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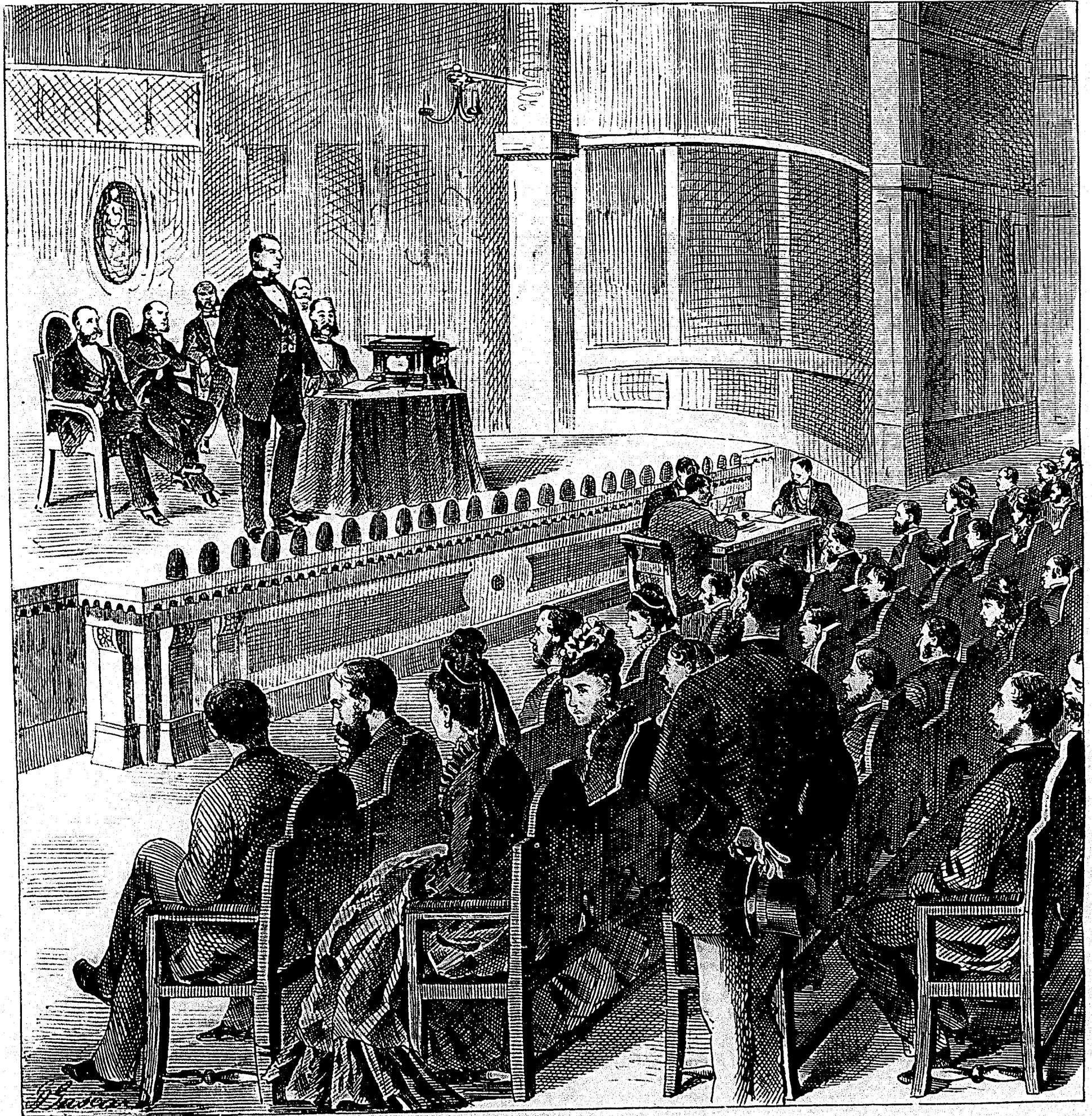
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# Illustrated News

Vol. X.—No. 13.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1874.

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 THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RE-  
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**Canadian Illustrated News.**

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1874.

**THE QUEBEC GOVERNMENT.**

Mr. DE BOUCHERVILLE has at length succeeded in forming an Administration. The party journals are already canvassing the merits of the new incumbents, and predicting the success or failure of the Ministry, according as their sentiments are friendly or hostile. We accept the Government as it is, without such personal criticism, only rejoicing that the awkward interregnum is at an end, and that at length the public affairs will no longer be allowed to fall into neglect. While saying so much, we still adhere to the opinion expressed some weeks ago, that it would have been more in conformity with British precedent, and more consonant to Canadian ideas of free government, where the people rule, had the Lieutenant-Governor seen his way to a dissolution of the Assembly, and the ordering of general elections. We have failed to see any answer to the argument put forth by us that Mr. JOLY, as leader of the Opposition, should have been called upon to form a government, after Mr. OUMET had resigned the seals of office. We were well aware, as we then stated, that Mr. JOLY, with his present support, was unable to carry on the Government, but we urged his appointment to the Premiership because, among other reasons, we knew that he would make an appeal to the people a condition of his acceptance.

The trouble which Mr. DE BOUCHERVILLE experienced in forming an Administration proved precisely the need of these general elections. Several of the strongest men in his party, men to whom public opinion pointed as his most necessary coadjutors declined accepting office, for the sole reason that they did not care to face an election this year and another next year. Whatever people may think, elections are more serious concerns to the candidate than appears upon the surface. They entail considerable expense, even when that expense is curtailed to strictly legitimate disbursements, and they further carry with them a heavy burden of anxiety, uncertainty, and disappointment. The hesitation of such prominent and strong men as Dr. BLANCHET, Judge Couvazol, and others further proves that the Conservative party is not so confident as it was two months ago, or as its organs would have us believe. It stands to reason that the hesitancy of Mr. OUMET during so many weeks had a tendency to demoralize his followers to some extent, while it furnished the Opposition a corresponding element of strength and cohesion. Nothing is so damaging in political life as a display of weakness; nothing, on the other hand, is so inspiring and creative as a bold firmness, which is an outcome of true power.

As we have no criticism to pronounce upon Mr. DE BOUCHERVILLE, neither shall we presume to offer him any advice. However, we may be allowed to hope that he will not regard himself as a merely *ad interim* Minister.

We mean to say that he will not consider himself bound to follow in the footsteps of his predecessors in matters of general polity. If his party supports him during the next session, and especially if he finds that it is disposed to uphold him in the general elections of next year, we believe he ought to strike out for himself, and give the Province the advantage of a vigorous initiative. Let us not have the simple exchange of one set of men for another. The Lieutenant-Governor evidently called upon Mr. DE BOUCHERVILLE, not as a mere available mediocrity, but because he discerned in him those qualities of statesmanship which are indispensable in the Premier even of a small province. Mr. DE BOUCHERVILLE bears an honoured, historical name; he holds an independent position in the world—a great recommendation in these days of mercenary temptation; he has had much Parliamentary experience, and he has the respect of the Province, irrespective of party. All he needs now is to display that knowledge of men and that science of government which will insure his safe direction of public affairs. Without entering upon any invidious retrospect, it is only true to say that this Province has fallen into a humdrum line of legislation not at all in harmony with the enterprise of her citizens, nor her own magnificent resources. She has lost more than one golden opportunity of progress, and it needs the lever of a talented, energetic administration to give her the required impetus. We hope that Mr. DE BOUCHERVILLE has not the intention of merely bridging over the time between this and next year, leaving the general elections to decide the great issues now pending before the people. We cannot afford to lose a whole year in a course of inactivity, however masterly. Let him seize the reins with a firm hand. Let him make his own issues. Let him not only work the departments, but manifest a statesmanlike policy as well, and instead of ruling only by sufferance he will operate upon public opinion, creating a support, for himself. Political parties are not so exclusive in provincial matters but that they will support a strong, able, and honest man without enquiring too closely into his theoretical opinions or past record.

**WHAT DOES IT MEAN?**

The papers have all at once taken up the subject of constitutional change in the Dominion. No notice was given of the discussion. The people were not prepared for it. The consequence is a rather general surprise. Who asks these changes? Why are they hinted at just now? The leading Liberal organ in this city had indeed a pretext for introducing the subject. That was its disgust at the delay of Mr. DE BOUCHERVILLE in forming a Ministry. In commenting on that circumstance it broadly calls responsible government a farce, and affirms that it never had any faith in the present Canadian constitution. This is saying, in other words, that the federal principle is distasteful to the writer, and that he would prefer to see the country governed by a legislative union. Is the editor expressing only his individual feelings in this case, or is he the mouthpiece of his party? It were a matter of some interest to ascertain the fact.

The English papers have been much more outspoken of late on this topic. The *London Times* goes so far as to assert that the statesmen of the Dominion intend to merge all general power in the Parliament and Government at Ottawa. Who are the statesmen who thus intend the fusion? We never heard of them. We are aware that many of them, with Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD at their head, were in favour of union instead of federation; but they abandoned the idea in 1867, and we do not know that they have revived it since. The Liberal party in Quebec, both French and English, were and are still opposed to confederation, but it is news to us that they preferred legislative union instead. The French certainly do not. We are not discussing the subject now; we only want to know whether there is any organized movement looking to constitutional change.

Singularly enough the press of the Lower Provinces have at the same time revived the question of a maritime union. The *Halifax Chronicle*, in a very curious article, debates both sides of the subject elaborately and impartially, though its leaning to the affirmative is manifest enough. This is not the first time by many, nor will it be the last, that the contemplated union of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland into one province has been canvassed. Much may be adduced on both sides. By the union there would be a large diminution of expenses. Instead of three or four governors, there would be only one to maintain. Instead of three or four legislatures, a single House would be sufficient. Then the influence of the united province at Ottawa would be increased two-thirds. This is regarded as a capital advantage by the people of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Rightly or wrongly, they believe that their nu-

merical weakness reacts upon their moral strength. Notwithstanding all these arguments in favour of a maritime union, we are not sure that the project could be easily carried into effect. Certainly there is no enthusiasm about it just at present, and from the tone of the papers we should say that the prevailing disposition is to let things stand as they are. The example of New England shows that the existence of small states is not incompatible with healthy separate legislation. Rhode Island is probably more flourishing as a distinct commonwealth than if she were a mere fraction of an united New England. Her voice is as potential in the national councils at Washington as that of New York or Ohio. It is to be remembered, also, that New Brunswick, for instance, is bound to grow and become a large province in itself. When that happens, her interests may prove more continental than sea-board, and she will then have less affinity than she has now with Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island.

**VACCINATION AND ITS OPPONENTS.**

The action recently taken by the Montreal opponents of vaccination has led to a very general expression of opinion on the part of the faculty of this city in favour of a legislative enactment such as would ensure general vaccination throughout the Dominion. This is a somewhat unusual course for the medical profession to adopt, but in the present instance it is pretty evident that in order successfully to combat the dangerous ideas so actively promulgated by Dr. CODERRE and his following something more than ordinary measures must be resorted to. So long as the opponents of vaccination contented themselves with spreading their notions among their own *clients*, they were met upon their own ground. Now, however, that they have stooped to an unprofessional use of sensationalism in its most censurable form, and have made a public appeal to ignorance which may be fraught with the most dangerous results, it is time for the law to step in and deprive them of the powers they are now turning to such bad account.

The story of this last move on the part of the CODERRE section is briefly as follows: Some time in June last a French-Canadian woman took her child to the Board of Health to be vaccinated. On her return home after the operation it appears that she bandaged the child's arm so tightly that a local festering ensued, which subsequently, no relief having in the meantime being given by relaxation of the bandage, extended to other parts of the body. A physician was consulted who put himself in communication with Dr. CODERRE. Of course such a fine card was not to be thrown away, and a line of action was decided upon which for spiteful ingenuity and utter carelessness of the most elementary laws of professional etiquette has seldom been equalled. A number of highly sensational photographs were prepared, which, together with circulars containing an exaggerated appeal to vulgar prejudices, were displayed in various parts of the city, and especially in those quarters where the French element is most thickly scattered. It is impossible to estimate the amount of evil that may have been done amongst the more ignorant portion of the community by these unseemly exhibitions, and it is exceedingly regrettable that any gentleman connected with an honourable and respected profession should have been so deficient in proper feelings and in professional pride as to descend to such an underhand method of disseminating his own peculiar views. Fortunately steps have been taken which will doubtless have the effect of putting a stop to Dr. CODERRE's taste for practical inculcation of his anti-vaccination views. At a meeting of medical men held on the 15th inst., a resolution was passed condemning the action of those who had exhibited the objectionable photograph as being strictly unprofessional, and highly censurable as calculated to mislead the public, and adverse to the interest of science. Another resolution was also passed declaring the desirability of petitioning the Legislature to adopt such measures as would insure general vaccination through the Dominion by a special Act.

The proposal of the Montreal faculty will, doubtless, be highly acceptable to the large majority of the community. In the Province of Quebec, the only one, we believe, where the anti-vaccination movement has assumed anything like dangerous dimensions, the effects of a compulsory Act would be especially remarked. From statistics collected some time ago, by the Board of Health, if we are not mistaken, relative to the deaths from small-pox in Montreal, it was found that the large majority who had succumbed to the disease were French-Canadians who had never been vaccinated—presumably, therefore, disciples of Dr. CODERRE. There can be little doubt that under such an Act as that proposed by the faculty these small-pox returns would be largely diminished, and thereby a signal victory would

be gained over Dr. CODERRE and his fanciful notions. It is only the other day that a despatch was received from Kingston, Jamaica, stating that with the aid of vaccination and other sanitary precautions the number of cases of small-pox in that city has been reduced from eight hundred to two hundred. The experiences of all our large cities goes to corroborate the evidence in favour of vaccination. The question as it now stands, therefore, between vaccination and its opponents amounts simply to this:—Are we to place more credence in Dr. CODERRE'S belief in the dangerous results of the practice than in established facts, backed by statistics the correctness of which there is no gainsaying? We trust that the matter will receive the serious attention it deserves, and that at the next session of Parliament ample provision will be made to prevent the too-often fatal experiments of the anti-vaccination theorists.

THE DOMINION EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

On the first of October next Montreal will be the scene of a mighty religious gathering, at which all parts of the country and all shades of belief which may be classed under the comprehensive title of Evangelical Christianity, will be represented. On that day the first General Conference of the Dominion Evangelical Alliance with open its session, and there is every reason to trust that it will be crowned with a measure of success equal in every way to that obtained by the recent Conference held in the States. The object is a most laudable one, and one which cannot fail to recommend itself to the large body of Christians in this land as possessing peculiar and absorbing interest at the present crisis in religious affairs. We may be pardoned, therefore, if we devote some space, not so much to a consideration of the work of the Alliance as to a brief *résumé* of the subjects which will come up for discussion during the six days on which the Conference will sit. The importance attaching to these subjects will be vastly increased by the fact that they are to be treated by no apprentice hands. In addition to the foremost evangelical clergymen and laymen of Canada, a number of learned and devoted gentlemen who have laboured in the field of Evangelicism will be present from the United States and Great Britain, and will add much to the interest of the proceedings by taking an active and without doubt a useful part therein. Among these eminent strangers are the Rev. DONALD FRASER, of London, Eng.; Rev. Dr. BLACK, of Inverness; the Earl of CAVAN; Rev. Dr. SCHAFF, of New York; Rev. Dr. PORTER, President of Yale College, and the Rev. Dr. HALL, of New York. Of Canadian representatives it is sufficient to say that almost every name of note in connection with the Evangelical Churches of the Dominion will be found on the list of those who are to take an active part in the proceedings.

The first day's session of the Conference will be devoted to the opening services and the address of welcome, to which a number of distinguished visitors are expected to reply—and to the transaction of preliminary business. On the second day, after routine business, the subject of "Christian Union and Allied Topics" will be discussed, and papers relating to this subject will be read by Dr. SCHAFF, Dean BOND, Dr. DABNEY, of Virginia, Dr. BURNS, and the Rev. Mr. POOLE, of Toronto. In the evening Dr. BLACK, of Inverness, will lecture on "God's Work in Scotland during the last twelve years." The subject for Saturday's discussion will be "The Church's Work and Worship," the essayists being the Rev. DONALD FRASER, and the Rev. Messrs. MACKNIGHT, LATHEAN, and GRANT, of Halifax. On Sunday, the 4th. services will be conducted in the City churches by members of the Conference and in the afternoon a general communion of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated. Both in the afternoon and evening meetings will be held at which addresses will be delivered by members of the Conference. On Monday the subject of "Romanism in its Relation to Christianity" will be taken up, and papers read by the Rev. Dr. CRAMP, of Wolfville, N. S.; Rev. Mr. CHAPMAN, of Montreal; Rev. Mr. MARLING, Toronto; Rev. Mr. MURRAY, P. E. I.; Rev. Messrs. LAFLUR and BORLAND, and Mr. JAMES COURT. In the evening there will be a meeting for the discussion of the Sunday School question, and a second meeting at which the proceedings will be conducted in French. Tuesday, the closing day, is devoted to the consideration of "Science, Philosophy, and Literature in relation to Christianity." Papers will be read by President PORTER, of Yale; Prof. MURRAY, of McGill; Rev. M. GIBSON, of Chicago; Principal NELLES, of Victoria College; Principal VICAR, of the Presbyterian College, Montreal; and Principal DAWSON, of McGill. In the evening a farewell meeting will be held at which addresses will be delivered by delegates and others.

It will be seen by the programme that the meet-

ing promises no usual attractions. It will doubtless be attended by a large number of visitors for whose benefit we give the following information as to travelling rates, etc., special reductions having been made for the occasion. The price of tickets of admission, one dollar, entitling the holder to the benefits of all the meetings—has been fixed at the lowest possible figure, in the hope that all classes may enjoy the privilege. Tickets for any one day's meetings may be obtained for twenty-five cents each. For the sake of those coming from outside of Montreal, special travelling arrangements, at reduced rates, have been made with the following Companies: The Grand Trunk Railway; Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway; New York and Canada Railway; South Eastern Railway; Canadian Navigation Co.; Ottawa River Navigation Company; and the Richelieu Steamship Co. have consented to issue return tickets from all stations or ports on their lines at the rate of a single fare for the double journey. The Great Western Railway; St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway; Midland Railway; and Brockville and Ottawa Railway will issue return tickets at the rate of one and a third fare. The Intercolonial Steamship Company will carry to and from St. John and Portland at five dollars gold—Clergymen one dollar less by calling on the Agents. The presentation at the railway station or port of departure, of the Ticket of Admission to the Conference is all that is necessary, but is necessary, to secure the above travelling privileges. Tickets, if not already on sale in the District, will be forwarded, by return of post, on a written application to the Secretary, whose post address is Rev. GAVIN LANG, Montreal, accompanied by the enclosure of a dollar for each ticket and the address of the applicant in full.

