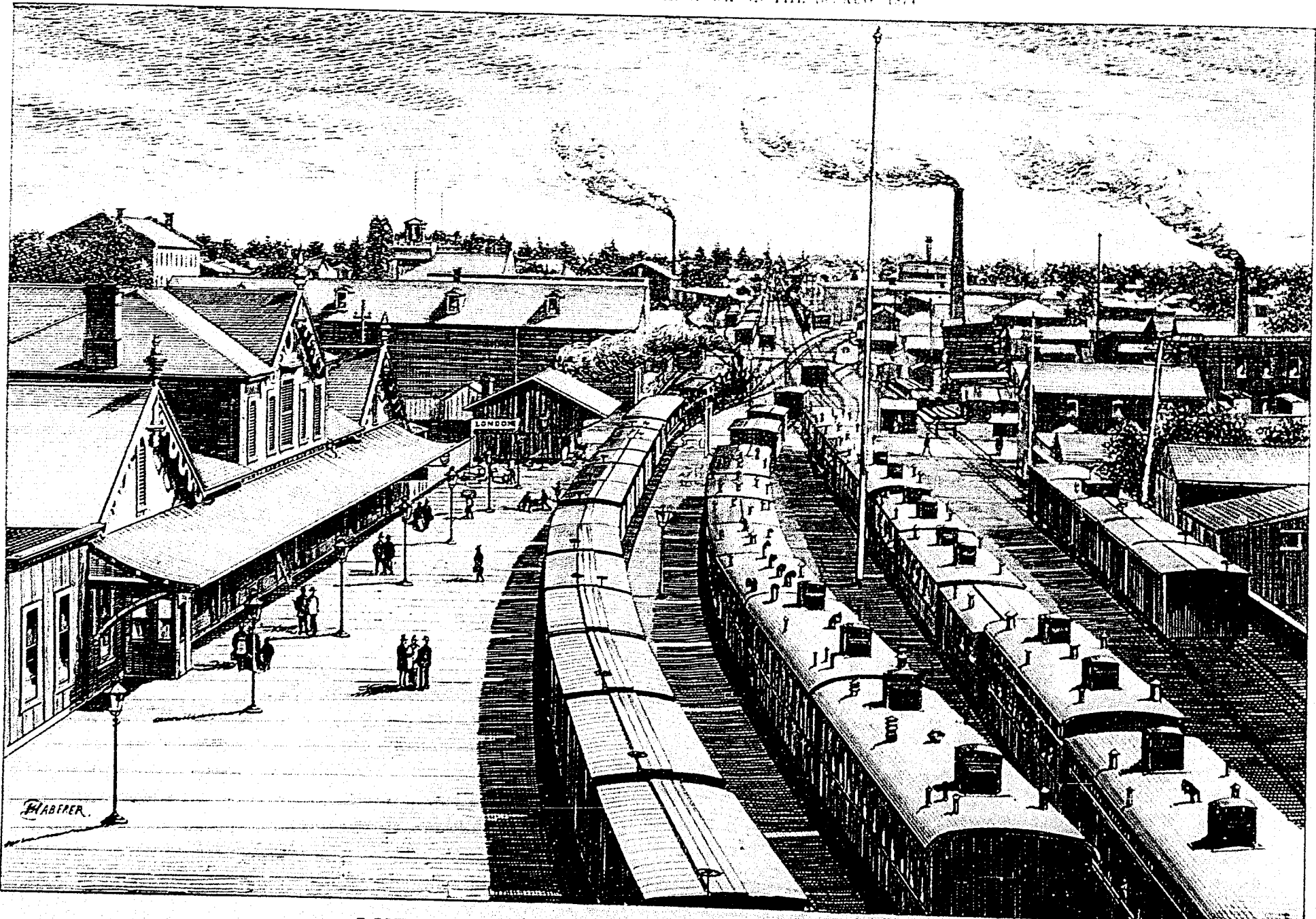
AN interesting numismatic discovery was made the other day at Bourbonne-les-Bains, in the department of Haute-Marne. In making excavations for the public baths and reservoirs now in course of construction, the workmen came upon a large number of Roman coins and medals, respectively of bronze, silver, and gold. Between 4,000 and 5,000 pieces in all have been already removed to the museum—namely, 4,000 bronze, 300 silver, and a few gold coins; the latter are in size equal to French pieces of forty francs, and bear the portraits of Nero, Hadrian, Honorius, and Faustina Senior, wife of Antoninus Pius. More treasures are looked for, as the work of excavation is still going on.

THE preparations for the celebration of the centenary of Michel Angelo are the subject of much attention at Florence. The anniversary fell on the 6th inst., but its celebration has been fixed for next September, as that season of the year has been deemed the most favourable for ensuring a large attendance, and the more complete success of the festival. The committee charged with the preparations for the celebration have issued an address, in which they state that casts, photographs, and drawings of the works of the great master will be submitted to the public view in the Academy of Fine Arts, where a gallery is now being erected for the reception of his masterpiece "David." It is added that "descriptions, now being prepared by competent writers, will bear eloquent witness to the singular genius and great mind of Michel Angelo."

SIX MONTHS IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH-WEST



THE GREAT POW WOW WITH THE SIOUX ON THE 13TH AUG. 1874



LONDON ONT. THE G. W. R. STATION.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COOPER.

ARTISTS' MODELS IN ROME.

Adolphus Trollope writes in *Lippincott's* of "Artists' Models in Rome" as follows: "We fell in with a group of them, consisting perhaps of three or four girls, as many children, a man in the prime of life, and an aged patriarch. There is not the smallest possibility that we should pass them unobserved. They are far too remarkable and too unlike anything else around us. Even those who have no eye for the specialties of type which characterize the human countenance will not fail to be struck by the peculiarities of the costume of the group of figures before us. At the first glance the eye is caught by the quantity of bright color in their dresses. The older women wear the picturesque white, flatly-folded linen cloth on their heads, which is the usual dress of the *contadine* women in the neighborhood of Rome. The younger have their hair ornamented with some huge filigree pin or other device of a fashion which proclaims itself to the most unskilled eye as that of some two or three hundred years ago. All have light bodices of bright blue or red stuff laced in front, and short petticoats of some equally bright color, not falling below the ankle. But the most singular portion of the costume is the universally worn apron. It consists of a piece of very stout and coarsely woven wool of the brightest blue, green, or yellow, about twenty inches broad by thirty-three in length, across which, near the top and near the bottom, run two stripes, each about eight inches wide, of hand-worked embroidery of the strangest, old-world-looking patterns and the most brilliant colors. These things are manufactured by the peasantry of the hill country in the neighborhood of San Germano, who grow, spin, weave, dye, and embroider the wool themselves. And being barbarously unsophisticated by any adulteration of cotton, and in no wise stinted in the quantity of material, they are wonderfully strong and enduring. The most remarkable thing about them, however, is the unerring instinct with which these uneducated manufacturers harmonize the most audaciously violent contrasts of brilliant color. It is not too much to assert that they are never at fault in this respect. So much is this the case, and so truly artistic is this homely peasant manufacture, that there is hardly a painter's studio in Rome in which two or three of these richly colored apron cloths may not be seen covering a sofa or thrown over the back of a chair. A great part of the singularly picturesque and striking appearance of the group of figures we are speaking of is due to the universal use of these aprons by the women. The men, also, affect an unusually large amount of bright colors in their costume. The waistcoat is almost always scarlet; the velvet jacket or short coat generally blue; the breeches sometimes the same, but often of bright yellow leather, and the stockings a lighter blue. The men often wear a long cloak

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY No. 237.



CHARLES HEAVYSEGE ESQ., ATTORNEY AT LAW, JERETHA'S DAUGHTER & Co., FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ISGLIS.

reaching to the heels, always hanging open in front, and generally lined with bright green baize. They generally, too, have some bright-colored ribbons around their high-peaked, conical felt hats. But I must not forget to mention the costume of the children. It consists of an exact copy in miniature of that of their elders, and the inconceivable quaintness and queer old-world look produced is not to be imagined by those who have never witnessed it. Fancy a little imp of six or seven years old dressed in little blue jacket, bright-yellow leather breeches, blue stockings, sheepskin sandals on his little bits of feet, and long bright flaxen curls streaming down from under a gayly ribboned brigand's hat!"

WHY MEN WILL NOT MARRY NOW-A-DAYS.

Says a New York paper: New York is crowded with rich, unmarried men, afraid of the expense of supporting these gilded butterflies. There is a bachelor at the Sixth Avenue Hotel, whose income is \$20,000 a year, and still he says he can't afford to get married. He is a proud fellow, and says as a single man he can have the best horses, best rooms and best box at the opera.

"If I should get married," he said, "I would have to stint myself or overdraw my income."

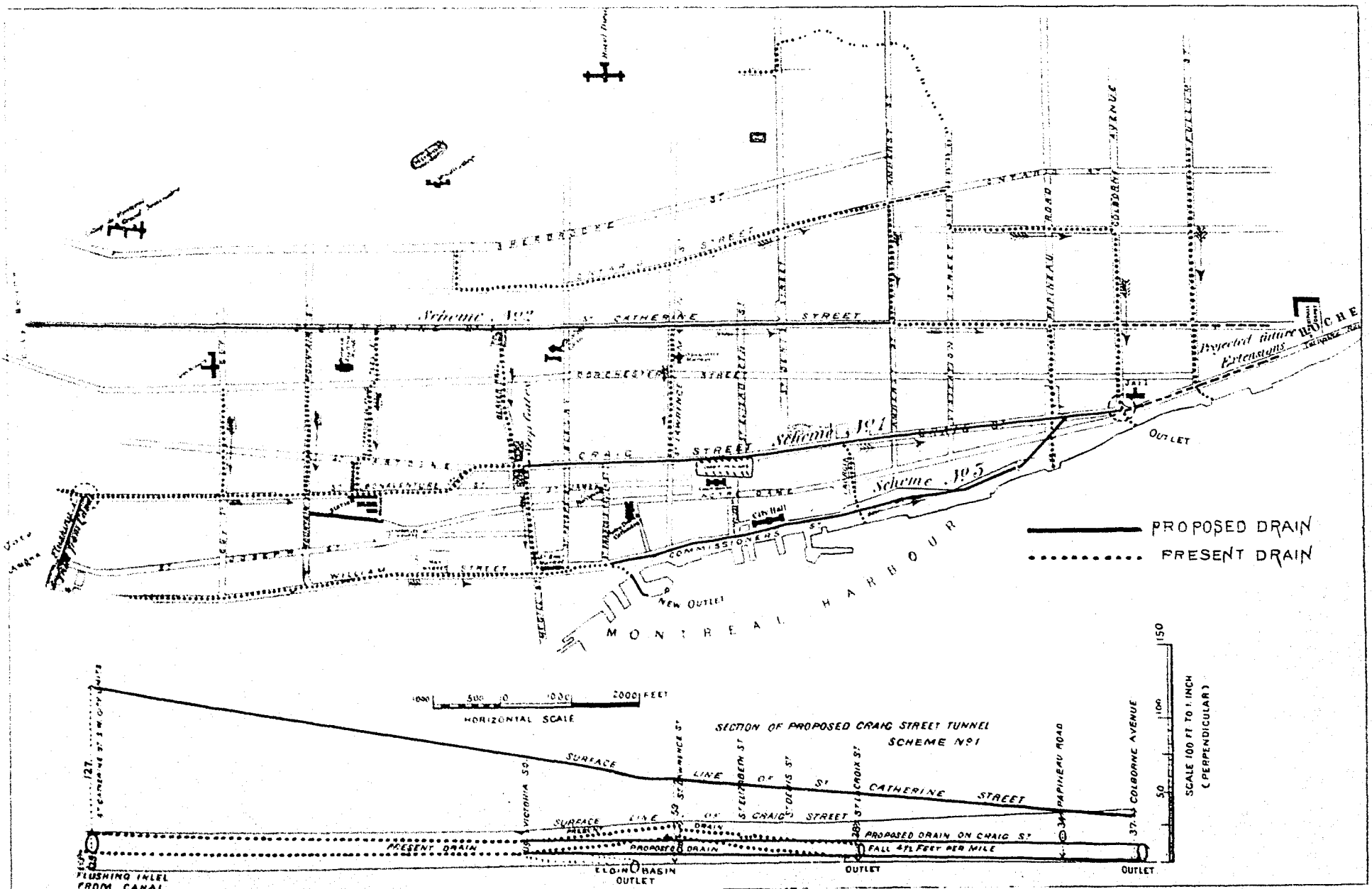
"How is that?" asked a friend. "Well, now, come into the parlor and I'll show you. You see ladies are extravagant now-a-days. They dress so much more than in Europe. I mean they don't wear rich diamonds like the women of Florence and Milan, but they wear such rich dresses, lace, shawls and furs. Now, I'm proud, and I would not want my wife to be out-dressed, so I have to keep out of the marriage business."

"Do you see that lady there?" he asked, pointing to a fashionable caller.

"Yes." "Well, she has on a \$400 panned, watteaued, polonaised, brown, gros-grain dress, and I wear a \$60 coat. She wears a \$1,200 camel's hair shawl, and a \$5.00 set of sable, while I wear a \$70 overcoat. She wears a \$70 bonnet, while I wear an \$5 hat. She wears \$200 worth of point applique and point aiguille, while I wear a \$6 shirt. Her shoes cost \$15 and mine cost \$12. Her ordinary morning jewelry, which is changed every year, not counting diamonds, cost \$400, mine cost \$50."

