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Wholesale News

Vol. X.—No. 6.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1874.

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\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



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NOTICE.

The forthcoming number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED
 NEWS will contain illustrations of the

FORESTERS' FESTIVAL

at Toronto.

Also portraits of the officers, etc., of the

Association of

TEACHERS OF THE DEAF AND DUMB

of North America; and several other interesting illustra-
 tions.

Canadian Illustrated News.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1874.

THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

At the moment of writing these lines, just as we are
 going to press, the ultimate result of the present Minis-
 terial crisis in the Provincial Government cannot be
 definitely ascertained, but this much is known—that the
 Administration staunchly deny the double charge of
 ignorance and corruption which has been levelled against
 them. In answer to the first accusation, they maintain
 that the land exchange was a favourable one, and that the
 price of their newly acquired property will go on in-
 creasing. In reply to the second, they boldly challenge
 a Parliamentary investigation. If the members of the
 Cabinet are conscious of no wrong, they do right to hold
 firm, regardless of clamour from their adversaries or dic-
 tation from their friends. But if there is a single flaw in
 the whole transaction, anything that leads even to sus-
 picion, it were their best policy to retire at once, because
 the public, irrespective of party, will tolerate nothing of
 the kind.

UNSECTARIAN INSTITUTIONS.

We see it stated, in different quarters, that the Gov-
 ernment of Quebec contemplate removing the Provincial
 Lunatic Asylum from St. Johns to Longue Pointe and to
 place it under the direction of Sisters of Mercy. We hope
 the statement is premature as we should dislike to see so
 grave a mistake committed. For the ministration of the
 Ladies of Charity we have that proper respect which all
 must entertain who have witnessed the fruits of their zeal
 in this country and throughout Europe. But in mixed
 communities such as ours, where so much Protestant re-
 venue goes to the maintenance of public institutions, we
 regard it as a cardinal error to place such institutions
 under other than purely unsectarian control. In Quebec
 Protestants are only a numerical minority. In every
 other respect, they are on a level of perfect equality with
 Roman Catholics. It follows, therefore, that the institu-
 tions supported by Provincial funds should be open to
 them on precisely the same terms as they are to Roman
 Catholics. There is another objection to this Longue
 Pointe Scheme. It would be the perpetuation of that
 system of "farming out," of which we have heard so
 much at Beauport and which is to-day universally aban-
 doned by experts in the treatment of lunatics. Where
 this method has been tried, it has lamentably failed. From
 England, France, and the United States there are dismal
 accounts of the abuses, hardships and injustice which have
 resulted from the maintenance of a system so utterly
 antagonistic to the spirit of the age. It is therefore to be
 hoped that the Government will reconsider its project, if
 indeed it ever entertained the project, of sending lunatics
 to Longue Pointe under the contract system.

THE RITUALISTS AND THE ARCH-
 BISHOP'S BILL.

The Archbishop's Bill for the Regulation of Public
 Worship received its third reading on Monday, and will
 come into effect as law six months hence. It now remains
 to be seen how the English Ritualists will manage to
 avoid this new hinderance upon their liberty of worship.
 Stay in the Established Church and continue their "high"
 practices they cannot. Pass over to the Church of Rome
 they will not. This for two reasons: few of the compara-
 tively large number who come under the designation of
 Anglo-Catholics are sufficiently "advanced" for admis-
 sion into Archbishop Manning's fold; and the High
 Church clergy, much as they love to talk of discipline,
 are singularly averse to "parental rule," especially when
 it is of the stern disciplinarian kind which has proved the
 mainstay of the Latin Church. The Ritualists, however,
 are a sufficiently numerous body, not without wealth, and
 possessed, as has been frequently proved of late years, of
 a stubborn unyielding energy that may be of use to them
 yet. The question of secession from the Established
 Church is no new one among them, and now that such a
 step is forced upon them with the sole alternative of
 strict adherence to the practices of the Church of England
 as interpreted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, it is
 little likely that there will be any hesitation. This is the
 more probable as the bill which has now become law is
 but the opening of an attack upon them. It touches only
 the question of ceremonial, leaving the clergy free to
 preach the doctrines they uphold. Now, however, that
 the Bishops have seen how strong the support is upon
 which they may rely, it is their intention next year to
 bring in a bill to put down heterodox preaching also. The
 final step cannot, therefore, long be delayed. The greatest
 difficulty that at present exists in the way of secession is
 that which proved so great a stumbling-block in the path
 of the Old Catholics—the question of the Apostolic Suc-
 cession. Without a Bishop among them the seceders
 could hardly regard their body as a Church. None of
 their number would be competent to administer the rite
 of confirmation, and the body of the clergy becoming gra-
 dually thinned by death until it dwindled down to a
 force absolutely inadequate to the wants of the congre-
 gations, the necessity would be felt for a regularly ordained
 Episcopate with the power of conferring the Succession.
 This difficulty might, however, be met by an application
 to the authorities of the Old Catholic body, for the con-
 ferring by one of their Bishops of the rite of consecration
 upon a certain number of the seceding clergy. Nor is it
 probable that such an application would be rejected. But
 even were it so the seceders would have one loop hole of
 escape left, in the direction of the Eastern Church, with
 which the Ritualistic portion of the Anglican Church have
 for some time past been in friendly communication.

The Ministerial papers are complaining of the manner
 in which their Conservative colleagues treat their politi-
 cal opponents. Some of the articles on this subject are
 very severe, and full of indignant morality. Beyond all
 question the Ministerial journals are right, but the lesson
 coming from them is, to say the least, amusing. It may
 safely be affirmed that nowhere out of Canada was so
 much Billingsgate indulged in as by many prominent
 organs of the Liberal party against their adversaries
 during their long career of opposition. Not only were
 public records misrepresented and public acts abused,
 but the mysteries and sanctities of private life were laid
 bare with a shameless recklessness bordering on insanity.
 These facts are of such recent notoriety that they
 need not be further specified. And even to-day,
 the virulence which is poured upon the devoted
 heads of the poor Quebec Ministers is something
 ludicrously appalling. No doubt Sir John A. Mac-
 donald, especially now that he is fallen, is fair game
 for ribald wit, but that is no reason why Mr. McKellar
 should be vilipended from day to day, nor why Ottawa
 correspondents of prominent papers should telegraph
 from the capital all sorts of insanities about the sayings and
 doings of Mr. MacKenzie. In England public men are
 public property and all classes are proud of them. The
 representative leading British papers invariably speak of
 Mr. Disraeli with respect, and the Conservative organs
 may chaff at the discomfited Gladstone, but they never
 travesty his character or ignore his transcendent talents.
 Measure for measure is a good maxim in trade and it
 ought to be equally applicable in politics. But if the motto
 is reversed and invective becomes the rule, then the Lib-
 eral papers, who are now Government organs, must not
 complain of their adversaries, unless they themselves give
 the example of moderation and courtesy.

The Land Swap is, the graver aspect aside, not without
 its comic points. It certainly has the somewhat laugh-
 able merit of bringing about a kind of political Anti-
 millenium. Journals of all shades of political stripe have
 dropped for the moment their animosities and unite in
 condemnation of the transaction and in inveighing against
 the Quebec Government for braving public opinion by
 persisting in holding on to the sweets of office. Conser-
 vative journals even outstrip their Reform brethren in
 the vehemence of their denunciations and the bitterness
 of their reproaches, forgetful of the fact that if the
 charges made against Mr. Ouimet and his colleagues can
 be substantiated, not a little of the odium that must nat-
 urally result therefrom will cling to themselves and to
 the whole of the party they represent; that in fact the
 ultimate effect must be the virtual extinction of the
 party in this province. Another amusing feature in the
 matter is the ridiculous manner in which the Government
 land purchasers went through the operation of taking
 money from the Government with one hand while with
 the other they dealt it a mighty blow, aimed at its very
 existence.

Two of the best American base-ball clubs—the Athletics
 of Philadelphia and the Red-stockings of Boston—are at
 present giving exhibition games in England, where their
 play is much admired. The game itself, under the name
 of Rounders, is not unknown in Britain, but the Americans
 have so perfected it as to make it a scientific amusement
 second only to cricket. There is no doubt that their
 visit to Europe will result in the general introduction of
 Base Ball among the many English field sports.

The proposed recognition of the Spanish Republic by
 the chief European powers will go far towards weakening
 the cause of Don Carlos and strengthening the hands of
 Marshal Serrano for the establishment of a solid Govern-
 ment. This step should have been taken long ago and
 thus much of the horror of the civil war would have been
 avoided.

The Quebec Boundary survey is now completely ter-
 minated. The engineering party have returned after a
 very severe campaign. Several new lakes were discovered
 and many an erroneous marking in our present atlases
 and charts will be rectified.

EXPERIENCES OF A COMMERCIAL
 TRAVELLER.

BY "ONE OF THEM."

Toronto July 25th.—From Bracebridge to Orillia—the disa-
 greable consciousness of having to make the trip dawned
 upon me with the daylight as I stirred, stretched and, at last, woke
 that winter's morning, in Bracebridge. To wake is one thing
 —to get up is another. I doubt if there is a more excu-
 sable luxury in man's life than waking on a bitter cold morning,
 and then turning on his other side and dozing to sleep again.
 When you got into bed the night before the sheets were colder
 than the air, and seemed to freeze your very marrow, and
 it's simply self-martyrdom to jump out of bed now when the
 warm bed-clothes seem to nestle about you and you are lying
 in a delicious, dreamy, lazy ecstasy. Nature rebels against the
 self-inflicted violence.

"Early to bed and early to rise" is a very good motto, but
 in the "daily doings" of a Commercial, it is a difficult mat-
 ter for him to accomplish the "early to bed"; could he but
 do so, he would doubtless make as good a practical illustration
 of the latter as the dunder-headed yokel who wrote it. The
 fraternity of Commercials can say with Coleridge that although
 they believe the sun does rise, they have never actually seen
 the phenomenon.

Lazily thinking over these things, I lulled my conscience
 and myself to sleep again, until the clattering jangle of the
 breakfast bell awoke me with a nervous start. Heaven pro-
 tect all nervous people from the breakfast bell of a country
 tavern! Edgar Poe surely never travelled much or he would
 have made it the fertile but odious subject for a verse of his
 poem—nerve-unspringing head-distracting breakfast bell!
 It finds a rival only in the brain bursting hotel Gong. And
 what an impish delight the table-girl finds in exercising her
 muscle on it. Up and down—backward and forward she
 swings her brawny bell-arm like a gymnast in his Indian-club
 exercise. Then one bell rarely satisfies the lusty maids. I
 can vouch that it didn't on this morning—there were bells
 and bells, a bell to wake you for the early breakfast, a bell
 for the early breakfast, a bell to wake you for the late break-
 fast, and a bell—such a peal!—for the late breakfast.

The succession of peals made me feel obstinate, and I
 didn't get up till the last dose of distraction was supplement-
 ed by an impatient rat-tat-tat at my door, and the voice of
 mine host mildly enquiring if "I intended to lie there all day."
 Replying with a grunt and an inward malediction on the dis-
 turber of my rest I make a great effort, and spring out of bed.
 Scrubbing myself with the ice-coated water and hustling on
 my clothes (the temperature of the room does not permit lei-
 sure) I adjourn to the breakfast table to find the table girl
 looking very sulky, and feel inwardly conscious that I am
 the cause of it. But I am hardened to this sort of thing by
 frequent experience of it, and it does not spoil my appetite in
 the least. Assisted by a good "hunger sauce," the effect of a

long drive and a long sleep after it, I make a hearty meal, and then prepare for the drive back.

The horses are soon round, the last box hoisted on the sleigh, the last rope tied, the last "tip" given, and with a parting good-bye we are off. I can't say I found much difference between the drive there and the drive back—one object of interest I forgot to note on the way up was "Gibraltar Rock," so-called from its real or fancied resemblance to the Mediterranean's sentry. This "Gibraltar" is really admirably constituted for the erection of a fort if there were anything to defend, or anybody to defend it against, but the only people who invade this country are land-agents, electioneering canvassers and the peaceful "drummer." The rock rises perpendicularly from the road to a considerable height, and its rugged appearance is enhanced by the great boulders that have fallen from it and are now piled and strewn at its base. It has been dubbed its present cognomen by an eccentric old soldier who lives in the clearing on its summit and who still retains all his old love for all the grim paraphernalia of war. A flag pole, extemporised from a sapling bears aloft a grimy, weather beaten Union Jack, very much the worse for wear, and the old enthusiast has erected a battlement with the loose stones lying about, and adorned these with disused stovepipe lengths, making at a distance a very fair imitation of cannon. The aged warrior delights in this playing at siege, and his neighbours humour him in the conceit.

We reached Orillia after an uneventful drive about noon, and I then paid off my charioteer glad enough to be able to resume my journeyings on the Iron Horse. From Orillia I took the Midland Road to Beaverton, a village so dull and ancient looking and so utterly devoid of new buildings that my first impression was that I had dropped into an abode of sleeping Rip Van Winkles who were waiting to be aroused from their slumber. I don't want to be too hard on the poor old place, but really Beaverton is very depressing to the spirits; despite its apparent dullness, however, there is considerable business done there in a quiet, easy-going way. No one hurries himself—no one tries to emulate his neighbour much. In the evening I went as a looker-on to a genuine country shindy; I had frequently seen one before but always, strange to say, find something new and amusing in the exhibition—in fact, I always derive more amusement from watching the grotesque antics of the performers than from participating in them. The uncouth dresses and motions of the male portion of the assembly, their well-oiled but uncombed hair, their too often unwashed faces and brawny necks innocent of confining-collars—the flaring, gaudy dresses of the women in which a superabundance of discordant colours is the most prevailing feature—these alone make a scene worth viewing, but in which, unfortunately, novelty is the only charm.

Remember I am speaking of a genuine farm-hand breakdown. And the dancing! alas Terpsichore! that the name should be profaned by such elephantian gambols. Watch young verdant houbble-de-hoy—with what muscular energy he grasps the capacious waist of his blooming Jemima, and with what gigantic strides he swings her round the room, regardless of time, of woman's dress or tender corns. A rural violinist is usually the only musician, but his execrable scraping is deemed an indispensable accompaniment, and he is kept constantly plied with backwoods whisky, and he soon becomes inspired with a musical frenzy. Faster and faster goes his bow over the strings, that screech with the torture, faster and wilder and madder become the movements of the dancers. And now a yell is heard, a sort of Indian whoop from one of the whirling crowd, and it is taken up and repeated from one to the other, as if the excitement that their heels alone cannot express were finding vent from their mouths. Pandemonium reigns. But it cannot last; exhausted, one couple after another drop out from the flying throng till but one veteran pair is left. And now begins a genuine heel-and-toe performance; the observed of all observers, they feel they must win fame now or never. Facing each other in the centre of the floor, and placing their arms akimbo, with heads thrown stiffly back and a defiant expression on each face suggestive of "come on, if you dare," they lay themselves to their work. The fiddle squeaks in triumph, approving friends clap and cheer, and the male actor in the scene, unable longer to restrain his pent-up feelings gives vent to an appalling but defiant yell; then relaxing from his position he grasps his partner round the neck with both arms, gives her three or four final whirls, administers a sounding smack on her lips, and the performance is ended.

Next day I returned to Orillia, arriving there just in time to catch the Northern train for Barrie, where I this time found myself more fortunate in the matter of a sample room, and was soon comfortably quartered with mine host of the Queen's for Sunday. I don't suppose a description of Barrie would interest my readers particularly; suffice it to say that it is the county town of Simcoe and is a thriving, prosperous place despite its being the residence of more stick-in-the-mud, shabby-genteel, would-be aristocracy than any other place north of Toronto. It is sadly deficient in hotel accommodation, but absolutely bristles with grocery stores, bank-clerks and briefless lawyers. I hope the Barrie folks won't take offence at this description, but I must be truthful, and I know they dislike flattery. I have no reason to complain of it, as I have always done a good trade there and have many warm friends in the place, so good-bye to Barrie as I'm off for Penetanguishene, a drive that almost eclipses the drive from Orillia to Bracebridge.

Penetang, as the natives style it, is one of the oldest places in Canada, but it has seen its best days; the regulars, who at one time were quartered there, made things lively, but they have left long since. Still being so completely isolated from other places, it has a trade peculiarly its own, and a large portion of which is French Canadian, there being a French settlement adjacent to it, and as a natural consequence the half-breed element is well represented, the French being the earliest white settlers. Some phases of Canadian life are seen here that you come across in few parts of Canada now; the mails are conveyed to far distant points along the Georgian Bay in sleds drawn by dogs and driven by half-breeds, and it is said there are no surer or more reliable messengers. Here, too, quite a large fur-trade is done. In summer it is a most beautiful place, being situated partly on the brow and partly on the slope of the hill overlooking Penetanguishene Bay, a beautiful sheet of water, and said to afford rare sport to the disciples of Isaac Walton. But I must leave Penetanguishene and drop my pen at the same time, for it doesn't do for Commercial Travellers to burn the midnight oil.