There is a good deal of recrimination going on just at present among the party organs over the question of the qualification of unseated members to present themselves for re-election. The two cases most frequently cited in this connection are those of Mr. MCGREGOR in Essex and Mr. PETER WILKS in North Renfrew. Both of these gentlemen were unseated on account of the corrupt practices of their agents, and both intend offering themselves for re-election. Of course the Conservatives raised an immense shout over the depravity of the Grits in selecting Mr. MCGREGOR as "the 'most fit and proper person' to represent them in Parliament;" while the latter retorted that the Conservatives were no better than themselves, inasmuch as they too had chosen an unseated member for re-nomination. Another case bearing on this matter of the qualification of unseated members is that of Major WALKER, in London, whom Chief Justice HAGARTY declared to be not disqualified. The petitioners in this case have commenced proceedings in appeal from this decision, and it is not impossible that they may be successful, the Act declaring that proof of direct or indirect corruption shall be sufficient to unseat a member, and to render him incapable of being returned to that Parliament. It is pretty evident that so long as indirect corruption, by the means of agents or otherwise, may be practised by a candidate without the fear of being incapacitated for re-election, purity of election will be a desirability as far off from attainment as ever. The unseated member will run a second time, and in nine cases out of ten employ bribery as a means to his election, taking his chance of having his election contested, or of having sufficient proof of corruption brought against him.

The important subject of the winter navigation of the St. Lawrence has again come into notice. The Ottawa Times says that the other day Mr. E. W. SEWELL, of Quebec, called upon the Premier and the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, in connection with the question of the navigation of the St. Lawrence, in which he has long taken a deep interest. He desires that a survey should be made during the coming winter, in order to ascertain the exact position of the open water, as also the position and character of the ice fields. His proposition was attentively listened to, his suggestions met with considerable favour, and he received the assurance that a careful inquiry would be made into the subject without unnecessary delay. It may be remarked in this connection that Mr. SEWELL has written a good deal on the subject to the Quebec newspapers, and, with many others, believes that the Lower St. Lawrence could be navigated by strong vessels sheathed with metal, similar to the ferry boats which ply between Quebec and Levis during the winter.

It has been frequently asserted of late that great hostility existed between the Danish and German Governments. The cause of this feeling is now revealed. It seems that Bismarck proposed to King Christian of Denmark that he should enter the Bund with his whole king-

dom. Germany would then cede the whole of Schleswig to Denmark, and guarantee the integrity of the territory of Denmark. The Bundeskanzler further demanded that the Danish fleet should become an integral part of the German fleet, and that German ports should be established in Danish colonies. King Christian declined these proposals, as might well be expected.

A New York paper suggests a municipal improvement which might well be adopted in a large and growing city like Montreal. It says that the whole business of locking up people at night without the form of trial and keeping them in confinement from twelve to twenty-four hours is in itself an outrage. It would be an easy matter for a magistrate or police justice to remain on duty till 1 o'clock in the morning to examine persons arrested by the police. Under an old system in New York, the Aldermen had the right to open court in the station-houses at any hour and to release prisoners who were found innocent upon due examination.

There is to be another Woman's Congress in Chicago within a short time. We are promised something more sensible and practical than has been the rule heretofore in such assemblies. The revelations of the Beecher scandal will naturally, and perhaps rightly, come up for consideration, and the dress reform movement will also be discussed. Ladies ought to be able to decide these and other questions for themselves, and if they give the example of seriousness in their deliberations, we do not see why they should not be heard with respect. Can anybody tell us why a public meeting of women should always *ipso facto* be held up to ridicule?

Some of the American papers are publishing queer stories about the desertion of large numbers of the Manitoba Mounted Police. Such rumours have also been afloat in certain of our Canadian journals. We have a special artist with the force, and in his letters to us he has never hinted anything of the kind. The matter is, however, of sufficient importance that, if false, the government organs should take it up and give it an authoritative denial.

The Democrats of New York have nominated S. J. Tilden as their candidate for the governorship. This gentleman was the most efficient agent to break through the Tweed tyranny and the Tammany Ring, and ought therefore to command a strong vote. As, however, the Republicans will probably renominate General Dix, the race will be a tight one, with the chances in favour of Dix.

It speaks poorly for the Province of Quebec that no Agricultural show is held this year. These things are better managed in Ontario, where public spirit and enterprise manifest themselves in this as in other respects. Another circumstance equally remarkable is that none of the papers in Montreal and Quebec seem to care to advertise on so palpable a neglect.

The insurgents in Louisiana have given a good example of submitting to authority by laying down their arms at the request of the President of the United States. It only remains now for the President to requite this generous conduct by withholding his support from Kellogg and his ring, awaiting the untrammelled will of the people, as expressed in new State elections.

The terrible fire at the Granite Mills, Fall River, is another instance of a holocaust due to a want of proper distribution of exits and entrances to large buildings. The great tower in the centre served for a flue to animate the flames, and as all the stairs communicating with each story converged into this tower, the means of escape was fatally cut off.

Montreal is caught napping again this year. The "Sarmatia" has been obliged to discharge her cargo at South Quebec owing to the lowness of the water in Lake St. Peter not allowing her to steam up to Montreal. While we are apathetic, shippers and underwriters in England note this fact and will act accordingly.

People have no idea how much general elections cost the country. The official figure of the last elections is \$91,946.27. Add to this the wholesale corruption practised on both sides, and you easily reach a million of dollars.



SARNIA'S WELCOME TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

Of the various places visited by His Excellency the Governor-General in the course of his late official tour Sarnia, it is generally admitted, excelled many in the enthusiasm of its salutation, and gained the admiration of all observant visitors by the abundance of its decorations. Prominent among these were the gaily-adorned escort of steamers that accompanied the vice-regal boat to the landing dock, the beautiful open pavilion in which the several addresses were presented, and the two large and stately arches, one erected by the county and the other by the town, under which His Excellency and Lady Dufferin, with their suite, accompanied by the Mayor, the Premier, and other official and resident gentlemen, passed in carriages in making a circuit through the principal streets of the town. We present our readers this week with views of the arches referred to, the residence of the Mayor, Mr. Geo. Stevenson, and a portrait of that gentleman. The county arch, a beautiful gothic triplet, having an altitude of fifty feet, displayed on the top a selection of agricultural implements and products, emblematic of the chief industry of the County of Lambton, and also oil and salt, extracted from the underlying rock in the Townships of Enniskillen and Warwick, the former locality being well known as the

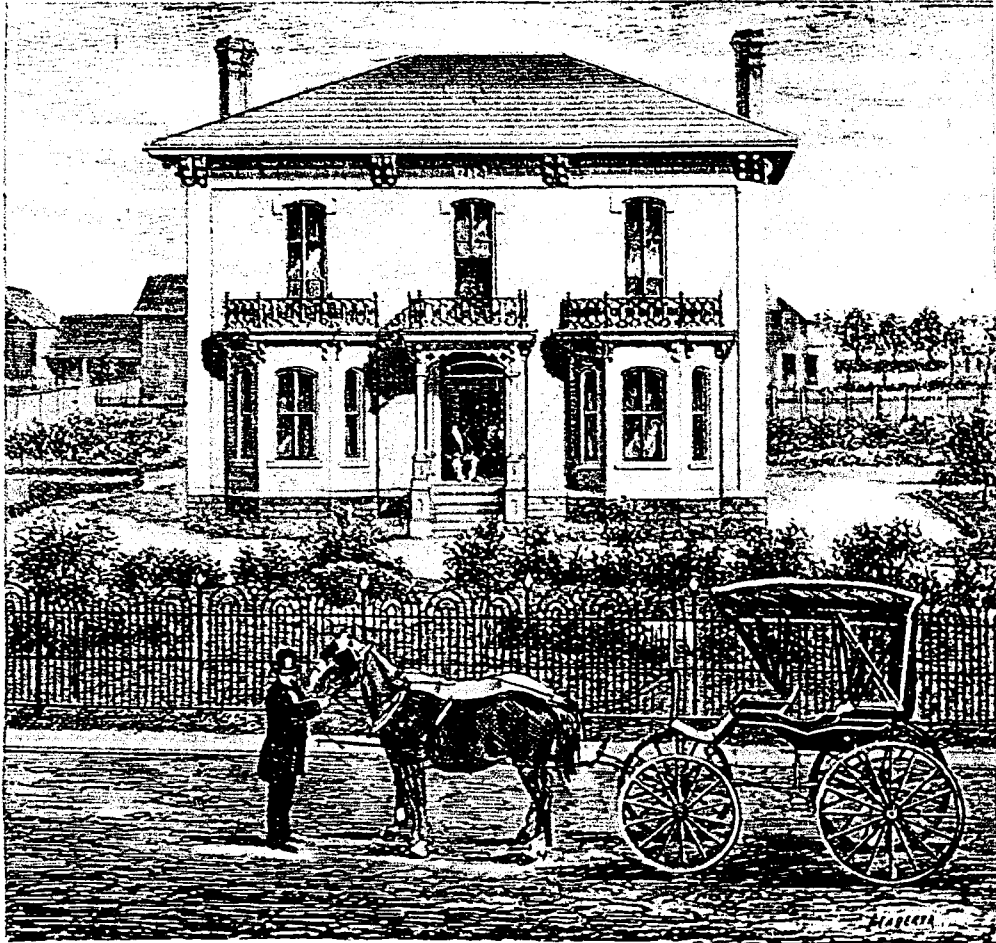


GEO. STEVENSON, MAYOR OF SARNIA.

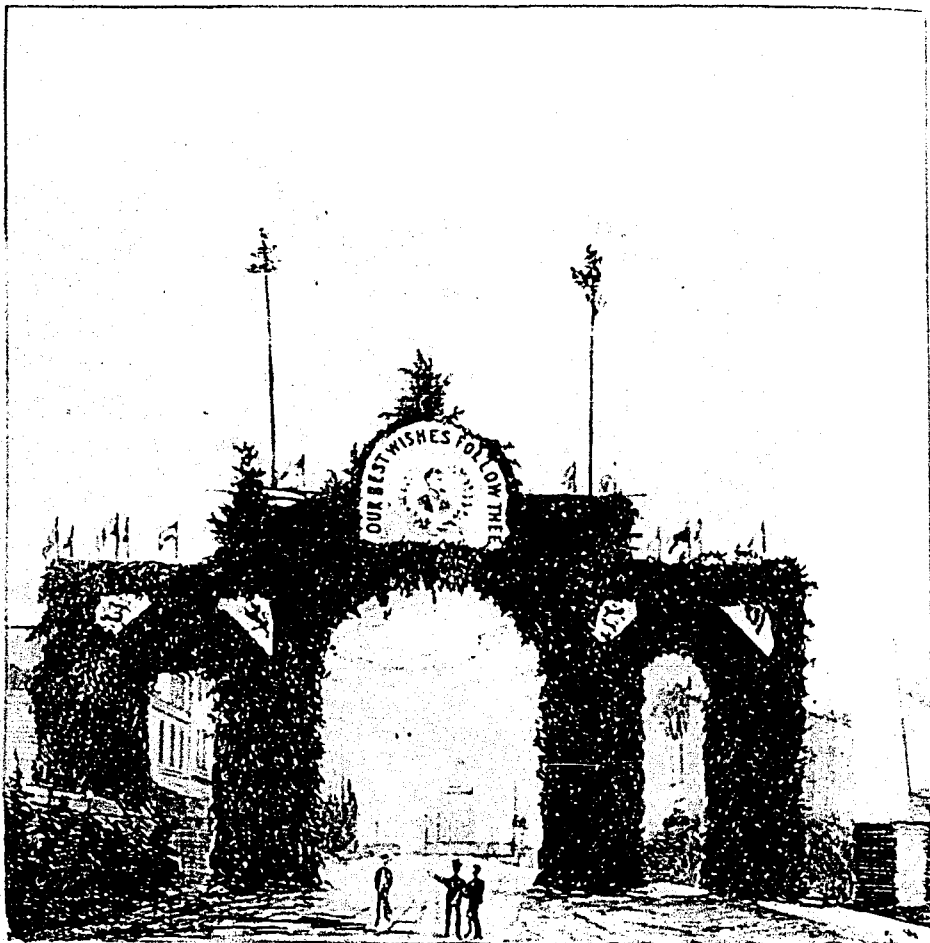
centre and all but exclusive source of our Canadian supply of petroleum and rock oil. Surmounting the town arch, which appears as a gate of entrance from the south, was set a colossal medallion picture of the Queen, with the surrounding motto, "She Reigns in our Hearts," while the north or exit side of the arch displayed an excellent likeness of the Governor-General, with the parting salute "Our Best Wishes Follow Thee."

Mr. Stevenson is a native of Glasgow, where he was born in 1812, in the old Mansion House of Barrowfield. He has been a resident of Sarnia for upwards of thirty years, and had formerly the honour, in September, 1850, while Reeve of the undivided Town and Township of Sarnia, of receiving the late Earl of Elgin, then Governor-General of British North America, no vice-regal visit having occurred from that period to the present.

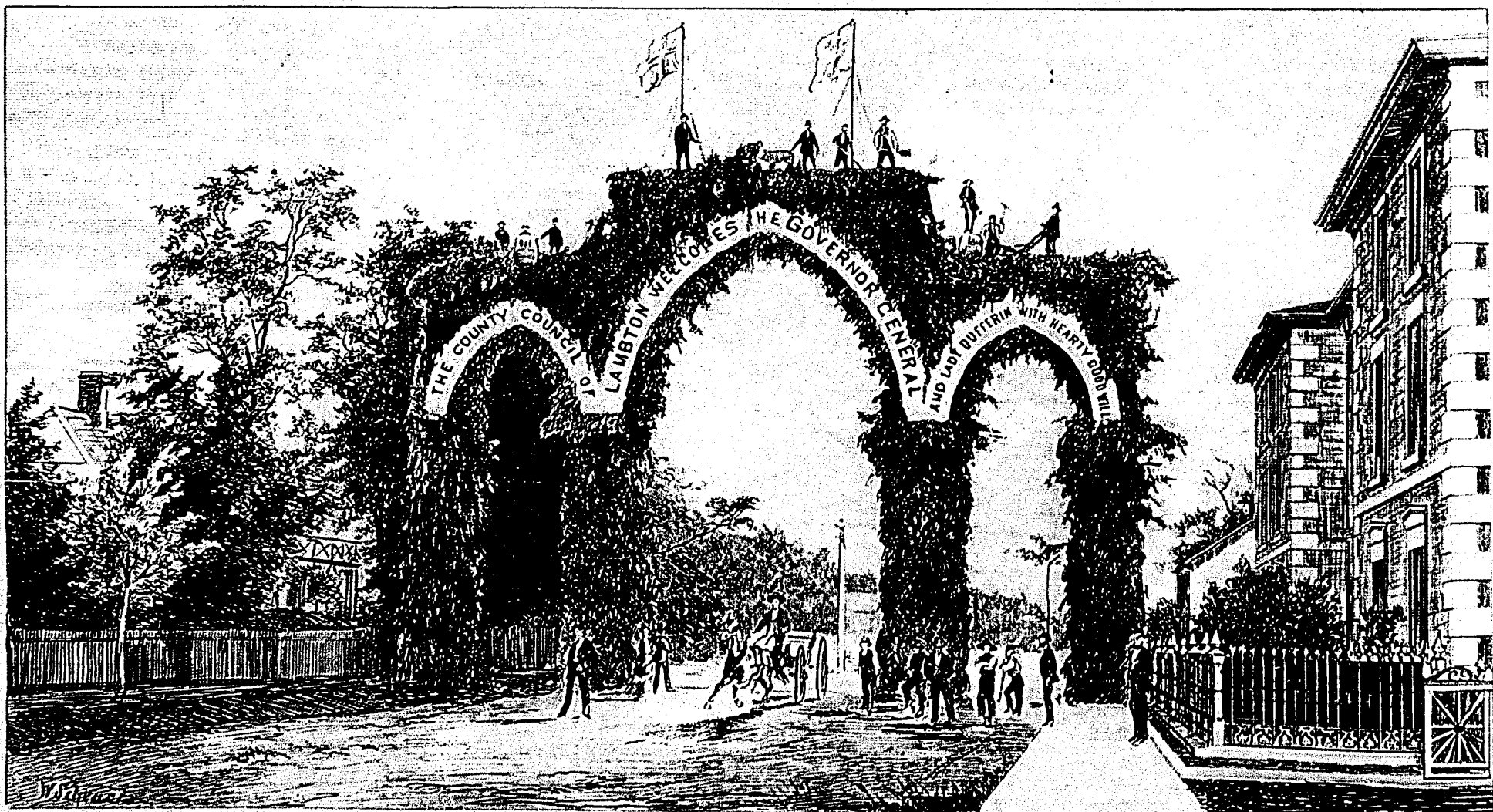
Marshal MacMahon is a compact sort of man in his habits, his whole travelling luggage consisting of a sub-lieutenant's small trunk. The only civil dress in which he indulges is a frock-coat. "In winter as in summer," said the gallant President recently, "I have worn no other body vestment for forty years past, and my tailor has consequently no trouble in fitting me. After the war, having caught rheumatism, I allowed myself to be persuaded by my wife to order a dressing-gown, but I have never put it on. When my rheumatic pains return I wear my officer's cape."



RESIDENCE OF THE MAYOR OF SARNIA.



ARCH ERECTED BY THE TOWN OF SARNIA IN HONOUR OF THE GOV.-GENERAL'S VISIT.



SARNIA.—ARCH ERECTED BY THE COUNTY OF LAMBTON IN HONOUR OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S VISIT.

THE PRESIDENT OF HAYTI.