"Well, how does it foot up?"

"Why, the clothes she has on cost \$2,225, and mine cost \$206, and that is only one of her dozen outfits, while I only have—say three. The fact is," said he, growing earnest, "I couldn't begin to live in a brown-stone front with that woman and keep up appearances to match—carriages, church, dinners, opera and seaside for \$20,000."



MONTREAL: PLAN OF THE CITY DRAINAGE.—(For description see page 247.)

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

DEAD IN THE STREET.

A wither'd wretch in the street is dying,
Perhaps the spark of her life has sped,
Her lovely head on her hand is lying,
The fire of her eye forever is fled;
Her bosom heaves with the struggling breath,
It once was filled with a maiden's love,
Hark! 'tis the tread of the Angel of Death!
God, in thy mercy, take her above.

She once had a soul as white as the snow,
A heart filled with honour and truth;
Why ceased the fountains of virtue to flow?
Were they dried by the sun of her youth?
Ah, no! for the locks of her tresses fair,
And the gloss of her delicate skin,
Proclaim that the hand of time was not there,
It is the work of degrading sin.

Long, long ago in the springtime of love,
When the waves by the moonlight were kiss'd,
And the zephyrs sighed through the leaves above,
Her heart from her bosom she mis'd,
It had flown to him who had sworn to live
For that heart in its innocent glow,
O maiden bright! in love thou didst give
The heart that lies in woe.

The flowers that bend in the morning breeze,
The dew on the pure lily bright,
The foam that is toss'd on the rolling seas,
The star in the pathway of night,
Were not in their hues and purity grand
As lovely as thou on that day,
When Love with his tender and trembling hand,
Gave thy heart in gladness away.

Though lone and dead 'neath the rays of the moon
Thy soul has flown to the shining stars,
Oh! God with extended arms will soon
Receive it over the crystal bars;
Soon will the host of the silvery wings
Sing in the tones of their heavenly song,
The repentant maid, the mercy that brings,
A stainless soul to their heav'nly throng.

JAMES BYRNE,

Charlotte Town, P. E. I.

SOME CANADIAN POETS.

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

FIRST PAPER.

I.

When we first came to Canada, a few years ago, almost our first inquiry was after Charles Heavysege. We knew little of the country and still less of its public men, but that one name was familiar to us. Heavysege? Charles Heavysege? No body seemed to know anything about him. It was only after some time that we learned of his residence in Montreal.

On reaching this city, our curiosity was no less vivid, but owing to a variety of circumstances, several months elapsed before we could make the acquaintance of the poet whom we sought. The opportunity offered itself at last, however. It was two winters ago, and Lord Dufferin was spending some weeks in Montreal. One bitter cold day, he had an appointment to visit the great water-wheels, belonging to the Corporation, at Point St. Charles. The members of the press used to fly around, chronicling all his movements and reporting all his speeches. On this particular occasion, a well-known genial little representative of the *Herald* and ourselves took a sleigh and were about setting off, when our friend suggested calling at the *Witness* and taking up its reporter. We did so. The gentleman who presented himself was introduced to us as Mr. Heavysege. What a prosy meeting, thought we. Still we were delighted and we drove away, in the teeth of a raging snow-storm, to record the doings of the Governor. It was so very cold, that we really had no opportunity to engage in any conversation with Mr. Heavysege. We saw enough of him, however, to satisfy ourselves that he was the remarkable man that his works betokened.

Later, during the same winter, we had frequent occasion to attend the meetings of the City Council, and there at the table reserved for journalists, we saw the venerable figure of Mr. Heavysege, with pencil in hand, taking notes of the proceedings. Comparing the men who spoke in that hall with the man who reported their words, we could not help thinking of the strange ways of this world, whereby a writer of unrivalled merit is ignored, while others with showier, but less substantial gifts are admired and advanced.

Mr. Heavysege is the author of several works, the principal of which are "Saul," "Jephtha's Daughter" and "Count Filippo." We have space in the present paper for the examination of only the first of these poems, reserving a study of the two latter for the next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

"Saul" is a drama in three parts which was first published anonymously in Montreal about the year 1848. Of course, like almost everything which appears in Canada, it received scant attention. But one day, a copy of the work having strayed into England, it fell into the congenial hands of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the greatest of American prose writers. It was such a work as his refined spiritual nature would appreciate. He was so astonished at its power and delighted with its beautiful analysis, that he showed the book to a friend, who forthwith made its merits public by an extended notice in the *North British Review* for August, 1858. The writer pronounced the work "indubitably one of the most remarkable English poems ever written out of Great Britain." In another passage, he refers with enthusiasm to the "oddity, subtlety, and originality" of the poet's language. In consequence of these favorable criticisms, some curiosity was excited about the book, and responsive to an increased demand for it, Fields,

Osgood & Co., of Boston, put forth a fine edition in 1869. Since that time the drama has been accepted among the standard publications of the day, but it has received nothing like its deserts, and the author has been allowed to suffer that neglect which is but too often the lot of genius.

II.

We have not the slightest hesitation in saying that "Saul" is the greatest poem, as a whole, ever published in America. This is a bold assertion, but we are willing to submit it to the test of any critic who will take the trouble to read it carefully and judge it according to the acknowledged canons of art. We do not mean that the work is perfect by any means, but we do state that it is in every respect an extraordinary production, and that none but a man of genius could have written it.

The subject in itself is grandiose, epic in the march of the historic events which it rehearses, dramatic in the situations which it reveals, as well as in the passions which it evokes. Even stripped of his scriptural surroundings, Saul as a mere battle-giant is a towering character. But anointed with the chrism of Samuel, and afterwards struggling under the ban of Jehovah, he becomes a truly awful personage, one of the most striking in all the range of literature.

It was a bold attempt to grapple with such a subject, but the confidence that he was equal to it shows the strength of the author's mind, and the fact that he has really made it a distinct creation is the highest proof of his unquestionable talent. We need not, of course, summarize the incidents of Saul's career, as they are familiar to all readers of the Bible. We shall simply say that new and wonderful light is shed upon them when read in connection with the gloss and commentary of Mr. Heavysege.

By far the most difficult part of the author's task was the handling of the spiritual machinery, or the influence of angels, good and bad, over the motives and actions of the King. It required a constant stretch of imagination and the subtlest psychological insight to do this so as to excite a genuine interest. But Mr. Heavysege has succeeded to perfection, and the episodes of his angels rank, to our mind, as the most poetic of the whole drama. Malzah, the evil spirit of the King, in especial, is a grand study. Of him the British reviewer, cited above, has written that he "is depicted with an imaginative veracity which we do not exaggerate in saying has not been equalled in our language by any but the creator of Caliban and Ariel." He draws his own character in the following rattling lines:

There was a devil and his name was I;
From out Profundus he did cry;
He changed his note as he changed his coat,
And his coat was of varying dye;
It had many a hue: in hell 'twas blue,
'Twas green 't the sea, and white 't the sky.
O, do not ask me, ask me why
'Twas green 't the sea and white 't the sky.
Why from Profundus he did cry.
Suffice that he wailed with a chirruping note;
And quaintly cut was his motley coat.

Throughout the poem the play of the demons is kept up. To some readers, who have not a turn that way, such episodes will appear misty and chaotic, but to us they appear the very best part of the author's workmanship. The obsession of Saul by Malzah, in the last scenes of the first part, is a wonderful blending of the spiritual with the material, the ideal with the realistic.

The central figure of the King is throughout kept in full view, and the large number of other personages, many of them very important, are skilfully used to give it additional relief. A stern dramatic unity is thus preserved, making the poem a real monograph.

The character of Saul, throughout its varying phases of success and ill-success, is maintained true to itself, and its one inherent defect—blind stubbornness—is steadily kept before the reader's eye. It is the old heathen fatality in another form, and with other accessories. At times we may call it desperation, that drives the sufferer to impiety.

Shall I accept
Evil, nor seek to know its origin?
Shall I be dumb because great Samuel's spoken?
No!
By hell, it makes me fierce
To hear the cant of silly dames and priests,
Those talk of right, and charge great heaven with
wrong;
These dribble on my head their verbal spite,
And say 'tis thunder of heaven's waterpots.
Out, out! shall I be silenced and beguiled
By a chicanery that drives me wild?

The incidents of the drama move rapidly and are skilfully worked according to the recognized rule of climax and anti-climax. No event of importance which has any bearing on the main plot is overlooked. There are the first successes of Saul, the imprecations of Samuel for his double disobedience, the great obsession and release by David's harp, jealousy of David when the shepherd boy had slain Goliath, the death of Jonathan and his two brothers after many catastrophes, and finally the suicide of the King.

III.

Mr. Heavysege is a master of blank verse. He manages it with ease and skill. His model is Shakespeare, and it is doubtful whether any modern author has caught better the peculiar fashion of the Shakespearean line. The imitation will strike any one who will pay attention to the circumstance. On the other hand, there is none of the Miltonian stateliness and regularity in our author's verse. It is free, sometimes rugged, but always forcible. For a work of such length, there is comparatively little redundancy.

To give the reader an idea of Mr. Heavysege's perfection of style, we shall make a few citations.

First let us see how he draws a character. Here is that of the giant of the Philistines:

Goliath is his name, and forth he comes
Each day to stalk like horror in the vale.
He is so tall he'd reach thee from a tree,
And stronger he than a rhinoceros;
Nor looks the hyena or the wolf more cruel.
He surely must have been begot in blood,—
Some ever-angry tigress suckled him;
For when he looks about him, unaroused,
So fierce and fiery is his gaze, his eyes
Are like unto a turret's windows, which,
While flaming fagots crackle on the hearth,
Glare with reflection of the ruddy light
That dances on the walls.

Indeed, 'tis said, no woman gave him birth;
But that a sea-squall bore him, and the big
And billow-breasting Dagon was his father.

Female influence has been too much overlooked throughout the piece, and the contrast between the soft tenderness of women with the stern passions of warlike men is wanting. The Queen's role is subsidiary, and enough has not been made of Michal. The following, however, is a fine outburst of Ahinoam's love, after her husband's phrenzy:

O no, thou art not foul to me; no more
Than is the tiger, with his brindling stripes,
Foul to his mate, or leopard with his spots.
Or than the king lion to his love,
When with dishevelled and still-lifted mane,
He stalks back from the chase into his den.

The loves of Jonathan and David are drawn out at full length, being evidently a favourite theme with the author. The passages, however, are so interwoven that it is impossible to detach any of sufficient brevity for citation.

IV.

Although the special traits of Mr. Heavysege's style are force and sublimity, it must not be imagined that he is careless of details, or disdainful of those minor effects which make up the perfection of a picture. His narrative is generally rapid and lucid, while his descriptions are often models of graceful composition.

The following view of the seasons is charming for its terseness and simplicity:

The blade starts through the clod in Spring; the leaf
On the high bough sits in its pride of green;
The blossom, punctual to its season, comes
Milk-white or ruddy; and the perfect fruit
Appears with Autumn; nor the snow doth fall
The hoary Winter. Doth the snake not shed
Its slough?

We shall look in vain for a more magnificent picture of the carnage of battle than this:

Arms glance along like lightning;
Helmets and shields, and heads and bodies bare,
Dance in confusion.
See how they charge each other, and, in rage,
Sweep slaughtering like a whirlpool round and round;
And ever and anon some gashed head sinks,
Drowned in the bloody eddy. Louder grows
The noise; earth trembles till the deep-jarred ground
Rumbles, as if 'twere one enormous grave.
Wherein some overwhelmed, awakened corpse,
Resurgent, groaned in horror. Horror reigns:
The darkened world at its expiry seems.
And the death rattle in the earth's pent throat
Mingles with battle's burden.

When the King is under the influence of his first madness, he consults the court physician, and the scene which follows is instinct with strength of thought and beauty of language.

PHYSICIAN.

I have no opiate
That can assuage the anguish of the spirit;
Nor subtle, fine astrigent is there known
Can bind the wanderings of a lawless fancy.

SAUL.

Hast naught then in thy dispensatory?

PHYSICIAN.

I've sedatives, narcotics, tonics too—

SAUL.

Give me a tonic for the heart.

PHYSICIAN.

The King
Is strong of heart, or he had not delivered
Us from our enemies as he hath done.

SAUL.

O Prince of flatterers, but Beggar of doctors,
How poor thou art to him who truly needs!
The mind, the mind's the only worthy patient.
Were I one of thy craft, ere this I'd have
Anatomized a spirit; I'd have treated
Soul-wounds of my own making, and especially,
I would have sought out sundry wasted wretches,
And striven to cauterize to satisfaction
The gangrenes of their past. Ye are impostors;
All said, ye are impostors; fleas—skin-deep
Is deep with you; you only prick the flesh,
When you should probe the overwhelmed heart,
And lance the horny wounds of old despair.
Away! Death is worth all the doctors.