WAYFARRER.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

HEAVING THE LEAD ON BOARD H. M. S. "HYMALAYA."

The Admiralty require all government vessels to heave the lead upon entering any harbour, whatever may be its depth. The lead consists of a longitudinal lump of lead, varying from 10 to 15 lbs in weight, with a hole in the bottom filled with grease. The object of this arrangement is to ascertain the nature of the channel bottom—sand and mud sticking to the grease, and rock shewing thereon a clean indented surface.

THE BRANTFORD Y. M. C. A. BUILDING

and the ceremonies attendant upon the laying of the corner stone thereof are fully described elsewhere.

THE MIDDLEMISS PROPERTY.

The now famous land swap is briefly treated of, not as any novelty, but as a mere matter of history, on the page on which is produced a map of the various properties which gave rise to the Tanneries scandal.

PHILCE,

the residence of the beautiful Miriam, is an island of Upper Egypt, situated above the first cataract of the Nile, close to the Nubian frontier. Its length is only some 400 yards, but it contains some of the finest Egyptian remains extant, comprising four temples, a long colonnade, several obelisks, etc., with a Roman triumphal arch, and other antiquities, of which the pretty Miriam's father is responsible guardian and curator.

HALT OF THE N. W. MOUNTED POLICE.

Our special correspondent writing from Pembina Mountains, on the 12th July, says:—"We are definitely out on the prairie, and have crossed the Pembina Mountains, in which are hidden about a hundred predatory Sioux. They are keeping on the American side. On the 10th they carried away a woman at Grant's Place, where we passed on the 11th. We have not much sleep; water is scarce, but for the rest, all is going on very well. For the last two days we have met with many families running away from the Sioux. I do not think that we shall have much to do with these latter as some American cavalry is advancing to meet them. Mosquitoes are our plague; the doctor has however discovered a very good remedy for their attacks, which we are trying to-night for the first time."

THE PET OF THE REGIMENT.

Bruin, the subject of this illustration was some years since captured in the vicinity of Quebec and presented to the Royal Artillery, at that time quartered in the ancient capital. He became such a favourite with his new masters, that on the Regiment being recalled, he too was taken home and given quarters at Newhaven, where he has since been taken care of until quite recently, when he died, universally regretted by his friends.

THE OPENING OF S. E. T. & K. RR.

is fully described elsewhere. In connection with this event we also give the portrait of the

HON. J. G. ROBERTSON,

who is the son of the late Rev. James Robertson, for thirty years pastor of the Congregational Church at Stuartfield, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and subsequently of Sherbrooke, Que. He was born at Stuartfield, and educated in Canada. He married in 1870, Mary J., eldest daughter of A. C. Woodward, Esq. of Sherbrooke. Mr. Robertson was Secretary-Treasurer of Sherbrooke county from 1847 until the introduction of the present municipal system, in 1855; Mayor of Sherbrooke, in 1854-55, and from 1858 to 1868, and President of the Quebec Temperance and Prohibitory League in 1870-1. He is President of the Sherbrooke Eastern Townships & Kennebec Railway Company, and a director of the Sherbrooke Mutual Insurance Company. Was first returned to the Legislature at the general election of 1867 for Sherbrooke, and re-elected by acclamation in 1869 and 1871. He became Treasurer of the Province of Quebec Oct. 25, 1869. Hon. Mr. Robertson is one of the most popular public men in the Province, and is looked upon by his constituents as unsurpassed for business talent as well as for tact and forethought. He has worked hard for the interest of Sherbrooke and the adjoining country and to his energy the success of the S. E. T. & K. railway is chiefly due.

THE GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE IN ALGERIA.

Our illustration represents the inhabitants of an Algerian village, during the recent plague of grasshoppers, turning out to frighten off the coming cloud of devastation, by firing guns, beating gongs, and making all kinds of earthly and unearthly noises.

HAYMAKING.

No explanation is needed here. The scene is one that will at this season repay the shortest stroll in the country.

BULWER'S HABITS.

A writer in *Belgravia* on Bulwer (Lord Lytton) says: "The *hoi polloi* were not very familiar with Lord Lytton's presence. He was not often seen in the parks or other places of public resorts; but in that part of Oxford street bounded at one end by the Marble Arch and the other by the Regent Circus he was well known, and many a hat went off in silent greeting as he passed on his way, his brougham generally following to the Portland Club, where he spent a couple of hours every afternoon in the season. It was in this locality I met him, two days, I think, after his name appeared in the *Gazette*. In later life he was generally deaf; but I said 'Good morning, my lord.' He heard me, and laughingly replied I was the first person who had called him by his new title. The last time that I ever met this distinguished man was at St. Leonard's, where I had gone for a short holiday. I came quite suddenly upon him one wet, stormy November evening, not far from the archway by the South Saxon Hotel. It was blowing a gale of wind, and his slender figure wavered and reeled almost as he tried to make head against the blast. He had no overcoat, and that which he did wear looked, I thought, faded and

shabby. I was trying to slip past him unobserved, for he never met me without stopping to say a few kind words; but he recognized me at a glance, caught hold of my arm, and asked me to come home with him to the Queen's Hotel at Hastings, where he was staying, and dine. He was without any umbrella, the rain fell in torrents, and I covered him as well as I could with mine. I found he occupied apartments on the ground floor at the hotel. They seemed in a sad state of confusion. The floor was strewn with a litter of books and papers, and copiously sprinkled with Turkish tobacco, an odor of which pervaded the air. The tables were laid with covers for three, but only myself and the host sat down. He ate, I observed, but sparingly, and drank nothing but water with a dash of sherry in it. In the evening, as I was taking my departure, I came upon the German waiter who had attended at table, and hinted that the rooms might be kept in a little better order. 'Bless you, sir,' said the Kellner, 'the place has not been swept or dusted for a fortnight; that 'ere gent is outrageous-like if a book or a paper is touched. The manager wants to get him away, but he has taken the rooms for a month and won't go; and he is such good pay that our governor don't like to disoblige him.' 'Waiter,' I said sternly, 'do you know who that "ere gent" as you call him, is?' 'Yiz, sir—no, sir,' replied the waiter in a breath, puzzled by the solemnity of tone. 'That is Lord Lytton,' I said, 'the greatest man in all England. If you see much of him, and note down carefully what he does and says, you may become a second Boswell.' 'Lor, sir,' said the waiter, 'you don't say so! Our manager thinks this gent is cracked: he goes out in all weathers without any great coat, and won't even take an umbrella; then he never examines his bills, but scribbles off a check on any scrap of paper that comes to hand. It was only the day before yesterday a poor woman came with one of them bits of paper. She said the outlandish-looking gent who lived in our house had given it to her, and she did not know what to do with it. He had come into her cabin to light his pipe, while her husband, a poor fisherman who was drowned in the last gale, lay there dead. He wrote it on the back of an old letter and said he hoped it would do her good. You can't think of the poor creature's surprise when I brought her back ten sovereigns which the manager gave me when he saw the paper. Surely, sir, the gent cannot be all right here;' and the waiter significantly touched his forehead."

THE LITERARY WORLD.

Mr. William Black's new story for the *Cornhill* will be called "Three Feathers," and will be illustrated by Mr. Du Maurier. The scene of the story is fixed in North Cornwall.

Two hundred and forty thousand Bibles and Testaments, and nearly half a million Books of Common Prayer, were issued last year by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

A new paper, in English, the *Toket Journal*, has been started in Yeddo, with, apparently, but little promise of success.

Margaretha Wulf, the well-known Schleswig-Holstein authoress of "Tales for Young Persons," died recently at Schleswig, at the advanced age of eighty-five. Frau Wulf was perhaps best known under her *nom de plume* of Anna Stein.

Fritz Ruter, the well-known author of works in Plattdeutsch (Low German), has just died at Eisenach of apoplexy.

Mr. S. C. Hall writes that his golden wedding will not be celebrated till September next, and that Mr. William Howitt attained his golden wedding two years ago.

Mr. Henry Stephens, author of "The Book of the Farm," died on Sunday, the 5th inst., at his residence at Bonnington, in the eightieth year of his age.

Prof. J. E. Cairnes is engaged in writing a reply, for *Macmillan's Magazine*, to Mr. Goldwin Smith's article "On Women's Suffrage," which recently appeared in that periodical.

Messrs. James Blackwood & Co. have in preparation "The Story of the Trojan War," with a preface by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.

The first volume of the new issue of the Encyclopædia Britannica is in press and will appear in a few months.

The *Dagblad*, of Copenhagen, announces the death, by drowning, of the chief editor of the *Aftonblad*, of Stockholm, Dr. Auguste Sohlmann. The deceased, says the Danish journal, was one of the most distinguished publicists of the Scandinavian countries.

Madame Jules Janin has presented her late husband's library to the French Academy, on condition that it shall be placed in a room to be named after him.

Mr. Roach Smith, F.S.A., &c., is about to issue a new and improved edition of "The Rural Life of Shakespeare, as Illustrated by his Works." A second and enlarged edition is being printed by subscription.

Mr. Froude, the *Academy* says, is about to leave England for a year or two. He starts in August on a tour of inspection, visiting all the English Colonies, beginning with the Cape and ending with Canada.

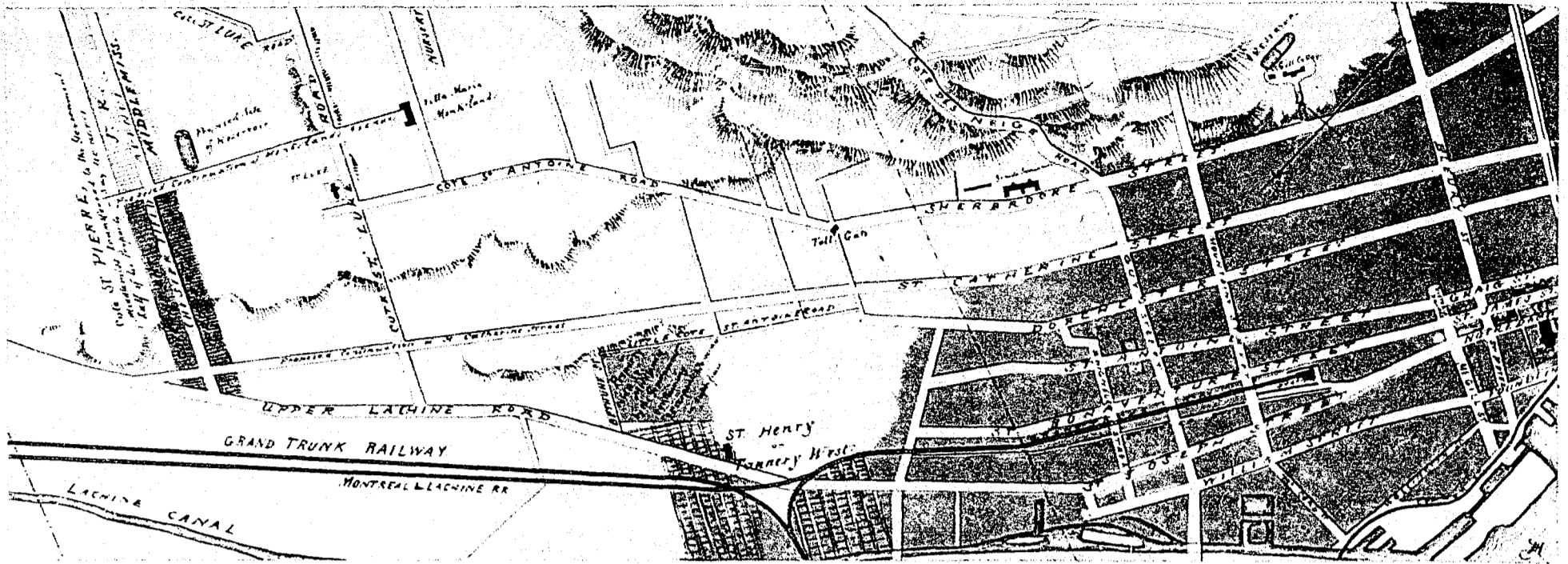
Mrs. Sheba Goulstone, of Liverpool, whose name as a graceful writer of poems and narratives is not unknown in the Jewish community, is about issuing from the press a volume embodying all her past productions in literature, accompanied with a new and interesting tale.

Michelet's library was sold in Paris a few days ago. It comprised about 3,000 volumes, chiefly historical works, and a collection of unpublished documents bearing on the history of France. There are also a good many modern books on geology and natural history.

The "Proverbs of John Heywood" have been published in London, with notes and an introduction by Julian Sherman. He tells how popular the book was on its first appearance. Ten editions of it were printed in the sixteenth century. One orator delivered a speech in the House of Commons in which a proverb formed the substance of every sentence.

The poet Vincenz Zusner, who recently died at Gratz, has made provision by his will that every year two prizes of twenty and ten ducats respectively are to be offered for the best compositions of two songs from his poetical works. The three judges, each of whom is to receive five ducats yearly, are to be chosen from the Conservatoire at Vienna.

Dr. Prutz and Dr. Sepp, who were sent out by the German Government some weeks ago to conduct some proposed excavations at Tyre, have returned to Germany, after having fully achieved their object. They have discovered and partially uncovered an ancient cathedral, dating from the time of the Crusades, and containing interesting inscriptions, many of which the two savants have successfully deciphered.



PLAN OF THE MIDDLEMISS PROPERTY, MONTREAL.

THE LAND EXCHANGE.

In the subjoined map an accurate idea is given of the land transaction between the Local Government and certain private parties. The area situate behind the Tanneries church was the former Government property. The long strip adjoining the Middlemiss property was the old Leduc property, which was given to the Government in exchange for the Tanneries land. The lay of the respective properties, and their respective distances from the city will be best judged of by every reader for himself on an inspection of the map.

The official account of the whole transaction is thus given by the authorities themselves, and we reproduce it in justice to the authorities, as, up to the present writing, the only full report made by them. The Government owned a lot of land of twenty-five acres, of which five or six are in a quagmire at the bottom of a hill, and consequently of little or no value. By reason of the surrounding buildings and improvements the value of the property has steadily increased. Several specu-

lators endeavoured to get possession of it. In October, 1873, Sir A. T. Galt offered \$40,000 for the lot, and renewed the offer in the following January. Later Mr. Mullarky offered \$45,000 for it. Answer was made to these gentlemen that the land was not for sale, but that if it were sold it would be by public auction. Towards the month of April, 1874, a delegation, composed of MM. Brydges, Judah, Hart, and Lunn, waited on the Government, and had an interview with the Ministers in Council. These gentlemen stated that the English population in the neighbourhood of the General Hospital had just cause to be alarmed at seeing small-pox patients taken to this hospital, and that the public health required the erection of a building especially adapted to the treatment of small-pox and other contagious diseases, and therefore they prayed the Government to donate their land at the Tanneries for this purpose. They valued the lot at from \$30,000 to \$40,000.

The Government made answer that they fully concurred with the delegation as to the necessity of a small-pox hospital, and that their request would be favourably looked upon. There were, however, several objections to be overcome.—1. It was impossible to remove the small-pox patients from the General Hospital in order to protect the public health of the

neighbourhood, and infect thereby the Tanneries and their surroundings. 2. A building of this kind ought to be beyond the limits of the inhabited part of the city. 3. The General Hospital being under Protestant control, the Catholics would, in all probability, claim equal rights, and the Government, having only one piece of land, and not possessing the means of purchasing another (all the surplus of our revenue having been expended on railways), could not possibly grant the request. It was therefore necessary for the Government, in order to accord a like favour to Catholics and Protestants, to dispose of this piece of land and purchase another double the size of the one that the Protestant hospital wished to obtain. For two months the transaction remained at this stage, when Mr. Middlemiss came forward and offered the Government a piece of land containing 40 acres, situated twenty arpents further along the Lachine road, in an isolated and elevated place, bordered with shade-trees. The proposal was taken into consideration by the Governor in Council, all the Ministers being present save the Treasurer, who is in England. The Council unanimously decided that the proposal was an advantageous one, and charged the Hon. M. Archambault to make the final examination, and close the transaction.



MIRIAM, DAUGHTER OF THE GUARDIAN ON THE ISLAND OF PHILCE, ON THE NILE.—By CARL WERNER.

BRANTFORD Y. M. C. A. ASSOCIATION.