General Michel Domingue, who was elected President of the Republic of Hayti on the 11th of last June, and whose picture is herewith given, was proclaimed President of the Southern State of Hayti December 27, 1868. Not wishing to exercise the power alone, he appointed not only a minister of public affairs, but created a legislative council, which, during the entire revolution, enacted laws and voted measures of public safety. Perfect concord constantly reigned between the two powers. He and General Nissage Saget, the head of the revolutionary government at St. Marc, were ever in harmony, and had the full confidence of the people. The secret of his great influence was his known military valour; in battle he was ever foremost in the fight. A principal cause of the confidence placed in him is his sense of justice; during the entire war he showed no preference for one class of citizens over another. The election of so energetic, brave, and honest a man, who is determined to serve his country well, will secure peace and tranquillity to the island.

General Domingue's predecessor was General Nissage Saget, whose term of office expired on the 15th of May last, and who has now retired to his country seat at St. Marc. This is the first time that a President of Hayti has been elected without conquering his place through a revolution. Since January, 1870, General Domingue has been in command of the southern part of Hayti, having his residence at Aux Cayes.

Michel Domingue was recruited in 1816 by a patrol of the First Regiment of Bombardiers. Next year he was in the campaign of the Grand Anse as an artilleryman. He joined the Southern Squadron and remained in it till 1820. In 1827 he was made sub lieutenant, and in 1831 achieved a full lieutenantcy, remaining in garrison at Port au Prince till 1836. In 1841 he demanded his retirement of the President, who accorded it; he had been twenty-five years in the service and was yet but a simple lieutenant. In 1843 he re-entered the service, and was made lieutenant-colonel in the following year by Salomon, then in the department of the South, and afterwards was installed as commandant of the arrondissement of Cayes by General Dugue Zamor. After twenty-nine years of service he was made colonel in 1846. The following year he became brigadier-general, and full general in 1859.

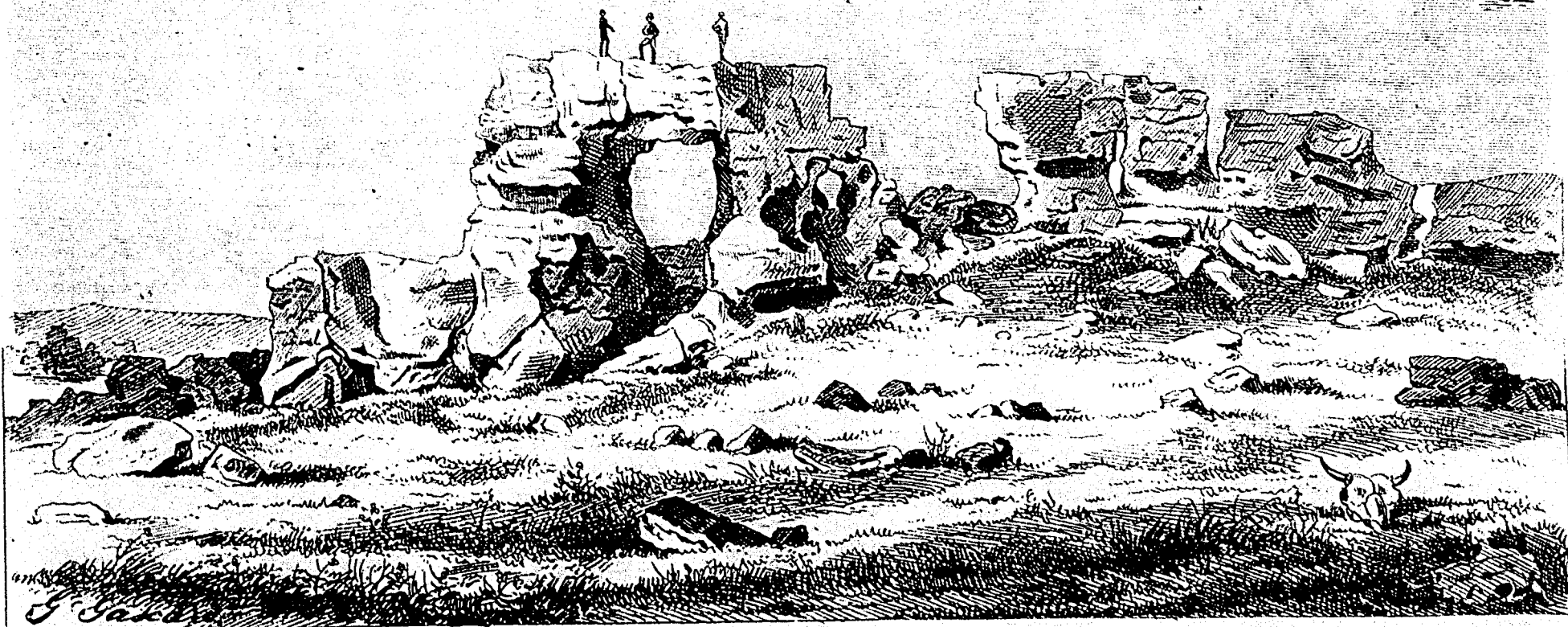
MR. BEECHER'S PREACHING.

A writer in the *Loudbb Hornet* says in a sketch descriptive of Beecher's style of preach-

ing: "Walking up and down, gesticulating freely, he soon warmed to his work, and lashed himself into an oratorical frenzy. The resources of his vocabulary seemed illimitable. He never paused for a word, but poured forth a flood of glowing sentences with an energy and rapidity perfectly marvellous. With the reporters plying their quick pencils before him, and knowing that his sermon would confront him in cold print on the morrow, he ventured upon the most astonishing extemporaneous illustrations and metaphors, building them up, phrase by phrase, with a delicacy, fluency, and decision which extorted admiration and respect. Now he scattered a shower of polished epigrams; now he drew out long laboured sentences, as a conjurer draws ribbons from his mouth; now he pleaded with his congregation, while tears rolled down his cheeks; now he thundered against sin, with flaming eyes and his whole frame quivering with electric life. As he tossed himself about the platform, his long hair shaking upon his shoulders, he irresistibly reminded you of a lion, and he often completed the resemblance by roaring like a lion. No one could see him then without feeling that he was one of the Homeric kings of men. No one could hear him then without fully appreciating the reason why his followers worshipped him instead of the God whom he professed to preach. It must not be supposed that Mr. Beecher ever condescended to the vulgar tricks which report (we hope falsely) attributes to Mr. Spurgeon. He never slid down the balusters, nor blew out a candle. His tricks were all oratorical, and, in a certain sense, legitimate. Nevertheless the effect of his sermons was illegitimate, for you left the church thinking a great deal of Mr. Beecher, but no more of religion. Tilton's charges explain this, by showing that the sounding brass of the preacher's eloquence had no real heart behind it. The sound was loud, because the brass was hollow. Of the popularity of the display, however, there could be no question. In Plymouth Church the congregation affected no religious ecstasy—they left that to their pastor, who was paid for it—but they listened, and looked at the performance admiringly, and, when a sentiment pleased them particularly, they applauded by clapping their hands. This was not done indecorously, nor did it seem inconsistent with the sort of religion which was being preached, and which the witty Americans have christened 'Religion-bouffe.' Mr. Beecher liked to hear the applause; he encouraged it; he manoeuvred for it. Upon his nervous temperament it acted like a whip and spur; and we now know why he needed stimulants and excitement in order to preach acceptably."



GEN. MICHEL DOMINGUE, PRESIDENT OF HAYTI.



ROCHE PERCÉE, N. W. TERRITORY.—AFTER A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE MOUNTED POLICE.



## THE GLEANER.

An Alsatian woman goes to confess:—

"Father, I have committed a great sin."

"Well!"

"I dare not say it. It is too grievous."

"Come, come, courage."

"I have married a Prussian."

"Keep him, my daughter. That's your penance."

It is said that an interviewer has been knocked down in Chicago by the man whom he interviewed.

A lady in attendance on a great fancy fair was able to render some service to the female reporter of a leading paper.

"I am truly obliged to you," said the reporter. "Can I in any way serve you in return?"

"You can, by seeing that my name in no wise appears in print."

The reporter had discovered a phenomenon.

"You cannot conceive, Madam," she exclaimed, "of the overtures to me—nay, the bribes—by which people seek the very notoriety you disclaim."

I wonder what payment that reporter got from "Sweet Mary Pritchard, the pretty waiter-girl of the Flume House," who was so proud, so proud to see her name in the paper.

Can any one tell me what kind of a clerical garment is a "Capitular Cutaway?"

Parton, the sensational essayist, scornfully calls the reporters of daily papers "fifteen dollars a week men." Is Parton an Ishmaelite, and does he forget how much he used to make when he began to scribble some fifty years ago?

"I don't see nature as you do," said a critic, visiting an artist's studio.

"Don't you wish you could?"

"If I had painted that portrait, I should have given it a different background."

"But, my friend, you didn't paint it."

A world of philosophy in that repartee.

Take a celebrated artist's design for the face of his watch and inscribe on your own a letter for each hour—

NOW	IS	THE	TIME
I. II. III.	IV. V.	VI. VII. VIII.	IX. X. XI. XII.

A *præ-Raphaelite* pun:—

Humouring the rocks and drawing them according to their lichens.

The Apocryphal narrative of Susanna and the Elder is no longer read for "example and instruction of morals" in the English Church service.

Press-cads is a very good name for certain newspaper humbugs who try to impose upon the people, by cloaking their ignorance with assurance.

Anonymous criticism is said to be like measles, attacking books at an early age. Conversely an actual measles must be very like a real anonymous writer.

Lady Susan being asked for her favourite hero in ancient history, she named Remus, as "an unobtrusive character."

Alas! for that coincidence in a coquette's old age:—

The coming of the crow's feet,  
And the backward turn of beaux' feet.

Two chairs to each guest is the rule at American watering-places. The women need that many to spread on, and the men the same number to stretch on.

"Wire-worms" is the new American name for those fellows to whom telegraph directors give franks or right of free telegraphing. They send despatches right and left to all their friends, putting these to frightful expense in answering, but thus increasing the revenue of the company.

The Telephone! This is an American contrivance for the transmission of sounds instead of signs by telegraph. Nilsson, Patti, and Albani need no longer go travelling about, but may sit at home and sing concerts for New York, San Francisco, Calcutta, and Melbourne, pocketing their five hundred dollars from each.

"Milkshops" are said to include the interesting class of bachelors of art, briefless barristers, doctors without patients, Government clerks, and young men with a deal of leisure.

"Ah, *une Anglaise et ses conséquences*" is what the French purveyor mutters when he brings out six chairs for a grand English dowager.

"What a good dinner you have given us," says the novice *gourm't* to his host.

"Monsieur should never praise his dinner till the next day," is the profound reply.

## FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.

We are glad to see that the ladies are beginning to take the law into their own hands, finding that the law as administered by our municipalities is powerless to protect them. Only a few days ago a young lady who was walking along Wellington St., Toronto, was accosted in a rude way by two men, whereupon she drew a revolver and the two ruffians incontinently stepped down and out, not caring to stay on the order of their going. This sound example was followed and improved upon recently by a young Montreal heroine. She too was insulted by a rowdy in the evening. She didn't scream nor make, as some foolish creatures do, a virtuously indignant reply. No, she simply upped with the family umbrella and let the young man have it on the head until he dropped. If many more such instances occur we shall be justified in looking to the ladies for the efficient police protection that is denied us by the nobler males that rule and constitute the police forces of our cities. Then let the rowdies look to themselves, for female measures are no half-measures, judging by the examples quoted.

They have got a new paper company in Montreal which proposes to introduce some specialities in this branch of manufacture. We learn from the *Gazette* that "the paper is to be manufactured from straw, reeds or rushes, or vegetable fibrous matter, or any material from which paper can be made." There is no very alarming novelty in this. Most paper makers we have come across manufacture their wares from material from which paper can be made.

St. Stephen, N. B., we are informed, has a teacher who ordered a bare-footed boy out of school; the trustees concurred in his decision and consequently little barefoots are left out in the cold. St. Stephen is not singular in this matter; its dislike for breaches of conventional proprieties is fully shared by our larger towns and cities. Of course it is very wrong for a poor hardworking mother so far to disregard the respect due to society as to omit such important articles in her child's educational outfit as a pair of shoes and stockings. But the question arises how far the Gradgrinds who are continually preaching at the ignorance and vice of the lower classes are themselves responsible for this state of things. The 'lower classes,' as you contemptuously call them, Messrs. G., are as a rule only too ready to have their youngsters educated, but they are not always rich enough to keep them provided with decent foot-covering.

A cabman who is imprisoned for causing the death of a little child by driving over it is not, one would imagine, a very fit subject for sympathy and condolence. The majority of people would look upon his punishment as matter for the sincerest congratulation. The cabmen of London, England however, seem to think otherwise, and are evidently determined to maintain what they pleasantly look upon as their rights. They have called a *monstra (sic)* meeting on behalf of one of their number who is now lying in temporary but enforced seclusion in consideration of having indulged, with the fatal result mentioned, his proclivities for fast driving. We are not informed as to the result of the meeting, but we are pretty sure that it did not succeed in convincing anybody outside of the cab-stand that the imprisoned Jehu has got more than he deserves.

The coloured congregation of the Flatbush (N. Y.) Zion church evidently belong to the class of mortals who may be designated as the worst enemies of their friends. These enthusiastic, but not altogether clear-sighted individuals held a meeting not very long ago at which they resolved to offer their sympathy and rejoicings to Mr. Beecher's family for the "full and righteous deliverance" pronounced by the Investigating Committee. They also called Mr. Beecher "the peer of American preachers—the champion of the nineteenth century in religion and morals;" and expressed a hope that the verdict of the Committee—of the members of which they spoke as able and impartial, and of their examination as rigid and thorough—will be the means of "stopping forever the brazen lips of his false accusers, filling the bosoms of his friends and advocates with a just conviction of his entire innocence and purity." It strikes one that these gentlemen are shouting before they are out of the wood. The "righteous deliverance" which causes them so much rejoicing is hardly as full as they would like to make out, or as the true friends of religion would wish to see it. The preconceived conviction held by the members of the Committee as to their pastor's "entire innocence and purity" entirely marred the force of their verdict; while to talk of these men as being impartial, and of their examination as "rigid and thorough" is pure rubbish. It is hardly complimentary to the ministers of the gospel in general that a man lying under an accusation of the gravest crime should be trumpeted forth as the champion of the nineteenth century in religion and morals. We can afford to let pass the expression "the peer of American preachers"—as it doesn't mean anything.

"If you see a policeman aim at a dog," says a funny man who has evidently 'been there,' "try and get near the dog." The advice does not at first sight appear very logical, but there

is more in it than one would be willing to suppose,—especially when the gentleman in blue is a Toronto policeman. One of the bold defenders &c., in that city went for a mad dog at close quarters the other day. The animal had taken refuge in a shoe store, and the policeman emptied his six-shooter at it without drawing blood. Finally civil force was brought to play upon the beast, which was despatched with a homely fire-shovel. The Toronto force evidently need drilling in the use of fire-arms—poker, tongs and shovel included.

It is bad enough for a politician and newspaper-editor to be reviled by his opponents in public life, but it is worse still when his own journal takes to covertly making fun of him. This is the kind of treatment which the editor of the *Montreal Gazette* had to put up with the other day. He was away at a political meeting in Dundas county, where he of course made a big speech. The speech was duly reported in the *Gazette*, which, however, made the chairman of the meeting introduce the *Gazette* editor as an "imminent public man," etc., etc. According to Webster and other authorities, 'imminent' has the signification of 'threatening,' 'impending,' especially used of evil or peril. Does the *Gazette* wish the country to understand that its political editor is an impending evil?

The spirit of the old time saying, "the nearer the church the farther from God" has been singularly illustrated in Montreal. For a week past a poor old paralytic man, utterly helpless and friendless, has been kept at the Central Police Station. He was taken both to the General Hospital and to the Hôtel-Dieu, but as neither of these institutions receives incurable patients, he was thrown on the hands of the police. An appeal was made, several appeals were made to the 'well-known charity' of the people of Montreal, but the well-known charity of the City of Churches found only one exponent, and she was—a female Panarus. This woman who had made her living and her money at the expense of her sister women, was the only one among the many wealthy citizens who would consent to disburse eight dollars a month to keep a poor helpless soul from perishing of want. A more cruel satire on the boasted religion and charity of Montrealers it would be difficult to find.

Mrs. Vibbert, M. D., is a strong-minded but not very logical lady who hails from Boston. Strong-minded, in the sense in which the word is applied to revolutionary woman-kind, she undoubtedly is, otherwise she would not, at the recent meeting at Painesville of the National Dress Reform League, have asserted her heavenborn right to wear clothes in which she had the greatest freedom, and gloried in the fact that from Maine to California there are two thousand women who wear the Bloomer costume. Illogical, we are reluctantly compelled to say Mrs. Vibbert unquestionably showed herself to be, when, at the same time and place, she informed her hearers that she had not prayed during the five years that, in opposition to her own sense of right, she wore the usual dress of woman. The relation between prayer and dress is a puzzler fit to nonplus the decipherer of the Moabitic stone. Perhaps the St. Stephen's shoe-and-education people, alluded to above, could throw some light on the subject. In the meantime we may remark that Mrs. Vibbert reminds one strikingly of a naughty child declining to say its prayers because it can't get everything it wants.

The advocates of inexpensive travelling have an addition to their ranks in the person of an Irish labourer of the name of Nolan—evidently a relation of the celebrated gentleman from Ireland who, as the legend runs, swam all the way from Cork to New York. Mr. Nolan, however, was not so successful, and his undertaking, though less hazardous than crossing the Atlantic, nearly proved fatal. He was rescued from drowning at Bray, near Dublin, whence he had started, with his clothes tied round his neck and a loaf of bread wrapped in them, intending to swim over to England. His rescuer, with a lamentable want of appreciation of Mr. Nolan's character and resources, cut short the proposed trip by giving him into custody as a lunatic.

## BREVITIES.

There are 1,032 *tables d'hôtes* in Paris.

It is proposed in England to utilize bicycles for military purposes.

The "hospital Sunday" collection in London amounted this year to £29,500.

The new colour, over which French painters are raving, is called *cuisse de nymphe émue*.

Admirers of "Goldsmith's Maid" wear the nails taken from her shoes in shoeing as watch charms.

Eight hundred pounds of bass was the catch recently made by a Cape Cod fisherman of the old school in one night.