In reading a favourite author, we like to cull his fine thoughts, his pithy sentences, and passages that will bear citation. The present drama has many such, a few of which we shall detach. What a picture of life:

To hunt and to be hunted make existence;
For we are all as chasers or the chased;
And some weak, luckless wretches ever seem
Flying before the hounds of circumstance,
Adown the windy gullies of this life.

This is a good proverb:

Knows whether it be worthy, though it knows
Not whether 'twill be chosen.

And this:

All patriots are angels after death.

And this:

How little glads us when we truly need.

And this is cynical, but true:

I fear that most of men,
If they were licensed by divine decree,
Would change to demons.

And this also:

Would there were no night,
For half the world abuse it.

A fervent prayer:

Now, every motive that can bring fierce strength
To my resolve, come double to my heart.

We shall, in conclusion, gather a few fine figures of speech, as—

The heights appear
Like roused ant-hills.

Or,
As dragons of the death, after them
With standards spreading like wide, wasteful wings.

Or,
And lo! the unclean kite draws nearer, as
The vanguard of the volant scavengers.

Or,
To make the falchion hoarsely growl 't the air.
The following comparison is superb:

Like a frantic steed
Rushing ear-bound across the rugged plain,
And badged at mouth and nostrils with a beard
Of mingled blood and foam.

And this is sweet:

Such thoughts came to me, like
The sound of eleft-dropped waters to the ear
Of the hot mower, who stops thereat the oftener
To whet his glittering scythe, and, while he smiles,
With the harsh, sharpening hone, beats their fall's time,
And, dancing to it in his heart's strait chamber,
Forgets that he is weary.

This is strong:

And out of countenance grinned the encircling air
That stagnant stood with horror.

An idea of morning:

Hark: chanticleer
Breaks with his voice the bubble of the night.
Even now the dawn is in the east fermenting.

Our author calls the fall of the angels:

The great rough-and-tumble down the skies.

We make no apology for quoting so freely from this volume, because our object is to make it more widely known. Better than any commendations of ours are the author's glowing words, noble sentiments, and lofty imaginings.

FAMOUS KISSING

The *Chicago Inter-Ocean* says: "There have been some famous kisses in history, and some that have been important in shaping political events. When Cardinal John of Lorraine was presented to the Duchess of Savoy, she gave him her hand to kiss. The great churchman was indignant. 'I'll not be treated in this manner' said he. 'I kiss the Queen, my mistress, and shall I not kiss you, who are only a Duchess?' and despite the resistance of the proud little Portuguese Princess he kissed her three times squarely in the mouth. Voltaire was once publicly kissed by the young and lovely Countess de Villars, who was compelled to this salute by the claquers in the pit, who were mad with enthusiasm over the great writer. Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, gave Steel, a butcher, a kiss for a vote, and another lady equally beautiful, Jane, Duchess of Gordon, recruited a regiment in a similar manner. She was in the habit of putting a shilling between her teeth, the sum usually handed recruits to bind the bargain, and inviting any man who filled the physical requirements of a soldier to take the silver from its place, and become one of the famous Ninety-second. Said Daniel O'Connell, in securing votes for his favorite candidates. 'Let no woman salute the man who votes against them.' Of course he carried the day. The portrait painter, Gilbert Stuart, once met a lady in Boston who said to him. 'I have just seen your likeness, Mr. Stuart, and kissed it because it was so much like you.' 'And did it kiss you in return?' said he. 'No,' replied the lady. 'Then,' returned the gallant painter, 'it was not like me.' Speaking of kissing, the remarks of the Rev. Sydney Smith on the subject are particularly pertinent: 'We are in favor,' says he, 'of a certain amount of shyness when a kiss is proposed, but it should not be too long; and when the fair one gives it, let it be administered with warmth and energy; let there be soul in it. If she close her eyes and sighs immediately after it the effect is greater. She should be careful not to slobber a kiss, but give it as a humming bird runs his bill into a honeysuckle—deep but delicate. There is much virtue in a kiss when well delivered. We have the memory of one we received in our youth which lasted us forty years, and we believe it will be one of the last things we shall think of when we die.' It will be seen from the above extracts that kissing is no new-fangled luxury, but is ancient and venerable, coming down from the fathers. Any attempt, therefore, to throw disrepute upon the custom or to do away with it, is a plain assault upon our liberties and a rascally innovation that should not be tolerated."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THERE are, it is said, 41 theatres and 400 actors and actresses in London, and 230 theatres and 2,000 actors and actresses in the United Kingdom.

AT the conclusion of Miss Neilson's engagement at Booth's Theatre she will travel for a year and a half on the continent and in the East.

BRONSON HOWARD will probably bring out a comedy in London. "Brighton" (Saratoga) is shortly to be performed at the St. James Theatre.

THE new play of "Betrayed," in which Bella Pateman has appeared in San Francisco, appears to have at least one good act. It was written by Mrs. Pache, wife of the Lieut.-Governor of California.

MDME. NILSSON, in her concert tour in France, has the co-operation of Signor Sivori, violin; M. Servais, violoncello; M. Devroye, flute; and Signor Verati, the tenor. What a combination! Sivori and Servais are masters of their instruments.

WHEN Rachel presented herself at the Theatre Francaise, after passing two or three years at the Conservatoire, she first applied to Provost, another comedian of this theatre. "You are not made for the stage," said he; "you had better go on the Boulevards and sell bouquets." When she reached Samson there was some encouragement. "If I had your organ," said he "I would work miracles." "Then put your genius into my voice," returned she; "be my master." Later, when she was the favourite tragedienne of Paris, at the close of one of her brilliant victories, she carried an armful of flowers from the stage and deposited them in the lap of Provost, saying: "Won't you buy some? You recollect you advised me to sell them." "Come," answered the comedian, "forget the advice, and embrace the false prophet."

MONTREAL CITY SEWERAGE.

We present our readers with a plan showing the main lines of sewers now existing, or proposed to be constructed, in the City of Montreal. Public attention has been drawn of late to this subject so important to the health and comfort of the citizens, and our object is to enable all to understand and appreciate the present state of the sewerage, as well as the contemplated improvements. A few extracts from the report of Mr. Macquisten, City Surveyor, will be useful for both purposes. From this report we gather that main sewers are in good condition, with a few local defects. Thus:—The CRAIG STREET SEWER which discharges at Lacroix Street, and at the Elgin Basin, was cleaned last year, between St. Denis Street and St. Lawrence Street, for the first time between these points since 1860. About five hundred cubic yards of sediment, chiefly sand and crushed limestone, were removed from it. The brick work of this sewer is in good order, but about 200 feet of it, opposite the Champ de Mars, is of only 4 x 2'8" internal measurement, there is no record of the reason for it having been built smaller at this place.

The WILLIAM STREET SEWER leaves the west portion of the Craig Street sewer at a point on Commissioner Street near to the Fish Market, and passes along Foundling and William Streets to Cantin's Dock, where it receives the water of the dock each time it is emptied. This sewer is in good order, and clean. The BONAVENTURE STREET SEWER discharges into McGill Street portion of the Craig Street Sewer at the intersection of Craig and McGill Streets, and passes along Craig and Bonaventure Streets to the south-western limits of the city. This sewer, excepting about 150 yards near Guy Street, where it has been injured by the breaking of a water pipe laid too close to it, and at opposite St. Antoine Street, where the brick work has been injured by a manufacturer blowing waste steam into it, is in good order.

The COTEAU BARON SEWER, discharging at Monarque Street, passes through Papineau Road, St. Catherine Street, Amherst, Ontario and Berthelet Streets, Burnside Place, Victoria Street and Sherbrooke Street to near McGill College Avenue. The portion of this sewer from near Dorchester Street to its upper end in Sherbrooke Street, is in good order.

The lower portion in Papineau Road, from Dorchester Street to the river, is square in cross section, having stone side-walls with timber floor and covering; there is no record of when this portion was built. It is clean, and for the past 15 years required only a few timbers in the covering.

The FULLUM STREET SEWER, which receives the water of two creeks at its upper end, is clean and in good order.

The COLBORNE AVENUE SEWER, discharging near the jail, and intended to receive the new Craig Street sewer, is quite new, and amply large. As to the lateral sewers, those constructed in the last ten years are clean and in good order. Previous to the period above mentioned many of them were constructed in sections of streets as they were asked for by the proprietors or on the application of some members of Council; about seven miles of these are of wooden boxes; in many other cases parties applying were furnished with the timber and spikes and allowed to lay them at their own cost; in many other cases parties requiring a sewer when there were no funds available for the purpose were allowed to construct it as they pleased; and we have no record of them.

In Griffintown the sewers in the following streets discharged into the old main sewer in William Street, viz: Grey Nun, Queen, King, Prince, Duke, Nazareth, Dalhousie, Ann, Shannon, Murray and Eleanor; these sewers have not sufficient grade; the Common Street sewer, from Colborne to King Streets, seems to have been intended to discharge into Prince or Queen Street, but having no fall into the sewer in either of these streets, is connected with an old culvert passing below the Lachine Canal. The water from this culvert is used by Mr. Brush to feed the boilers of his steam engine. The sewers in some parts of Vitre, Juror, Laguchetière and Dorchester Streets have apparently been built in sections from time to time; some portions of these are not in good order and have not fall enough.

Now, we come to House drains, and here we find the main defect, and, no doubt, the cause of a large percentage of the death rate. The greater number of the house drains in the city are constructed of wood, and until about the end of the year 1872, there was no law to compel proprietors to construct them of better materials. Many of the wooden house sewers are rotten and partially filled up; some have holes through them caused by rats, untrapped sinks are connected with them by a straight wooden spout, a tin or other pipe, and the sewer gases discharge directly through such conductors into the dwellings.

On Dorchester Street, a complaint was made by the proprietor of a house of an escape of coal gas in it from the Gas Company's pipes; on examination it was found to be caused by his own sewer, which had been constructed for years, not being connected with the main sewer. When his sewer was opened, the stench from it was so abominable that it was difficult to get men to work at it.

Out of 7,645 houses visited, there are 1,756 into which the sewer gases are led direct through untrapped pipes, connected with sinks, and 994 houses in which the smell arising through the

same is complained of; in some the smell is abominable.

This state of things demands the most energetic action on the part of the Board of Health, whose control extends to sanitary arrangements in dwelling houses. On their zeal and on the personal interest of proprietors and tenants, depends the ultimate removal of this fruitful cause of disease. It is a work of time, as each case has to be investigated and remedied separately. But it is a work more important at present than the construction of the main sewers proposed.

We will in considering the latter refer to the plan and section on page 245. The first and most important scheme is that of remodeling the Craig Street tunnel. At present this sewer has its summit at St. Lawrence Street, whence it flows west, through Craig, McGill, and Commissioners Streets to the Elgin Basin, and east through Craig Street to beyond St. Hubert Street, where it leaves Craig Street, and passes by a tunnel under Dalhousie Square, through Lacroix Street to the river. So that the western part of this drain flows west through Craig Street to McGill, south down McGill to Commissioners, then east to Elgin Basin where it discharges. This course is roundabout, and impeded by the Bonaventure Street drain which meets it from opposite direction at McGill Street. It is intended to change this course, in fact to continue the Bonaventure Street sewer through Craig, on a continuous, though slight down grade, not only to the present outlet at Lacroix Street, but as far as the Colborne Avenue tunnel. The head of this main sewer will then be above Fullum Street, near the Canal, whence a flushing inlet will be connected with the tunnel. Here we will have a large body of water whereby to wash out this great drain whenever required. In fact a continuous stream can flow through it at most seasons, and keep it clean. The necessity for this provision will be readily seen, when it is remembered that the total fall of sewerage from Fullum Street to summer water level at Colborne outlet is only thirteen feet, the distance being about fifteen thousand feet. It is thus seen that the average grade is less than one in a thousand feet. Flood gates at the intersection of McGill Street, will turn the stream through the latter when desired. This will give Montreal, for the first time, a natural and efficient channel for its principal drains. The next important feature to refer to is the extension of the outlet at Elgin Basin to the outer edge of the Island wharf, where a rapid current will sweep away the refuse coming from the area still left to drain into McGill and Commissioner Streets. This improvement we take to be a prime necessity. It will effectually stop the stench usually afflicting that neighbourhood, and preclude the necessity of periodical dredging hitherto experienced. Scheme No. 2 consists of a proposed intercepting sewer along St. Catherine Street, from the western city limits to Colborne Avenue. This would constitute the main artery of drainage for all the upper part of the city, and would carry off the waste and filth of all the district north of St. Catharine Street. That this improvement should also be carried out at once, can scarcely be discussed. Here, we have fortunately an ample fall, and no necessity for flushing, as no convenient canal is at hand. The elevation of St. Catharine Street at the western city limits is 127 feet above the Colborne outlet. Thence there is a gentle incline towards the east to Bleury Street, where it falls rapidly towards St. Lawrence Main Street, at which point it is still 59 feet above the outlet. Following its course to Colborne Avenue, we there find it with 35 feet of height above the water level. This drain then, properly constructed, will be an invaluable auxiliary to the city drainage, and a great boon to all the wealthy proprietors of the Mountain slopes.