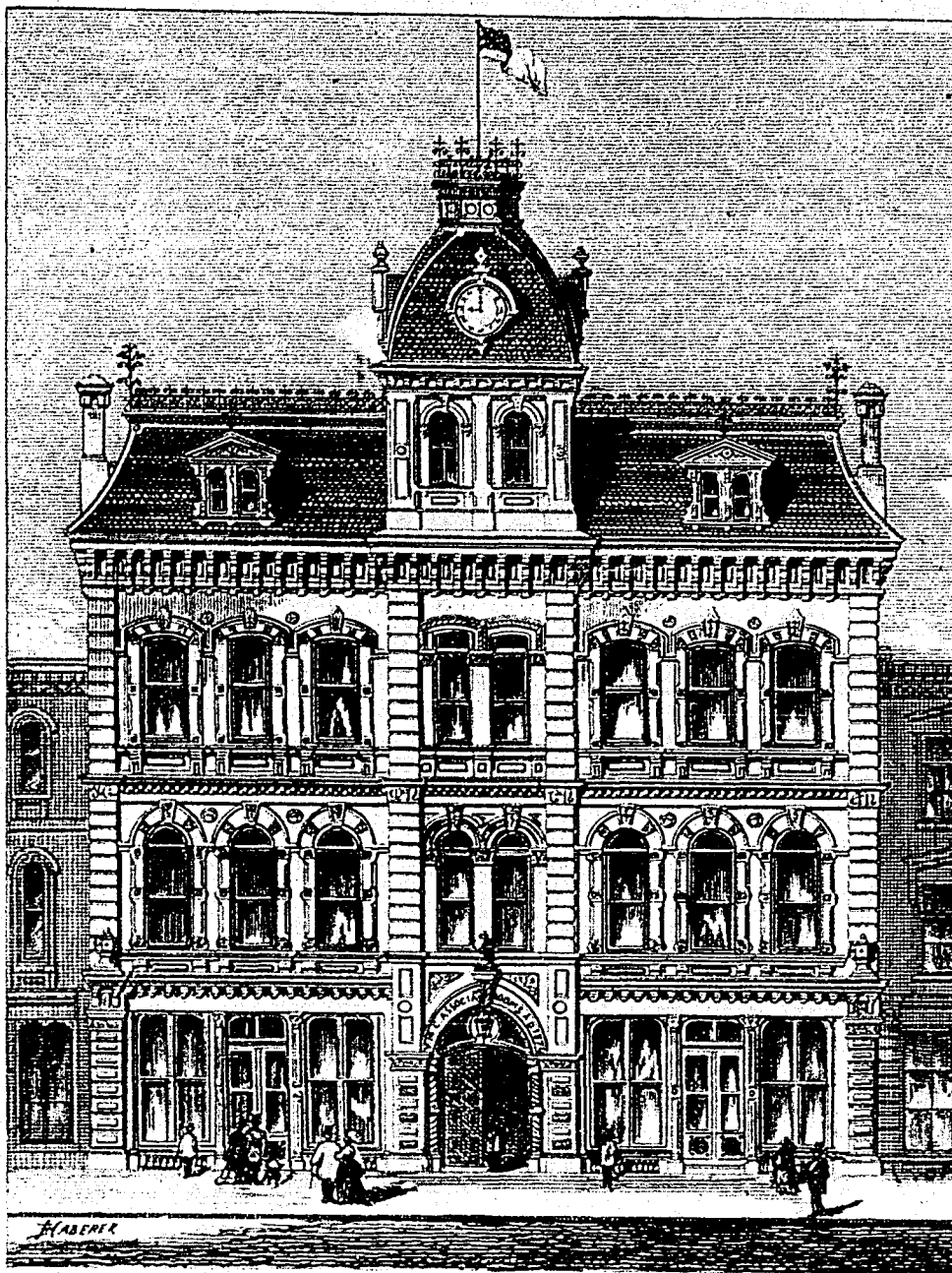
The corner-stone of the handsome edifice in process of erection for the Young Men's Christian Association of Brantford, was laid at noon, Dominion Day, with appropriate and imposing ceremonies. The day was all that could be desired for such an interesting event, and the attendance proportionately large. On the platform were W. Wilkinson, Esq., President of the Association, who presided; W. P. Crombie, Secretary; Dr. Nichol, Vice-President; Ignatius Cockshutt, Esq.; Wm. Paterson, Esq., M. P.; A. S. Hardy, Esq., M. P.; Mayor Mathews, Rev. John Wood, Rev. John Alexander, Rev. William Cochrane, M. A.; Rev. W. H. Porter, M. A.; Rev. B. B. Keofer, and Messrs. Alfred Watts, Geo. Foster, D. R. Blakader, James Mills, Thomas McLean, T. S. Shenston, James Wilks, George Watt, W. E. Welding, Wm. Buck, Wm. McIntosh, James Ker, H. B. Leeming, and the leading business men of the town.

The exercises were begun by singing lines composed for the occasion by the Rev. Mr. Wood.

Rev. Mr. Porter then read the Scriptures, the passages selected being 8th chapter of Proverbs and portions of the 28th chapter of Isaiah and 22nd chapter of Revelation, and the Rev. Mr. Alexander offered up the dedicatory prayer. The Treasurer, Mr. D. R. Blakader, then read the following historical statement of the Association, from its establishment in 1859 to the present date:—

HISTORICAL STATEMENT OF THE BRANTFORD Y. M. C. A.

The first Young Men's Christian Association of Brantford was organized at a meeting held in the basement of Zion Church, on Monday, the 19th of April, 1860. The following were the officers of the Association: President, Judge Jones; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. H. Cox, G. Foster, E. C. Passmore, and James Woods; Treasurer, Mr. T. S. Shenston; and Secretary, Mr. James T. Boyd. A room was rented in Mr. James Moore's building on the south side of Colborne-street to be used for their meetings and as a reading-room. A Sabbath-school was conducted by its members in West Brantford, and the work of tract distribution and cottage prayer-meetings was carried on. This association was kept up for about three years, when, owing to the removal of some of its active members, and other causes, it was for the time given up.



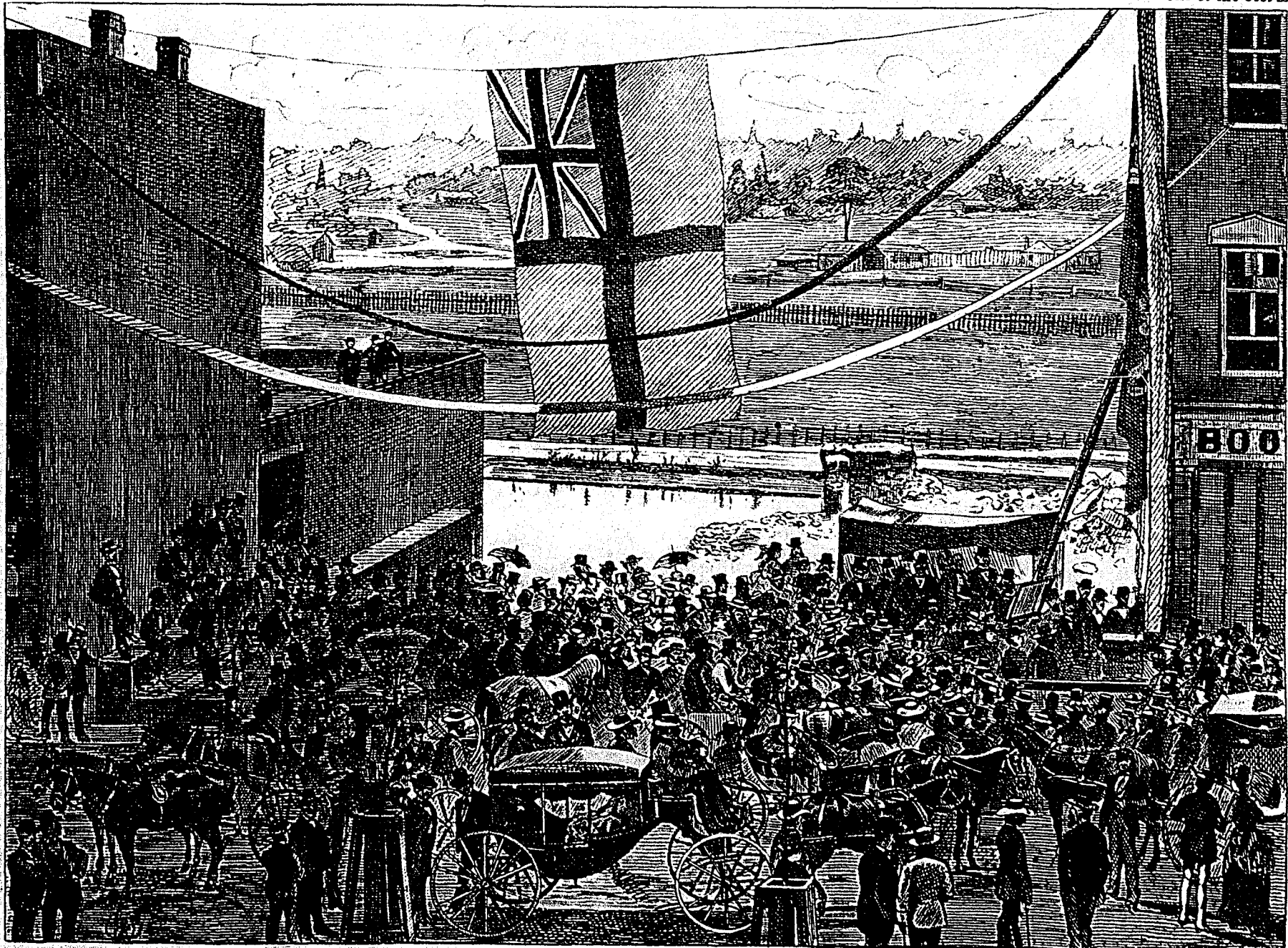
THE BRANTFORD, ONT., Y. M. C. A. NEW BUILDING.

At a meeting held in the Congregational Church in Nov., 1868, the subject of reorganizing the Association was discussed, and at an adjourned meeting held in Zion Church on the 16th Dec., it was formally organized, and a constitution and by-laws adopted.

A suitable room was engaged on Market-street, opposite the market, and at the first regular meeting held there on the 28th of December, the following officers were elected: President, Mr. G. R. Van Norman; Vice-President, Mr. George Foster; Secretary, B. W. Craig; Treasurer, C. B. Moore, and Librarian, S. Tapscott.

The regular meetings of the Association were held weekly during the winter months, and monthly during the summer; the exercises, in addition to the regular business, consisting of essays, debates, &c. During the winter months of each year a course of lectures was given under the auspices of the Association.

The reading-room was well supplied with the leading papers and magazines, and kept open from 8 a. m. to 9:30 p. m. At the first annual meeting held in Nov., 1869, Mr. Van Norman was re-elected President, holding that office for two years, when he resigned, and Mr. C. B. Moore was chosen. At the meeting in Nov., 1871, the Rev. G. H. Bridgman was elected; but being removed from the town in June, the duties again devolved on Mr. Moore, the first Vice-President, till the meeting in Nov., 1872, when he was succeeded by Mr. W. Wilkinson, who still holds office. In June, 1870, the first cottage prayer meetings in connection with the Association were organized, and a Sabbath afternoon prayer meeting held in the rooms. In Oct., 1872, the Association removed to its present rooms on the south side of Colborne-street, in Mr. Cockshutt's new block. During the year the reading-room, which had been nominally reserved for the use of the members and strangers visiting the town, was thrown open free to all. From this time the meetings of the Association were held weekly all the year around on Monday evening. Reunions, the entertainment of which consisted of readings, addresses, and music, were commenced. The temperance work was taken up, and meetings held in the ward school-houses and in the Town-hall. A Sabbath evening service was also held for the winter in the King's Ward school-house, conducted by the members. During the month of August, 1873, a young people's Sunday-evening service was commenced in the rooms; but as the attendance increased the Town-hall was kindly granted for the purpose. This still continues to be one of the best meetings



LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE BRANTFORD Y. M. C. A. NEW BUILDING.

of the Association. In the winter a preaching service on the Sunday evening was begun in the village of Newport, which is well attended. During August of last year our Association was visited by Mr. Wilkie, Secretary of the Toronto Association, and Mr. Morse, of the Executive Committee of the Association of the United States and Canada, who strongly urged the necessity of a general secretary for our work. The appeal for the necessary funds was promptly responded to by the friends of the Association, and Mr. W. P. Crombie, our present secretary, was engaged. The annual meeting in November, held in the Baptist Tabernacle, was a large and enthusiastic gathering. Towards the close it was announced that Mr. Cockshutt was willing to give \$2,000 towards a building fund, provided other \$4,000 could be raised. Other friends of the Association came forward with subscriptions, and before the close it was announced that \$7,000 had been subscribed. This amount was increased during the next few days to over \$12,000. The ladies of the town also kindly came to our assistance, and are raising funds by bazaar to furnish the building. A building committee, consisting of two members from each denomination, was appointed to select a suitable site, and go on with the work. After carefully examining a number of places, lot No. 23 on the south side of Colborne-street, opposite the market, was selected. Suitable plans having been procured, the work was commenced on the 18th of May. An act of incorporation was obtained for the Association on the first day of April, 1874. The corner-stone was laid by Ignatius Cockshutt, Esq., on the first day of July, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, in the year of our Lord 1874, in the 38th year of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria; His Excellency the Right Honourable the Earl of Dufferin, K. B., K. C. B., being Governor-General of Canada; the Hon. Alex. Mackenzie being Premier of the Dominion; Hon. John Crawford being Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and Hon. Oliver Mowat being Premier of Ontario; Wm. Paterson, Esq., being member of the House of Commons of Canada, and A. S. Hardy, Esq., being member of the House of Assembly for South Brant, and Wm. Mathews, Esq., being Mayor of the town of Brantford.

The large assemblage then joined in singing the hymn—
"Builder of mighty worlds on worlds."

Mr. Wilkinson then introduced the special work of the day in a few appropriate remarks. In spite of what men said about the worldliness of the age, the erection of the present building was evidence that men were not forgetful of the higher claims of religion. This building was intended for no sect, but for all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ. It was erected by the contributions of young and old—the widow's mite and the larger offering of the wealthier citizen had been alike generously offered. He called upon all present to have some part in the completion of the building. They were hopeful in their enterprise. It was God's work, and must succeed. Two years ago no one could have dreamt that such a building as this, or of such an interesting occasion as the present. In after-days many would look back with hallowed memories to the laying of this corner-stone. Mr. Wilkinson then called Mr. Cockshutt to the platform, and presented him with an elegant silver trowel, expressing the hope that many wealthy men like Mr. Cockshutt might disburse their means while living towards such good objects as the present. The trowel bore the following inscription:—

"Presented to
IGNATIUS COCKSHUTT, Esq.,
On the occasion of his Laying the Foundation
Stone of the Young Men's Christian
Association Buildings.
Brantford, July 1st, 1874."

Mr. I. Cockshutt then proceeded to lay the stone in the usual form, during which a photograph of the scene was taken by Messrs. Campbell & Smith. From this photograph our illustration is copied.

In the stone were deposited, in addition to the historical statement given above, lists of the officers and committees of the Y. M. C. A. for 1874, the names of the Building Committee, Architects, Superintendent of Works, County Judge and Officials, Ministers of the town, &c., and copies of the *Globe*, *Mail*, *Expositor*, *Courier*, *Brant Union*, *Montreal Witness*, and denominational papers, with the coins of the realm.

Speeches were then made by Messrs. Cockshutt, Wood, Cochrane, Mathews (Mayor of Brantford), Paterson, M. P., and Clark.—*Brantford Expositor*.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

We would call the attention of our readers to the large well-known and enterprising firm of Cleremont Daniels & Co., of Montreal, dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Fancy Goods, Hardware, &c., &c.

This firm sells direct to consumers such goods as are constantly used in families at from fifty to one hundred and fifty per cent cheaper than the same Goods can be bought for in the regular way, thus saving to consumers the profits of all middle men and retailers.

This firm imports and buys immense stocks of Goods, exclusively for cash, at the lowest possible figures, taking advantage of dull times, forced sales, discount, &c., &c., which cash buyers always enjoy over Wholesale Houses who buy and sell on time.

Their Goods are sold by Agents throughout the entire Dominion, who call at your houses with Samples, take your orders for such Goods you need in your families, which are sent to you by Express, collect on delivery and not to be paid for until you see and are satisfied with them. So if the Goods are not found as represented, you need not pay for them; in this way nothing could be fairer. Their Goods have been received by many who express themselves immensely satisfied with the Goods, and this forms a new and popular way of doing business.

List of Goods furnished by mail on application.

Agents wanted, male or female, in every Town, Village, or County, for the sale of their Goods.

PATE DE FOIE GRAS.