A photograph, privately circulated, contraband, in Paris, represents the ex-Empress opening her arms to embrace Bazaine.

Portions of the legendary rope that Bazaine is reported to have let himself down into the sea with, are offered for sale in Paris.

Earrings in the form of gold gridirons, on which are laid hearts in the form of garnets, are the latest style of earrings in Paris.

The mother of Kullman, who attempted to assassinate Bismarck, is reported to be an incurable lunatic confined in an asylum.

A 20 lb. 12 oz. bunch of Black Hamburg grapes was shown the other day at the International Horticultural Exhibition at Belfast.

A Baden-Baden turfite has erected to the memory of his favourite racer a white marble monument which is surmounted by a large gilt cross.

THE EYES OF AN IRISH GIRL.

You may talk about black eyes and blue,  
About brown eyes, and hazel, and grey,  
You may praise as you please every hue  
Known on earth since its earliest day;  
But no other eyes under the sun  
Can set poor human hearts in a whirl,  
With their pathos, and mischief, and fun,  
Like the eyes of a bright Irish girl.

They are soft as the down of a dove,  
They are mild as a midsummer dawn,  
They are warm as the red heart of love,  
They are coy as the glance of a fawn;  
Tender, pensive, and dreamy as night,  
Bright and pure as the daintiest pearl,  
Yet as merrily mad as a sprite,  
Are the eyes of a young Irish girl.

They can soothe and delight with a beam,  
They can rouse and inspire with a glance,  
They can chill and reprove with a gleam,  
That is keen as the flash of a lance;  
To bring peace, or the pangs of despair,  
To one's breast, be he noble or churl,  
There is nothing on earth to compare  
With the eyes of a true Irish girl.

You may search cabin, cottage, and hall,  
Thro' the loveliest lands that are known,  
But the loveliest land of them all  
Has no eyes like the eyes of our own;  
There are faces, no doubt, quite as sweet,  
And as fair, under ringlet or curl,  
But no light like the splendours that meet  
In the eyes of a glad Irish girl.

Ah! Dame Nature was cruelly kind  
When she took from her tenderest skies  
The most exquisite tints she could find,  
And bestowed them on soft Irish eyes;  
For no other eyes under the sun  
Can set poor human hearts in a whirl,  
With their pathos, and mischief, and fun,  
Like the eyes of a bright Irish girl.

ARABESQUES.

Mazzini's Autographs.

A dealer in autographs in London recently advertised for autograph letters of Mazzini. In a few days he was surprised to receive calls from a large number of people with a very large number of autographs to sell. Upon examination he found that they were all I O U's, and all unpaid. He declined to purchase the whole, but took a few at the rate of \$1.25 for \$100.

A Woman's Congress.

In October the Woman's Congress will be held in Chicago. This association is designed to discuss ways and means of enlightening and elevating women, and curing evils which cramp their energies and injure their health. Among the speakers at the session will be some of the more prominent of those women whose time is given to honourable labour, or to philanthropic efforts for benefiting their sex.

Portable Boat For Military Purposes.

An inventor has submitted to the French Minister of War a boat to contain four soldiers fully equipped, which folds up like an umbrella, and can be carried under the arm almost equally as well, and with very trifling additional incumbrance on the back of a knapsack. It is composed of whalebones and steel fine ribs and canvas. The utility of such a *Gamp*, if it fulfils the promise of the inventor, need hardly be dwelt upon.

Electricity and Rifle Shooting.

On the occasion of the annual fête of the Tir National, which will be held next month at Brussels, an interesting and novel application of electricity will be adopted for the first time. The rifleman will find at his side a target resembling in every way the one at which he aims, and when he has fired and his shot has taken effect he will find reproduced on the target close to him the exact stroke of his ball. The arrangement will be managed by some application of the electric current, but the precise manner in which it will be worked has not yet been made known by the inventor.

A Matrimonial Lottery.

Marriage in France is a lottery in a general sense; to make it tolerably so a certain youthful swain, relying upon his personal attractions mainly, actually put himself up as the one grand prize in a lottery of ten thousand tickets of ten francs each. The tickets, we are told, were all sold, and a larking girl, who "for the fun of the thing took a ticket," on the honourable youth offering her half without himself, or the whole with himself, fell sweetly in love with him on the spot and married him. This is an old story made new, we think, or else it is getting to be a national custom.

Consular Etiquette.

The Austrian Consular Agents, being unpaid, are not required to incur much expense in the way of representation—a reasonable state of things, illustrated by the following story, told by Mr. Herbert Jerningham. On one occasion, when Mehemet Ali was visiting Mitylene in the capacity of Pasha, or High Admiral of the Turkish fleet, a servant of the Austrian Consulate was announced as the bearer of a message from his master. "The Consul of his Apostolic Majesty would like to pay his respects to your Highness," said the servant. "Is your Highness disposed to receive him?" "Certainly," replied the Admiral. Half an hour after, the Consul made his appearance in uniform. "But I am mistaken, or are you not the person who came to me half an hour ago?" asked the astonished Pasha. "Yes, your Highness; but I was then the servant of my present Consular self."

Highly Respectable.

A London paper says: "A good story comes to us from Ramsgate. Howard Paul was at the hall there, and, while waiting at the front to see his audience comfortably seated before the performance, a lady came up to the box-office. 'Is this a respect—(hic)—able hall?' she enquired. 'Respectable?' replied Mr. Paul; 'it is frightfully respectable. You never saw such a respectable place, madam!' 'Then give me a shilling tick—(hic)—tick—(hic)—et,' returned the old lady. 'Ah,' replied Mr. Paul, 'perhaps the shilling seats are not so awfully respectable as yourself, madam. But the two-shilling seats—they are the essence of respectability. It would astonish you to see how respectable they are! Come another night and see them,' and Mr. Paul carefully conducted the lady to a seat on the pavement, presented her with a bottle of soda-water, and returned to begin his entertainment."

Worth Knowing.

The *Journal of Chemistry* publishes a recipe for the destruction of insects, which, if it be one-half as efficacious as it is stated to be, will prove invaluable. Hot alum water is a recent suggestion as an insecticide. It will destroy red and black ants, cockroaches, spiders, chintz bugs, and all the crawling pests which infest our houses. Take two pounds of alum and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water; let it stand on the fire till the alum disappears; apply it with a brush, while nearly boiling hot, to every joint and crevice in your closets, bedsteads, pantry-shelves, and the like. Brush the crevices in the floor of the skirting or mop boards, if you suspect that they harbour vermin. If, in whitewashing a ceiling, plenty of alum is added to the lime, it will also serve to keep insects at a distance. Cockroaches will flee the paint which has been washed in cool alum water.

English vs. French Ironclads.

Captain von Metz, of the German navy, has published an essay on the subject of ironclad vessels. He arrives at the conclusion that the triumph of artillery over armour is assured. In another part of his essay he says that he prefers the French fleet to the English fleet, which latter he thinks could not have blockaded the German coast as the French fleet did in 1870. He says: "The French fleet is constructed more intelligently and practically than the English fleet. It is inferior in the thickness of the plates, but it is better grouped. England could not bring together a squadron of vessels representing the same type and capable of working well together. Each one of her vessels is, thus to speak, different in system, in dimensions, and in power. The English constructors appear to have had in view only the purpose of invulnerability, while France has often sacrificed strength to the exigencies of the ensemble."

More Than Enough.

An itinerant artist, very cross, very gruff, and a little deaf, was engaged to paint the Ten Commandments on some tablets in a church. He worked two days at it, and at the end of the second day the pastor of the church came to see how the work progressed. The old man stood by, smoking a short pipe, as the reverend gentleman ran his eyes over the tablets. "Eh!" said the pastor, as his familiar eye detected something wrong in the working of the precepts; "why, you careless old man, you have left a part of one of the commandments entirely out, don't you see?" "No, no such thing," said the old man, putting on his spectacles; "no; nothing left out—where?" "Why, there," persisted the pastor, "look at it in the Bible; you have left some of that commandment out." "Well, what if I have?" said the artist, as he ran his eye complacently over his work; "what if I have? There's more there now than you'll keep."

Fashionable Charity.

A very funny scene was noticed in Westminster Abbey in connection with the Hospital Sunday services. The collectors were coming round with little bags for the offertory, and people began to take out their purses to hold their money in hand ready to give it. A lady of rank and fashion, well known at the West End, was one of the congregation, and as the bag approached she somewhat ostentatiously displayed a sovereign. The bag reached her; she dropped in the sovereign—nay, rather she tried, ineffectually, to slip a threepenny piece into the bag, but the coin stuck on the gilt edge of the receptacle, and had to be placed inside by the collectors. To say that that lady blushed is not to convey the scarlet appearance of her face when she saw how she had been detected in her little fraud. Those who stood by and saw the shabby act gazed at her in amazement, and in a minute she turned deadly pale as though she would have fainted. Then she turned and left the church.

Anti Dyspepsia.

Dyspepsia, says a medical contemporary, arises from a great variety of causes, and different persons are relieved by different remedies, according to the nature of the disease and condition of the stomach. We know of a lady who has derived great benefit from drinking a tumbler of sweet milk—the richer and fresher the better—whenever a burning sensation is experienced in the stomach. An elderly gentleman of our acquaintance, who was afflicted for many years with great distress after eating, has effected a cure by mixing a tablespoonful of wheat bran in half a tumbler of water, and drinking it half an hour after his meals. It is necessary to stir quickly and drink immediately, or the bran will adhere to the glass and become pasty. Coffee and tobacco are probably the worst substances persons troubled with dyspepsia are in the habit of using, and should be avoided. Regular eating of nourishing plain food, and the use of some simple remedies like the above, will effect in most cases quicker cures than medicine.

A Rowland for an Oliver.

General Mackenzie, when Commander-in-chief of the Chatham division of Marines, was very rigid in his duty, and among other regulations would suffer no officer to be saluted by the guard if out of his uniform. One day the general ob-

served a lieutenant of Marines in plain dress, and, though he knew the young officer intimately, he called to the sentinel to turn him out. The officer appealed to the general, saying, who he was. "I know you not," said the general; "turn him out." A short time afterwards the general had been at a short distance from Chatham to pay a visit, and, returning in the evening, in a blue coat, he claimed entrance at the garden-gate. The sentinel demanded the countersign, which the general did not know, so he desired the officer of the guard to be sent for, who proved to be the lieutenant whom the general had treated so cavalierly. "Who are you?" inquired the officer. "I am General Mackenzie," was the reply. "What, without a uniform!" rejoined the lieutenant. "Turn him out, turn him out! The general would break your bones if he knew you assumed his name." The general beat a retreat, but the next day, having invited the young officer to breakfast, he told him he had done his duty "with very commendable exactness."

Manly Sports.

Olivia writes in the *Philadelphia Press*: "There always has been—there always will be—an outlet for young America's vim and muscle. Our late forefathers 'wrestled,' pitched quoits, were fine marksmen, and sat their horses like so many centaurs. The youth of to-day takes to base-ball, and a baser game never was invented. Base-ball leaves its hideous mark for life on all its silly votaries. The hand is one of the most beautiful members of the mortal part of humanity. Base-ball spreads the palm, flattens the thumb, and crooks the handsome fingers. Look at the hands of a great number of young men of to-day. Oh, cruel deformity! What an instrument to pat a woman's cheek! It has not the velvet softness of the paw of a cat nor the imperial strength of the eagle's talon. They are only fit to be given away if a creature can be found weak enough to take one. As to the 'rowing' mania, which should our young men choose the kind of sport which can be of no practical use in after-life? The man who learns to 'wrestle' has made an advance in the manly art of self-defence. If he is a fine marksman he is a terror to burglars. If he can manage a horse he is still more formidable, because the strength of the horse is added to his own. But suppose a man knows how to manage a 'shell' what return has he for strength and time expended? If he were an Esquimaux his accomplishment would be of the highest order, because it could be of practical use. There is something horrible in the strife of the regatta. It is the wheel of progress turning backward and civilization on the retreat."

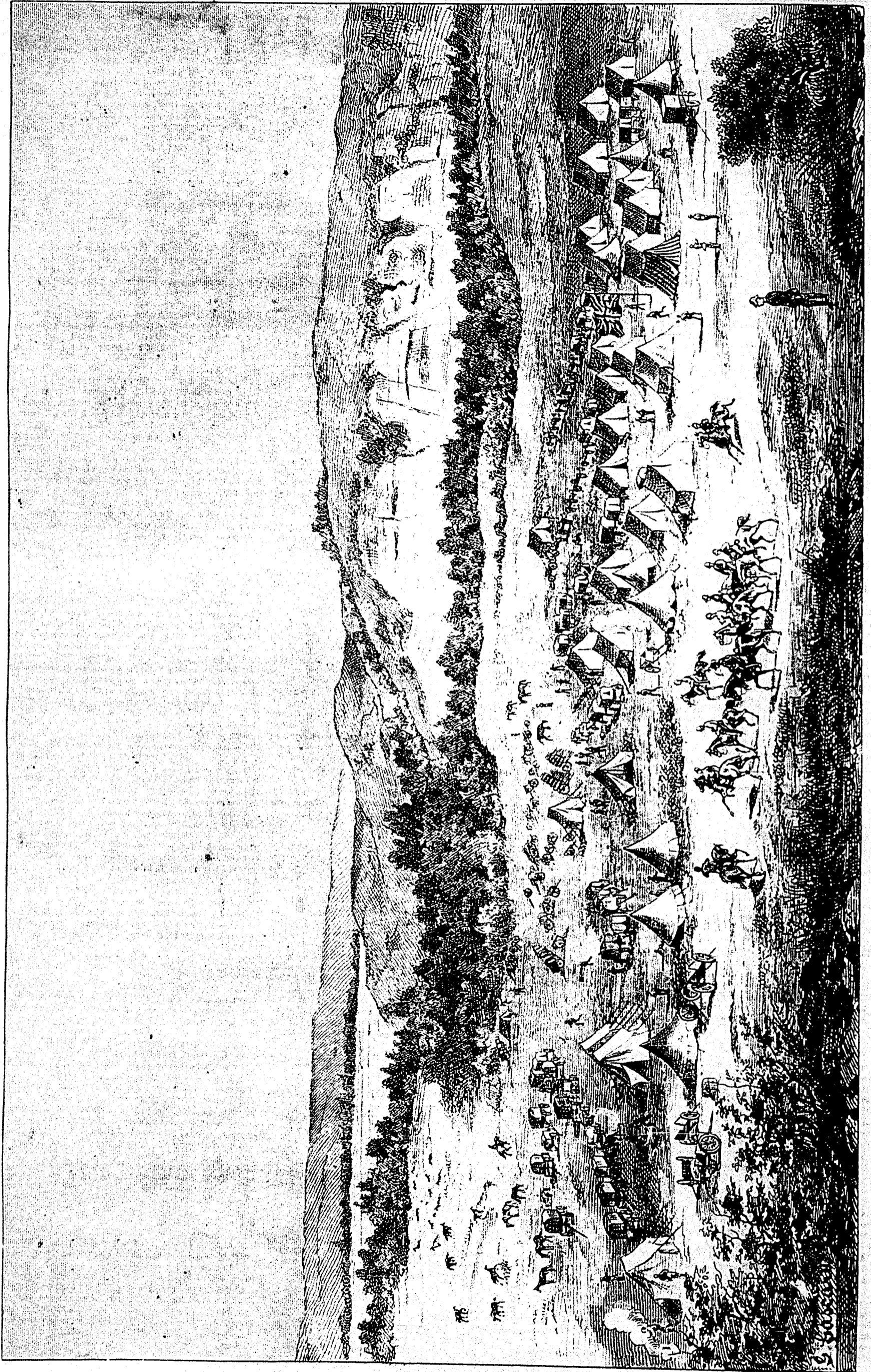
The Coming Horse.

The New York correspondent of the *Boston Journal* writes "We have here a banker who in a quiet way has been gathering for some time the speediest horses of the country. He has a quiet stable out of the city, about an hour's ride away. Here he has a track, and without observation he is recording some marvellous speed. He says nothing about his stud on the street, and will not be questioned. No one can get access to his horses without a written permission from himself, and that is rarely given. Among his treasures is a brother of Dexter, a gamey, speedy horse, of which marvellous things are told. This out-of-the-way stable is just now the centre of a good deal of interest. Among horsemen it has been known for a long while that a Methodist minister in Kentucky owned a colt of which marvellous things were told. The animal was black as a raven, and bore the name of Blackwood. The value of the horse, in the estimation of the owner, may be seen by the pleasant little price that was put upon him. The horsemen on the street laughed that a plain Methodist parson, in the wilds of Kentucky, offered his animal for \$60,000! The banker alluded to heard so much of this colt that he took a trip down to Kentucky to look at him. He saw him move. He describes him as a marvel. His nostrils become red as fire; his eyes dilate, and he seems transformed. The captivated New Yorker offered \$30,000 for the colt. The owner received the proposal with disdain. He did not even reply; ordered the horse back into the stable, and went into his house. Another visit was made, and the horse changed owners, \$50,000, it is said, being the price. Now the plan is this: when the famed horses that are to trot on your course have done their best, Blackwood is to be trotted out to show what he can do. Those who have seen him move say that he is the most extraordinary animal ever seen in this part of the country."