Scheme No. 3 we do not entertain. It is costly and useless—would necessitate tearing up the water side street, raising the revetment wall, and all to no purpose. Nor do we see any object at present in carrying the main outlet further down than Colborne Avenue. The difference of level of the surface of the water in the River St. Lawrence between the outlet near the gaol and the foot of the current Ste. Marie below the Longueuil Ferry Wharf is only from three to four inches; the distance between these points is 2,200 feet; from the latter point to Ruisseau Migeon, the fall is from 8 to 12 inches, and the distance 5,900 feet; these differences of level vary very little at any time. The fall is therefore only 2 inches per 1000 feet, and of little avail.

The total length of sewers at present constructed is estimated at 75 miles, of which ten miles are known to be wooden box drains, which should be replaced by brick or vitrified clay pipes.

The cost of the Craig street Tunnel is estimated at.....	\$192,200
The cost of the St. Catherine street intercepting sewer at.....	136,000
Replacing wooden drains by brick or vitrified pipes.....	143,190
Flushing Inlet at Fulford street, and extension at Elgin Basin.....	10,000
	\$481,390

The citizens of Montreal must not hesitate. These improvements are vital. They are a question of Life and Death. If our new Mayor, Dr. Hingston shall succeed in pushing through this gigantic, but truly indispensable drainage scheme (a portion of which has already been resolved upon under his régime,) he will deserve to be enshrined as one of the greatest benefactors of Montreal.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Among the valuable papers in the GALAXY for April is one on "A New Country," in which we find this complimentary paragraph: "Canada is not an older settlement than the United States; in many parts it is younger; yet Canada has solid buildings and handsome monuments, and takes care of her fine landscapes. Quebec has the picturesqueness of the old world itself. One feels that Raffaele and Phidias were valued at more than sixpence by those settlers." The tale of the Forest of Arden is an agreeable study of Shakespeare's most charming comedy. For so stern a verbal critic, Richard Grant White is not an elegant writer, but he generally has something to say and he puts it clearly. The appendices to this able magazine are, as usual, well stored with entertaining and useful reading.

The April number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY has come out in good time. The contents are perhaps the best which we have had in the present volume. The paper on The Intellectual Life is slightly sophomoric, but it contains valuable suggestions, and is of that serious character which betokens a species of substantial study too little cultivated in Canada. Canadian Historic Names is valuable, but a more systematic arrangement might perhaps have improved it. The critical part of the magazine, including literary reviews, musical criticism, dramatic notices, and other articles, is remarkably well done. Altogether, the periodical is worthy of encouragement. The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS as a family weekly, and this magazine as a monthly, should be on the table of every reading family in the Dominion.

ANTIGONE.

Toronto leads Montreal by many lengths in the encouragement and cultivation of music and the drama. The Grand Opera House and the Royal Opera House are temples of art. The best actors visit the Ontario capital with pleasure, because they are appreciated. Oratorios and musical works of high pretensions are performed with a certain degree of perfection. In Montreal, there is less ambition, as there has certainly been less opportunity. But we are happy to announce that under the direction of our widely-known elocutionist Prof. Andrew, and Prof. Harrison, Music Master in the new Proprietary School, an impulse upward is to be given, at Association Hall, on the 22nd inst. The composition selected is no less than Sophocles' Tragedy of Antigone, with melo-dramatic dialogue and choruses as written and adapted to the music of Mendelssohn.

The Tragedy of Antigone was written by Sophocles, and performed at Athens, about 450 years before the Christian era. It is the last of three Dramas connected with the history of Oedipus; who, by marrying Jocasta, the widow of Laius, king of Thebes, became the father of two sons, Eteocles and Polynices; and two daughters, Antigone and Ismene.

After his death, Eteocles and Polynices agreed to reign alternately; but Eteocles having grasped the sceptre, determined to retain it. Upon this, Polynices, aided by his father-in-law, the king of Argos, endeavored to regain possession of Thebes. An Argive army besieged the city, and was defeated; and the brothers, encountering in battle, fell by each other's hand. Creon their uncle, as their nearest male relative, immediately ascended the throne; and, enraged against Polynices, forbade on the pain of death that any should perform the rites of sepulture to his corpse, which he decreed should lie unburied.

The drama opens with a scene between Antigone and Ismene, in which they deplore the fate of the Labdacidan House. The last evil which has befallen it, is Creon's edict forbidding the sepulture of Polynices. Antigone is resolved to disobey the law. She does not ask Ismene to join her in the act; she determines to be alone in piety and sisterly love; "Death will be dear to me for such a deed; despise thou the Gods, if thou wilt."

On their leaving the stage, the Chorus, consisting of the Nobles and Counsellors of Thebes, sings a glorious strain, describing the late battle, and rejoicing in the safety of Thebes. Zeus has destroyed their enemies. Peace and prosperity smile anew.

Creon enters. He explains why he has deemed it imperative to prohibit the burial of Polynices. The Chorus acquiesces, expresses its obedience, and avows that Creon is acting lawfully.

While Creon and the Chorus are discussing the edict, a sentinel rushes on to tell them that it has been braved; that some unknown hand has strewn dust on the corpse of Polynices in spite of their active vigilance. The Chorus declares that the deed is the act of some God. Creon is incensed at such a supposition.

The sentinel, having been threatened with death unless the culprit be discovered, takes his departure. The chorus sings a moral strain, respecting the wondrous powers of man.

At the conclusion, Antigone is led on, a prisoner, having been captured in the act of renewing her homage to the dead. Creon questions her. She recklessly confesses the deed. The Chorus, revolting at such bravado, declares that she has the unbending fierceness of her race. Ismene then appears, and desires to share the blame with her sister. Antigone, however, repulses her; and Ismene, having now nothing to live for, wishes to die. She reminds Creon that Antigone is betrothed to his son Hæmon; but he abhors the idea of such a marriage.

The Chorus then prepares the audience for what is to come. It concludes its wild lament for the Labdacidan race by the significant hint,

"that Gods blind those whom they are about to destroy."

Hæmon enters. Creon asks him if he is leagued against him. Hæmon answers submissively, but defends Antigone. Angered by his son's opposition, Creon is roused almost to the climax of his rage, and mocks the Gods.

The Chorus here sings a hymn to "Eros, the mighty God." Love has "stirred up the strife of relations." It has made Creon and Hæmon enemies. Antigone is led on, and, at the mournful sight, the Chorus "can no longer restrain the fountain of their tears."

Antigone clings to life, and shudders at the thought of death. The Chorus sympathises with her. She almost repents her deed. The Chorus commences a poetical enumeration of instances in which fate and madness have destroyed men.

Creon re-appears; Tiresias also. He advises Creon to spare Antigone and to bury Polynices. Creon angrily accuses the prophet of having been bribed to oppose him. The Chorus sides with Tiresias, and Creon, at length, consents to release Antigone.

The Chorus sings its celebrated hymn to Bacchus. Upon this burst of joy, the messenger arrives with saddest news.—Antigone has strangled herself, and Hæmon has died beside the dead body of his beloved.

Creon enters, heart stricken; he has lost all his former vehemence and pride. But his cup is not full; a messenger appears to inform him that Eurydice, his queen, has slain herself, cursing him for the death of her son.

The Chorus then concludes the drama by singing the moral of the piece:

'Tis wisdom that sees
The way to be blest;
To reverse the decrees,
Ordn'd by the deities
Ever is best.
All the strokes of injustice
Most justly rebound;
Recalling, they wound.
When erring men, corrected, grow sage;
Their wisdom crowns their age.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LA BECQUEE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR,—The picture with the above title in the Canadian Illustrated News of April 3rd, is a charming subject, treated in a charming manner.

You say that you cannot find a suitable English title for it. Allow me to propose two. One is "From Mouth to Mouth." A story is often said to go from mouth to mouth. In "La Becquee," the cherries, literally, go from mouth to mouth. The other is "Baby fed in birdie-fashion."

Yours respectfully,
Métis, Quebec, T. F.

[We have received other translations from correspondents, but none so satisfactory as the above.]
EDITOR C. I. NEWS.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.—A Methodist parson, called to preach in an out-of-the-way town in California, was informed before entering the pulpit that he must be careful, as many of the assembled congregation were "roughs," and would not hesitate to disturb him if his remarks didn't suit. The holy man made no reply, but, having reached the desk, he took from his pockets two revolvers, and, placing one on each side of the Bible, gave a sharp glance around the house, and said, "Let us pray." Report says that a more orderly service was never conducted.

CONSIDERABLE MECHANICAL GENIUS.—A devoted father purchased a tool-chest for his son, a lad of eight, who seemed to have considerable mechanical genius. Up to the latest accounts the boy has sawed off but two table-legs and six knobs from the bureau, bored only seven holes through the doors and three through the piano-case, and by the aid of the glue-pot stuck the family supply of napkins firmly to the parlour carpet.

HUMOUROUS.

A WESTERN editor did not wish to hurt the feelings of a gentle poet, but apologized for the non-appearance of a long and tender poem by saying:—"Beautiful Spring" was crowded out of our Sunday edition to make room for an account of the great snow storm."

A TAUNTON doctor reports that he recently had a coloured case which reported itself to him in the following style: "Doctor, I'm jes' dreadful; I've had the fleuring in my hip, and a sore on the roof of my tongue; I've put on a mustard alteration and goggled my mouf, but it done me no good."

A paragraph is going the rounds of the newspapers to this effect: "There is one good wife in the country and every man thinks he has her." Old Brown who lives on Olive street, who is bald and whose wife has red hair and a wicked eye, read this and murmured as he immediately passed his hand over his head, "I dunno! I dunno!"

The following is a summer episode, as evolved by little Johnny: "Last summer our dog Towser was a lyn in the sun and trine to sleep, but the flies was that bad he cudden, cos he had to catch em, and bime by a bee lit on his head, and was a wcking about like the dog was bin. Towser he hel his hed still, and when the bee was close to his nose Towser winked at me, like he said you see what this duffer is a doin, he thinks I'm a lily of the valley which isn't open yet, but you just wait till I blossom and you will see some fun, and sure enuf Towser opened his mouth very sio, so as not to frighten the bee, and the bee went inside Towser's mouth. Then Towser he shet his eyes dreamy, and his mouth too, and had begun to make a peaceful snuffle when the bee stung him, and you never see a lily of the valley ack so in all your life."



THE MASON AND THE OVERSEER.

OVERSEER. (LORD DUFFERIN.) A very good Job, Mac, and you will be kept on ; though a few of these stones may perhaps be condemned by the Boss.



DESIGN BY M. J. COLEMAN

GRAVE PAR C. A. DENOIS

Ophelia.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

IRELAND,

Hail, gem of the ocean! hail, Erin our pride—
Hail, petting of Nature, whose sod we adore!
Between us, in vain, rolls Atlantic's broad tide—
Sweet Isle of the West! we but love thee the more.

Old Scotia may boast of her heather and hills,
Bold Albion pride in her sway on the 'main,
The Swiss love his home where the lingering chills
Of winter usurp fleeting summer's domain.

But, Erin! no matter how cherished may be
The climes that abroad in our travels are seen,
Our hearts, all untravelled, still turn to thee,
Enraptured to feast on thy brightest of green.

Oh, where find a theme in the Muse to inspire
Emotions more rapt than the one that portrays
Thy scenic enchantments, that garland the lyre
Of Moore, thy sweet Bard, in his sweetest of lays!

Here round us—on hill-side, in thicket and vale,
The choicest of flowers in wild loveliness lie,
Whose sight and the odors they sweetly exhale,
The senses refresh while delighting the eye.

Here find we 'Avoca,' the poet's fond dream,
The lakes of Killarney, so peerless in charms,
The mountains of Antrim—huge Titans that seem
Supporting the vast skyey dome in their arms.

Here, also, is heard, at the first blush of day
The lark, as aloft on its light wing it soars,
And, fresh to the young, rosy morning, a lay
Of soft melting melody gratefully pours!

Rare mines, too, are here, that, tho' boundless in wealth
Curst prejudice dares not to waste all around—
A soil blest with richness, a climate with health,
And streams that in stores of live treasures abound.

But these, gifted Erin these merits alone,
Are not what exalt thee in worth and esteem;
We prize thee no less for the virtues (their own)
That, cleansing thy sons, half their failings redeem.

Their God-given Genius that makes man divine—
That enshrines thy great Sarsfield's and Wellington's names,
Green in thy Grattan and Curran to shine,
And thy Burke, Moore, O'Connell and Sheridan in flames.

While the new-born snow that so chaste thro' the air,
Falls fresh from its cloud-fashioned cradle unstained,
Is scarcely more pure than thy unsoiled fair,
For beauty, not less than for chastity famed!

Then, where find a people more justly renowned,
For largeness of heart than the generous Celt,
Who'd share with his foe the last crust to be found,
His hate, in the host's genial kindness, unfelt.

Like the dews and the suns by the Levant possessed
That alternately usher in freshness and fire—
Thus, varying passions usurp his quick breast,
And friendship fast follows on hostile desire.

But falsely he's charged as a hater of law—
In strife and disorder inclining to lust,
For none hold in holier reverence and awe
The laws, if he feels that their spirit is just.

While love of his own native pastures and fields,
Life's varying fortunes survives to the end—
A love to which gladly all others he yields,
But love of the Faith that he'd die to defend.

Let the field of Clontarf, let the Irish Brigade,
Let Fontenoy's story, emblazoned in fame—
Next tell the achievements and valor that made,
The stoutest hearts sink at the Celt's dreaded name.