When the Prussians annexed Strasbourg they gained something more than a city of 80,000 inhabitants, a first-class cathedral, and that unique steeple-clock where a cock crows over the heads of twelve apostles, a skeleton, and a pagan divinity every day at noon. They acquired some 150,000 French geese, who every year waddled solemnly into the city through the seven castellated doors, and, like patriotic fowls as they were, offered up their livers on the altar of their country's greatness. It was no slight present. These livers, cased with Perigord truffle inside block tins or terra-cotta pots from Sarreguemines, were scattered over the wide world as *pates de foie gras*, causing the name of France to be blessed by all natives and foreigners who had a taste for good things. Nor can it be contended that Strasbourg derived less than half her fame from the sale of these pies. The French, who deal with history as it suits them, contend that the *pate de foie gras* was well known to the Romans, for that those sacred geese who were nourished in the Capitol, and who warned Manlius, were nothing but geese kept at high diet, like those of Strasbourg, that their livers might be enlarged. Without disputing that statement, one may say that it is only in very recent times that the process of preparing geese for the pie market has been brought to perfection. If the Roman augurs dealt in goose liver they must have had recourse to those barbarous iron coops wherein the bird was kept imprisoned all but his neck, which protruded through an aperture, and could not be withdrawn. A lively fire was kept up in the neighbourhood of the coops, and the goose got on as he could with three meals a day till the time arrived for killing him. But this system was discarded some thirty years ago because it was cruel—not to the goose, but to his owner, who generally saw four birds out of five die prematurely of exhaustion. Supposing we enter one of the most famous foie-gras factories in a retired street of Strasbourg, we shall see how these worn-out methods have been superseded by modern improvements. A cool yard greets us, and a bland Frenchman, who has become Germanized, like his geese, by the force of circumstances, points to some hundred feathered bipeds huddled together in a corner and hissing a chorus with despairing energy. In former days they would have been singing "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," but now it is evident they are indulging in a dirge over the customs duties which they will be obliged to pay before being allowed to reach the breakfast-tables of their own people. Their proprietor explains that they are all nine months old, and have cost him, lean as they are, about two francs; fifty centimes apiece; he then makes a sign to half a dozen bare-armed girls, who speak no French, and, amid considerable commotion and protest from the remaining ninety-four, six geese are collared and marched away to a cellar half underground, where wide and sloping stone tables are arranged in tiers so far as the eye can see. In the murky light thrown in by some twenty air-holes one can at first distinguish nothing; but by and by it becomes apparent that hundreds of geese are already lying strapped on their backs on the upper tiers, and gasping hysteric things—probably words of love and encouragement—to one another. Our business being for the moment at the lower tables, the six girls take each their goose, lay him gently but firmly on the stone, so that his tail just projects over the ledge, and then tie down his wings, body, and legs tight with plaited whipcord, the legs and wings being well spread out to paralyze anything like vigorous gymnastics. The bird's neck is left free, and it seems that during the first three days he makes a violent use of it; but towards the fourth day he arrives at the consciousness that by struggling and croaking he does nothing to amend his lot, and from that time he may be trusted to lie still for the next seven weeks, that is, till the hour of release and killing. Without pausing to see all tied down, we may go on at once to the upper tiers, where the birds who have been lying for three, five, or six weeks respectively are taking their ease and waiting to be fed by half a dozen other Alsatian girls laden with large wooden bowls. Each of these bowls is filled with a thick white paste, made of parboiled maize, chestnuts, and buckwheat, most nourishing; and the mode of administering the dinner is: for the girl to catch the goose by the neck, open his bill with a little squeeze, and then ram three or four balls of the paste down his throat with her middle finger. The goose having been thus refreshed resumes his slanting position and digests till the next time for feeding, which arrives about two hours after, the meals being about six a day. But now we have done with the women, for a pensive man—a connoisseur of the obesity of geese—breaks upon the scene, climbs upon the topmost tier of all, and proceeds to examine the birds who may be "ripe." He has an eye as judicious as that of a gardener inspecting melons; and his is the responsible task of pronouncing what birds should die of natural death within twenty-four hours, if not despatched beforehand. If a goose dies of natural death he is good for nothing. He must be unstrapped and executed at the precise psychological moment when nature is growing tired of supporting him, and the knack of detecting that moment can only come of long practice, and fetches the possessor wages as large as those of a diamond valuer. Our pensive functionary has not been a minute on the table before he certifies four geese ready for the slaughter. All four of them have stomachs of the size of pumpkins, and from what one can gather of their broken remarks it is a sincere relief to these when a couple of male acolytes climb up, loose their bonds, and bear them out of the cellar to a pent-house across the yard, full of knives and chopping blocks. A click with the chopper on the neck of each, a rip with the knife, and in less than five minutes after their transfer the carcasses of the four victims are lying in a heap, while their livers are being conveyed with all respect and care to the truffling-house. The carcasses, shivered out of all knowledge, are sold for about eightpence apiece to peasants, who make soup of them; the livers are first cleaned, then put to scale, and our four geese are declared grand birds all of them, for their livers weigh from two and a half to three pounds each. The next step is to take each liver and to lard it with truffles in the proportion of one half-pound of truffles to one pound of liver, and then to an ice-house, where it remains on a marble slab for a week that the truffle perfume may thoroughly permeate it. At the end of a week each liver, being removed, is cut into the size required for the pot which it is to fill, and introduced into that pot between two thin layers of mincemeat made of the finest veal and bacon fat, both truffled like the liver itself; and one inch's depth of the whitish lard is then spread over the whole, that none of the savour may escape in baking. The baking takes about five hours, and absorbs all the energies of four intelligent French-

men in white, who relay each other, to see that the fire never blazes too high or sinks too low. When the cooking is over nothing remains but to pack the dainty either in tin or earth or wool, according as it may be needed for home or foreign consumption, and to ship it to the four points of the compass. A question may here arise as to how many geese die naturally before the above processes can be carried out to a happy end; but it is a pleasing fact that few geese die, and those only ill-regulated birds, who had unsound constitutions or no ambition for higher destinies. It is on record, however, that a member of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals once arrived in Strasbourg armed with the Larocheffoucauld law, and endeavoured to cope with the pie factors, but he was worsted; and there are strong reasons for suspecting that he was a Socialist.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Twenty-one new operas have been produced in Italy during the present year.

The French Minister of Public Instruction has officially subscribed for twenty copies of a new French edition of the "Messiah."

The Sicilian Exhibition Commissioners have resolved to request Signor Verdi to compose a hymn to be sung at the opening of the Exhibition in 1875.

Mr. Swinburne's tragedy of "Bothwell" is being prepared for stage representation by Mr. John Oxenford. We are not aware as yet on what boards it will be given.—*Athenaeum*.

Mr. George Rignold is going to America, having accepted an eight months' engagement with Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer, and will make his *début* in "Henry the Fifth."

London is to be the third town in which Verdi's new Requiem is to be heard. Mr. Gye, we understand, will produce the work at Covent Garden at the close of the season, with Mdme. Vilda, Mdle. d'Angeri, and Signor Marini as soloists.

Mdme. Otto-Alvsleben has left London, and returned to Dresden. She is expected to revisit that country in October, and is, we understand, engaged for the Leeds festival.

The *Musical Standard* states that Verdi is desirous of having his Manzoni Requiem performed in England, and has been in London with that object in view. It is reported that he was at the Handel Festival, *incognito*.

Signor Brognoli, the tenor, who recently had so much success in Paris, and who is a great favourite in America, has been engaged by Mr. Mapleson for the autumn campaign of his company.

It is reported that Prince George of Prussia, under the nom de plume of G. Conrad, has written a drama, which is being published by Messrs. Otto Gulker & Co., at Berlin, and will bear the title, "Elfrida von Monte Salerno."

The engagement of Mdme. Nilsson in Russia has been signed for two months instead of four. She will sing at St. Petersburg and Moscow from October the 20th to December the 20th, and immediately after will go to Paris. Mdme. Nilsson is to receive 112,000 francs in gold for sixteen performances.

The crystal flute which Napoleon I. gave, in 1811, to the celebrated flutist, Drouet, the author, according to M. Pougin, of "Partant pour la Syrie," has been placed in the museum of the Musikverein at Vienna.

Signora Maddalena Croff, a pianist of great talent at Milan, has met with her death through burning; the lamp, which was placed on the piano-forte during her performance, was overturned, and her dress set fire to.

Some time since a play was produced, which, although a complete *fiasco* on the first night, proved a great success at subsequent performances. Being asked to what he attributed the hostility of the public on the first night, the author replied—"Goodness gracious, it was the simplest thing in the world! That evening all my friends were there."

A new biography of Franz Schubert, the composer, has been published at Berlin by Herr Reissman. It is stated to contain many interesting reminiscences of the great musician, furnished by some of his friends who are still living.

A Paris correspondent, writing of the production of Louis Leroy's "La Chute," says: "The toilets worn by the actresses were superb, particularly those of Mlle. Angelo. In the first act she appeared in a dress of pale blue silk, with mediæval tunic of flame colour trimmed with pale blue, and an open corsage. A bow of fine old Venetian guipure in front of the corsage and a Rubens hat trimmed with blue feathers and tresses completed the costume. Her second dress was a skirt of plaited corn-coloured silk with an over-dress of cream-coloured Indian foulard, trimmed with bands of brown velvet, studded with gold wheat-ears. Her hat was of rice-straw, shaded with white feathers. Her ball-dress in the third act was of rose-coloured silk, with tablier front of pearl white silk, and a tunic of rose tulle, looped with many-coloured peonies. Mme. Fromentin, in the same scene, wore a white silk ball-dress, trimmed with crape lisse and with wreaths of gardenias and forget-me-nots."

From the Continent we have the following items of theatrical and musical gossip: Messrs. Meilhac and Halévy will shortly produce a comedy, the principal character in which—viz. La Veuve—was originally intended for the late Mdle. Desclée. M. Ravel will also play an important character in the same piece. Mdle. Blanche d'Antigny, an actress well known in Paris and London for her performances in operabouffe, has died in her thirtieth year. The death is also reported of M. Daveane, the régisseur of the Comédie Française. At Strasburg, for the first time since 1870, the Prussian authorities have permitted the performance of French plays. "La Fille de Madame Angot" was lately performed amid great applause. M. Wagner's theatre at Bayreuth will be opened in March, 1876. The King of Bavaria has given the 260,000 thalers which were required to complete the expenses. The theatre will contain 3,400 spectators only, and not 5,000 as originally named. A celebration festival in honour of Donizetti and Simon Mayr will be held at Bergamo on the 25th of September. The Singakademie at Berlin will shortly produce a new oratorio by Herr Blumner, entitled "The Fall of Jerusalem." There is to be a grand musical festival in Munich this month, and, if the German papers are correctly informed, 6,000 singers will take part in it. Wagner's "Tristram and Isolde" has been given with great success at Weimar.

BALLAD.

Why is it so with me, false Love,
Why is it so with me?
Mine enemies might thus have dealt;
I fear'd it not of thee.

Thou wast the thought of all my thoughts,
Nor other hope had I:
My life was laid upon thy love;
Then how could'st let me die?

The flower is loyal to the bud,
The greenwood to the spring,
The soldier to his banner bright,
The noble to his king;

The bee is constant to the hive,
The ringdove to the tree,
The martin to the cottage-eaves;
Thou only not to me.

Yet if again, false Love, thy feet
To tread the pathway burn
That once they trod so well and oft,
Return, false Love, return;

And stand beside thy maiden's bier,
And thou wilt surely see,
That I have been as true to love
As thou wert false to me.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

FOR EVERYBODY.

The "Times" Sold.

Even the most careful editors are sometimes "sold" by designing scamps. The London *Times* the other day published a letter written by a Mr. Whitehead, giving some very interesting particulars about the Jesuits and Jesuit missions in New Caledonia and the other islands of the Pacific, with a telling description of how the natives and the European inhabitants of these islands hated these Jesuits. But the *Times* had to publish a letter from a Jesuit priest saying that the real fact is "that there is not one single Jesuit mission in any of the Pacific islands." One may be sure that after this the *Times* will never forgive Mr. Whitehead. It never does forgive any one who plays a trick of this kind upon it.

A Chinese Bride.

"A true and veracious history" of a Chinese bride. The bearers of the sedan-chair were conveying her to her husband's home. They noticed as they passed through a graveyard that their burden seemed heavier, but attributed it to fatigue. But what was the dismay on reaching the bridegroom's house to find within the sedan-chair two brides exactly alike! Which was which was the question, and confusion reigned. The about-to-be mother-in-law investigated; but to no purpose; she "never knew that girl was twins before." The original bride had been proficient in spinning. So the duplicates were separated, and set to spinning as a test. But alas! both accomplished the same amount in the same time, and equally well. The bridegroom is in despair, and has departed from Yokohama to California, and the parents are still trying to find out "which is which."

A Dainty Barber.

Speaking of extraordinary personages in New York, a correspondent says: "One of the most eccentric of this class is a barber on a down-town street. He has occupied the same little den for half a century. No barn is plainer than his hair-dressing shop, for he does not dignify it by the name of saloon. Its sanded floor and common furniture would ruin any up-town hair-dresser. All the bucks and the millionaires of the street patronize him. He is a well-educated man, and has written acceptable things for the newspapers. He is lordly, aristocratic, and imperious. He seldom spends less than an hour on any man's head with which he deigns to meddle. No aristocratic mother with her first babe handles the child more tenderly than does our barber his customer's. No pulling, no jerking, no scraping; sending the nose this way, and sending it that, so common with ordinary hair-dressers, but everything is dainty, delicate, aristocratic. His touch is tenderness and his whole air patronizing. Nobody gets out of the shop for less than a dollar, and any extra touches run the bill up to two dollars. Nor is the artist obliged to you for your custom. You are the obliged person and he makes you feel it. During the fifty years he has been in this little shop he has amassed three fortunes and lost them all in speculation. He is now on his way to his fourth fortune. He is an original character and is worth looking at. He was an intense copperhead during the war, and had many a row with his customers, whom he threatened to pitch down stairs for being loyal to the old flag."

A Cromwell Statue.

A statue of Cromwell is about to be erected at Manchester, England. The likeness of the uncrowned king is the result of the sculptor's study of the well-known mask, Lord de Grey's miniature, and the bust at the Reform Club, and is strikingly life-like and characteristic. Cromwell is dressed in a sleeveless buff coat, jack boots, and leather gloves, his arms and legs being protected by chain mail, and his chest by a steel breastplate. His head is bare, and his hair blown slightly backward by the wind. With his right hand resting firmly on his sword, and his left stretched out in a downward direction, he appears to be surveying the movements in the plain below and issuing a command. The attitude and expression are intensely energetic, without, however, in the slightest degree overstepping the limitations of sculpture. It is the representation of the hero in a heroic mood, and is equally satisfactory in conception and execution. There can be no doubt that both from an artistic and historic point of view Mrs. Alderman Heywood's well-considered gift will be highly prized by the inhabitants of Manchester.

The Khedive And Edmond About.

Speaking of Edmond About, a writer in the *Galaxy* says: "The success of 'Contemporary Greece' was so great that its author, in search of similar work, bent his steps towards Egypt. It offered much the same field as Greece—inferior government and many abuses, an ancient people in decadence—and there would probably have been an effectual shaking up of the Nile country had the historical critic been suffered to enter it as a private individual. But 'Contemporary Egypt' was never written, or if a few incipient notes were made therefor they were never used. The Khedive saw the man coming who had knocked down Greek stocks with his pen, and way-laid him as soon as he put foot in Egypt, and treated him like a prince royal, placing horses, camels, boats, and palaces at his disposition, or rather thrusting them upon him. Egypt has never forgotten how to do honour to the man of the West from the time of Cleopatra down. Oriental courtesy and cordiality on all sides of him, and especially from the Khedive. There was no resisting such an attack, and About threw down his pen in despair. Thus, under pain of ingratitude, he could not tell what he saw and thought, so he drew his *burnous* about him and resigned himself to the reveries of lotus land, which afterward bore fruit in a novel called 'The Fellah,' containing all that About ever told the world about Egypt."

"Stars" On The Sea.

A correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, writing of the actors who sojourn at Long Branch, says: "Edward Adams breakfasts in his Hamlet dress, cuts up his steaks with a dagger, and drinks out of a correct imitation of Yorick's skull. He plays billiards in the same dress, never forgetting his cue. He is said to be able to dig more potatoes in a day than any man at the Branch. In this pursuit he always dresses as Enoch Arden. When he drives it is as Coriolanus in a Roman chariot, but when he is on horseback look out for him. He is then in full plate armour, and with lance in rest charges furiously upon all horsemen and carriages. His house is flanked by a tall tower, in the cellar of which is the gloomiest of dungeons. Into this black and horrid abyss he plunges his male captives, after stripping them of their money and United States bonds. His lady captives he treats with the utmost politeness and dances dusty minuets with them in the highways. He has grown rich by 'these his practices.' Chanfrau and his brother are always dressed in red shirts and firemen's helmets. They beat each other over the head with spanners, and enjoy life in a rational way. Booth, when he lived here, dressed in plum-coloured tights, and destroyed quite a number of fine trees by carving on them, in fat letters, the unheard-of name of Ro-alind. Perhaps it was the name of his cook. Manager Henderson and his wife commence an overture on the piano at half-past seven, and the big barn doors are thrown open at eight precisely. The performance is short, the gas being turned out at nine o'clock, and in five minutes after that time the manager is tucked away in his little bed."