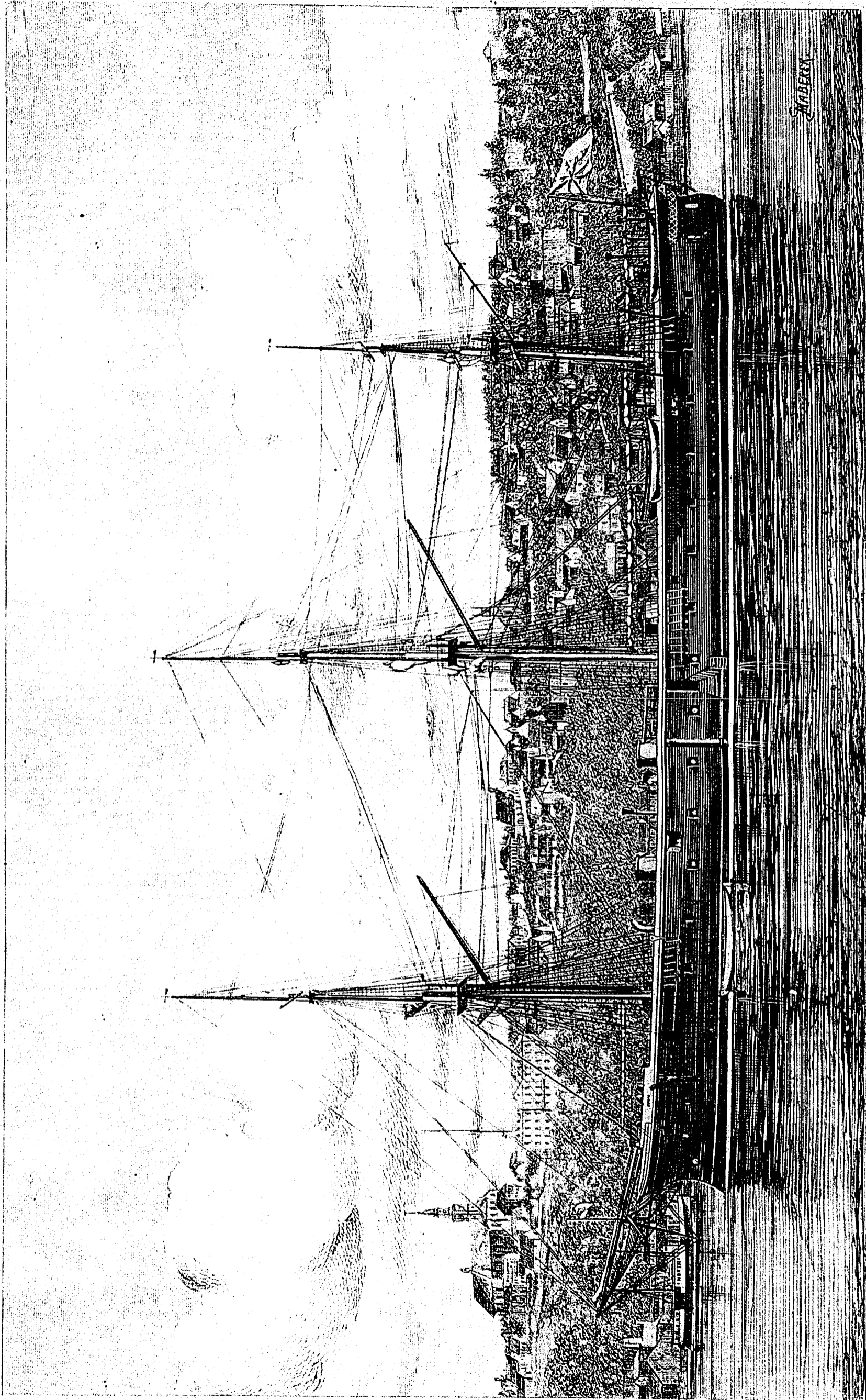
Richard Himself Again.

The irrepressible Detroit *Free Press* man writes: "It has never been definitely settled to the satisfaction of the public who the Man in the Iron Mask was, but generations to come will know all about Dick Palmer, who got inside of something worse than a mask. His mother sent him after a brass kettle, which one of the neighbours had borrowed, and on the way home the boy turned the kettle upside down and put it on his head. Another boy gave it a blow, and it shut down over Dick's face as close as a clam in his shell, one of the ears digging into his head behind, and the other pressing on his nose. The victim jumped and shouted and clawed at the kettle, but he couldn't budge it. A man came along and lifted at it, but Dick's nose began to come out by the roots, and the man had to stop. A crowd ran out of the corner grocery, Dick's mother was sent for, and the boys danced up and down and cried, 'Oh golly!' without ceasing. One boy said they would have to take a cold chisel and drill Dick out of the kettle, and another said they'd have to melt the kettle off, while everybody rapped on it to see how solidly it was on. Then they tried to lift it off, but Dick roared 'Murder!' until they stopped. Some said grease his head, some said grease the kettle, while the boy's mother sat down on the curbstone and sobbed out, 'O Richard, why did you do this?' The crowd took it coolly; it wasn't their funeral, and a boy with a brass kettle on his head isn't to be seen every day. Tears fell from the kettle, and a hollow voice kept repeating, 'I'll never do it again.' Finally they had Richard on the walk, and while one man sat on his legs and another on his stomach, a third compressed the kettle between his hands, and the boy crawled out, his nose all scratched and twisted out of shape, a hole in his head, and a bump on his forehead. His mother wildly embraced him, all the boys cried 'Hip la!' and little Richard was led home to loaf around on the lounge and have toast and fried eggs for a week."





CAMP OF THE N. W. MOUNTED POLICE AT RIVIERE COURTE.—AFTER A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE EXPEDITION.



H. M. S. "BELLEROPHON" LYING OFF POINT LEVI.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JON. DYNES, QUEBEC.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## PRESENTATION TO MR. BRYDGES.

On Thursday, the 17th inst., the subscribers to the Brydges Testimonial met by previous arrangement at the Mechanics' Hall for the purpose of making the presentation. The Testimonial took the form of a handsome ebony and silver casket, in which was enclosed a bond of the city for ten thousand dollars. In making the presentation Mr. Andrew Allan referred in a brief speech to the services rendered by Mr. Brydges during his twelve years' management of the Grand Trunk Railway in promoting the commerce of Canada; and also to his constant and disinterested efforts in almost every good and useful work which has been proceeding in Montreal.

The casket, which cost \$400, bears the following inscription:

"This casket, containing a bond for ten thousand dollars of the city of Montreal, was presented to C. J. Brydges, Esq., on his retirement from the Managing Directorship of the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada.

"Montreal, 31st August, 1874."

Mr. Bridges was also presented with \$1,000 by some friends in Quebec; and subsequently with \$7,554 by the G. T. R. employees.

## ROCHE PERCÉE.

Our special artist, writing from Rivière des Lacs on the 29th July, says:—"Roche Percée is about one mile from the site of our camp. It is of soft sandstone of wind formation, running up like a crest from the bottom of the Souris valley. At its base it measures about 35 feet in height and the base line about 140 feet. Some parts are softer than others and from the combined influence of rain and wind fissures and holes have been worn through it. The largest hole is clearly shown in the sketch. On different parts of the rock are cut the names of people who have passed, and many Indian hieroglyphics, which, of course, remain a mystery to us."

The camp at Rivière Courte is another of this series.

## H. M. S. "BELLEROPHON."

The visit of the French flag-ship "La Magicienne" in the waters of the St. Lawrence has been quickly followed by a visit of H.M.S. "Bellerophon," the flag-ship of Admiral Wellesley, of which magnificent vessel an admirable view, after a photograph by Mr. Jos. Dynes, of Quebec, is given on another page.

## SCENERY ON LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

Lake Memphremagog has been called the Canadian Lake of Geneva, and it is not undeserving of the name. Nestling among a cluster of mountains of no mean height it offers many points of attraction to the artist and the tourist, and has already become a frequented place of resort in the summer. Owl's Head and Orford Mountain are two of the principal features in the neighbourhood, several sketches of which were taken by Mr. Alfred Sandham at the time of the manufacturers' excursion illustrated in our last number.

## IRREPRESSIBLE UNDERGRADUATES.

Writing of Commemoration at Oxford a contributor to *Scribner's Monthly* says:—"The bad behaviour of the undergraduates in the gallery on these occasions is famous. I was present at two commemorations, and can testify to the power of lung and the great good humour, and animal spirits of the British youth. At the last commemoration they kept up an incessant howl from the beginning to the end. I cannot say much for the wit, though I believe they do sometimes hit upon something worth recording. It is said that when Tennyson presented himself in his usually uncombed condition some undergraduate asked him, 'Did your mother call you early, Mr. Tennyson?' When Longfellow was made D.C.L., another proposed, 'Three cheers for the red man of the West,' which, I am told, Mr. Longfellow thought very good. But, of course, wit and originality are just as rare among yelling boys as in synods and parliaments. The scant wit is supplemented by the more widely diffused qualities of impudence and vocal volume. When the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Liddell, of Liddell & Scott's Dictionary (the accent of his name, by the way, is not upon the last syllable), was reading a Latin address, some one would call out, 'Now construe.' A man who violated the canons of dress by appearing in a white coat was fairly stormed out of the place. He stood it for an hour or so, during which he was addressed: 'Take off that coat, sir.' 'Go out, sir.' 'Won't you go at once?' 'Ladies, request him to leave.' 'Dr. Brown, won't you put that man out?' (Then, in a conversational and moderate tone), 'Just put your hand upon his shoulder and lead him out.' After an hour of it the man withdrew. Each successive group of ladies was cheered as it came in. The young men would exclaim: 'Three cheers for the ladies in white, brown, red, gray, etc.' The poor fellows who read the prize odes and essays were dreadfully bullied. One young man recited an English poem, of which I could not catch the burden, but from the manner of its delivery I should say that it must have been upon the saddest subject that ever engaged the muse of mortal. His physiognomy and his tone of voice alike expressed the dismal and the disconsolate. I think that possibly the extreme sadness of his manner may have been induced by the reception rather than the matter of his poem. They cat-called, hooted him, and laughed immeasurably at him. One young gentleman with an eyeglass leaned over the gallery, and in a colloquial tone inquired, 'My friend, is that the refrain that hastened the decease of the old cow?' In the intervals of the horrible hootings, I could only now and then catch a word like 'breeze' or 'trees.' By and by the galleries caught the swing of the poet's measure, and kept time to his cadencies with their feet, and with a rhythmical roar of their voices. It was too painful to laugh at. One felt so for the poor fellow, and more still for his mother and sisters, who, I am sure, were there. I was particularly glad to notice among the men who last year were compelled to face the music, a man who the year before had been especially energetic in the galleries.

## THE ETIQUETTE OF MOURNING

Perhaps the tyranny of fashion is in no instance more strikingly exemplified than when it undertakes to regulate and express mental emotions and lay down rules for the government of human griefs. In this sense fashion encourages hypocrisy, than which no vice can well be more odious or intolerable in society. An English fashionable contemporary minutely lays down rules for guidance. Commencing with the deepest mourning—viz., that of a widow—it enters most minutely into the material of which the dress should be composed, particularizes the amount of crape to be used, the height to which it should be worn, the make of the sleeves, and the character of the lawn cuffs, collar, and, though last not least, "the distinctive cap." This is for in-door wear simply. The out-door costume must needs further evidence the "luxury of woe" by an extra jacket or mantle of paramatta "heavily trimmed with crape," in addition to a crape veil with a "deep hem." During the inceptive phases of mourning care must be taken that neither fur nor velvet be worn. After twelve months fashion relaxes her rigid rule, when the afflicted female is suffered to change her paramatta for silk. But, to be perfectly in *ton*, it is incumbent that this less sombre fabric should be "heavily trimmed with crape." After a further period of six months has elapsed the "crape may be lightened considerably," and even sparkling jet trimmings are admissible—evidencing, we apprehend, that the poignant pangs of a first grief are subsiding. A further period of three months, and even these emblematic trappings can be laid aside, "plain black" being substituted in their stead. But as the present pangs of bereavement are supposed to have departed after two years, leaving no sting, possibly no trace behind, the gay goddess benignantly allows her votaries to lay aside mourning altogether. Nevertheless, for the sake of order and to save appearances, it is pronounced "better taste to wear half-mourning for some months." Yet fashion does not stop here. It is prescribed that "cards returning thanks for kind inquiries" be sent out according to individual disposition; but in no instance must this occur within a period of six months, inasmuch as the distribution of "cards" implies a readiness to receive those who are thus favoured. The pranks of fashion border on the ludicrous when regulations are volunteered for the guidance of female mourners of minor grades. Thus we are informed that the fixed period of mourning for children who have lost their parents, and *vice versa*, is twelve months. During one-fourth of this time paramatta or a similar material, heavily trimmed with crape, has to be worn, in addition to lawn collars and cuffs. After the lapse of another three months plain black has to be donned for four weeks, together with "black ornaments and gloves." Subsequently gold, diamonds, silver, pearls, &c., may be displayed, only due care must be taken that if black gloves be discarded, grey ones, "sewn with black," must inevitably be substituted. Then, after nine months, it will be "quite correct" to adopt half-mourning. It is further laid down that for the second class of mourners described "no society should be indulged in for two months." At the termination of this brief epoch the bereaved child or parent may gradually resume her accustomed habits. It is naively observed that, as "crape is out of place at balls, so they should be avoided while such is worn." Fashion may have its living fools, but it should leave the dead alone.

## THE FATE OF SUPPRESSED LITERATURE.

The Parisian correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* describes as follows the destruction of confiscated literature which takes place every week at the Paris Préfecture de Police:

The popular notion is that seized newspapers are burned in an iron cage, like those used for destroying old bank-notes at the Bank of France; but this would necessitate a blazing fire day and night all the year round, and besides suppress a lucrative item of profits. When we arrived an inspector and two agents were going the round of a room filled with large canvas sacks, all sealed and numbered. The inspector held an inventory, and when he had ascertained that the tale of sacks was correct, he motioned to his men, who dragged them, one after another, into the yard, where other agents took possession of them and removed them, under the supervision of a second inspector, to a row of tanks standing under a pent-house and half full of hot water. Here the sacks were opened; a couple of sturdy fellows lifted each of them successively over the sides of the tanks, and then splashed into the hot water an amount of reading enough to excite the envy of any inquisitive man. From one sack rolled out hundreds of daily newspapers, from another almanacs with seditious prophesying, from another gaudy photographs, or yards upon yards of songs, or flaring Bonapartist pictures done at Epina, or more pretentious political tracts in red and yellow covers such as pedlars sell. Every species of literature known to printers or lithographers was represented in this wholesale hecatomb, and I have no doubt some of the works destroyed were very curious. The emptying of sacks continued till half the tanks were full, and then a few agents were set to mount guard over them till the process of soak was accomplished—that is for about two hours. Meanwhile from the remaining tanks which had been filled some time before we arrived some bare-armed men, supplied with big iron ladles, were beginning to scoop the literature that was already soaked. It presented a beggarly appearance enough, and said little for the quality of modern paper. Journals, books, and photographs were all caked together in pinkish or blue heaps, which were promptly stacked up in wheelbarrows, and trundled to the opposite side of the yard, where under another penthouse a vast iron mortar surmounted by a steam apparatus was waiting to receive them. A ten minutes' pounding by the gigantic steam pestle was more than enough to reduce each instalment of ten barrow loads to a state of wretched paste for which I can find no simile; and then, with all their noxious properties fairly squeezed out of them, these masses of paper were fit for the new life that awaits them at the hands of creative manufacturers. These literary executions take place once a week in ordinary times; but admirers of curiosities and monstrosities may be consoled to hear that at least one copy of any book or print of value is kept and lodged in the private library of the Préfecture.

## CREMATION IN INDIA.

The *Times of India* thus describes the ceremony of cremating the remains of a native member of the Legislative Council of Bombay, the Hon. Narayan Wassades, whose death had resulted from the fall of a building. The body was placed on the floor of a large apartment at the rear of one of the wings of the house, and the female members of the family, seating themselves around it, gave themselves up to uncontrollable grief. The unhappy widow was overwhelmed by the dreadful calamity which had befallen her. A great number of the leading members of the European and various native communities called and took a last look at the remains as they lay covered with a white robe, the lower part of the face being alone exposed. It was at first intended to perform the last offices on the ground adjacent to the Temple at Wakeshwar, but ultimately it was considered that the burning-ground at Sonapore would be a more appropriate scene, for there Mr. Narayan had, at considerable cost, erected a place of shelter for mourners, planted trees, and in other ways shown his munificence. The procession started about 7 p.m. The bier, composed of two long pieces of bamboo, with a couple of cross-pieces, and covered with a rich white shawl, was upheld by the deceased's eldest brother and three of his most intimate friends and relatives—Mr. Rugunath Narayan, Mr. Shantaram Narayan, and Mr. Shantaram Withul. The fire, which had been kindled with due ceremonies at the house, was carried in front of a brazen vessel by the deceased's son. The funeral was largely attended not only by members of his own caste, but by those of other castes and denominations. When the procession reached Sonapore, the bier was placed on the ground while the pyre was being constructed. Men with short crowbars made six holes in the earth, and in each of those was placed a rough piece of timber about four or five feet high. The posts, ranged two and two, were about a yard distant from each other. Three logs about six feet long each were placed on pieces of wood between each pair of uprights, so as to allow a free draught under the whole. A number of smaller logs were placed on these large ones, and were covered with sandal-wood which made a sort of bed for the reception of the body. While this was being done, a number of torches of sandal-wood were being carefully ignited by the deceased's son at the sacred fire which he had brought with him for the purpose. Prayers were said while the ignition was in progress. All being ready, the bier was brought to the side of the pyre, and the body was divested of all covering, except a cloth around the loins. It was then lifted on to the bier, which was by this time between three and four feet high. The upright posts confined the body on either side, and prevented the possibility of its rolling off. Small blocks of sandal-wood of various lengths—from six inches to two feet—were placed lightly on the body. The deceased's son then took a brazen vessel full of water and carefully sprinkled a circle on the earth around the funeral pile. He next seized a brand from the sacred fire and applied it to some dried leaves or similar combustibles placed under the pyre. That did not set fire to the pile, however, and was not intended to be more than a compliance with the ceremonial; the brand was red, but not blazing, and a spark or two only fell from it. The relatives were then, as is usual in such cases, led away from the pyre by the friends around, so as to spare their feelings as much as possible. When they were taken a few yards off and their backs turned to the pyre, large logs similar to those at the base were placed over the body, which now became completely concealed—all but the feet, which were left exposed either by accident or design. The friends applied matches to the sandal-wood brands, and, when they blazed up, set fire to the combustibles. Owing doubtless to the dampness of the ground, and occasional drops of rain, it was a matter of some difficulty to get the mass to burn. Coconut oil was thrown on the wood, and screens were held by my men so as to regulate the draught, and after a long interval the pyre blazed up fiercely. In three hours only a handful of ashes remained of him who was but that morning the influential leader of the Hindoo community, full of life and hope.