Let Waterloo's plains and Sebastopol's graves,
Let Africa's Sands and the Indies tell,
How, shoulder to shoulder, with Britain's best braves,
The Irish have valiantly conquered or fell.

How countless the fields, where they made common cause,
The fell breach in breasting, or—when duty called,
In hearing the death-dealing cannons' red jaws,
Fast rivals for glory where perils appalled!

Then esto perpetua, Erin! and may
Thy sun of prosperity, clouded too long,
Bursting, at last, into radiant day,
Reflect back thy glories of story and song!

W. O. FARMER.

Montreal, March, 1875.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

THE MESMERIST'S BATTLE.

By the Author of "The Week of Death."

I.

DE ME.

"Each of us divides the world into two halves, the I and the Not I: of these the first is the most important."

CARLYLE, (from the German).

I wish to record a few facts to arouse some attention to a subject none the less important, because ignored. I ask from my Township readers not to break through my thin disguises and changes of name, or identify myself or others concerned.

I graduated in 18— at McGill, and then went to Paris and London to complete my qualifications for my "license to kill." Like all McGill students who have finished in England, I may say I did remarkably well. On my return to Canada the doctors, in Montreal, conceded all honour to my credentials. I found them free from professional jealousy, in amusing contrast to the country practitioners in Canada, who demean themselves by petty squabbles and even by mutual depreciation. I was constantly invited to consultations and soon worked into a lucrative practise.

Discontent may be "The Seal and Symbol of a Man's Immortality." I hope in my case that it was. For while steadily growing in prosperity, a condition far more happy by the way than prosperity itself, I was ever haunted by an incessant though slight discontent. I had perhaps

the Hindoo notion that man and wife form one perfect being, and that male and female singly are only half an entity which is perpetually craving its other half. My step-mother kept house for me. I was not introduced to her till I was fifteen years old, and when introduced to her I did not like her. However, we never quarrelled which may have been praiseworthy, but certainly was dull. She had a slight tendency to scold and speak evil of her neighbours. But utter silence on my part, when she did so, accompanied by a steady stare at the wall, checked its growth. In petty details, which is all most women care about, I was utterly indifferent and she had entirely her own way. I thus indulged her love of power and of petty economies, and gave her, I think, almost all the happiness of which her nature was capable.

"The proper study of mankind is man." This has suggested my pet pursuit. By careful observation, by studying phrenology and physiognomy, by claiming the confidence of all women and most men I came across, I learnt to read character at a glance. I found my conclusions singularly correct in nine cases out of ten; in the tenth often ludicrously wrong.

But the Montreal girls, among whom I searched in vain for my Ideal, seemed to me more like clothes-horses than women. They had each of them some amiable traits; more than enough to claim the love and devotion of men equally unreflecting. But I had formed an Ideal of a whole-souled woman, full of faults perhaps, but free from back-biting, free from pruriency, free from worldliness, free from love of meretricious finery. In Montreal I sought this Ideal in vain.

"God made the country and man made the town." I found my love for nature languishing amidst brick houses and dinner parties. One morning, in bed, I determined to settle in the Townships within reach of a summons by telegram to any more interesting case in Town. I told my step-mother my intention. She declared she would not go. A fortnight later, I informed her that I had rented a house in St. John's. She began to pack.

I like St. Johns. The most soothing thing to me when sceptical and unhappy is the peculiar tint of distant hills. This I had there. I can there get a swim before breakfast—the best thing I know of for an over-wrought brain. And a horse back gallop to Scotch Mountain and a climb up its break-neck sides, revived the one and only, though often shadowy, hold I had to life—the belief, namely, that a special, personal, individual Providence was working all things some how for good.

Forgive this preliminary egotism.

II.

SHE.

"Whoe'er she be That not impossible She." ANON

My story now begins. One Monday, I saw an ill-printed placard announcing that "Signor V. di Gomo would hold a seance, ventriloquist, prestidigitational and electrobiological in the Town Hall, St. Johns, that night." An old friend, the rector of St. Huges, and a deep classical scholar, was a mesmerist and electrobiologist. Through him I knew for certain, the certain existence of forces which our senses can only see in their effects. I resolved to patronise Signor Vasco di Gomo, the Italian Scientist, or to call him by his right name, Thomas Cox of Birmingham.

A more smiling face with worse phrenological signs I never saw. The forehead was long and it sloped back flat, like a snake's. Rare breadth and depth of head behind the ears shewed rare obstinacy, selfishness and sensuality. A gorilla-like jaw shewed a persistence in purpose which ignored all pain whether felt by himself or inflicted on others.

His ventriloquism consisted in poor Albert Smith's trick of making his fist look like a night-capped old woman, and making it seem to sing a song in a cracked voice. In magic he was very good, though, of course, not up to Houdin or Anderson. But in his mesmerism he was certainly most potent. He took one fat fellow I knew well and made him loll his tongue out of his mouth. He made a regiment of the small boys of St. Johns, a pretty tough lot, do a score of tricks which no collusion could explain, and with a naturalness surpassing that of the foremost actors on the stage.

"My wife," he said, "will now answer any question any one wishes to put about the Spirit World." And from behind the stage stepped forth—my Ideal.

Utterly undeveloped, partly degraded, she yet was in fullest and ampest germ, all that is noble and grand in womanhood. Her large, lustrous, dark eyes shewed infinite powers of fathomless self-ignoring love. Her square forehead indicated common sense and sure reasoning powers, and yet it was low. She was no blue stocking, but "tenui fronte Lycisca." Her ape-shaped occiput shewed she had, as an ape has, the most deep-seated motherly instinct—that crown and glory of perfect womanhood. The graceful negligent folds of an easy fitting dress, perfectly though not obtrusively clean, shewed her tastes to be chaste and pure. I saw or imagined that her look towards her husband revealed scorn, and yet that she loved him because she had nothing else to love.

She was evidently a "good subject." Mesmerised at once by a mere effort of his will, she answered all questions, with professional vagueness, just as he Silently Willed she should. He then

unmesmerised her and said she would take round a plate and collect a trifle from the more generous and enlightened members of the audience to buy little luxuries for herself. Feeling a five-dollar gold piece in my pocket, I put it in among the scanty coppers in the trough. With a look of defiance and scorn, which melted however, as her eyes met mine, she thrust it back into my hand. I humbly substituted a dime and she past on.

I had a chat with Signor Gomo at the Market Hotel. He told me his name and birth-place—Cox was the first, and Birmingham the second—and succeeded in borrowing five dollars of me. He was to "show" next at Bedford. I happened to go. His wife, I there found taking the money at the door. A number of roughs who tried to slip in without paying made her task a hard one. Her husband asked me to stay by her side and help her. I tried my old trick with sensible woman of speaking in a brotherly tone, as if I had known her for years, and of asking the most leading questions in a matter-of-fact sort of way.

She was the daughter of a rich farmer. Her mother died young. Her elder sister did the work of the house. She did just what she chose, and had all the money she wanted for dress—and the dress she wears influences a girl's character immensely. Her wants were neither niggardly nor unreasonable. Her quick brain enabled her to do household work, at a pinch, quickly and well. She had plenty of time left her to read dime novels, and, unfortunately, to dream. She had only known "George" when she married him. She had always had her own way. Her life since then had been one incessant racket, driving half the day and up till one or two every night. She often "put her head on the table and cried for hours when she thought of home."

"It is something," I said "to have a husband to thank her." "Thanks?" she said with her Yankee twang, "not much of them, I guess. But it's not George's fault. It's the liquor." "You're tired to-night." "Fit to drop."

"Go to your hotel and lie down. I'll keep the door for you." Good gracious, what if my step-mother had heard my offer!

"No, there are some roughs here, and if they were to attack George I think I could keep them off." "Have they ever done so?" "No, but pretty near it! They might at any time. At any rate I'm not happy if I'm away."

She grew evidently worse during the show, but stayed behind to help him pack up the paraphernalia, and it was one o'clock before I heard her walk past my door, and three o'clock when I heard her husband stagger along the passage on the way to bed. The next morning, he told me he was off to paste up bills in Dunham, and I heard from the servants that she was ill in bed. Late that night, they told me she was dying and asked me to go and see her. Over fatigue had brought on premature delivery of a seven month's child, before still-born. I telegraphed for a trusty nurse and watched her carefully. Hearing Gomo's voice below, I went down and told him how she was. Her life hung on a thread. She might recover, but if so could not be moved for six weeks at least. He thanked me and told me to do what I could for her, and not to fear about my bill, and started off, nominally to Dunham, but really—as it turned out—for parts unknown.

I watched long by Elvie Bracy's bedside. That was her maiden name, as she disclosed in her delirium. After a while, the tide turned, as by a breath, in her favour and she began to amend. The Signor put in no appearance, and a boy from Eccles Hill drove back the team he had hired with instruction to its owner to give him two dollars for bringing it back. But he had to hoof it back to hearth and home dollarless, sadder, and perhaps wiser.

What was to be done? Professional interest could hardly explain all my devotion to the big-eyed invalid. My step-mother's letters, for she kept herself wonderfully posted in all that went on, put this pretty pointedly. If Elvie ever looked pretty she did so when recovering from her confinement. All women do so. However long I had to wait, I meant to marry her if her husband died before me. That I could win her love, if allowed a fair field, I felt no doubt.

III.

HE.

"There is one thing which we may always expect;—that which is unexpected."

I thought it desirable to go to Elvie's home, the name of which she had disclosed in her delirium. The first enquiries I made were about her marriage. It had been performed in secret, but by license and in due form. Her father after his favourite daughter had left him, "had felt lonesome," as he expressed it, and had fallen into the clutches of a scheming widow who lived in the neighbourhood. She had got the old man entirely under her thumb, but treated him well. But he was old and the shock of his daughter's sudden marriage to a stranger seemed to have broken up his constitution.

"I do not blame Elvie," he said, "the man bewitched her." "Would he take her back again?" I asked. Such a yearning look passed over the old man's face. "But before he could reply, the new Mrs. Bracy, poured forth such a number of reasons why "the stroller's wife" could not be

accommodated. "just then at any rate" that I replied, with more temper than I thought I had in me, that "my patient would not trouble her."

By one of those strange coincidences which happen to me (and I believe to you, my reader) more often than can be explained by any mathematical law of chances, and which have given me a philosophical belief in a Special Providence which I would not sacrifice for all else in the world beside—it seemed that Elvie's sister, who was very fond of her, had married a Canadian farmer, whose farm was at Sabrevois near St. Johns.

Mrs. Bracy pressed me to stay tea. She had that peculiar desire to entertain a well-dressed stranger which is a redeeming point in her class. The stage passed her door after tea-time and would get me to Burlington in time for the first train. The old man seemed strangely anxious I should stay. I did not make Mrs. Bracy and was not responsible for her faults. My theory in life is that, next to doing her good, my duty towards her was to please her in her own way, and so I stayed, and it turned out well that I did so.

The old man left the house, as I supposed, for his chores. Mrs. Bracy began "cooking up" with hospitable intent, when a shabby-genteel man came to the door and asked if she would let him "sing for a supper and bed."

"If the unrivalled entertainment I offer," he lilted out in professional cant "is not worth the remuneration I ask, I will pass on." I felt curious and entreated for him and ungraciously enough she bad him "come in."

We sat by the fire and I spoke to him as an equal and a friend, as I do to most people. He dropt his professional "stiff upper lip." He was a ventriloquist and comic singer.

"My most telling trick" he said, "I learnt from Albert Smith" and he proceeded to make his knuckles and thumb-end look like an old woman's face and made it seem to sing a song. "I've seen that trick performed in St. Johns" I remarked.

"Yes by Gomo" he replied, "Cox, though is his real name. He picked it up from me and then turned me adrift." "Do you know much of him?" "I 'showed' with him for two years to my cost."

That evening at Burlington I got some facts in Gomo's past history which had important bearing on my plans and after life.

Before I left, Mr. Bracy slipped into my hand a letter to his daughter.

On my return to Bedford I found Elvie much worse. She was delirious for long spells. "What can I do?" she exclaimed with dry anxious eyes wide-open. "He can't marry me. What did he leave me for?" My heart leapt. She evidently referred to me. Then her tones would change to proud entreaty. "That long drive will make me ill, George, or kill the little one!" and then again: "I can't take money from him, I'm another man's wife. Oh dear! oh dear! what shall I do?"

After a while she closed her eyes. On opening them they met mine. Her look changed to one of calm, and almost of happiness. "Do not fret" I whispered "I will arrange all respectably and well for you." "God bless you," she murmured. Her arm reached round my neck, and drew it to the pillow and she fell asleep.

My room was next hers, a thin partition and door between them. I directed the nurse to watch all night and rouse me as usual, by tapping on the party wall in case of need.

I was roused from sleep by a voice I little expected to hear. It was Gomo's. The first words I heard distinctly were "..... hate him. Meet me here on Christmas Eve at this time." I lept from bed and began to hurry on my clothes. But before I could stop him, Gomo who had heard me, had rushed from his wife's room and when I reached the hall door I heard the noise of a team rapidly driving away. I rushed barefoot after it. But when I reached the court-house I could not tell whether it had taken the turning towards Mystic or that towards Stanbridge. I went back with bleeding feet to the hotel, only too glad in the midst of all my excitement that no man had seen me in my very pre-Raphaelite costume.