A Statue For The American Centennial.

Anne Brewster, writing from Rome to the Boston *Advertiser*, says of Miss Hosmer's statue: "Last year the Executive Committee of the women's branch of the Centennial Commission sent through me, their chairwoman for Italy, an invitation to Miss Hosmer to make a statue for the woman's department of the exposition of 1876. Miss Hosmer responded most generously and heartily to this request. She instantly put aside two important works on which she had been engaged for some time, which were very near completion, and set about her present work. The statue intended for the Centennial is the 'African Sibyl' foreshadowing the freedom of her race.' She is seated in a bold Michel Angelesque pose, and holds a tablet on which has just been written those celebrated words of President Lincoln:

If slavery is not wrong, then nothing is wrong.
The Sybil is looking up. There is a fine lift to the head; the head-dress is the ancient one with elephants' tusks. About the great torso is a tiger's skin. Rising up from the earth is a little negro child with manacled baby wrists; its little hands grasp the Sybil's foot. This child seems to typify the race now in its infancy first catching the great word of liberty. The legends of all nations tell us of a great mysterious race produced by the union of angels with the daughters of men. These are the giants and sibyls of the art domain. To this race belongs Miss Hosmer's Sibyl. So grand and marked are the powerful proportions that they almost cease to be feminine. It is not grace nor beauty which this statue expresses; it is a mighty national emotion put into a grandiose form."

Patience The Path To Success.

A writer has the following from the lips of the great Pasta: "The voice," said she, "is secondary to the way in which it is used. I had not a good voice at all. It was one of great compass, but thick (*veluta*) and not at all flexible, and I had great difficulty to keep it in tune. I was not successful for many years. I overcame all my difficulties by hard study. Perseverance did wonders for me; it will for any one who determines to battle all obstacles and conquer them. I had no natural shake or trill, and as the music of forty years ago was very elaborate and full of shakes, this was a great drawback to me. For five years I struggled to obtain the much-desired power of trilling. One day it came to me as by inspiration. I could shake it perfectly. I did not say a word about my victory to any one, being determined to exhibit it for the first time before the public. I was then at Bergamo, and acting in 'Niobe,' an opera containing an aria which suited my voice perfectly in every respect, but which I had been hitherto obliged to omit in part, as a long trill obligato opens the quick movement or cabaleta. I did not venture even to admit the orchestra to the knowledge of my secret. I simply told the conductor to suspend the instruments at the passage in question, as I was going to introduce a long cadenza. That evening when I came to the passage in question I stood in the middle of the stage and commenced a shake in a low key, gradually increasing it in power, and finally diminishing and ending it in a cadenza which linked it to the aria with perfect ease. The orchestra and the public were so surprised that for a second or two there was a dead silence in the theatre, and then the musicians laid down their instruments and applauded me to the echo. It was one of the proudest nights of my life."

The Daughters Of Pocahontas And Minnehaha.

Major Powell writes in his forthcoming book: "The life of an Indian maiden is blithe and merry for a few years, but when

she becomes a wife she is soon broken down with the pains of motherhood and the heavy labours which fall to her lot, and she soon becomes wrinkled, garrulous, cross, scolding, in fact an old hag. Of course such hags are not pleasant company in camp, and in the belief of the Numa such old hags grow uglier and meaner until they dry up and whirlwinds carry them away, when they are transformed into witches; and lest such a fate should befall old women, they are taught that it is their duty to die when they are no longer needed, and if they do not die by natural means in reasonable time, they must commit suicide. This they seem very willing to do rather than to meet that terrible fate of being compelled to live in snake skins, and wriggle about among the rocks, their only delight being to repeat the words of passers-by in mockery. I once saw three old women thus voluntarily starving themselves. I rode up to what was almost a deserted camp, the three old women only remaining, sitting by the fire and intently gazing into the embers. They seemed to heed not my approach, but sat there mumbling and groaning until they rose, each dragging up her weight with a staff, and then they joined in a sidewise, shuffling, tottering, senile dance around the fire, propped up by their staves, and singing a doleful song; having finished which they sat again on their heels and gazed into the fire, and I rode away. On coming to the new camp of the tribe the next day and inquiring of Chul-at-an-um-eak, their chief, why these women were left behind and what they were doing, I was informed that they had determined to commit suicide, fearing lest they should be transformed into witches."

George Sand.

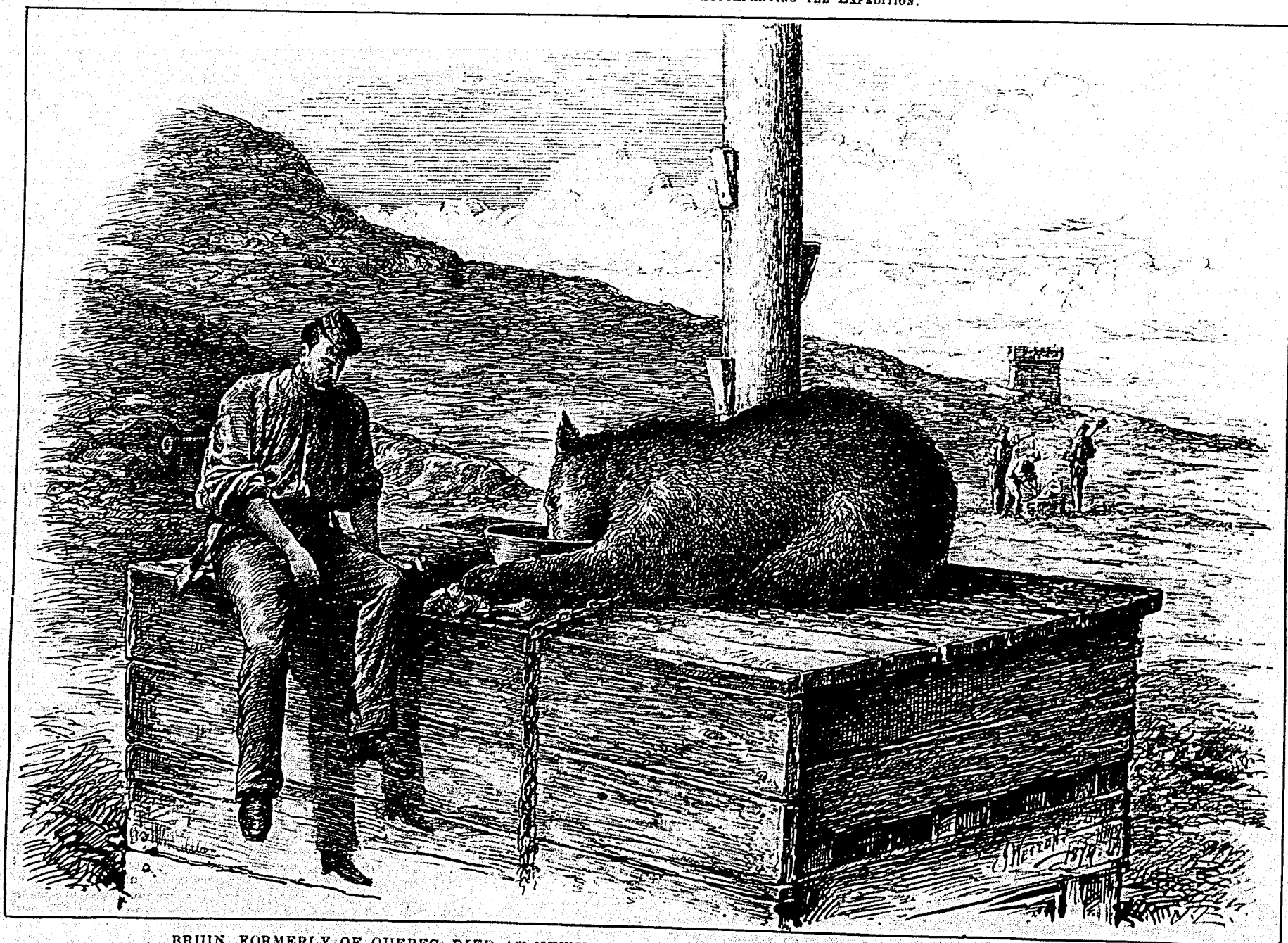
A Paris correspondent of a Chicago paper writes: "George Sand's pen-earnings have been enormous. They are estimated at over three millions of francs (\$800,000), and I have heard them put as high as five millions of francs. She has received from fifty to one hundred thousand francs for a single romance, and during the past twenty years she has been in a position to name her own price. Since 1845 she has written a number of pastoral stories of exquisite simplicity and naturalness, and these are read by maidens here who would not be permitted to look at 'Lella,' 'Jacques,' or 'Spridon.' Her mode of composition is so very rapid that it is little less than improvisation on paper. She used to write all night, when, everything being still, she fancied she was in the best mood. Recently, however, she has surrendered her lucubrations, preparing her manuscript in the five or six hours preceding noon. Her range is extraordinary, and her acquisitions such as few men have attained. She is familiar with the ancient classics, speaks German, Italian, Spanish, and English, after a limping fashion. Science, theology, history, philosophy, and the best of literature of modern nations are at her command. She has read, though she does not like, the German metaphysicians, whom she accuses of premeditated mistiness; believing that the best philosophy has been embodied in the volumes of Descartes, Voltaire, Rousseau, St. Simons, and others that are purely French. In her youth, and, indeed, to middle age, she is said to have been remarkably handsome. Now seventy, she reveals few traces of past beauty, having grown quite stout, like most continental women in advanced life. Her splendid conversational powers and her illuminated face, when really interested, would, however, prevent any one from thinking of her person. She shows something of her Polish blood by her vivacity, restlessness, and the fervour with which she enters into every new project. I have been told that she has been quite ill recently, though her health, notwithstanding her age, is generally vigorous, which she owes, partially at least, to her fondness for the country and her equestrian habits. The idea that she is masculine, which has been quite prevalent, is entirely gratuitous. As ordinarily considered, she may be masculine in intellect; but she is entirely feminine by temperament and disposition, as is obvious from the emotional involutions occupying nearly thirty years of her shining career."

Dickens And The Actress.

A London correspondent of the *Arcadian* writes: "In the last American papers which have come to hand I see that Wilkie Collins's drama of 'The Frozen Deep' has been performed in Boston. You are perhaps aware that Collins has recently been engaged in turning this play into a novel. 'The Frozen Deep' awakens many sad reflections in my mind, as that piece was indirectly the means of bringing about much of Dickens's domestic unhappiness. The whole story of his separation from his wife has never yet been properly told, and in all probability never will be, as his widow is resolved to maintain the silence she has so long kept. But it is generally known that the family is dissatisfied with Foster's book. Your readers may have heard of the grand amateur performances given in 1859 at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in aid of the Douglas Jerrold Fund. Dickens, Collins, Shirley Brooks, Mark Lemon, and many other celebrated writers took parts. The ladies' characters were interpreted by professional actresses. Among these was Miss Ellen Ternan. She was then a fresh, pleasant-looking girl, not especially pretty, but possessing a good figure and an extremely agreeable manner. If ever the German poet's doctrine of elective affinities was proved to be true it was when Dickens and Miss Ternan met. It was evident to nearly all of us that the two were mutually infatuated. Dickens was constantly at her side, though his manner was carefully guarded. Mrs. Dickens was with the party, but she did not appear to notice the intimacy. Very soon after these performances Miss Ternan, at Dickens's wish, left the stage. His affection for her was said to have been purely platonic, and I have never met any one who was disposed to dispute this belief. But nevertheless it was this intimacy which was the final cause of the rupture between Dickens and his wife. For many years prior to 1859 their mutual relations had been anything but happy, although I do not think that Mrs. Dickens had previously had any well-grounded cause for jealousy. A short time after the party returned from Manchester, Mrs. Dickens went into a fashionable jeweller's at the West End, where she was in the habit of dealing, and was asked by one of the firm, who knew her well, how she liked her new bracelet. She said that she did not understand him, as she had not received any such article. The gentleman then explained that it was one Mr. Dickens had ordered for his wife, with a likeness and some hair in. This of course opened Mrs. Dickens's eyes, and a separation speedily followed. Since that time Mrs. Dickens has lived very quietly in a pretty little house near the Regent's Park, where her children, whose respect and affection she has always enjoyed, have ever been frequent visitors."



HALT OF THE N. W. MOUNTED POLICE AT THE FOOT OF THE PEMBINA MOUNTAINS.
 FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE EXPEDITION.



BRUIN, FORMERLY OF QUEBEC, DIED AT NEWHAVEN, SUSSEX, ENG., JUNE 7, 1874, UNIVERSALLY REGRETTED.

THE S. E. T. AND KENNEBEC RAILWAY.
BEC RR.

On Thursday the 2nd ult., the Sherbrooke Eastern Townships & Kennebec Railway was inaugurated with the customary ceremonies attendant on laying the first rail and driving the first spike. This road runs from the active and ambitious town of Sherbrooke where the inauguration took place, in a north easterly direction towards Quebec. It will open up a large extent of fertile country, and is destined one day to become a great highway of travel and traffic between the New England States and the Lower St. Lawrence.

The programme began at 4 p.m. with an address from the Vice-President of the road, R. D. Morkill, Esq., Mayor of Sherbrooke, expressive of the pleasure of the Directors at the success with which the work had been pushed, and of their hope that its first section of 37 miles would soon be open. Hon. Mr. Justice Doherty, at the Vice-President's invitation, drove the first spike amid the cheers of the bystanders. Hon. Edward Hale, M.L.C., E. T. Brooks, M. P., Lieut.-Col. King and the Vice-President each drove a spike, and a bottle of champagne was broken on the rail in good old style.

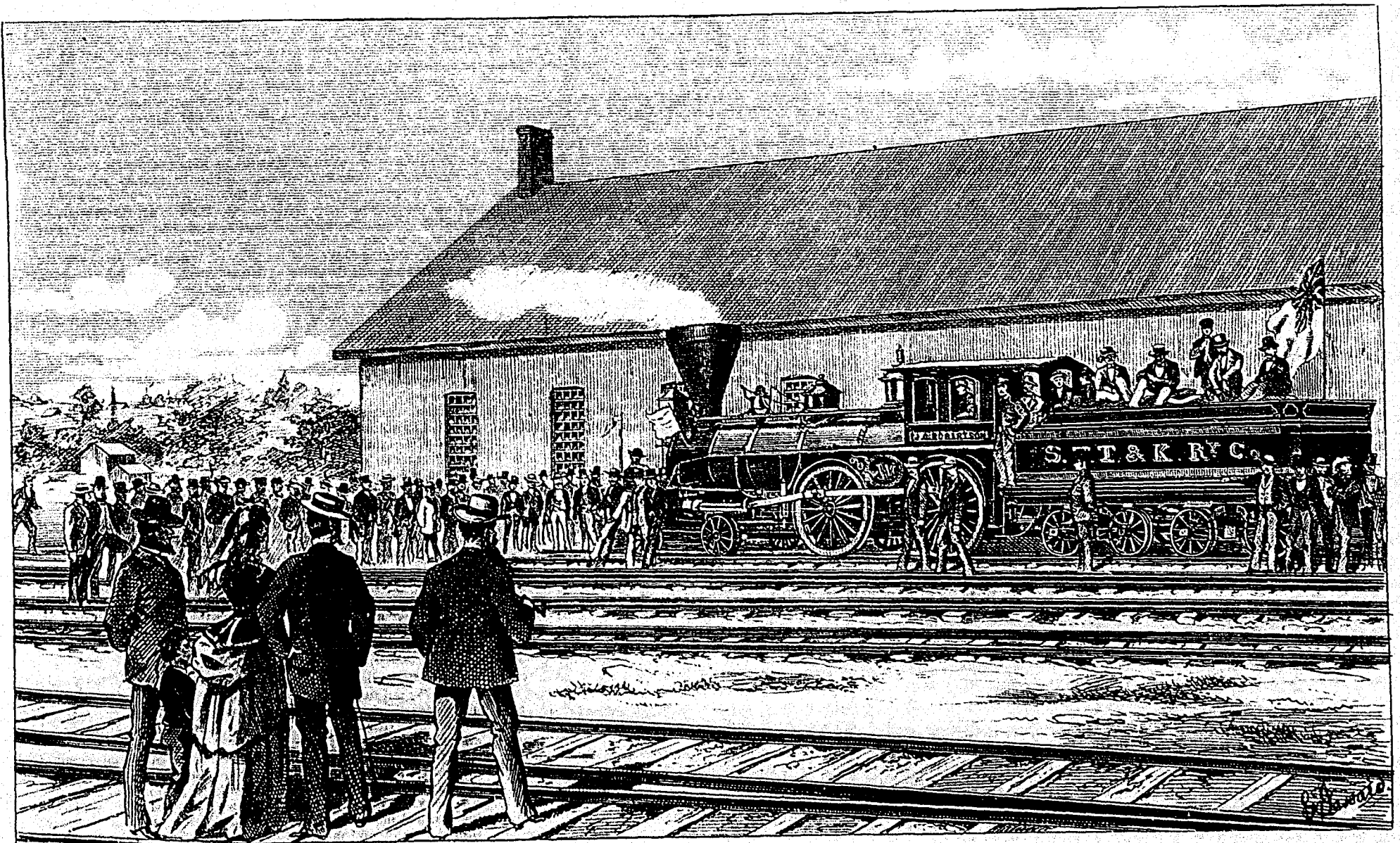
His Honour Mr. Justice Doherty being called upon for an address, said that he was much pleased with this his first experience of actual, physical railroad-marking. He was happy to find his lot cast amid a community alive with the spirit of enterprise and progress. The public would reap a plentiful harvest from every great enterprise of this nature and the company had his heartiest wishes for their success. Hon. Mr. Hale alluded to the great change in the appearance of the country during the last 40 years, and to the zeal and energy shown by the promoters of



THE HON. J. G. ROBERTSON, PRESIDENT OF THE S. E. T. & K. RR.

this road. They should not be content with their first success, but go on until they had driven the last spike by the shores of the St. Lawrence. Hon. E. T. Brooks, Esq., M. P., said he had long since become a believer in the future of the railroad. The S. E. T. & K. Railway was but one in the projected network of railroads that would one day make Sherbrooke the great manufacturing and commercial centre of the Eastern Townships. These speeches were received with loud cheers.