## DAINTIES FOR THE DINNER TABLE.

"In most countries, says a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, there is something to be learnt; some peculiar dish which will reward investigation. Never shall we forget our first and last acquaintance with that northern and nastiest of foods called stock-fische. We had arrived at a souter's hut far away in the Arctic regions of Norway, hungry as starved wolves, and lo! one set before us what looked and felt like a large splinter of pine wood. As we raised it to our lips, however, we became fully aware by the perfume, which can only be described as noisome, that it consisted of animal matter; still, undaunted, we managed to bite off a portion; at first it seemed tasteless, but, as it became slowly reduced by actively working jaws, such a sickening flavour unfolded itself that in horror and amazement we fled from the food and the hut that could harbour it. Our feeling on first tasting the plum soup of Norway, served at the commencement of dinner, was one of indignant surprise not much inferior to that of the bucolic gentleman who bit into an olive under the impression that it was a preserved greengage; and though it is not in itself absolutely nauseous, we confess we could never abide it. There is, however, one excellent dish which the Norwegian traveller meets with at every little inn. It is called "carbonado," and consists of minced meat, eggs, and fine herbs made up into a kind of cake and then fried or baked. The meat probably, if cooked in an ordinary way, would defy mastication, but thus treated it is a dainty plat. Equally common at the post stations is salmon, dried and prepared in some sublime manner, far superior to the kippered salmon of commerce, and eaten raw in the thinnest possible slices. Having arrived at Rome, let us first wander through the market in the early morning and see what manner of things these Romans sell as things edible. Here is a fishmonger's stall. But, oh, what monsters be these! Here are huge misshapen fish, unfamiliar to our eyes, and that look the very quintessence of coarseness and toughness, piles of sea-snails, and most unattractive looking conchyliæ, and here, as we live, lie three or four cuttle-fish with long slimy feelers. One thing alone is pleasant to the eye, that brilliant bank of fresh red mullet. Moving on to the poulterer's we see, of course, some poor specimens of

skinny fowls; but regard then this heterogeneous crowd of small birds that are hung up by their legs on all sides; here be finches green, gold, and chaf, black-birds and thrushes, sparrows and robins—choughs and magpies even, for the poorer purchasers; but the rest will be served at noble tables, probably entered in the *menu* as *mauviettes*. Here is suspended a fretful porcupine with all its quills, said to be most excellent. Not far off hangs a dog-fox; let us hope he is meant to be stuffed by a naturalist and not by a *cuisinier*. All these have been brought in by Campagna peasants or keen sportsmen, who deem all creatures game that come within gun-shot. But enough of the uncooked. Through numerous by-lanes and alleys, none of the cleanest or best-lighted, we make our way to the "Angelito," where dinner has already been ordered. First appear, as *avant-courriers*, caviare, olives, thin slices of ham, and sausage; then a dish to be often dreamt of, macaroni cooked in a sublime manner with truffles; next a spigola, one of those ugly fish we have seen in the market, but now stuffed with an exquisite pudding and served with *sauce bleue aux huîtres*; then appear red mullet grilled; but the next dish makes us tremble, for we recognise the snake-like feelers of the cuttle-fish. We overcome the weakness of shrinking humanity and taste. It turns out to be the *tour de force* of the evening. By careful stewing this strange creature has been reduced to a succulent gelatinous mass, and flavoured with all sorts of spices and savoury herbs. An interlude follows of truffles on toast. And then a dish of laccia, a small fish, not unlike our whitebait, served cold in a preparation, in which oil largely predominates. Woodcocks and ortolans close the feast. Now that monster aquaria are coming into vogue why should not the sepia be largely bred, and stewed cuttle-fish become a dainty easily attainable at English tables? Nay, even his formidable brother, the octopus, if executed instantaneously by insertion in a pot of boiling water (so that between him and the cook there might be no such terrific encounter as that which Victor Hugo has described,) and then stewed slowly and carefully for hours in a properly prepared liquor, would probably turn out a delicacy. In Switzerland there is a certain dish at the sight of which British matrons shudder and a paterfamilias turns pale; perhaps from some curious parental instinct, for it cannot be denied that a marmot, when served at table, is rather suggestive of a plat which is now, we believe, the exclusive privilege of some South Sea Islanders and a few curious gourmets in the interior of Africa. The marmot is vastly like sucking-pix, but has a gamey flavour, and is of course more mature. We were staying at a mountain inn in the neighbourhood of the St. Gothard, when one day a dish was handed round which met with loud approval, though none could put a name to it. The animal had certainly four legs, the whole body was clothed upon with delicious fat; at last the word "chien" was whispered, then boldly suggested to our attendants, but neither assent nor denial followed, nothing but obstreperous laughter. Two facts are certain. One that the plat was simply perfect; the other, that a pet dog of extreme obesity belonging to a hostile establishment had disappeared two days before, and was never again seen alive. With one more experiment we will close these remarks:

It is but a few weeks ago that a hamper of 12 fine rats arrived at a certain college kitchen. They had been killed the day before, on the pulling down of a wheat stack, so that they had been clean feeders, and they were all plump and comely to look at. The three largest, which were veritable monsters, were selected for roasting, while the rest were to be made into a *fricassée*. A party of six sat down to test their merits. After soup and fish the head waiter, with an expression of pity not unmingled with contempt, brought in the roast. Half a rat, which had been carefully wrapt in bacon previous to roasting, was served to each. It was a trying moment, but the plunge was taken, and the first mouthful elicited the remarks—"Well, at all events it's not nasty; no, indeed, it's a great deal better than rabbit; I call it very fair eating." Each man finished his portion and three or four picked the bones. Then came the *fricassée* with a white sauce; this was exceedingly good, but of course owed as much, if not more, to the art of the *chef*, than to the raw material. The final decision was that rats were not a delicacy, but that they were wholesome food, and certainly attractive to a hungry, to say nothing of a starving man. The laureate of the party delivered his comments in the following form:

"Rats are not a dainty dish to set before a king.  
But for a really hungry man they're just the very thing.  
Wrap each rat in bacon fat, roast slow before the fire,  
Take him down and serve him brown; you've all you can require."

The last word stood originally *desire*, but was altered by request.

EN ROUTE FOR CANADA.

A Correspondent of the *Daily News* who accompanied as far as Derry a number of agricultural labourers destined for Canada, gives the following interesting description of the emigrants and their doings on board ship:—About seven the anchor was raised, and with three hearty cheers from the emigrants the good ship started upon her voyage. Until lights were turned out the utmost good humour and contentment prevailed on board—jokes were cracked, Union songs, and I watched in vain for a single sign of grief or regret. My companions might have been starting on a brief pleasure trip to some well-known spot, instead of on a long and perilous journey to an unknown land. Nor was their mirth the result of deception or ignorance. The emigrants have not been allured by false representations, nor have they been left without information. They know perfectly well that hard work and severe trials await them in their new home. Indeed, if Mr. Taylor and the Union have erred at all, it has been in painting the picture in too gloomy colours. The fact is, the emigrants have lived a life so exacting in its demands, so full of privation, and so utterly destitute of hope, that no change can well be for the worse. The old story was told on all hands, and its truthfulness was only too plainly attested by the appearance of the tellers. One man from Northamptonshire declared that he had long wrought fifteen hours per day for fifteen shillings a week; and his wretchedly care-worn wife added that the fortnight's bread had cost 22s., leaving only 4s. per week for all the other necessities required by a family embracing seven children. A worthy fellow from

Dorset with six children had received 11s. per week, with a cottage and small garden, and had not been able to secure anything beyond bread and vegetables for years. A poor creature from the Wolverton district told a heart-breaking story of sickness, famine, and misfortune; and another, rising from his mid-day meal on Thursday, declared that he had eaten more meat since coming on board than in all his previous life, "zeptin' Krismuz." The motley throng represented twenty-one of our English counties, and of this entire number the same testimony was borne. Nor is it possible to doubt, still less to deny it, these folk impress you with their simple truthfulness: you cannot but believe them.

The entire company numbered some 500 souls of all ages, from a month or two to fifty years. We had a sprinkling of strong unmarried folk of both sexes, and several newly-wedded couples, over whose furtive rustic caresses the sailors made merry with a vengeance. But the bulk of the party consisted of married people between twenty-five and forty, having families varying from three to ten children, six or seven being the rule. Let no one think that in these circles, lowly though they are, the courtesies of life are wanting. I saw many a man acting his part as a husband and father with a brave self-forgetfulness which stamped him as a gentleman in the rough; and many a mother whose anxious care for her children, and womanly modesty amid the trying conditions of an emigrant ship, would have honoured the proudest of her sex. The disposition manifested to help one another in settling down, in adjusting little inconveniences, excited universal admiration, as did the gratitude displayed for what was deemed the luxurious fare of the steerage. This fare comprises for breakfast a large roll with plenty of butter, ship biscuit, and coffee; for dinner an unlimited supply of soup, bread, meat, and vegetables; for the evening meal coffee, porridge, roll, and biscuit. To an epicure this would not offer many attractions, but to these good people it is simply marvellous. After breakfast this morning I heard scores of exclamations such as these: "I should think the Prince of Wales hadn't done better." "Dasht if I ever were satisfied afore I gird over before." "To think as I should live to have hot roll and butter for breakfast; I never seed a roll, and as for butter there's never been any on my table," said a good wife. On the whole I incline to believe with the steward that a finer body of emigrants never sailed from the old country.

NORMANDY PICTURESQUENESS.

In "Through Normandy" Miss Macquoid thus describes the market-people at Dieppe: "It is market-day, and there is a most picturesque array of country women, who look as if they all belonged to the sea, they are so coarse and hard featured. Their dress is wonderfully full of low-toned colour, with perhaps bright-coloured cotton handkerchiefs tied over their heads, and blue and one or two black and scarlet striped skirts. One wonders where painters have seen the gaudy hues in which they sometimes depict Norman peasant women. Black, dark and blue, and a sort of greenish gray are almost the universal colours seen in skirts, all over the province; the aprons black, gray, lilac or blue. In La Haute Normandie, the short, loose jacket is worn by all, and this is always of black or dark-gray stuff. The colour lies in the aprons, or where a bright-coloured square of cotton is tied over the cap. In La Basse Normandie, especially in Calvados and La Manche, where the neckerchief is still worn across the shoulders in place of the jacket—this is usually bright-coloured scarlet or orange mingled with black. The 'indiennes' they wear for this purpose cost often five shillings or six shillings, and are treasured for years, and worn only on market days and festivals; but a scarlet petticoat is not often seen. The Normans are much too thrifty to wear any but dark-coloured gowns, unless indeed it be a lavender cotton, and this is always of a pale, subdued tint. It is the wonderful neatness and jauntiness which pervade the whole costume of even the poorest, from the black wooden sabots to the snowy *bonnet de coton*, with its tassel a little on one side, that make the Norman peasant so admirably suited as contrast and relief to the quaint, rickety wooden houses and mouldering gray stone wonders of past times, among which she lives, the colours of her dress always in harmony with the surroundings; and the men with their blouses and trousers, often faded to greenish hues, with many patches of the same colour, but of different tint, are just as harmonious objects as the women are. Their skins, too, warm as if the sun had borne its own reflection into them, their vivacious, intelligent eyes and ready smile, and the intensely brightening effect of the pure atmosphere make them quite salient enough against the ancient, sombre backgrounds of these picturesque old towns; the artist need not dress them up in colours which their natural sense of the fitness of things would repudiate."

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

Ilma de Murska has been performing at Pesth.  
*Fedra* is the title of a new opera by M. Carisi, of Venice.  
M. Gounod has decided definitively to leave England and again to take up his residence in France.  
*Les Escapades de Basaine* is the title of a new comedy to be played in October at the Paris Variétés.  
Mme. Dejazet, now aged seventy-seven, is said to be living at Montmartre in bad circumstances.  
It is reported that Nilsson, after a tour in America and a farewell season at her Majesty's Opera, will retire into private life.  
Mme. Patti will pass the winter in Russia, having an engagement in Moscow from October 7 to November 20, and in St. Petersburg for the remainder of the season.  
Mr. Gye having consented to dispense for one season with the services of Mlle. Albani, she will be able to make her projected tour in the United States and Canada, under the auspices of Max Strakosch.  
The recent musical festival at Munich is said to have been completely successful. For the benefit of the singers a special performance of Wagner's "Walkure" (which has as yet been heard in no other city) was given.  
At a late operatic performance at Pau—where *Ernani* was performed, the total receipts were under twelve francs; the state claimed one franc for the poor's fund, Verdi six, Hugo three, and the *prima donna* one-half of the balance.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Lost For Love" is the title of Miss Braddon new novel.  
Mr. Emerson's volume of essays, entitled "Poetry and criticism," will be published by Os.ood this fall.  
The work on Religion by the late Mr. Mill, which has been several times announced, will positively appear in October.  
France possesses at the present time 15,823 public libraries, furnishing students with 1,474,637 works. Paris is not included in this calculation.  
Professor Huxley's lecture at Belfast, which has excited so much interest, will appear, with large additions, in the *Fortnightly Review* for October.  
Messrs Routledge & Sons are about to publish a new edition of Hogarth's Works which will contain nearly seventy more plates than any previous edition.  
The *Fortnightly Review* has become the property of Sir Ashton Dilke, a brother of Sir Charles Dilke, the owner of the *Athenaeum* and the *Gardener's Chronicle*.  
Mr. Charles H. Webb, who is also known as "John Paul," and who is, perhaps, the wittiest man in the United States, is about to issue a volume of his letters and sketches.  
Mrs. Fawcett, wife of the blind member for Brighton, is about to publish a small volume called "Tales in Political Economy." The book is intended to explain in an easy manner some of the more important principles of economic science.  
In a letter from Rome, dated the 30th August, and published in *Galignani*, we read:—"General Garibaldi has just published a book. Like Caesar he wished to write his commentaries, and his work is an account of the famous expedition of the Thousand."

A literary curiosity is now for sale at Pekin. It consists of a copy of a gigantic work, composed of 6,109 volumes, entitled "An Imperial Collection of Ancient and Modern Literature." This huge encyclopaedia was commenced during the reign of the Emperor Kang-he (1662-1722), and a complete fount of copper type was cast for the purpose of printing it. Very few copies are now in existence. The price asked for the present copy is about \$20,000.

*Vers de Société*, by Goethe, would be almost as welcome an addition to literature as the discovery of a lost play of Menander. A specimen of what the "Jupiter of Weimar" could perform in this vein has just been unearthed at Frankfurt. He had, it seems, painted for a brother-in-law of his a stove screen representing the head of Virgil, with the appropriate adjuncts of a shepherd's reed, a herd's sword, and certain other emblems taken from the "Georgics." The receipt of the painting was acknowledged by the brother-in-law (Dr. Schloss) in a Latin poem, to which Goethe replied in a copy of verses, which shows how far he could have excelled in a style peculiarly French. The verses are to be included in Cotta's forthcoming edition of his works.

GROTESQUES.

A darkey's instructions for putting on a coat were, "First de right arm, den the left, and den give one general convulsion."  
A Boston court has decided that if a woman lends money to her husband she cannot get it back. The decision will not be new to many wives.  
The success of Josh Billings is exceptional. There are thousands of young men who do not know how to spell, and yet they are not worth \$250,000.  
What small boy does not envy the nerve of the portly man who enters church, takes out a big handkerchief, and deliberately blows his nose three times before sitting down?  
A somnambulist silk mercer recently rose from his couch, neatly cut the bed-quilt in two with his pocket-knives, and then asked his terrified wife if he could not show her something else.  
Baggs got up too early one morning, and began to scold the servant girl. His little six-year-old, who had been listening attentively during the conversation, broke in with, "Father, stop scolding; you needn't think that Jane's your wife."  
A Paris journal, speaking of the great scandal, says, "Monsieur Beeches" was an actor before he turned clergyman, and that "Monsieur Titin" is an English lawyer who had gained a wide reputation in Boston as a prosecutor of criminal suits.  
A Church of England clergyman knocked his sister down and sat on her. This is all the information that reaches us; but if she had the spirit of a woman (and any pins) in her bosom, he won't be able to sit on anything else for a goodly period.

If you put two persons in the same bedroom, says a philosopher who has a genius for icing life, one of whom has the tooth-ache, and the other is in love, you will find that the person who is in love will go to sleep first.

A philosopher of China and a pig-tail gentleman says:—"Good breeding is nothing more than the art of knowing how to wait patiently until our turn comes. A little child won't do this, and a little pig cannot."

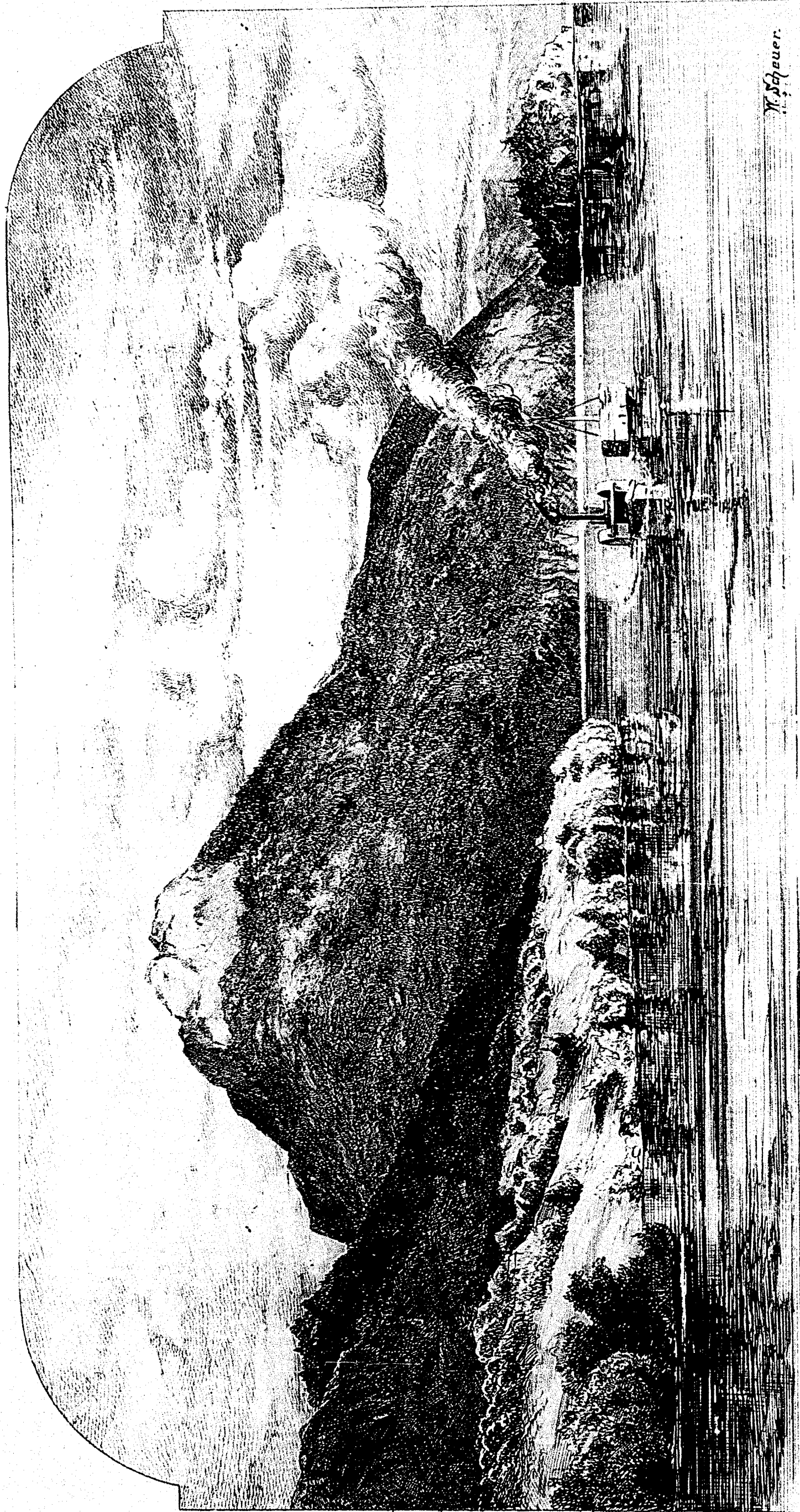
A man has applied for a patent on a fountain pen, which, by the pressure of the thumb on a small rubber ball, projects a stream of ink through the holder and into the face of the person who is looking over your shoulder while you are writing.