Elvie I found sleeping soundly and the nurse asleep too. The latter I discovered had been drugged with opium. Gomo's sleight of hand had doubtless made that no hard task to him.

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC.

COFFEE.—Never boil coffee. Use the choicest mocha, ground, one dessertspoonful to each person, and pour slowly over it boiling water, through a bag. Make it yourself if you wish to drink it yourself.

WHITE CAKE.—Two eggs, two cups of white sugar, one cup sweet milk, one-half cup butter, beat to a cream; two tablespoonful cream tartar, one teaspoonful cream soda, three and one-half cups flour. When baked, sprinkle the top with white sugar, and place spoonfuls of jelly on the top.

APPLE SNOW.—Pare the apples, halve and core them; put them to boil with a little water and one cupful white sugar. When the apples are cooked, lift them out without breaking; boil down the syrup and pour over. On the top place a few spoonfuls of whites of eggs; beaten to a stiff froth and seasoned with lemon.

SUET AND MILK FOR INVALIDS.—2oz. of mutton suet (that next the kidney is best), cut into small pieces, and simmer in about half a pint of water fifteen minutes, then throw the water away, and add to the suet one quart new milk, 2oz. loaf sugar, 2dr. cinnamon bark, ¼ oz. isinglass. Simmer for fifteen minutes, strain, and drink lukewarm.

HOUSEHOLD THOUGHTS.

HOME.—Home is not a name, nor a form, nor a routine. It is a spirit, a presence, a principle. Material and method will not and cannot make it.

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD SERVANT.—Let the mistress of the house take two pounds of the very best self-control, a pound and a half of patience, a pound and half of justice, a pound of consideration, a pound of discipline.

HAPPINESS.—True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self, and in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions.

GOLDEN SILENCE.—"A pain forgotten is a pain cured" is a proverb we have never heard, but we think it would be a good one. We know more than one person who cherishes ailments, and of them makes a never-failing topic of conversation.

EARLY MORNING.—The brightest and most beautiful part of the day is the early morning. There seems to be a moral influence, and sweet, healthy power at this time.

WHAT AM I GOOD FOR?—Remember the parable of the talents—one had ten, another five, another two and another one. So it is among men to-day. Our "talents" may be compared with money, with education, acquired art, natural gifts, or with an opportunity to do good.

AN ENGAGING MANNER.—Politeness is to man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf; while the opposite quality exercises as quick a prejudice against him.

FOOLISH HABITS.—Walking along the streets with the point of an umbrella sticking out beyond, under the arm or over the shoulder. By suddenly stopping to speak to a friend, a person walking in the rear had his brain penetrated through the eye in one of our streets and died in a few days.

THE GLEANER.

THE latest invention is a pen that writes without ink; the pen has merely to be dipped in cold water.

One may really have too much of a good thing. Witness the fact that Offenbach's revived *Genevieve*, in Paris, begins at half-past seven in the evening, and lasts till two o'clock next morning.

THE Emperor of Japan intends paying a visit to France. He will start at the end of August with three ships and a numerous suite, and will come by way of Suez and Marseilles.

It is said that Mr. Gladstone has taken rooms at Keble College, Oxford, and that he intends to reside there some time, for the purpose of prosecuting his theological studies.

THE Marquis d'Audiffret has made a present of his valuable library to the French Ministry of Finance. This will to some extent repair the loss by the burning of the former library in the times of the Commune.

IT is reported Her Majesty the Empress of Russia will return to San Remo, every winter, being much delighted with the pleasant retreat as a residence, whilst the climate suits her admirably.

THE directors of the Channel Bridge Company have just ordered the construction of an arch 1,000 metres in length, for the purpose of proving the feasibility of the scheme of M. Boulet, engineer at Bourges, of throwing a bridge across the Straits of Dover.

A LADY who is named after the lightest city in Ireland has made rather a smart political joke at the expense of the Liberals. "It is quite true," Lord Derby remarked, "that Lord Grey had dished the Whigs, but the Liberals have now been Cavendished."

A SHORT time since the following order was presented to the doorkeeper of a theatre in Paris on the first night of a new play; it was borne by the chief of the *claque*:—"Pass M. Duguix and one hundred and three friends. They will be present to inspire the audience."

THE gallery of the Louvre has just been enriched by the portraits of Marie de Medicis and Henry IV., painted by the elder Porbus. They were bequeathed to the State by a wealthy amateur of Fontainebleau, named Comaires Jacotot, and will be placed in the grand gallery.

SIR HOPE GRANT possessed the famous Foster violoncello of Lindley, and was not only an accomplished performer, but composer for that instrument. There is a curious history attached to this Foster violoncello, coveted by George IV., and obtained for a trifling amount, by Lindley, by the sale of Crosdill's effects.

CARDINAL MANNING is the eighth Englishman who has been advanced to the rank of a Cardinal since the Reformation. His predecessors in that honour have been Bishop Fisher (who, however, never actually received the hat designed for him), Cardinal Pole, Cardinal Howard, Cardinal Allen, Cardinal Acton, Cardinal Weld, and Cardinal Wiseman.

IT is reported that M. Michéas, the American literary agent, has lodged the sum of 10,000f. at a banker's, to be disposed of in prizes by a jury to be named for the purpose of selecting the best drama in French prose, tendered by competition, on the independence of the United States. This drama, of course, is to be brought out at the Centenary in Philadelphia next year.

There is a falling off of adherence to Prussia already at the commencement of the rumour of a coming war with France. It is, for instance, announced that Bavaria is desirous of forming a league or alliance between the unannexed States of the Empire. The work of this league would probably be done in the German Parliament, and its object would be to persuade Ultramontanes, Democrats, Socialists, and Federalists, to sink all their differences in a common resistance to the Prussian hegemony.

THE painter and archeologist Waldeck entertained his friends in celebration of his 109th birthday. M. de Waldeck is quite a hardy old man yet, and bids fair to see several more of his ultra-centenary anniversaries. His greatest title to fame is that of an indefatigable traveller. M. de Waldeck, since six p.m. every day, is tracing with a firm pen the last lines of a treatise on the idioms of Palanqueh origin. The baron, on account of his scientific and artistic merits, enjoys a pension of a few thousand francs, which has been punctually served ever since the Restoration.

THE WILD KING OF BAVARIA.

Emile Reclus writes in the GALAXY:—"For several days the King had ordered that thirty of his best horses should be fed with oats alone. The grooms thought that he was preparing for a race. In the midst of a snow storm he had a little tower built in a forest, with a gallery, where on a certain day, he stationed an orchestra of wind instruments. He himself ascended the summit of his observatory, around which he ordered the horses to be led. In the corn fields he had scattered here and there drums, kettles, and some soldiers with guns loaded with powder. What could be the meaning of this? An order had been given that each one should remain in his place in perfect silence. The affair was beginning to be tiresome, when suddenly the King, from the top of his tower, made a sign which was expected by the leader of the orchestra, by the drums, trumpets, and soldiers. An infernal hubbub burst forth, rolling of great drums, powder explosions, shrill whistles, hoarse howlings.

Seized with mad terror, the horses started, burst their fastenings, leaped up, wildly running here and there, tails and manes floating in the wind, they reared, zigzagged, whirled in circles, fleeing the uproar which bellowed from all the bushes, and seemed to pursue them. At last, one after the other, the distracted and maddened animals disappeared from the horizon. In the evening, the next day, and the day after, they were picked up enfeebled, still wild and frightened. Some had fled to the mountains, others to the woods and marshes. The peasants had collected several. We know not if any were missing. But no matter, his Majesty had been well amused. He had treated himself to a sight unique in its way and worthy of exciting the envy and admiration of small boys who hunt unfortunate dogs and miserable cats in the street, and fasten saucepans to their tails to drag along the pavement.

VARIETIES.

GEN. BUTLER says the Civil Rights Bill does not give the negroes any private or social rights more than they have at common law in barber shops, saloons, etc., but was intended to apply to public conveyances, licensed amusements, etc.

EDGAR POE said: "To vilify a great man is the readiest way in which a little man can himself attain greatness. The crab might never have become a constellation but for the courage it evinced in nipping Hercules on the heel."

LAST month two adventurous skaters took a trip from Matpeisset, on the southern shore of Cape Cod, to Naushon, one of the Elizabeth Islands, a distance of thirty miles. They went very smoothly at first, but before they reached the island they were attacked with sea-sickness from the swell of the bay under the ice, and arrived nearly exhausted.

THE last letter ever written by Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson is in the possession of the Southern Historical Society. It was addressed to Gen. Lee, under date of May 2, 1863, and reads as follows: "General: The enemy has made a stand at Chancellorsville, which is about two miles from Chancellorsville. I hope as soon as practicable to attack. I trust that an ever-kind Providence will bless us with success."

THE oldest of the ragpickers in Paris, Sylvain Barnabe, has just died at the age of seventy-eight. He carried the wicker basket through the streets of the French capital for over fifty years. In his youth he was one of the elegants of Toulouse, where he squandered a large fortune, and after being ruined he became clerk to an attorney. He lost his situation, and then came to Paris, where he followed his precarious avocation up to a few weeks before his death. He used to calculate that in his night wanderings in search of forgotten trifles he had traversed over 18,000 leagues, and had picked up during his life 20,000 kilogrammes of chiffons.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

APRIL 5.—The King of Burmah is making warlike preparations. Unless other native tribes should join him, nothing very serious need be anticipated.

The Queen has commanded Mr. Boyton, the American who has gone to England to exhibit his life-saving dress, to give a performance at Osborne.

An election row between negroes and whites occurred yesterday at Annapolis, Maryland; one colored gentleman was killed and several of both hues dangerously wounded by pistol shots.

The Emperor of Austria is now on a visit to Venice; his reception was enthusiastic. A grand review was held in the afternoon, and at night a state ball was given. The whole city was brilliantly illuminated. The King of Italy met the Emperor.

APRIL 6.—The Russian Imperial Princess has given birth to a daughter. The Supreme Court bill passed the Senate without amendment.

There is no truth in the report that the Emperor of Brazil intends to abdicate.

The Senate threw out the bill for the construction of the Esquimault and Nanaimo Railway.

The Lower House of the Prussian Diet has passed the bill withdrawing State grants from the Roman Catholic clergy.

Mr. Wilkes, M.P. for Centre Toronto, has been unseated for bribery through agents, though without his knowledge or consent.

Cardinal Manning has returned to England, and is to be the recipient of a congratulatory address and a testimonial of five thousand guineas.

The English budget shows that the receipts were larger than estimated, while the expenditure was less. The Government has a surplus of £1,133,000.

APRIL 7.—The Spanish Bank has loaned two millions in gold to the Cuban Government for payment of the troops.

An investigation by the public prosecutors of Liege, Belgium, into the Duchesne plot to assassinate Bismarck, was commenced yesterday.

About one hundred members were present at the 85th session of the New York Methodist Episcopal Conference.

The Emperor of Germany has abandoned his visit to Italy by advice of his physicians, and the Crown Prince and Princess will go in his stead.

APRIL 8.—Legal proceedings are to be immediately instituted against the Bishop of Breslau, who has refused to resign his See.

A despatch from Dublin announces the death of Sir John Gray, M.P. for Kilkenny, and proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*.

The decree suspending payment of interest on the Buenos Ayres public debt applies only to the internal obligations of the country.

Two professors of the University of Madrid have been arrested by the Spanish Government on account of their hostility to the recent educational laws.

APRIL 9.—The conflict between the Spanish Government and the University of Madrid is becoming a serious matter, and may possibly lead to the downfall of the Ministry.

It is said Gen. Concha, late Captain-General of Cuba, has been officially invited to leave Spain. No action has yet been taken concerning his charges against Gen. Jovellar.

The French Government has sent instructions to its Consuls to summon for the last time French subjects residing abroad who are liable to military service to have their names registered at the Consulates.

APRIL 10.—George Reynolds, of Salt Lake City, has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment and a \$300 fine for polygamy.

The students of the University of Madrid protest against a Carlist editor being made the head of that institution.

Prince Frederick William of Prussia is to go to Italy as previously announced, but it is understood that, at the special request of Bismarck, he will not visit King Victor Emmanuel.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lachute, P. Q.—Solution of Problem No. 13, received. Correct.

Rosencrantz.—Solution of Problem No. 13. Correct, but White cannot mate in four moves, if Black's second move is K to R sq.

O. Trempe, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem for Young Players No. 12, received.

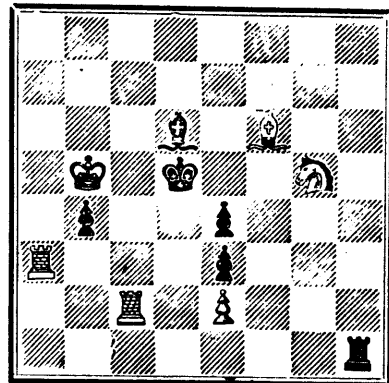
Frederick Laffeur, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem for Young Players No. 12, received.

Last February, at Clifton, in England, Mr. Blackburn played ten blindfold games simultaneously. His opponents were selected from some of the best players in the old Country, Miss Rudge, the noted lady player, being one of the number. At the close of the contest, he had lost five games, won three, and two games were drawn.