The new engine, the "J. G. Robertson," named after the Hon. Treasurer of Quebec and President of the road, was then run on a trial trip over the rails of the Grand Trunk between Sherbrooke and Lennoxville, a distance of three miles. A company of about eighty guests, availed themselves of the invitation to make this trip. On their return, they sat down to a n impromptu champagne lunch at the Sherbrooke House, to which they had been invited by its hospitable proprietor Mr. W. Chamberlin. Mr. Brooks, taking the chair proposed the toast of "the Directors," coupling with it the name of Mr. Morkill, the Vice-Pres., who replied, in suitable terms, and gave in reply "the President," Hon. J. G. C. Robertson, which was received with loud cheers. To the toast of "the contractors," Mr. James Woodward replied and stated that the road would be completed to Weedon by autumn. "The Bar," called forth a happy response from W. Felton, Esq., Q.C. "The Press" as the Fourth Estate, was not forgotten, and suitable replies were made by Mr. Belanger, of *Le Pionnier*, and Mr. J. Calder, for the *Sherbrooke Gazette*. The health of Mr. Chamberlin, the lord of the feast," was drunk with enthusiasm. Lieut.-Col. King, Mr. J. A. Camirand and Mr. F. Boven favoured the company with songs. At 6:30 p.m. the proceedings closed with the usual loyal demonstrations.



OPENING OF THE SOUTH EASTERN TOWNSHIPS & KENNEBEC RR. AT SHERBROOKE, JULY 2.

THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

CHAPTER I.

Old Tony Spence kept a second-hand book-shop at the corner of a back street in the busy town of Smokeford; a brown dinky little place with dusty windows, through which the light came feebly and yellowly. From the door one could peer down the narrow interior, with its booklined walls and strip of counter, to the twinkling fire at the far end, where the old fellow sat in his arm-chair, poring over ancient editions, and making acquaintance with the latest acquisitions to his stock. He was a dreamy-looking old man, with a parchment-like face and a snuff-coloured coat, and seemed made of the same stuff as the books among which he lived, with their dusty-brown covers, and pages yellowed by time. He had been a school-master in his youth, and had wandered a good deal about the world; and picked up odds and ends of a queer kind of knowledge. Of late years he had developed a literary turn, and now and again gave forth to his generation a book full of quaint conceits, a sort of mosaic fragment of some of the scraps of knowledge and observation stored up in his brain, which was as full of incongruous images as a curiosity shop. In the morning he used to turn out of his shuttered dwelling about six, when there was light, and go roving out of the town to the downs beyond it, where he would stroll along with his hands behind his back and his head thrown upward, musing over many things he found puzzling, and some that he found delightful in the world.

His house consisted of four chambers, and a kitchen above a ladder-like stair, which led up out of the bookshelves; and his family of an ancient housekeeper, a large tom-cat, and his daughter Hetty, soon to be increased by the addition of a young girl, the child of his dead sister, to whom he had promised to give a shelter for a time. Hetty was often both hands and eyes to him, and wrote down oddities at his dictation when the evening candles burned too faintly, or his spectacles had got dim—oddities whose flavour was not seldom sharpened or sweetened by the sentiment or wit of the amanuensis.

"That's not mine, Hetty; that's your own!" the old man would cry.

"Only to try how it would go, father."

"Tis good, my little girl; go on."

And thus in scribbling on rusty foolscap, and poring into dusty volumes, tending a small roof-garden, and sketching fancies in the chimney-corner, Hetty had grown to be a woman almost without knowing it.

She possessed her father's good sense, with more imagination than was ever owned by the book-seller. She saw pictures with closed eyes, and wove her thoughts in a sort of poetry which never got written down, giving audience to strange assemblages in her dingy chamber, where a faded curtain of tawny damask did duty for arras, and some rich dark woodcuts pasted on the brown walls stood for gems of the old masters in her eyes. Lying on her bed with hands folded and eyes wide open, she first decorated then peopled her room, while the moonshine glimmered across the shadows that hung from roof and beam. Sleep always surprised her in fantastic company, and with gorgeous surroundings, but waking found her contented with her realities. She was out of her window early, tending the flowers which flourished wonderfully between sloping roofs, in a nook where the chimneys luckily stood aside, as if to let the sun in across many obstacles upon the garden.

One summer morning she was admiring the crimson and yellow of a fine tulip which had just opened, when a young man appeared, threading his way out of a distance of house-top, stepping carefully along the leads as he approached Hetty's flower-beds, and smiling to see her kneeling on the tiles of a sloping roof and clinging to a chimney for support. He carried in his hands a piece of half-sculptured wood and an instrument for carving. Hetty, looking up, greeted him with a happy smile, and he sat on the roof beside her, and praised the tulips and chipped his wood, while the sun rose right above the chimneys, and gilded the red-tiled roofs and flamed through the wreaths of smoke that went silently curling up to heaven above their heads, like the incense of morning prayer out of the dwellings.

"I have got a pretty idea for your carving," said Hetty, still gazing into the flower as if she saw her fancy there. "I dreamed last night of a beautiful face, half wrapped up in lilies, like a vision of Undine. I shall sketch it for you this evening, and you will see what you can make of it."

"What a useful wife you will be!" said the young man. "If I do not become a skilful artist it need not be for want of help. Even your dreams you turn to account for me."

"They are not dreams," said Hetty, merrily. "They are adventures. A broomstick arrives for me at the window here at night, and I am travelling round the world on it when you are asleep. I visit very queer places, and see things that I could not describe to you. But I take care to pick up anything that seems likely to be of use."

Hetty stood up and leaned back laughingly against the red-brick chimney, with the morning sunshine falling all round her. She was not very handsome, but looked now quite beautiful, with her smiling grey eyes and spiritual forehead, and the dimples all a quiver in her soft pale cheeks. She had not yet bound up her dark hair for the day, and it lay like a rich mantle over her head and shoulders.

"I want to talk to you about something, Hetty. I have made up my mind to go abroad, and see the carvings in the churches; and we might live awhile in the Tyrol, and learn something there."

"Oh, Anthony!" the girl clasped her hands softly together, and gazed at her lover. "Is it possible we could have been born for such a good fortune?"

Anthony was a young man who had come to the town without friends to learn furniture-making, and developing a taste for carving in wood, had turned his attention to that, instead of to the coarser part of the business. His love of reading had led him to make acquaintance with the old book-man and his daughter. Evening after evening he had passed poring over Tony Spence's stores, and growing to look on the book-lined chimney corner as his home. He and Hetty had been plighted since Christmas, and it was now June.

That evening, when the evening meal was spread in the sitting-room above the shops, Anthony came up the ladder out of the book-shelves, just as Hetty appeared at another door carrying a dish of pancakes. The old man was in his chair by

the fire, his spectacles off duty thrust up into his hair, gazing between the bars, ruminating over something that Hetty had told him.

"So," he said, looking up from under his shaggy brows, as Anthony sat down before him at the fire. "So you want to be off to travel! It's coming true what I told you the day you asked me for Hetty. I said you were a rover, didn't I?"

"Yes," said Anthony smiling and tossing back his hair, "but you meant a different kind of a rover. I have not moved from Hetty. I shall not move a mile without Hetty. And you too, sir, you must come with us."

Old Spence lay back in his chair, and peered through half-closed eyes at the speaker. Anthony had a bright keen face, with rapidly changing expressions, spoke quickly and decidedly, with a charm in his pleasant voice, and had a general look of skilfulness and cleverness about him. There was not to be seen in his eyes that patient dreamy light which is shed from the soul of the artist; but that was in Hetty's eyes, and would be supplied to him now and evermore to make him really a poet in his craft. Hetty's fancies were to be woven into his carvings that he might be famous.

"I don't know about breaking up and going abroad," said the old book-worm. "I'm too old for it, I'm afraid. Leaving the chimney-corner, and floating away off into the Nibelungen Land! You two must go without me, if you must."

"I will not leave you alone, father," said Hetty.

"And I will not go without Hetty," said Anthony. "In the meantime, just for play, let us look over the maps and guide-books."

These were brought down, and after some poring the old man fell asleep, and the young people pursued their way from town to town and from village to village, across mountains and rivers, till they finally settled themselves in the Bavarian Tyrol. From a pretty home they could see pine-covered peaks and distant glaciers, and within doors they possessed many curious things to which they were unaccustomed.

"And I wonder if the mountains are so blue and the lakes of that wonderful jasper colour which we see in pictures," said Hetty. "How beautiful life must be in the midst of it all!"

"Yes," said Anthony, "and Hetty, you shall wear a round-peaked hat with silver tassels on the brim, and your hair in two long plaits coming down your back. 'Tis well you have such splendid hair," he said, touching her heavy braids with loving pride in his eyes and finger-ends.

Hetty blushed with delight and looked all round the familiar room, seeing blue mountains and dizzy villages perched on heights, people in strange costumes, brass-capped steeples, and strange wooden shrines, all lying before her under a glittering sun. Twilight was falling, the homely objects in the room were getting dim, the dream-world was round her, and with her hand in Anthony's she could imagine that they two were already roaming through its labyrinths together. It was not that in reality she could have quitted the old home without regret; but the home was still there, and the visions of the future had only floated in to beautify it. They had not pushed away the old walls, but only covered them with bloom.

The love of Anthony and Hetty was singularly fitting. He had gradually and deliberately chosen to draw her to him for the happiness and comfort of his life; his character was all restlessness, and hers was full of repose. She refreshed him, and the sight of her face and sound of her voice were as necessary to him as his daily bread. Hetty's was that spiritual love which spins a halo of light round the creature that leans upon it, and garners everything sweet to feed a holy fire that is to burn through all eternity. In the hush of her nature a bird of joy was perpetually singing, and its music was heard by all who came in contact with her. No small clouds of selfishness came between her and the sun. She knew her meanness for Anthony and her usefulness to his welfare, and this knowledge lay at the root of her content.

It was quite dusk, and the scrubby lines on the maps which marked the mountains of Hetty's dreamland were no longer discernible to peering eyes, when a faint ting-ting was heard from the shop-bell below. The lovers did not mind it. It might be a note from the little brazen belfry up among the pines against the Tyrolean sky, or from the chiming necklace of a mule plodding along the edge of the precipice, or from the tossing head of the leader of a herd on a neighbouring Alp; or it might be the little pot-boy bringing the beer for Sib's supper. Sib, the old serving-woman, had come to the latter conclusion, for she was heard descending by a back way to open the door.

After an interval of some minutes there was a sound of feet ascending the ladder, and the door of the sitting-room was thrown open. The light figure of a girl appeared in the doorway, and behind followed Sib, holding a lamp above her head.

"Who is it?" cried Hetty, springing forward. "Ah, it must be Primula, my cousin from the country. Come in dear; you are welcome!" and she threw an arm round the glimmering figure and drew it into her room. "Sib, put down the lamp and get some supper for her. Father, wake up! here is your niece at last. Tell us about your journey, cousin, and let me take off your bonnet."

Hetty took the girl's hat off, and stood wondering at the beauty of her visitor.

Primula's father had brought her up in a country village where he had died and left her. She had come to her uncle, who had offered to place her with a dress-maker in Smokeford. The fashions of Smokeford would be eagerly sought at Moor-edge, and it was expected that Primula would make a good livelihood on her return, with her thimble in her pocket and her trade at her finger-ends.

She had been named by a hedgerow-loving mother, who died eighteen years ago in the spring-time, and left her newly-born infant behind her in the budding world. The motherless girl had, as if by an instinct of nature, grown up to womanhood modelled on her mother's fancy for the delicate flower whose name she bore. She had glistening yellow hair, lying in smooth uneven-edged folds across her low fair forehead. A liquid light lay under the rims of her heavy white eyelids, and over all her features there was a mellow and exquisite paleness, warmed only by the faintest rose-blush on her cheeks and lips. She wore a very straight and faded calico gown, her shawl was darned, and her straw hat was burned by the sun.

"She is very lovely—prettier far than I," thought Hetty, with that slight pang which even a generous young girl may feel for a moment when she sees another by her side who must make her look homely in the eyes of her lover. "But I will not envy her, I will love her instead," was the next thought; and she threw her arms round the stranger and kissed her.

Primula seemed surprised at the embrace.

"I did not think you would be so glad to see me," she said. "People said you would find me a deal of trouble."

Old Spence was now awake and taking his share in the scene.

"Bless me! bless me!" he cried, "you are like your mother! a sweet woman, but with no brains at all, nor strength of mind. Nay, don't cry, child! I did not mean to hurt you. I have a way of my own of speaking out my thoughts. Hetty does not mind it, nor must you."

Primula was trembling, and had begun to cry; and Hetty and Anthony drew nearer and comforted her.

CHAPTER II.

"This is a dull place, after all," said Primula next day, then Hetty, having shown her everything in the house, took her for a walk through the best streets to see the shops. "I thought that in a town one would see gay ladies walking about, and soldiers in red coats, and a great deal of amusement going on about us. Moor-edge is as good nearly, and there isn't so much smoke."

"You thought it was a city," said Hetty, laughing. "I never thought about its being dull, but perhaps it is. We have gay ladies in Smokeford, but they do not walk about in the streets. You may meet them sometimes in their carriages. It is a manufacturing town, and that makes the smoke. I don't wonder at all that Moor-edge should be prettier."

"Oh, there is a lady! Look at her hat! and there is certainly embroidery on her dress. I should like a dress like that, only I've got no money. Do you never see any company in your house, cousin Hetty?"

"Anthony comes often," said Hetty, happily, "and others come in and out, but we have nothing you could call company. You will see more of life when you go to the milliner's. There will be other young girls, and you will find it pleasant."

"I ought to have a better dress to go in," said Primula. "All the girls in the shops are nicely dressed. Have you got any money, cousin Hetty?" she added, hesitatingly.

Hetty blushed and was embarrassed for a moment. She had indeed a pound, the savings of years, about the expending of which she had made many a scheme—a present for her father or for Anthony, she had not quite decided. Well, here was her cousin who wanted clothing. She could not refuse her.

"I have a pound," said Hetty, faintly, "and you can buy what you please with it."

"Oh, thank you," said her cousin. "Let us go in and buy the dress at once!" And they went into the finest shop, where the counter was soon covered with materials for their choice.

"This lilac is charming," said Primula, longingly. "What a pity it is so dear!"

"The grey is almost as nice," said Hetty; "and I assure you it will wear much better."

"Do you think you have not got five shillings more?" pleaded Primula. "The lilac is so much prettier?"

"No," said Hetty, in distress; "indeed I have not a penny more."

"The young lady can pay me at some other time," said the shopman, seeing the grieved look in Primula's face.

"Oh, thank you!" murmured Primula, gazing at him gratefully.

"No, no, cousin; you must not indeed think of going into debt," said Hetty. "Come home and let us talk about it."

"Ah, I shall never get it," said Primula, with a heavy sigh, and the tears rushed into her eyes.

"I will take off the five shillings," said the fascinated shopman. "You may have the lilac for the same price as the grey."

Primula blushed scarlet, and murmured some tremulous enraptured thanks; and the shopman bowed her out of the shop with the parcel in her arms.