A very fat man, for the purpose of quizzing his doctor, asked him to prescribe for a complaint, which he declared was sleeping with his mouth open. "Sir," said the doctor, "your disease is incurable. Your skin is too short, so that when you shut your eyes your mouth opens."

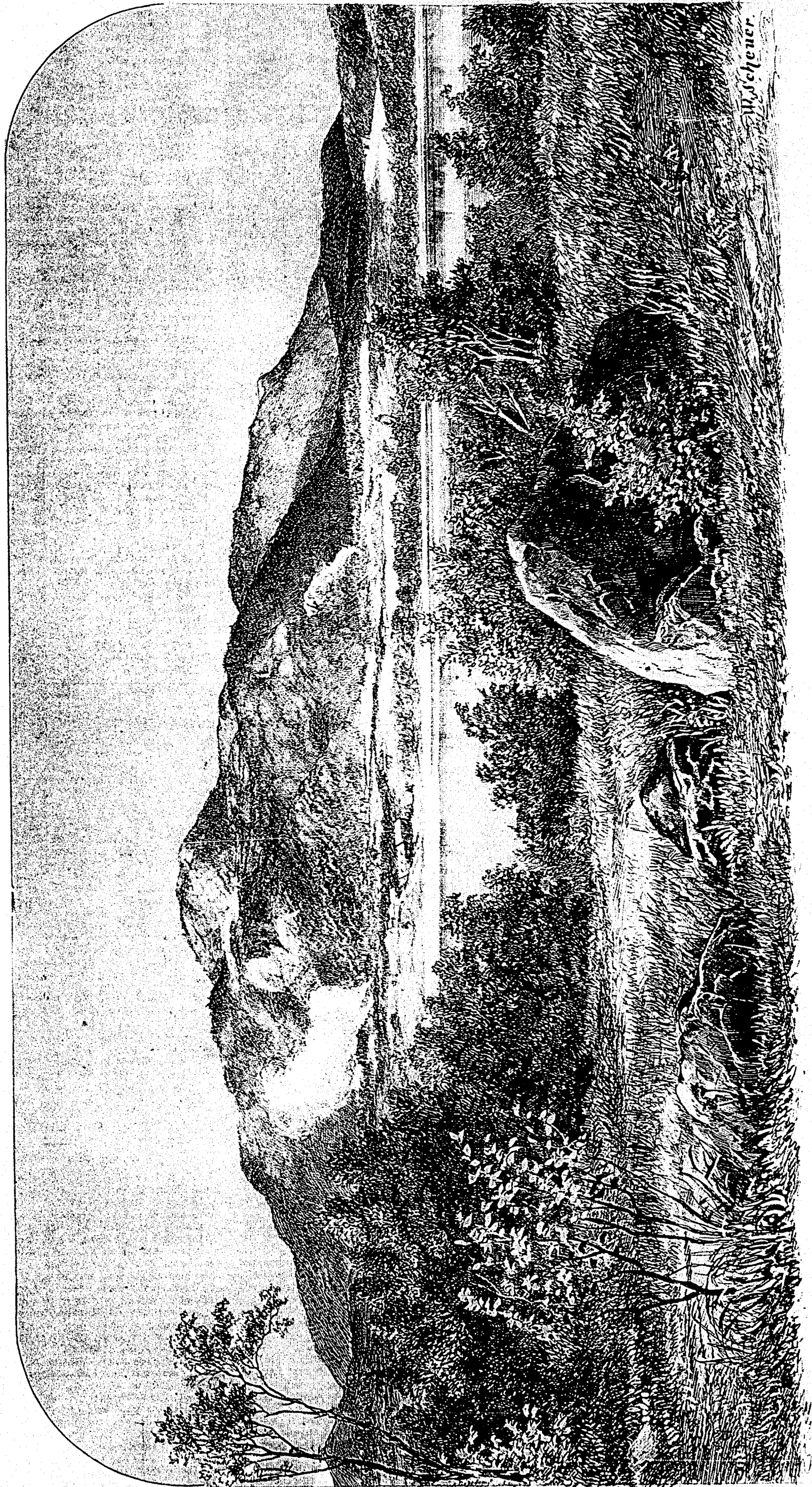
A fair and buxom widow in Portland, Maine, who had buried three husbands, recently went with a gentleman who had paid her marked attention in the days of his adolescence to inspect the graves of her "dear departed." After contemplating them some minutes in mournful silence, she murmured to her companion, "Ah, Joe, you might have been in that row if you had only had a little more courage!"

A gentleman at Lake George, after waving his handkerchief for half an hour or more at an unknown lady, whom he discovered at a distant point on the shore, was encouraged by a warm response to his signals to approach his charmer. Imagine his feelings when, on drawing nearer, he saw that it was his own dear wife whom he had left at the hotel but a short time before. "Why, how remarkable we should have recognized each other at such distance," exclaimed both in the same breath; and then they changed the subject.





OWL'S HEAD, LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.—AFTER A SKETCH BY H. SANDHAM.



ORFORD MOUNTAIN, LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.—AFTER A SKETCH BY H. SANDHAM.



## MEMORIES; SWEET AND SAD.

When blushing rosebuds hide their face,  
Behind their leaves, with so much grace,  
I think of thy sweet bashful ways,  
In former days.

When soft winds wafted from the south,  
With grateful fragrance fan my mouth,  
What message do they bring to me?  
A kiss from thee.

And dew drops on the lily's leaf,  
Like tears that tell of silent grief,  
Are so like pearls, when by thee worn,  
Thou didst adorn.

And when the spring-flowers bloom anew,  
Of varied tint and dainty hue,  
The modest snowdrop, violet meek,  
All of thee speak.

And then the sun thro' April show'rs,  
Smiles lovingly upon the flow'rs,  
Just like thy tears, that all in play  
I've kissed away.

At eve when sings the nightingale,  
Whose luscious notes our ears regale,  
I think I hear thy voice again,  
But list in vain!

And when I view the heavens at night,  
Bespangled with the stars of light,  
I wonder if thine own bright eyes  
Gaze on those skies.

Whate'er is lovely, good, and true,  
Whate'er pure as morning dew,  
Recalls fond memories to me,  
Sweet thoughts of thee!

## NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

## PART THE THIRD.

IN VENDEE.

## BOOK THE SECOND.

## THE MASSACRE OF SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

Suddenly René-Jean, who had gone near a window, lifted his head, then dropped it, and hastened to hide himself in a corner of the wall made by the projecting window-recess. He had just caught sight of a man looking at him. It was a soldier from the encampment of Blues on the plateau, who, profiting by the truce, and perhaps infringing it a little, had ventured to the very edge of the escarpment, from whence the interior of the library was visible. Seeing René-Jean hide himself Gros-Alain hid too; he crouched down beside his brother, and Georgette hurried to hide herself behind them. So they remained, silent, motionless, Georgette pressing her finger against her lips. After a few minutes René-Jean ventured to thrust out his head; the soldier was there still. René-Jean retreated quickly, and the three little ones dared not even breathe. This suspense lasted for some time. Finally the fear began to bore Georgette; she gathered courage to look out. The soldier had disappeared. They began again to run about and play. Gros-Alain, although the imitator and admirer of René-Jean, had a speciality—that of discoveries. His brother and sister saw him suddenly galloping wildly about, dragging after him a little cart, which he had unearthed behind some box.

This doll's waggon had lain forgotten for years among the dust, living amicably in the neighbourhood of the printed works of genius and the busts of sages. It was perhaps one of the toys that Gauvain had played with when a child.

Gros-Alain had made a whip of his string, and cracked it loudly; he was very proud. Such are discoverers. The child discovers a little waggon, the man an America—the spirit of adventure is the same.

But it was necessary to share the godsend. René-Jean wished to harness himself to the carriage, and Georgette wished to ride in it.

She succeeded in seating herself. René-Jean was the horse. Gros-Alain was the coachman. But the coachman did not understand his business; the horse began to teach him.

René-Jean shouted, "Say 'Whoa!'"

"Whoa!" repeated Gros-Alain.

The carriage upset. Georgette rolled out. Child-angels can shriek; Georgette did so.

Then she had a vague wish to weep.

"Miss," said René-Jean, "you are too big."

"Me big!" stammered Georgette.

And her size consoled her for her fall.

The cornice of the entablature outside the windows was very broad; the dust blowing from the plain of heath had collected there; the rains had hardened it into soil, the wind had brought seeds; a blackberry bush had profited by the shallow bed to grow up there. This bush belonged to the species called fox blackberry. It was August now, and the bush was covered with berries; a branch passed in by the window, and hung down nearly to the floor.

Gros-Alain, after having discovered the cord and the waggon discovered this bramble. He went up to it. He gathered a berry and ate.

"I am hungry," said René-Jean.

Georgette arrived, galloping upon her hands and knees.

The three between them stripped the branch, and ate all the berries. They stained their faces and hands with the purple juice till the trio of little seraphs was changed into a knot of little fauns, which would have shocked Dante and charmed Virgil. They shrieked with laughter.

From time to time the thorns pricked their fingers. There is always pain attached to every pleasure.

Georgette held out her finger to René-Jean, on which showed a tiny drop of blood, and, pointing to the bush, said, "Picks."

Gros-Alain, who had suffered also, looked suspiciously at the branch, and said, "It is a beast."

"No," replied René-Jean, "it is a stick."

"Then a stick is wicked," retorted Gros-Alain.

Again Georgette though she had a mind to cry, burst out laughing.

In the meantime René-Jean, perhaps jealous of the discoveries made by his younger brother, had conceived a grand project. For some minutes past, while busy eating the berries and pricking his fingers, his eyes turned frequently toward the chorister's desk mounted on a pivot, and isolated like a monument in the centre of the library. On this desk lay the celebrated volume of Saint Bartholomew.

It was, in truth, a magnificent and priceless folio. It had been published at Cologne by the famous publisher of the edition of the Bible of 1682, Blaeu, or in Latin Cæsius.

It was printed, not on Dutch paper, but upon that beautiful Arabian paper so much admired by Edrisi, which was made of silk and cotton and never grew yellow; the binding was of gilt leather, and the clasps were of silver, the boards of that parchment which the parchment sellers of Paris took an oath to buy at the Hall Saint-Mathurin, "and nowhere else."

The volume was full of engravings on wood and copper, with geographical maps of many countries; it had on a fly-leaf a protest of the printers, papermakers, and publishers, against the edict of 1635, which set a tax on "leather, fur, cloven-footed animals, sea-fish, and paper," and at the back of the frontispiece could be read a dedication to the Gryphes, who were to Lyons what the Elzevirs were to Amsterdam. These combinations resulted in a famous copy, almost as rare as the *Apostol* at Moscow.

The book was beautiful; it was for that reason René-Jean looked at it, too long perhaps. The volume chanced to be open at a great print representing Saint Bartholomew carrying his skin over his arm. He could see this print where he stood. When the berries were all eaten, René-Jean watched it with a feverish longing, and Georgette, following the direction of her brother's eyes, perceived the engraving, and said, "Pic'sure."

This exclamation seemed to decide René-Jean. Then, to the utter stupefaction of Gros-Alain, an extraordinary thing happened. A great oaken chair stood in one corner of the library; René-Jean marched towards it, seized and dragged it unaided up to the desk. Then he mounted thereon and laid his two hands on the volume.

Arrived at this summit, he felt a necessity for being magnificently generous; he took hold of the upper end of the "pic'sure" and tore it carefully down; the tear went diagonally over the saint, but that was not the fault of René-Jean; it left in the book the left side, one eye and a bit of the halo of the old apocryphal Evangelist; he offered Georgette the other half of the saint and all his skin. Georgette took the saint, and observed, "Ma-mans."

"And I!" cried Gros-Alain.

The tearing of the first page of a book by children is like the shedding of the first drop of blood by men—it decides the carnage.

René-Jean turned the leaf; next to the saint came the commentator Pantæus. René-Jean bestowed Pantæus upon Gros-Alain.

Meanwhile Georgette tore her large piece into two little morsels, then the two into four, and continued her work till history might have noted that Saint Bartholomew, after having been flayed in Armenia, was torn limb from limb in Brittany.

The quartering completed, Georgette held out her hand to René-Jean, and said, "More!"

After the saint and the commentator followed portraits of frowning glossarists. The first in the procession was Gavantus; René-Jean tore him out and put Gavantus into Georgette's hand.

The whole group of Saint Bartholomew's commentators met the same fate in turn.

There is a sense of superiority in giving. René-Jean kept nothing for himself. Gros-Alain and Georgette were watching him; he was satisfied with that; the admiration of his public was reward enough.

René-Jean, inexhaustible in his magnanimity, offered Fabricio Pignatelli to Gros-Alain, and Father Stiltzing to Georgette; he followed these by the bestowal of Alphonse Tostat on Gros-Alain, and Cornelius à Lapide upon Georgette. Then Gros-Alain received Henry Hammond, and Georgette Father Roberti, together with a view of the city of Douai, where that father was born in 1619. Gros-Alain received the protest of the stationers, and Georgette obtained the dedication to the Gryphes. Then it was the turn of the maps. René-Jean proceeded to distribute them. He gave Gros-Alain Ethiopia, and Lycaonia fell to Georgette. This done, he tumbled the book upon the floor.

This was a terrible moment. With mingled ecstasy and fright Gros-Alain and Georgette saw René-Jean wrinkle his brows, stiffen his legs, clench his fists, and push the massive folio off the stand. The majestic old tome was fairly a tragic spectacle. Pushed from its resting-place, it hung for an instant on the edge of the desk, seemed to hesitate, trying to balance itself, then crashed down, and broken, crumpled, torn, ripped from its binding, its clasps fractured, flattened itself miserably upon the floor. Fortunately it did not fall on the children. They were only bewildered, not crushed. Victories do not always finish so well.

Like all glories, it made a great noise, and left a cloud of dust.

Having flung the book on the ground, René-Jean descended from the chair.

There was a moment of silence and fright; victory has its terrors. The three children seized one another's hands and stood at a distance, looking toward the vast dismantled tome. But, after a brief reverie, Gros-Alain approached it quickly and gave it a kick.

Nothing more was needed. The app-tite for destruction grows rapidly. René-Jean kicked it, Georgette dealt a blow with her little foot which overset her, though she fell in a sitting position, by which she profited to fling herself on Saint Bartholomew. The spell was completely broken. René-Jean pounced upon the saint, Gros-Alain dashed upon him, and joyous, distracted, triumphant, pitiless, tearing the prints, slashing the leaves, pulling out the markers, scratching the binding, ungluing the gilded leather, breaking off the nails from the silver corners, ruining the parchment, making mincemeat of the august text, working with feet, hands, nails, teeth; rosy, laughing, ferocious, the three angels of prey demolished the defenceless evangelist.

They annihilated Armenia, Judea, Benevento, where rest the relics of the saint; Nathanael, who is, perhaps, the same

as Bartholomew, the Pope Gelasius, who declared the Gospel of Saint Bartholomew apocryphal. Nathanael; all the portraits, all the maps, and the inexorable massacre of the old book, absorbed them so entirely that a mouse ran past without their perceiving it.

It was an extermination.

To tear in pieces history, legend, science, miracles, whether true or false, the Latin of the Church; superstitions, fanaticisms, mysteries, to rend a whole religion from top to bottom, would be a work for three giants, but the three children completed it. Hours passed in the labour, but they reached the end; nothing remained of Saint Bartholomew.

When they had finished, when the last page was loosened, the last print lying on the ground, when nothing was left of the book but the edges of the text and pictures in the skeleton of the binding, René-Jean sprang to his feet, looked at the floor covered with scattered leaves, and clapped his hands.

Gros-Alain clapped his hands likewise.

Georgette took one of the pages in her hand, rose, leaned against the window-sill, which was on a level with her chin, and commenced to tear the great leaf into tiny bits, and scatter them out of the casement.

Seeing this, René-Jean and Gros-Alain began the same work. They picked up and tore into small bits, picked up again and tore, and flung the pieces out of the window, as Georgette had done, page by page; rent by these little desperate fingers, the entire ancient volume almost flew down the wind. Georgette thoughtfully watched these swarms of little white papers dispersed by the breeze, and said—

"Butterflies!"

So the massacre ended with these tiny ghosts vanishing in the blue of heaven!

Thus was Saint Bartholomew for the second time made a martyr; he who had been the first time sacrificed in the year of our Lord 49.

Then the evening came on; the heat increased; there was sleep in the air; Georgette's eyes began to close; René-Jean went to his crib, pulled out the straw sack which served instead of a mattress, dragged it to the window, stretched himself thereon, and said, "Let us go to bed."