PROBLEM No. 15.

By H. P. P. Whitby.

WHITE.



BLACK.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 13.

WHITE.

- 1. Kt to K B 5th (dis-covering ch)
2. P takes P (check)
3. P to Q B 8th bec a Queen, (ch)
4. R takes R (ch)
5. Kt to Q 6th Mate.

BLACK.

- Q Kt P to Kt 3rd (best)
K to Q R sq (best)
R takes Q
K to Q Kt 2nd

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 12.

WHITE.

- 1. Kt to Q B 6th
2. B to K 4th
Checkmate.

BLACK.

- K takes Kt

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.—No. 13.

WHITE.

- K at Q R 7th
R at Q Kt 2nd
Kt at Q R 3rd
P at Q R 2nd

BLACK.

- K at Q R 5th
P at Q Kt 3rd

White to play, and checkmate with his pawn in four moves.

GAME 20th.

Between Dr. Bledow of Berlin and Mr. Mongredien.

[Scotch Gambit.]

WHITE.—Dr. Bledow.

- 1. P to K 4th
2. K Kt to B 3rd
3. P to Q 4th
4. K B to Q B 4th
5. P to Q B 3rd
6. Castles.
7. P to Q R 3rd
8. P to Q Kt 4th
9. Q Kt takes P
10. P to K R 3rd
11. Q B to Kt 2nd
12. Q to Q Kt 3rd
13. Q Kt to Q 5th
14. P takes B
15. Q R to K sq
16. Q takes Kt
17. K B to Q 3rd
18. Q to K B 5th
19. Q to K Kt 5th
20. Q to K Kt 3rd
21. Q to K B 3rd
22. K B to K B 5th
23. Q R to Q B sq
24. B takes Kt
25. Q R to Q B 4th (a)
26. Q R to K B 4th
27. K R to K sq
28. K R to K 6th
29. Q to Kt 3rd
30. Q to K Kt 6th (ch)
31. Q R to K R 4th (c)
32. Q R takes K R P
33. Q to K R 7th (ch)
34. Q R to K B 6th (ch) [e]
35. Q R takes R (ch)
36. Q to K R 8th (ch)
37. Q takes Kt P (ch)
38. Q to K Kt 8th checkmate

BLACK.—Mr Mongredien.

- P to K 4th
Q Kt to B 3rd
P takes P
K B to Q Kt 5th (ch)
P takes P
P to Q 3rd
K B to Q R 4th
K B to Q Kt 3rd
K Kt to B 3rd
Castles.
Q B to K 3rd
Q to K 2nd
Q B takes Kt
K Kt to K 4th
Kt takes Kt [ch]
Kt to Q sq
K R to K sq
Q to Q 2nd
P to K R 3rd
Q to Q sq
Q R to Q B sq
Q R to Q R sq
Kt to Q 2nd
Q takes B
P to K B 4th [b]
K R to K B 3rd
K R to K B 2nd
Q R to K B sq
K to K R 2nd
K to K Kt sq
K R to K 2nd
P to Q R 3rd [d]
K to K B 2nd
K to K sq [f]
K takes R
K to K B 2nd
K to K sq

- [a] Introducing the Rook opportunely.
[b] To prevent Rook's meditated attack on K Kt P.
[c] The attack is well followed up.
[d] There is nothing better to be done.
[e] Could equally mate in five moves by taking Pawn with Queen and then playing R to K R 8th.
[f] Home again.

As a rule, the furnaces put in city houses are too small. They answer very well in moderate weather, but in cold weather they have to be driven beyond their proper capacity, the flues connecting with the registers become overheated, timbers previously charred take fire, the danger is not discovered until too late, and before the point of ignition is reached by a stream of water the fire may have gained so much headway as to be beyond control. We know of one large building, destroyed not long ago by fire, in which the hot air was conveyed to the registers from the furnace in pine boxes lined with tin.

The "Stadacona" Fire and Life Insurance Company, 13 Place d'Armes, takes risks at reasonable rates.



FRENCH COSTUMES FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE 17 CENTURY.



FRENCH COSTUMES FROM THE 18 CENTURY TO OUR DAY.

THE STORY OF A PEASANT (1789.)

OR

THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN,

AUTHORS OF "MADAME THERESE," "THE CONSCRIPT," "THE BLOCKADE," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

1789.

THE story of the Great Revolution of the people and the middle classes against the nobles in 1789 has been told by many. But they were men of wit and learning, who took an extended view of the matter. I am an old peasant, and I will only speak of these facts as they affected ourselves. Let us attend to our business; we must be acquainted with what occurred before our eyes; let us profit by them.

You must know, before the Revolution, the district and lordship of Phalsbourg had five villages belonging to it—Vilschberg, Mittelbronn, Lutzelbourg, Hultenhausen, and Hazelbourg. The townspeople and those of Valschberg and Hazelbourg were free, but those of the other villages were serfs, men and women alike; they could not leave the lordship or otherwise absent themselves without the prévôt's permission.

The prévôt administered justice at the town-hall; he had both civil and criminal jurisdiction; he wore a sword, and could send a man to the gallows.

Accused persons were put to the torture in the vaults under the town-hall, where the guard-room now stands. If they refused to confess, the prévôt's sergeant and the executioner put them to such pain that their cries could be heard on the open square.

The gallows were erected on market days under the old elms, and the hangman despatched them by resting his feet on their shoulders. In those days it required a stout heart to do wrong only in imagination. Phalsbourg had also a right to levy a toll on all commodities; for instance, every cart laden with cloth, wool, or similar wares paid a florin at the gates; every load of poles, planks, frames, or of wood-work, six gros de Lorraine; and rich stuffs, either velvets, silks, or cloths, paid thirty gros a waggon-load; one packhorse, two gros; one basket of goods, half a gros; a truckful of fish, half a florin; of butter, eggs, or cheese, six gros; every hoghead of salt, six gros; every rezal of rye or wheat, three gros; of barley or oats, two gros; one hundred pounds of iron paid two gros; a cow or an ox, six pfennings; a calf, pig, or sheep, two pfennings, &c.

In this wise the Phalsbourg people could neither eat, drink, nor clothe themselves without paying a round sum to the Dukes of Lorraine.

Then came the gabelle—that is, every hotel-keeper and tavern-keeper living in Phalsbourg or the villages belonging to it was obliged to pay his highness a certain tax on every measure of wine or beer which was either stored in their cellars or consumed by them. Then there were fines on alienation, which means five per cent. on the sale of houses or inherited property. Then came the tax on grain—every rezal of wheat, rye, barley, or oats sold in the market paid his highness one sou.

Then there were the standings at the fairs, that took place three times a year; the first, St. Matthew's day, the second, St. Modesty's, and the third, St. Gall's day. The sergeant put a price on these standings for the benefit of his highness.

Next, the town weights—every hundred pounds of wool, flour, or other goods paid one sou; then the fines, which were always disputed before the prévôt, but which his highness's counsellors usually decided in his favour; then the right to gather acorns, the right to pasture, of mowing, of felling; the great tithes, two-thirds for his highness, and one for the Church; the small tithes on wheat for the Church only, but which his highness finished by appropriating, loving himself better than the Church.

If any one wants to know how so many people found themselves in the clutches of his highness and his prévôts and bailiffs, they must remember that about 200 years before this miserable state of things, a certain George-John Count Palatine, Duke of Bavaria, and Count of Weldentz, who possessed immense forests in our country by the grace of the Emperors of Germany, but who profited nothing by them for want of inhabitants, want of roads to transport the wood, and of rivers to float it down to a market for it, published in Alsace, Lorraine, and the Palatinate, "That all those who were not afraid to work had but to betake themselves to these woods, that he would give them land, and they would live in abundance." That he, John of Weldentz, did all this for the glory of God! That Phalsbourg being on the high road between France, Lorraine, Vestrich, and Alsace, artisans, tradespeople, blacksmiths, coopers, farriers and shoemakers, would find a market for their productions, as would locksmiths, armourers, inn-keepers, furniture-makers, and other industrious persons; that as the honour of God ought to be the beginning of every great undertaking, all those who found themselves in his good town of Phalsbourg should be free from servitude; they should be free to build, and should have wood for nothing! He would construct them a church wherein to preach purity, simplicity, and good faith; and a school to teach their children true religion, seeing that the mind of youth is a

beautiful garden with delicious plants therein, the scent of which rises to God!

He promised them a thousand exemptions and advantages besides; the news soon spread over Germany, and crowds of people hurried to have a share in these good things.

They built, they cleared, they cultivated, and made the woods of George-John of some value, instead of being worthless.

Then did the said George-John, Count of Weldentz, sell lands, beasts, and inhabitants to Charles III., Duke of Lorraine, for the sum of 400,000 florins, in honour of good faith, justice, and the glory of God.

The greater number of the inhabitants were Lutherans. George-John had declared that faith, pure and simple according to St. Paul, should be preached at Phalsbourg, in virtue of the Confession of Augsburg; but as soon as he had pocketed the 400,000 florins, his promises never kept him awake, and the successor to Charles III., who had promised nothing at all, sent his trusty and well-beloved counsellor of state, Didier Dathel, to exhort his townsmen of Phalsbourg to embrace the Catholic faith; should any persist in their errors, to order them to leave the town on pain of expulsion and loss of property. Some were after this fashion converted; the rest, men, women and children, left, taking their carts loaded with old furniture with them.

Order being thus established, the dukes employed "their dearly-beloved inhabitants of Phalsbourg in raising and repairing the ramparts; in building the two gates of Germany and France of hewn stone; in clearing out the ditches, building a town-hall for the administration of justice, a church for the instruction of the faithful, and a home for the curate adjoining the said new church, to watch over his flock; last of all, to build the market hall, where the dues were levied and paid." After which the officers of his highness settled what duties, charges, service, and forced labour, or *corvées*, they thought proper; and so these poor people worked from father to son, from 1583 to 1789, for the benefit of the Dukes of Lorraine and the Kings of France, for having believed in the promises of George-John of Weldentz, who was only a rogue, like many others in the world.

The dukes also established several corporations in Phalsbourg by letters patent, associations among men of the same trade, to prevent all others from working at it, and consequently enabling themselves to plunder the public between them without let or hindrance.

The state of apprenticeship lasted three, four, or five years. The master was well paid for admission to the trade; then, after making his masterpiece and receiving his certificate, the quondam apprentice treated his neighbours as he had been treated himself.

The town was nothing like what it is now. The lines of streets and the stone-built houses are of course the same, but not one house was painted; all were in rough-cast; the doors and windows were small and arched, and behind the leaden framework of the windows the tailor was to be seen sitting cross-legged on his board, cutting out or sewing, and the weaver at his loom throwing his shuttle in the obscurity.

The soldiers of the garrison, with their large cocked hats, their patched white coats hanging about their heels, were most wretched of all; they were only fed once a day. The tavern-keepers and chop-house-keepers went from house to house collecting broken victuals for these poor devils; this was still the case some few years before the Revolution.

The people themselves looked wan and dismal; a dress was handed down from grandmother to granddaughter; the grandfather's shoes were inherited by the grandson. No pavement in the streets, no lights at night, no gutters to the roofs; small panes of glass in the windows, mostly replaced for twenty years by pieces of paper. In the midst of this squalor the prévôt passes and mounts the staircase of the town-hall, a black cap on his head; young officers, nobles, march about in their little cocked hats and white uniforms, their swords against the calves of their legs. I see all in my mind as if it were yesterday, and say to myself, "What happiness for wretches like us that the Revolution happened, and most of all for the peasantry!" For if the misery and want in the town were great, in the country they exceeded all description. In the first place the peasants paid the same dues as the townfolk, with many others besides. In every village in Lorraine there was a farm belonging to the seigneur or to a convent; all the best land belonged to this farm; the poor had only the worst as their share. Nor were the unfortunate peasants allowed to cultivate their land as they wished; grass land must remain grass land, arable land arable. If the peasant laid any of his land down in grass he robbed the curé of his tithe; if he ploughed up his meadow he diminished the grazing land; if he sowed his fallows with clover, he could not prevent the flocks of the seigneur or of the convent eating up his crop. His land was burdened with fruit trees, which were let for the benefit of the seigneur or the abbey; these trees he could not destroy, but was obliged to replace them when dead. The shade of these trees, the damage caused by

gathering the fruit, and the ground occupied by their roots, caused him a very great loss.

In addition to all this the seigneur had the right of sporting, of walking over the crops and injuring the harvests in all seasons; and if the peasant killed one single head of game even on his own land he risked being sent to the galleys. The seigneur and the abbey had also the right to send their cattle to graze an hour earlier than the peasant could send their beasts, which of course suffered in consequence.

The farm of the seigneur of the country had also exclusive right to a dovecot; the pigeons covered the fields by thousands, and hemp, peas, beans, had to be sown thrice over if a crop was to be hoped for. Then, every father of a family owed the seigneur in the course of the year fifteen bichets of oats, ten fowls, twenty-four eggs. He had to give up to him three working days—three for each of his sons or his servants, and three days' cartage or horse labour. He had to mow his meadow round the the château, make his hay, and cart it to the barn at the first sound of the bell, subject to a fine of five sous each time he failed. He had also to cart both stones and timber when required for repairing the château or the farm. The seigneur fed him on a crust of bread and a clove of garlic—that is what was called the *corvée*, or forced labour. I must also mention the manorial bakehouse, the manorial mill, the manorial press, where the whole village was obliged to go, of course by paying. I will just notice the executioner, who had a right to the skin of every dead beast. If I were to speak of all these impositions, and of a thousand others which crushed the country population down to the ground, I should never come to an end.