Though Primula was going to be a dressmaker, Hetty had to make this particular dress. "I don't know how to do it yet, cousin," said Primula; "at least not the cutting out." When the cutting-out was done, the owner of the dress was not at all inclined for the trouble of sewing it. Hetty had turned her room into a work-room, and stitched with good-will, while the new inmate of the chamber sat on the little bed which had been set up for her accommodation in the corner, and entertained Hetty with her prattle about the life at Moor-edge, the number of the neighbours' cows, and the flavour of their butter; the dances on the green in summer-time, the pleasure of being elected Queen of the May. When the dress was finished and put on, Primula willingly took her steps to a house in a prominent street, with "Miss Betty Flounce" on a brass plate on the door, and was stared at on her first appearance by all the new apprentices, who never had had so pretty a creature among them before.

Summer was past, and the dark evenings had begun.

"Anthony," said Hetty, one day, "your work-plgce is near to Primula's. Could you call for her every evening and bring her home?"

Anthony changed colour, and looked at Hetty in surprise. "Not if it annoys you," said Hetty, quickly; "but I don't think you would find it much trouble. She is greatly remarked in the streets, and some one who call himself a gentleman has been following her about lately."

Anthony frowned. "I should not wonder," he said, angrily; "she is a thoughtless creature."

"You need not be so hard on her," said Hetty. "She is soft and childlike, and does not know how to speak to people and frighten them off."

"Well, I will be her knight, only to please you," said Anthony. "And see, here is the carving of the design out of your dream. Don't you remember?"

"The face among the lilies!" cried Hetty, examining it. "And it has turned out quite beautiful. Why, Anthony, I declare it looks like Primula!"

"So it does indeed," said Anthony turning away.

"I suppose her face must have come in my dreams," said Hetty, "for I never had seen her when this was designed. I have heard of dreams foreshadowing things, but I never believed it. However, you could not have a lovelier model, I am sure."

"No," said Anthony; and thenceforth he called for Primula every evening and brought her home. Sometimes Hetty came to meet them; more often she remained at home to have the tea ready. At first Primula did not like being so escorted, for she had made many acquaintances, and had been accustomed to stop and say good evening to various friends whom she met on her way from Miss Flounce's door. And Anthony walked by her side like a policeman, and kept everybody at a distance. But she had to submit.

"Hetty," said Anthony, one day, when things had gone on like this for some time, "don't you think it is time she was going home?"

"What! Primula?" cried Hetty surprised. "Why, no; she does not think of it; nor we, neither!"

"She is sometimes in the way," said Anthony, moodily. "I never saw you so unkind," said Hetty. "Poor little Primula, whom everybody loves!"

"You and I are not the same to each other since she came."

"Oh, Anthony!"

"We never have any private talks together now. You never speak as you used, because Primula is present, and she does not understand you."

"I have noticed that," said Hetty; "but I thought you did not. I believed it was not my fault. You often talk to Primula about the things that please her. I thought it seemed to amuse you, and so I was content."

Anthony lifted Hetty's little brown hand off the table, and kissed it; then he turned away without another word, and went out of the house.

The kitchen was a pleasant enough place that evening, with firelight twinkling on the lattice-windows; coppers glinting on the walls; Hetty making cakes at a long table; Anthony smoking in a chimney-corner; while Primula moved about with a sort of frolicsome grace of her own, teasing Hetty and prattling to Anthony, playing tricks on the cat, and provoking old Sib, by taking liberties with the bellows to make sparks fly up the chimney. She stole some dough from Hetty, and kneaded it into a grotesque looking face, glancing roguishly at Anthony, while she shaped eyes and nose and mouth.

"What are you doing, you foolish kitten?" said Anthony, taking the pipe from his lips.

"Making a model from your carving, sir," and Primula displayed her handiwork.

"Bake it," said Anthony, "and let me eat it; and who knows but it may fill me with inspiration."

Primula laughed gaily, and proceeded to obey; and Hetty looked over her shoulder to enjoy the ridiculous scene which followed.

"It was a sweet face certainly," said Anthony. And Primula clapped her hands with glee at the joke.

Anthony put away his pipe and seemed ready for more play. It was no wonder, Hetty had said, that he seemed to like Primula's nonsense.

By this time Primula had learned to find Smokeford a pleasant place. Her beautiful face became well known as she passed through the streets to and from her work. Young artisans and shop-keepers began to look out of their open doors at the hour of her passing, and idle gentlemen riding about the town did not fail to take note of her. Her companions were jealous, her mistress was dissatisfied with the progress of her work, and the head of the little apprentice was nearly turned with vanity.

One night Hetty, going into her bed room, found Primula at the glass fastening a handsome pair of gold ear-rings in her ears.

"Oh, Prim!" cried Hetty in amazement. "Why, where did you get anything so costly?"

"From a friend," said Primula, smiling, and shaking her head so that the ear-rings flashed in her ears. "From some one who likes me very much."

"Oh, Primula!"

"How cross you are, Hetty; you needn't envy me," said Primula, rubbing one of her treasures caressingly against her sleeve. "I'll lend them to you any time you like."

"You know I am not envious, cousin. You know I mean that it was wrong for you to take them."

"Why?" pouted Primula; "they were not stolen. The person who gave them is a gentleman, and has plenty of money to buy what he likes."

"Oh, you silly child! You are a baby! Don't you know that you ought not to take jewellery from any gentleman?"

"You are unkind, unkind!" sobbed Primula, with the tears rolling down the creamy satin-smooth cheeks that Hetty liked to kiss and pinch. "Why do you get so angry and call me names? I will go home to Moor-edge and not annoy you any more."

"Nonsense, Prim! I won't call you baby unless you deserve it. Do you know the address of the gentleman who gave these to you? You must send them back at once."

Primula knew the address, but vowed she would keep her property. He bought them, he gave them to her and there was nothing wrong about it. Hetty gave up talking to her and went to bed, and Primula cried herself to sleep with the treasures under her pillow.

The next day Hetty, in some distress, consulted Anthony about Primula's earrings. Anthony was greatly disturbed about the matter.

"I will talk to her," he said: "leave her to me, and I will make her give them back." And he spent an hour alone with her, breaking down her stubborn childish will. At the end of that time he returned to Hetty, flushed and triumphant—looking as if he had been routing an army, and bearing in his hand a little box containing the ear-rings and a piece of paper on which Primula had scrawled some words. The present went back to its donor, and Primula was sulky for a week.

One evening when the spring was coming round again, Anthony called as usual for Primula, but found that she had left the work-room early, as if for home. Arrived at the old book shop he learned that she had not returned there since leaving as usual, in the morning for her work.

"She has gone for a walk with some of her companions," suggested Hetty.

"She went alone," replied Anthony; and he thought of the ear-rings. "I must go and look for her."

Outside the town of Smokeford there were some pleasant downs, where, in fine weather, the townspeople loved to turn out for an evening walk. It was too early in the season as yet for such strollers; and yet Anthony, when he had gone a little way on the grass could descry two figures moving slowly along in the twilight. These were Primula and the gentleman who had given her the ear-rings; a person whom Anthony had been watching very closely for some time past, whom he had often perceived following upon Primula's steps, and whom, for his own part, he detested and despised.

"Primula!" he said, walking up to the young girl and ignoring her companion. "Come home! It is too late for you to come here unprotected."

(To be continued.)

ODDITIES.

A Chinaman thus describes a trial in our courts: "One man is silent, another talks all the time, and twelve wise men condemn the man who has not said a word."

Canon Kingsley has found much health and comfort among his brother canons of Colorado.

A lady asked a sailor whom she met why a ship was called "she." The son of Neptune replied that it was "because the rigging cost more than the hull."

A Chicago lady sent an order to Rome to a celebrated sculptor for "one marble finger of Apollon in his close, to cost not more nor \$1000."

The editor of a Western paper opposes cremation. Having taken a long look into the future, he does not relish the probability of being burned twice.

BEFORE BEGINNING.—A parson once prefaced his sermon with, "My friends, let us say a few words before we begin." This is about equal to the chap who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

The acme of refined impudence—giving a young lady a bouquet to deliver to another one.

When your pocket-book gets empty and everybody knows it, you can put all your friends in it and it won't "bulge out" worth a cent.

A Connecticut man, whose son was ill, appealed to the physician: "Do bring him out of it right away, doctor; do break up the fever at once, even if you charge as much as if he went through a whole course of fever."

"What is heaven's best gift to man?" asked a young lady the other night, smiling sweetly on a pleasant-looking clerk. "A hoos!" replied the young man, with great prudence.

A young lady at the post-office got to putting on airs yesterday about stamps. The clerk gave her some green ones. She asked him if he didn't have any pink; her stationery was pink, and she wanted stamps to match.

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

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

A gentleman at a dance remarked to his partner, a witty young lady, that the "room was too close—he must go out and get some air." After an absence of half an hour he returned, when she asked him if he had been to the grave-yard, as his breath smelled of beer!

"Dear George," said an Indianapolis young woman, "I am willing to marry you if we have to live on bread and water." "Well," said the enthusiastic George, "you furnish the bread, and I'll skrimish around and find the water."

An Irishman, speaking of the rapacity of the clergy in exacting their tithes, said, "Only let a farmer be ever so poor, they won't fail to make him pay their full tenths, whether he can do so or not; nay, they would, instead of a tenth, like a twentieth, if the law permitted them."

A citizen of a country town, noted for his dishonesty, was lately taken very ill, and becoming alarmed, sent for a clergyman, who came to see him, and laid down the divine law to him with great faithfulness and emphasis. The sick man was much affected, and said, "Well, parson, I think you're right; and I've made up my mind that if I get well I shall in the future live principally honest."

A critic thus alludes to the merits of a rising young artist: "He possesses some merit as an artist, but it is hard to say whether it lies in landscape or marine painting; you never can tell his cows from his ships, except when they have their tails exalted, when the absence of spars betrays their character. Even then they may be mistaken for schooners scudding under bare poles."

A deaf old lady, who had brought an action for damages against a neighbour, was being examined, when the judge suggested a compromise, and instructed counsel to ask what she would take to settle the matter. "His honour wants to know what you will take?" asked the learned counsel, bawling as loud as ever he could in the old lady's ear. "I thank his honour kindly," answered the ancient dame; "and if it's no inconvenience to him, I'll take a little warm ale!"

Ladies have very efficient methods of managing their affairs. For example: At a great temperance meeting recently held in Bangor, Maine, and under the direction of ladies, notice was given that speeches were limited to five minutes. A clergyman, becoming interested in his own remarks, forgot the passage of time, and spoke ten minutes, unheeding the quiet efforts of the ladies to head him off. At last one of them took a watch from the table, stepped to his side, and held it up before him, amidst the tremendous applause of the audience. The hint was taken.

A fascinating young lady having asked a gentleman of a poetic turn of mind to honour her scrap-book with two lines of poetry, he made the following entry:

LINES BY A FRIEND.

Laconic funeral oration by an Arkansas poker-player: "Gentlemen, my partner never killed a man unless he had a reason for it, and when he stocked the cards it was done in the prettiest way you ever see. I'll shoot the man that says he hasn't gone to heaven."

An old character among his Scotch country parishioners at Arbricht died as he had lived, a curious mixture of benevolence and folly. The lawyer who drew his will, after writing down several legacies of five hundred pounds to one person, a thousand to another, and so on, at last said, "But, Mr. —, I don't believe you have all that money to leave." "Oh," was the reply, "I ken that as well as you, but I just want to show them my good will."

A verdant at a Troy hotel left his young wife in his room Sunday evening and went down to ask the clerk what time he lighted up. "Well," said the accommodating clerk, with a smile, "we usually light up at nine o'clock, but to accommodate you I'll light up immediately." He then sent a bell boy to the room of the verdant to light the gas. The young man from the country was profuse in his thanks, and wouldn't go back to his wife until the clerk accepted a cigar.

One very severe winter when distress was terribly prevalent a soup-kitchen was opened in a desolate neighbourhood, the lady patronesses themselves, for the sake of economy, taking it in turn to superintend the supply of the soup. The faces of the applicants became in time so familiar to their benefactresses that one day, when a little girl who was in the habit of taking only one plate asked for three, the lady in charge said,

"Three penny plates to-day, my dear? How is that?"

"If you please, ma'am," replied the child, with a suspicion of pride in her tone, "we have some friends coming to dinner to-day."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

JULY 29.—A motion in the French Assembly, yesterday, for dissolution was defeated by a vote of 374 to 832.

It is stated that Germany, England and Italy have formed an alliance to guard the Spanish frontier.

The Secretary of State has offered to act as arbitrator between the British Columbia and Dominion Governments.

The German squadron will visit the coast of Spain with the hope of effecting a happy change in Spanish affairs.

Pringle, the agent of the People's Insurance Company of Philadelphia at New York, is supposed to have absconded to Europe with a quarter of a million of dollars.

Tilton was brought before Judge Riley yesterday, to answer to a charge of libel, preferred against him by Mr. Gaynor. The case was held over by mutual consent until next Monday.

At the band competition yesterday at Toronto, the prize for File and Drum Bands was taken by the Dufferin Band, O-hawa, and that for Volunteer Bands by the Grand Trunk Brigade.

Mr. Carpenter's story, published this morning, is decidedly favourable to Tilton. The Brooklyn *Argus* states that Mr. Beecher has requested Moulton to go before the committee and state all he knows.

JULY 30.—Springbok won the Saratoga Cup. The Carlist claim a great victory over the Republicans; losses heavy.

Hon. John Hamilton has been elected President of the Lumbermen's Association.

Nine Comanche Indians have been killed by American soldiers in an encounter with them.

The Victoria Rifle Club of Hamilton have again won the championship for small bore shooting.

A committee of the French Assembly have reported favourably on the proposition for a recess.

It is reported that France will act with the Northern Powers in the recognition of the Spanish Republic.

There has been a strike of flax mill operators at Belfast. The strikers are making threatening demonstrations.

Mrs. Woodhull says she has the power to make Beecher go forward and do the duty for humanity from which he shrinks.

It was decided at the Lumbermen's Convention that manufacturers of lumber should shut down their mills or curtail their operations, to relieve the market.

JULY 31.—*Le Temps* says that two million dollars, being proceeds of the new Carlist loan, were forwarded to Spain yesterday.

It was intimated in some journals that the presence of a German squadron in Spanish waters might cause the Spanish Navy to declare in favour of the Carlists.

A Madrid journal complains that the Carlists have been allowed to purchase arms and warlike stores in France; also that although the demand of the Spanish Government that Savalls should be delivered up to them for crimes committed by him was refused, he was not prevented from returning to Spanish territory.

Gambetta made a speech in the Assembly complaining that that body, while assuming constituent powers, had resisted every attempt to establish a recognized form of government. He favoured the Republic, argued against prorogation, and urged the raising of the state of siege. A motion to declare the state of siege as no longer in force was made and lost. The Government being interpellated, declared that it would use every means to make its powers respected. A motion to adjourn to the 30th November was then put and carried by a large majority.

AUG. 1.—The police are searching the houses of Bonapartists at Paris.

The Governor-General has been enthusiastically received at Sault Ste. Marie.

The yacht "Cloud" won the Prince of Wales Challenge Cup at Halifax this day.

The Reuter and Havas, Lafitte & Co. Telegraph Companies have been amalgamated.

Dr. Kenealy has been deprived of his Benchership by the Benchers of Gray's Inn.

The Northern Colonization Railway from Aylmer to Ottawa is to be pushed forward at once.

Serious complications are reported to have arisen between Germany and France in regard to Spanish affairs.

It is said that the Beecher Committee are to arrest a large number of persons for conspiracy against Beecher.

Mrs. Tilton, in her statement before the Investigation Committee, denied the statement of her husband, that she had received improper caresses from Beecher.

There was a violent scene in the French Assembly this day, one of the members giving another the lie. The President, unable to restore order, suspended the sitting.

AUG. 3.—The Spanish Government has despatched 12,000 troops to Cuba.

The British Mediterranean Squadron has received orders to go to Barcelona.

A body found at Niagara is supposed to be that of one of the unfortunate crew of the "Foam."

The Public Worship Regulation Bill has passed its third reading in the British House of Commons.

Admiral Thomasset, of the French Navy, is at Quebec—the first event of the kind since the conquest in 1759.

It is said that the Catholic Bishops of Germany have protested against the Legislative power interfering in matters ecclesiastical.

An insane theological student attempted to assassinate Bishop Whipple in his Cathedral at Faribault, Minnesota, on Sunday.

The lumber trade at St. John, N.B., continues inactive, and Mr. Gibson, one of the leading operators, has shut down four large mills.

At the Saratoga races to-day Madge won the first race, Fadla-deen being second, and Botany Bay third. Springbok won the second race, and Limestone the third.