Gros-Alain laid his head against René-Jean, Georgette placed hers on Gros-Alain, and the three malefactors fell asleep.

The warm breeze entered by the open windows, the perfume of wild flowers from the ravines and hills mingled with the breath of evening; nature was calm and pitiful; everything beamed, was at peace, full of love. The sun gave his caress, which is light, to all creation; everything could be heard and felt that harmony which is thrown off from the infinite sweetness of inanimate things. There is a motherhood in the infinite; creation is a miracle in full bloom; it perfects its grandeur by its goodness. It seemed as if one could feel some invisible Being take those mysterious precautions which, in the formidable conflict of opposing elements of life, protect the weak against the strong; at the same time there was beauty everywhere; the splendour equalled the gentleness. The landscape that seemed asleep had those lovely hazy effects which the changings of light and shadow produce on the fields and rivers; the mists mounted toward the clouds like reveries changing into dreams; the birds circled noisily about La Tourgue; the swallows looked in through the windows, as if they wished to be certain that the children slept well. They were prettily grouped upon one another, motionless, half-naked, posed like little Cupids; they were adorable and pure; the united ages of the three did not make nine years; they were dreaming dreams of paradise, which were reflected on their lips in vague smiles. Perchance God whispered in their ears; they were of those whom all human languages call the weak and blessed; they were made majestic by innocence. All was silence about them, as if the breath from their tender bosoms were the care of the universe, and listened to by the whole creation; the leaves did not rustle; the grass did not stir. It seemed as if the vast starry world held its breath for fear of disturbing those three humble angelic sleepers, and nothing could have been so sublime as that reverent respect of nature in presence of this littleness.

The sun was near his setting; he almost touched the horizon. Suddenly across this profound peace burst a lightning-like glare, which came from the forest; then a savage noise. A cannon had just been fired. The echoes seized upon this thundering, and repeated it with an infernal din. The prolonged growling from hill to hill was terrible. It woke Georgette.

She raised her head slightly, lifted her little finger, and said, "Boom!"

The noise died away; the silence swept back; Georgette laid her head on Gros-Alain, and fell asleep once more.

## BOOK THE THIRD.

## THE MOTHER.

## I.—DEATH PASSERS.

When this evening came the mother whom we saw wandering almost at random had walked the whole day. This was indeed the history of all her days—to go straight before her without stopping. For her slumbers of exhaustion, given in to in any corner that chanced to be nearest, were no more rest than the morsels she ate here and there, as the birds pick up crumbs, were nourishment. She ate and slept just what was absolutely necessary to keep her from falling down dead.

She had passed the previous night in an empty barn; civil wars leave many such. She had found in a bare field four walls, an open door, a little straw beneath the ruins of a roof, and she had slept on the straw under the rafters, feeling the rats slip about beneath, and watching the stars rise through the gaping wreck above. She slept for several hours, then she woke in the middle of the night and set out again, in order to get over as much road as possible before the great heat of the day should set in. For any one who travels on foot the summer midnight is more fitting than noon.

She had followed to the best of her ability the brief itinerary the peasant of Vantortes had marked out for her; she had gone as straight as possible toward the west. Had there been any one near he might have heard her ceaselessly murmur, half aloud, "La Tourgue." Except the names of her children this word was all she knew.

As she walked, she dreamed. She thought of the adventures with which she had met; she thought of all she had suffered,

all which she had accepted; of the meetings, the indignities, the terms offered; the bargains proposed and submitted to, now for a shelter, now for a morsel of bread, sometimes simply to obtain from some one information as to her route. A wretched woman is more unfortunate than a wretched man. Frightful wandering march! But nothing mattered to her, provided she could discover her children.

Her first encounter this day had been a village; the dawn was beginning to break. Everything was still tinged with the gloom of night; a few doors were already half open in the principal streets, and curious faces looked out of the windows. The inhabitants were agitated like a disturbed beehive. This arose from a noise of wheels and chains which had been heard.

On the church square a frightened group, with their heads raised, watched something descend a high hill along the road towards the village. It was a four-wheeled waggon, drawn by five horses, harnessed with chains. On this waggon could be distinguished a heap like a pile of long joists, in the middle of which lay some shapeless object, covered with a large canvas resembling a pall. Ten horsemen rode in front of the waggon, and ten others behind. These men wore three-cornered hats, and above their shoulders rose what seemed to be the points of naked sabres. This whole cortege, advancing slowly, showed black and distinct against the horizon. The waggon looked black; the harness looked black; the horsemen looked black. Behind them gleamed the pallor of the morning.

They entered the village and moved towards the square. Daylight had come on while the waggon was coming down the hill, and the cortege could be distinctly seen; it was like watching a procession of shadows, for not a man in the party uttered a word.

The horsemen were gendarmes; they did in truth carry drawn sabres. The covering was black.

The wretched wandering mother entered the village from the opposite side, and approached the mob of peasants at the moment the gendarmes and the waggon reached the square. Among the crowd voices whispered questions and replies.

"What is it?"

"The guillotine."

"Whence does it come?"

"From Fougères."

"Where is it going?"

"I do not know. They say to a castle in the neighbourhood of Parigué."

"Parigué!"

"Let it go where it likes provided it does not stop here."

This great cart with its lading hidden by a sort of shroud, this team, these gendarmes, the noise of the chains; the silence of the men, the grey dawn, all made up a whole that was spectral. The group traversed the square and passed out of the village. The hamlet lay in a hollow between two hills. At the end of a quarter of an hour the peasants, who had stood still as if petrified, saw the lugubrious procession re-appear on the summit of the western hill. The heavy wheels jolted along the ruts, the chains clanked in the morning wind, the sabres shone in the rising sun; then the road turned off, and the cortege disappeared.

It was the very moment when Georgette woke in the library by the side of her still sleeping brothers, and wished her rosy feet good morning.

II.—DEATH SPEAKS.

The mother watched this mysterious procession, but neither comprehended nor sought to understand; her eyes were busy with another vision—her children, lost amid the darkness.

She went out of the village also, a little after the cortege which had filed past, and followed the same route at some distance behind the second squad of gendarmes. Suddenly the word "guillotine" recurred to her. "Guillotine!" she said to herself. This rude peasant, Michelle Fléchar, did not know what that was, but instinct warned her; she shivered, without being able to tell wherefore; it seemed horrible to her to walk behind this thing, and she turned to the left, quit-ting the high road and passed into a wood, which was the forest of Fougères.

After wandering for some time she perceived a belfry and some roofs; it was one of the villages scattered along the edge of the forest. She went towards it. She was hungry.

It was one of the villages in which the Republicans had established military posts.

She passed on to the square in front of the mayoralty house. In this village there was also fright and anxiety. A crowd pressed up to the flight of steps which led to the mansion. On the top stood a man, escorted by soldiers; he held in his hand a great open placard. At his right was stationed a drummer, at his left a billsticker, carrying a paste-pot and brush.

Upon the balcony over the door appeared the mayor, wearing a tri-coloured scarf over his peasant dress.

The man with the placard was a public crier. He wore his shoulder-belt, with a small wallet hanging from it, a sign that he was going from village to village, and had something to publish throughout the district.

At the moment Michelle Fléchar approached, he had unfolded the placard, and was beginning to read. He read in a loud voice:—

"THE FRENCH REPUBLIC ONE AND INDIVISIBLE."

The drum beat. There was a sort of movement among the assembly. A few took off their caps, others pulled their hats closer over their heads. At that time, and in that country, one could almost recognize the political opinions of a man by his head-gear—hats were royalist, caps republican. The confused murmur of voices ceased; everybody listened; the crier read:—

"In virtue of the orders we have received, and the authority delegated to us by the Committee of Public Safety"

The drum beat the second time. The crier continued:—

"And in execution of the decree of the National Convention, which puts beyond the law all rebels taken with arms in their hands, and which ordains capital punishment to whomsoever shall give them shelter, or help them to escape"

A peasant asked, in a low voice, of his neighbour, "What is that—capital punishment?"

His neighbour replied, "I do not know."

The crier fluttered the placard.

"In accordance with Article 17th of the law of April 30th, which gives full power to delegates and sub-delegates against rebels: We declare outlaws"

He made a pause, and resumed—

"The individuals known under the names and surnames which follow"

The whole assemblage listened intently.

The crier's voice sounded like thunder. He read:—

"Lantenac, brigand."

"That is monseigneur," murmured a peasant. And through the crowd went the whisper—"It is monseigneur."

The crier resumed:—

"Lantenac, ci-devant marquis, brigand; Imânus, brigand"

The two peasants glanced sideways at each other. "That is Gouge-le-Bruant." "Yes, it is Brise-bleu."

The crier continued to read the list: "Grand-Francœur, brigand"

The assembly murmured, "He is a priest. Yes, the Abbé Turmeau. Yes, he is curé somewhere in the neighbourhood of the woods of Chapelle." "And brigand," said a man in a cap.

The crier read: "Boisnouveau, brigand; the two brothers Pique-en-Bois, brigands; Houzard, brigand"

"That is Monsieur de Quelen," said a peasant.

"Panier, brigand"

"That is Monsieur Sopher."

"Place Nette, brigand"

"That is Monsieur Jamols."

The crier continued his reading without noticing these commentaries:—

"Guinoiseau, brigand; Chatenay, styled Robi, brigand"

A peasant whispered, "Guinoiseau is the same as Le Blond; Chatenay is from Saint-Ouen."

"Hoisnard, brigand," pursued the crier.

Among the crowd could be heard, "He is from Ruillé." "Yes, it is Branche d'Or." "His brother was killed in the attack on Pontorson." "Yes, Hoisnard Malonnère." "A fine young chap of nineteen."

"Attention!" said the crier. "Listen to the last of the list."

"Belle Vigue, brigand; La Musette, brigand; Sabretout, brigand; Brin d'Amour, brigand"

A lad pushed the elbow of a young girl. The girl smiled. The crier continued, Chante-en-hiver, brigand; Le Chat, brigand"

A peasant said, "That is Moulard."

"Tabouse, brigand"

Another peasant said, "That is Gauffre."

"There are two of the Gauffres," added a woman.

"Both good fellows," grumbled a lad.

The crier shook the placard, and the drum beat.

The crier resumed his reading—"The above-named, in whatever place taken, and their identity established, shall be immediately put to death."

There was a movement among the crowd.

The crier went on—"Any one affording them shelter, or aiding their escape, will be brought before a court-martial and put to death. Signed"

The silence grew profound.

"Signed—The Delegate of the Committee of Public Safety, Cimeurdain."

"A priest," said a peasant.

"The former curé of Parigué," said another.

A townsman added, "Turmeau and Cimeurdain. A Blue priest and a White."

"Both black," said another townsman.

The mayor, who was on the balcony, lifted his hat, and cried, "Long Live the Republic!"

A roll of the drum announced that the crier had not finished.

He was making a sign with his hand. "Attention!" said he. "Listen to the last four lines of the Government proclamation. They are signed by the Chief of the Exploring Column of the North Coasts, Commandant Gauvain."

"Listen!" exclaimed the voices of the crowd.

And the crier read:—

"Under pain of death"

All were silent.

"It is forbidden, in pursuance of the above order, to give aid or succour to the nineteen rebels above-named, at this time shut up and surrounded in La Tourgue."

"What?" cried a voice.

It was the voice of a woman—of the mother.

III.—MUTTERINGS AMONG THE PEASANTS.

Michelle Fléchar had mingled with the crowd. She had listened to nothing, but one hears certain things without listening. She caught the words La Tourgue. She raised her head.

"What?" she repeated. "La Tourgue!"

People stared at her. She appeared out of her mind. She was in rags.

Voices murmured, "She looks like a brigand."

A peasant woman, who carried a basket of buckwheat biscuits, drew near, and said to her in a low voice, "Hold your tongue!"

Michelle Fléchar gazed stupidly at the woman. Again she understood nothing. The name, La Tourgue, had passed through her mind like a flash of lightning, and the darkness closed anew behind it. Had she not a right to ask information? What had she done that they should stare at her in this way?

But the drum had beat for the last time; the bill-sticker posted up the placard; the mayor retired into the house; the crier set out for some other village, and the mob dispersed.

A group remained before the placard; Michelle Fléchar joined this knot of people.

They were commenting on the names of the men declared outlaws. There were peasants and townsmen among them; that is to say, Whites and Blues.

A peasant said: "After all they have not caught everybody. Nineteen are only nineteen. They have not got Bion, they have not got Benjamin Mouline, nor Goupil, of the Parish of Andonillé."

"Nor Lorieul of Monjean," said another.

Others added, "Nor Brice Denys."

"Nor François Dudonet."

"Yes, of Laval."

"Nor Huet of Launey-Villiers."

"Nor Grégis."

"Nor Pilon."

"Nor Filleul."

"Nor Ménécent."

"Nor Guéharée."

"Nor the three brothers Logerais."

"Nor Monsieur Lechandelier de Pierreville."

"Idiots!" said a stern-faced, white-haired old man. "They have all if they have Lantenac." "They have not got him yet," murmured one of the young men.

The old man added: "Lantenac taken, the soul is taken. Lantenac dead, Vendée is slain."

"Who, then, is this Lantenac?" asked a townsman.

A townsman replied, "He is a ci-devant."

Another added, "He is one of those who shoot women."

Michelle Fléchar heard and said, "It is true."

They turned towards her.

She went on, "For he shot me."

It was a strange speech; it was like hearing a living woman declare herself dead. People began to look at her a little suspiciously.

(To be continued.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 16.—The Irish Rifle Team, about to compete at Creedmore, arrived at New York to-day by the steamer "Scotia."

The total cotton crop of the United States for the year ending September 1st, 1874, amounts to upwards of 42,000,000 bales.

A conference of Anglican, Greek and Evangelical clergy, called by Dr. Dollinger, was opened at Bonn, in Germany, yesterday.

It is reported that the Grand Trunk Railway contemplate building a swing bridge over the St. Lawrence in the vicinity of Cap Rouge, above Quebec.

An extra session of the Kansas Legislature has been held to provide means of relief for those made destitute by the ravages of the grasshoppers.

The President has forwarded an official despatch to the commander of the Federal forces in Louisiana not to recognize the insurgent government under any circumstances.

It is said that the Japanese are willing to vacate Formosa if the Chinese Government will hold the Islanders in subjection, and acknowledge that the Japanese were justified in taking possession of the Island.

THURSDAY, Sept. 17.—The Pope has refused to recognize the Republic of Spain.

It is said King Louis of Bavaria is about to abdicate.

Three United States war vessels have been ordered to New Orleans.

M. Berger, the Bonapartist candidate for the Assembly for the Department of Maine et Loire, has withdrawn from the contest.

The members of the Old Catholic Conference, in session at Bonn, are unanimous in their opinion on all important points of dogma.

The International Postal Congress now sitting at Berne, recommend uniform rates of postage in all territory embraced by the Postal Union.

Gen. Emery's demand for the removal of all armed men from the streets, and the return of arms to the Arsenal, has been acceded to by Governor McEnry.

The Bazine trial was concluded yesterday. The Judge declared the escape by rope to have been proved, but that Colonel Villette must have aided the preparations. The colonel was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and the warders, for negligence, to various short terms of incarceration.

FRIDAY, Sept. 18.—The Carlists have intercepted and cut off the supplies for Pampeluna.

China and Japan despatches intimate that the Formosa difficulty is still *in statu quo*.

The British coast-guards have seized a vessel containing arms and ammunition for the Carlists.

Nothing has been heard from the "Faraday" since the 9th inst., and it is supposed her cable was broken during the gale of the 10th.

Reigner, a witness in the Bazine investigation, who fled at the commencement of the trial, has been condemned to death *in contumaciam* for his traitorous conduct at Metz.

A Paris despatch says Plestrel, formerly Secretary to the ex-Empress Eugénie, has arrived at Ajaccio, Corsica, and intends to offer himself for Consul-General in opposition to Prince Napoleon.

The International Union of machinists and blacksmiths, with delegates representing some 50,000 of the trade in the United States and Canada, assembled at Louisville on Wednesday.

The supply train for Gen. Mills' expedition at Wichita were lately attacked by a large force of Comanche and Kiowa Indians, and after five days' hard fighting, drove off the Indians with great slaughter.

An official telegram has been forwarded to General Emery endorsing the part he has taken in the Louisiana matter up to the present time, with one exception: the naming of Colonel Brooke to the command of the city of New Orleans. The President also declares that the State Government at the time of the beginning of the insurrection must be recognized as the lawful government till other rule can be legally established. The surrender of the insurgents is to be forced at all hazards.

SATURDAY, Sept. 19.—The Haytian government have made a claim on the United States for consequential damages.

The State House at New Orleans was formally delivered up to Governor Kellogg to-day.

The expulsion of Danes from Schleswig is said to be attributable to a design of Bismarck to force Denmark into federation with Germany.

France is endeavouring to make the Bey of Tunis "rectify" the boundary line on the Algerian frontier. It is said England and Germany will oppose any change.

Mr. L. L. Hepburn won the Remington Diamond Badge at Creedmore to-day with a score of 78. The six members of the Irish Team who competed are said to have acquitted themselves very creditably.

The Duke of Parma, Counts Casarte and Bari and Don Carlos, have arranged among themselves that the last-named is to be sole representative of the ex-Bourbon branches with presumptive rights to the throne of France.

MONDAY, Sept. 21.—Panama advices say full indemnity has been paid by the Guatemala Government to Mr. Magee.

A Cuban of New York has given \$20,000 to the Cuban Republic, to aid in carrying on the war against Spain.

Dockray, the American arrested in Cuba by the Spanish authorities and sent to Spain, has been incarcerated at Santander.

Great uneasiness is felt in Salt Lake City as to the condition of Brigham Young, who is very sick, as an astrologer has predicted his death on the 7th of December next.

The Danish Envoy at Berlin has received instructions from his Government to request an explanation from the German Government as to the expulsion of Danish subjects from Schleswig.

The United States Government have paid over to the British *Chargé d'Affaires* the sum of \$1,929,819, the amount awarded to British claimants under the Treaty of Washington of 1873.



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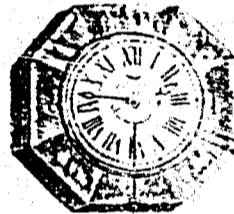
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