And even now the measure was not yet full. As long as our country remained under the rule of the dukes, the exactions of his highness, as well as those of the seigneurs, were quite enough to ruin us all; but after the death of Stanislas and the incorporation of Lorraine with France, there had to be added the king's capitation tax—that is, the father of every family had to pay twelve sous a head for every child and every servant—the king's supply; so much for the furniture—the king's twentieth, which meant the twentieth of the net produce of the land, but only of the peasants' land, then and lastly the king's excise or assessed taxes.

Then, again, if the princes, seigneurs, and nobles who had kept the best land to themselves for ages past, obliging the wretched peasants to plough, to sow, to reap for them, compelling them to pay all costs or contributions as well—if they had used their wealth in making roads, digging canals, draining marshes, manuring the soil, building schools and hospitals; if they had done this the evil would have been only half as great; but their only cares were their pleasures, their pride, and their greed.

When one saw at Neuville, Bouxviller, Hildeshausen, the great men build pheasantries, orangeries, and bothouses; lay out gardens, half a league in extent, full of vases, statues, and fountains, in imitation of the king at Versailles; not to speak of the loose women dressed out in silks, that they carried about with them amongst these poor people; when one saw bailiffs, prévôts, seneschals, notaries, and judges of all sorts, only thinking of their fees, and living on exactions and fines; when one saw a thousand similar grievances, it was sad indeed, the more sad because the sons of the peasants alone supported this state of things against their fathers, their friends, and themselves.

Once enlisted, these sons of peasants forgot the distress in their villages, forgot their mothers and sisters; they only acknowledged their officers, their colonels—nobles who had bought them, and at whose command they would massacre every one, for the honour of their colours! Yet not one of these men could rise to become an officer; clowns were unworthy of the epaulette; but after having been wounded in battle, they were allowed to beg their way. The knowing ones picked up recruits in the taverns and tried to swindle them out of the bounty money, the bolder turned highwaymen; sometimes one or two companies of gendarmes were sent against them. I saw a dozen hanged at Phalsbourg, nearly all old soldiers, disbanded after the seven years' war. They had lost the habit of work and did not get a livre of pension, and were all taken at Vilschberg after having stopped a diligence near Saverne. Any one can now understand what the *ancien régime* was like.

II.

Thank God this is all over now! The peasants have acquired their share in the good things of the earth, and naturally I have not remained behind. Every one hereabouts knows Father Michel's farm, his Valtin meadows, his fine Swiss cows, wandering about the fir-forests, and his twelve big plough oxen.

I have nothing to complain of: my grandson, Jacques, is at the Polytechnic School in Paris, in the first class; my granddaughter, Christine, is married to the inspector of forests, Martin, a man with plenty of good sense; my granddaughter, Juliette, is the wife of Commandant Forbin of the Engineers; and the last one, Michel, whom I may be said to like the best,

because he is the last, is going to be a doctor—he passed his bachelor examination last year at Nancy; if he works he will get on.

I owe all this to the Revolution! Before '89 I could have possessed nothing.

Sitting, as I do now, in my old arm-chair, in the middle of the big room, the old crockery in the rack over the door shining in the fire-light; the old hen and her chickens coming and going; my old dog stretched before the fire, his muzzle resting on his forefeet, looks me in the face for hours together; when I see through the windows my apple-trees white with blossom, my old beehives, and I hear the farm-lads singing and chattering with the girls in the yard; the ploughs going out, the hay-waggons coming in, whips cracking, horses neighing; as I sit thinking there, I call to mind the horrible hut in which my poor father and mother and sisters and brothers lived in 1789—its four bare and crazy walls, the windows stuffed with straw, the thatch worn down by rain, melted snow, and wind; a sort of black, rotten den, where we used to be smothered in smoke, and shiver from cold and hunger; when I think of these really brave people, of my good father, and of my mother courageously and ceaselessly working to give us a few beans for food; when I see them before me covered with rags, the picture of misery—it makes me shudder, and, if I am by myself, I begin to cry.

The indignation I feel for those who made us drag out such a miserable existence, in order to screw the last farthing from us, will never be extinguished; my eight-five years count for nothing; the older I grow the stronger I feel. And when I think that sons of the people, the Gros-Jacques, the Gros-Jeans, the Guillois, dare to write in their papers that the Revolution destroyed everything—that we were much more honest, much happier before '89—what liars! Every time I get hold of one of their papers I trembled with rage. It is of no use for Michel to say—

"What is the use of being angry, grandfather? Those fellows are paid to deceive people, to lead them back into ignorance; it is their business, it is their only means of living."

I reply—
"No; we shot dozens of men from '92 to '99 a thousand times better than these; they were the nobles, the soldiers of Conde, they fought for their principles! But to betray father, mother, children, and country, to fill one's belly, is too much!"

If I were to read these rascally papers often I should have a fit; fortunately my wife puts it out of sight if one chances to find its way to the farm. But they are like the plague, they get everywhere without being sought for.

This, then, is the reason I have made up my mind to write this story—the story of a peasant—to destroy this spite, and to let the world know what we underwent. It is some time since I first thought of it. My wife has preserved all our old letters. This work will give me some trouble, but one must not mind trouble if one means to do good; besides, there is a great deal of pleasure in worrying those who vex us; were it only for that I could spend years at my desk, spectacles on nose.

It will amuse me, and will do me good, to think we have driven those rascals away. I need not hurry myself; just one thing will occur to me and then another, and I shall put down everything in its turn; without order nothing goes right.

Now I begin.
I am not to be made to believe that the peasantry was happy before the Revolution; I have seen what they call "the good old times; I have seen our old villages; I have seen the manorial bakehouse where they baked their cake once a year, and the manorial wine-press, where they only went when forced to work for the seigneur of the district; I have seen the lean, scraggy labourers, with neither shirts nor sabots, but only a frock and linen pantaloons, summer and winter alike; their wives, so sun-burnt, so filthy and ragged, that they might be taken for beasts; their children hanging about the doors, with nothing but a rag to cover them round their loins. Even the seigneurs themselves could not help writing in their books at that time "that the poor animals bent over the ground in sunshine and in rain to get bread for every one, ought at least to have a little of it to eat." They wrote thus in a moment of good feeling, and then they thought no more of it. These things are never to be forgotten; ask Mittelbronn, Hultenhausen, Baraques, ask all the country round. And the old people use to speak of a state of things still worse; they talked about the great war of the Swedes and the French, and the Lorrainers—the seven years' war—when they hanged the peasants to the trees in bunches. They spoke of the great plague which followed to complete the ruin of every one. You could go for leagues without meeting a soul. They used to cry with uplifted hands, "O Lord God, save us from the plague, from war, and from famine!" As for famine, they had it every year. They had not yet learned to plant potatoes, and the poor had nothing but hard pulse to eat; how could they get food enough?

No day labourer could.

After forced labour in ploughing, sowing, hoeing, mowing, haymaking, carting—and in the vine districts in the vintage also—in fact, after this amount of forced labour, when the good times were employed in getting in the crops for the seigneur and the abbey, what could a man do for self and children? Nothing. So as soon as the dead season arrived three-fourths of the villagers set out to beg. M. Schneider, the prévôt, and the Marquis Talaru, the governor of the town, forbade mendicancy, and police-sergeants, and even detachments of the regiments of Rouergue, Schénau, and La Fare gave their help to the authorities. It was risking the galleys, but life was sweet; the poor set out in troops, in spite of all, to look for food.

Unfortunately it is not enough to beg for bread if one is hungry, but others must have it to give; it was the usual phrase, "Every one for himself, God for us all!"

Towards the close of the winter a report was usually spread that some band had been robbing carriages either in Alsace or Lorraine. Troops were put in motion, and the business was concluded by hanging a number of men.

Just fancy in these days a poor basket-maker with a wife and six children, without a sou or an inch of ground; neither goat nor fowl—in fact, with no other means of subsistence but his labour, and no hope either for him or for his children of a change for the better! So it was ordained—some came into the world noble, and ought to have everything, and the others were born labourers, and consequently were doomed to live in misery from generation to generation. Fancy this state of things; long days of hunger, winter nights without covering, the dread of tax-gatherers, police-sergeants, gamekeepers, bailiffs! Well, in spite of all that, when spring came, after a long winter, when the sun shone upon the lonely hut, lighting the cobwebs on the beams, the little hearth, in the left-hand corner, the foot of the ladder on the right, the clay floor, and the heat, the pleasant heat which warmed us; when the cricket began to chirp, the woods to grow green again, in spite of all we were happy in life, happy to stretch ourselves at the door, holding our little naked feet in our hands, happy to laugh and whistle, to look up in the sky while rolling in the dust.

When we saw our father coming from the woods, with a great faggot of green broom or branches of birch on his shoulders, his hair hanging over his face, with a smile upon it when he saw us at a distance, we used all to run and meet him; then he would put the faggot on end for a minute while he kissed the little ones, his face, his blue eyes, his nose a little heavy at the tip, his thick lips lighted up; he really seemed happy.

How good he was! how he loved us! And then our mother, grey and wrinkled at forty; for all that, full of courage, always in the fields, digging others' ground, every evening spinning others' hemp and flax to feed her brood and pay all sorts of dues and exactions. What courage, and yet what misery, thus to work continually with no other hope of reward than what is to be found in life eternal! And this was not all. The poor creatures had another sore the worst of all the sores of the peasant; they were in debt!

I remember, when quite a child, hearing my father say, on his return from selling some baskets or a few dozen brooms in the town—

"Here is the salt, the beans, and the rice, but I have not a sou left. O Lord! O Lord! I was in hope of bringing back a few sous for M. Robin!"

This M. Robin was the richest rogue in Mittelbronn, a big man with a great grey beard and an otter-skin cap tied under the chin, a large nose, yellow complexion, round eyes, with a sort of bag over his shoulders like a short gown. He went about on foot with long linen gaiters up to his knees, a large basket on his arm, and a wolf-dog at his heels. This man went all round the neighbourhood getting in the interest owing him, for he lent money to every one, three livres at a time or six livres, up to one or two louis d'or. He used to walk into the houses and if his money was not ready, he would pocket anything in the interim; half-a-dozen eggs, a pound of butter, a bottle of kirsch, a piece of cheese, or whatever they had. So that they got time from him, they would rather let him rob them in that way than have a visit from a bailiff.

How many there are to this day eaten up by similar robbers! How many there are labouring in misery under the weight of debt, and wear away without seeing any end to their troubles!

In our place there was nothing for Robin to take, so he tapped at the window and cried out, "Jean-Pierre!"

Then my father would run to the door in a tremble, and, cap in hand, say—

"M. Robin!"

"Ah, look here, I have two *corvées* to work out on the road to Herange or to Lixheim—can you come?"

"Yes, M. Robin, yes."

"To-morrow, without fail?"

"Yes, M. Robin."

And off he went. My father would come in quite pale, sit down by the hearth, and go on plaiting without speaking, holding his head down and biting his lips. Next morning he was working out the *corvées* of M. Robin, and mother would cry, "Oh, that beggarly she-goat! we have already paid for her ten times over; she's dead, and she will be the death of us all. What an unlucky idea it was to buy that old she-goat—unlucky indeed!" And then she would make herself miserable.

My father was off long before, with his pickaxe on his shoulder. But on those days the poor man brought nothing home. He had paid his interest for a month or two. That did not last long; just as they had become a little easy, M. Robin came tapping at the window again. I have heard talk of diseases which wear away the heart and dry up the sources of the blood,

but this is the true disease of the poor. It is these usurers, who pretend to help you, and who live upon you till you are buried, and then they try to get the widow and children in their power. What my parents endured through this Robin is not to be described; they grew old in trouble, they could not sleep, they had not a minute's rest, and their only consolation was if one of us escaped the conscription he could take the bounty as a recruit, and they could pay the debt.

(To be Continued.)

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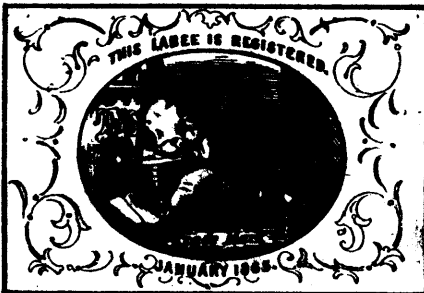


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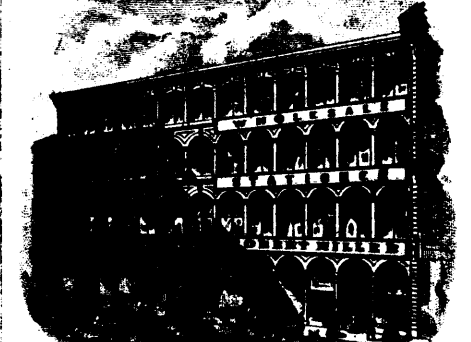
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