The anniversary of emancipation in the West Indies in connection with the abolition of slavery in the United States was observed with considerable éclat at Hamilton to-day.

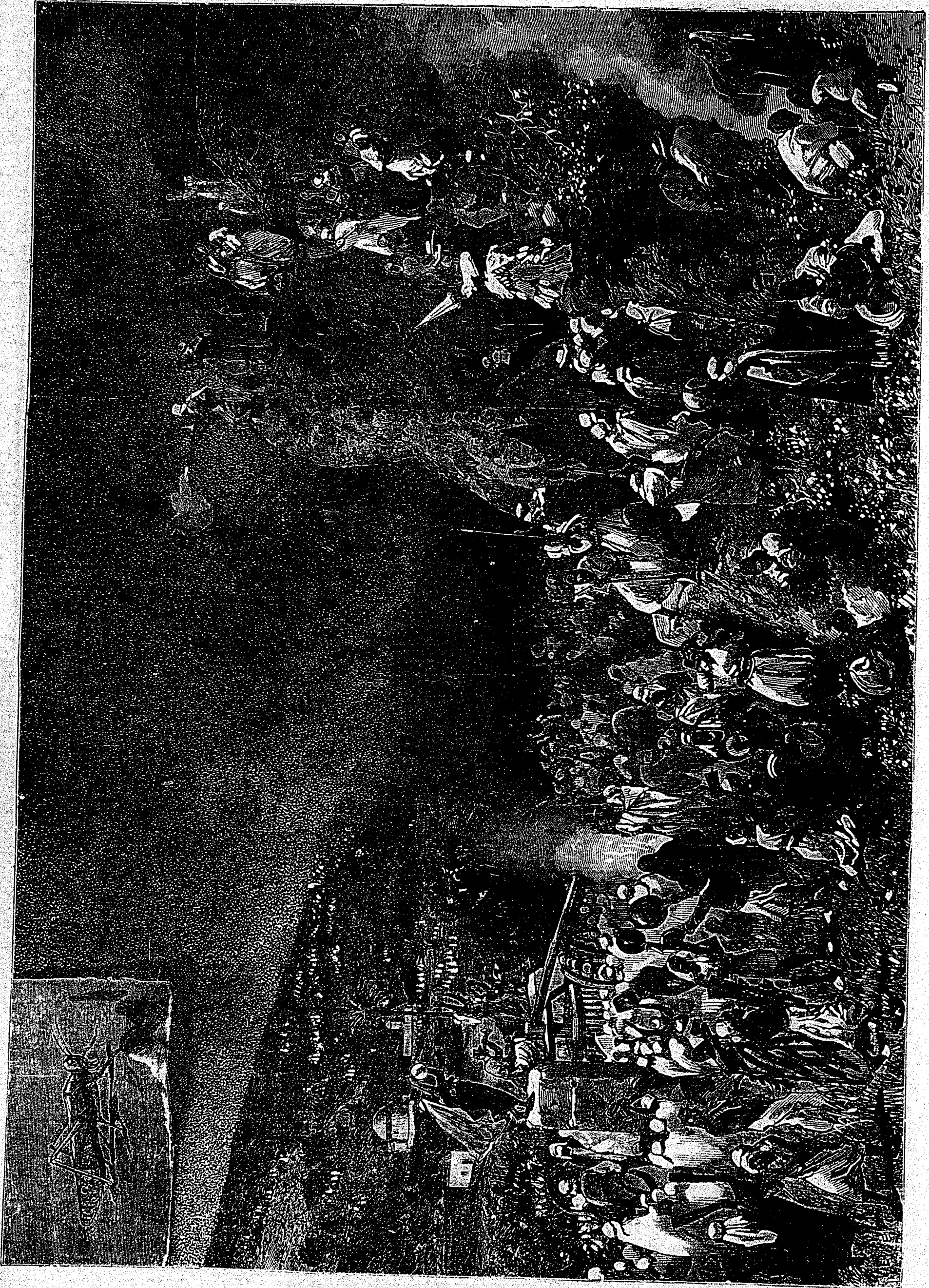
AUG. 4.—It was rumoured in London that France had concluded a postal arrangement with the Carlists.

It was rumoured in Quebec that Mr. Oulmet intended that the Provincial Parliament should be summoned soon, and that he would attempt to vindicate his administration.

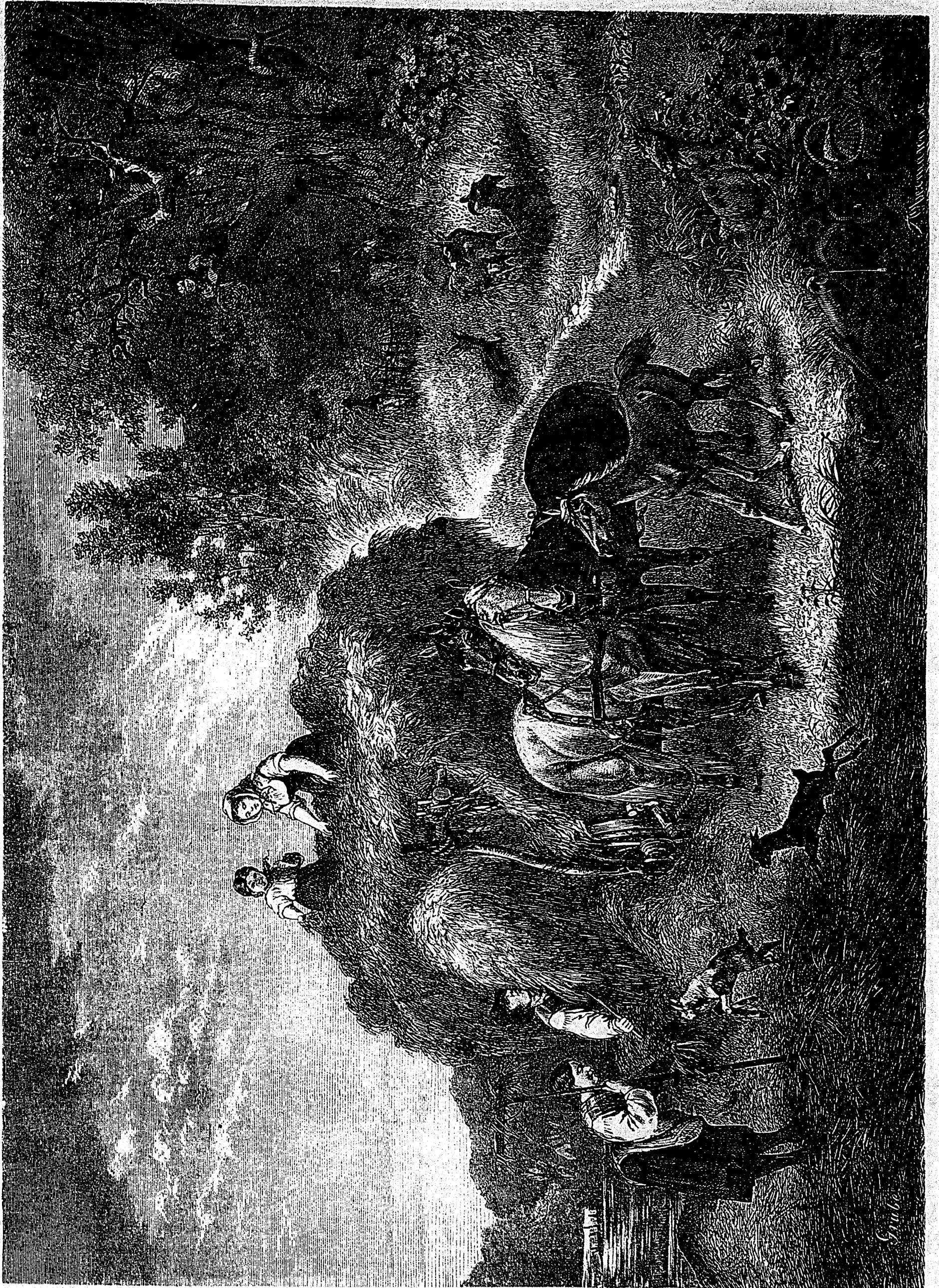
The Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs stated in the House of Commons that England had no intention of taking part in an armed intervention in Spain; nor was there any reason to suppose that any such intervention was intended.

Tilton, acting on the advice of counsel, refuses to have anything more to do with the Committee of Investigation, and will bring his case before a court of justice. Frank Moulton is in New York, and professes his willingness to give his testimony before the committee.

There was a rumour that the German Government sent a note to Versailles protesting against the assistance given to the Carlists, and declaring that unless France remained neutral in the Spanish question Germany would ask the other powers to interfere, but it was contradicted.



THE GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE IN ALGERIA.—THE NATIVES ENDEAVOURING TO FRIGHTEN AWAY THE INSECTS.



HARVESTING THE HAY CROP.

Globe

ALDERLIEFEST.

Long had I wandered in Circean lands,
Where dreams of love are only dreams that pass,
And known the callid kindness of white hands,
And lips like lilies set in adder's-grass :
True love came not, Marie; I turned aside,
And stayed, and felt a cursed one as I stood,
Till you were with me as a gracious guide,
And then I knew the world that it is good.

Love's garden had erewhile begun to parch
In thunder heat, and no sweet rain to sing;
And I was fainting in my weary march,—
The day to me was but a deadly thing,
And night a terror; and the sun heat grew;
It choked green things with dust and cracked the land;
And no rain fell on earth and no wind blew;
Then, sinking, I was saved by your dear hand.

And then the coolness came, and drought was done,
And blessed showers of rain fell through the night,
With quiet hopeful music, till the sun
Showed all my blossoms staining red and white;
You were my rainbow-love, the promise given,
On that blue silent morning after rain,
That my new heart should not be sorely riven,
Nor my new garden bent with blight again.

GUY ROSLYN.

NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

PART THE SECOND.

IN PARIS.

BOOK THE SECOND.

IX.

At the same time that it threw off revolution, this Assembly produced civilization. Furnace, but forge too. In this cauldron, where terror bubbled, progress fermented. Out of this chaos of shadow, this tumultuous flight of clouds, spread immense rays of light parallel to the eternal laws. Rays that have remained on the horizon, visible for ever in the heaven of the peoples, and which are, one, Justice; another, Tolerance; another, Goodness; another, Right; another, Truth; another, Love. The Convention promulgated this grand maxim: "The liberty of each citizen ends where the liberty of another citizen commences;" which comprises in two lines all human social law. It declared indigence sacred; it declared infirmity sacred in the blind and the deaf and dumb, who became wards of the State; maternity sacred in the girl-mother whom it consoled and lifted up; infancy sacred in the orphan whom it caused to be adopted by the country; innocence sacred in the accused who was acquitted, whom it indemnified. It branded the slave-trade; it abolished slavery. It proclaimed civic joint responsibility. It decreed gratuitous instruction. It organized national education by the normal school of Paris; central schools in the chief towns; primary schools in the communes. It created the academies of music and the museums. It decreed the unity of the Code, the unity of weights and measures, and the unity of calculation by the decimal system. It established the finances of France, and caused public credit to succeed to the long monarchical bankruptcy. It put the telegraph in operation; to old age it gave endowed almshouses; to sickness, purified hospitals; to instruction, the Polytechnic School; to science, the Bureau of Longitudes; to human intellect, the Institute. At the same time that it was national it was cosmopolitan. Of the eleven thousand two hundred and ten decrees which emanated from the Convention, a third had a political aim, two-thirds a human aim.

It declared universal morality the basis of society, and universal conscience the basis of law. And all that servitude abolished, fraternity proclaimed, humanity protected, human conscience rectified, the law of work transformed into right and from onerous made honourable, national riches consolidated, childhood instructed and raised up, letters and sciences propagated, light illuminating all heights, aid to all sufferings, promulgation of all principle, the Convention accomplished, having in its bowels that hydra, the Vendée, and upon its shoulders that heap of tigers, the kings.

X.

Stupendous concourse! All types were there, human, inhuman, superhuman. Epic gathering of antagonisms. Guillotin avoiding David, Basire insulting Chabot, Gaudet mocking Saint-Just, Vergniaud disdaining Danton, Louvet attacking Robespierre, Busot denouncing Égalité, Chambon branding Fache, all execrating Marat. And how many names remain still to be registered! Armonville, styled Bonnet Rouge, because he always attended the sittings in a Phrygian cap, a friend of Robespierre, and wishing, "after Louis XVI, to guillotine Robespierre in order to restore an equilibrium." Massieu, colleague and counterpart of that good Lamourette, a bishop destined to leave his name to a kiss. Lehardy du Morbihan, stigmatizing the priests of Brittany; Berère, the man of majorities, who presided when Louis XVI. appeared at the bar, and who was to Pamela what Louvet was to Lodoviska; the Oratorian Daunou, who said, "Let us gain time;" Dubois Crancé, close to whose ear leant Marat; the Marquis de Châteauneuf, Laclès, Hérault de Séchelles, who recoiled before Henriot, crying, "Grunners, to your pieces!" Julien, who compared the mountain to Thermopylæ; Gamon, who desired a public tribune reserved solely for women; Laloy, who adjudged the honours of the séance to the Bishop Gobel coming into the Convention to lay down his mitre and put on the red cap; Lecomte, who exclaimed, "So the honours are for whoever will unfrock himself."

Féraud, whose head Boissy d'Anglas saluted, leaving this question to history, "Did Boissy d'Anglas salute the head, that is to say the victim, or the pike, that is to say the assassins?" The two brothers Duprat, one a member of the Mountain, the other of the Gironde, who hated each other like the two brothers Chénier.

At this tribune were uttered those mysterious words which sometimes possess, unconsciously to those who pronounce them, the prophetic accent of revolutions, and in whose wake material facts appear suddenly to assume an inexplicable discontent and passion, as if they had taken umbrage at the things just heard; events seemed angered by words; catastrophes follow furious, and as if exasperated by the speech of men. Thus a voice upon a mountain suffices to set the avalanche in motion. A word too much may be followed by a landslide. If no one had spoken the catastrophe would not have happened. You might say sometimes that events are irascible.

It was thus, by the hazard of an orator's ill-comprehended word, that Madame Elizabeth's head fell. At the Convention intemperance of language was a right. Threats flew about and crossed one another like sparks in a conflagration.

Pétion: "Robespierre, come to the point."
Robespierre: "The point is yourself, Pétion. I shall come to it, and you will see it."

A voice: "Death to Marat."
Marat: "The day Marat dies there will be no more Paris, and the day that Paris expires there will be no longer a Republic."

Billaud Varennes rises, and says, "We wish"—
Barère interrupts him: "Thou speakest like a king."
Another day Phillippeaux says, "A member has drawn his sword upon me."

Audouin: "President, call the assassin to order."
The President: "Wait."
Paris: "President, I call you to order, I!"
There was rude laughter, moreover.

Lecointre: "The curé of Chant de Bout complains of Fauchet, his bishop, who forbids his marrying."
A voice: "I do not see why Fauchet, who has mistresses, should wish to hinder others from having wives."

A second voice: "Priest, take a wife."
The galleries joined in the conversation. They said "thee" and "thou" to the members. One day the representative Ruamps mounted to the tribune. He had one hip very much larger than the other. A spectator, crying out thus jeered him: "Turn that toward the Right, since thou hast a cheek à la Jacob."

Such were the liberties the people took with the Convention.

On the occasion, however, during the tumult of the 11th of April, 1793, the president commanded a disorderly person in the tribunes to be arrested.

One day when the session had for witness the old Buonarrotti, Robespierre takes the floor and speaks for two hours, starting at Danton, sometimes straight in the face, which was serious, sometimes obliquely, which was worse. He thunders on to the end, however. He closes with an indignant outburst full of menacing words. "The conspirators are known; the corrupters and the corrupted are known; the traitors are known; they are in this assembly. They hear us; we see them and we do not move our eyes from them. Let them look above their heads, and they will see the sword of the law; let them look into their conscience, and they will see their own infamy. Let them beware." And, when Robespierre had finished, Danton, with his face raised toward the ceiling, his eyes half-closed, one arm hanging loosely down, throws himself back in his seat, and is heard to hum—

"Cadet Roussel fait des discours,
Qui ne sont pas longs quand ils sont courts."*

Imprecations followed one another. Conspirator! Assassin; Scoundrel! Factionist! Moderate! They denounced each other to the bust of Brutus that stood there. Apostrophes, insults, challenges. Furious glances from one side to the other; fists shaken; pistols allowed to be seen; poniards half-drawn. Terrible blazing forth in the tribune. Certain persons talked as if they were driven back against the guillotine. Heads wavered, frightened and awed. Mountainists, Girondists, Feuillantists, Moderates, Terrorists, Jacobins, Cordeliers, eighteen regicide priests.

All these men, a mass of vapours driven wildly in every direction.

XI.

Spirits which were a prey of the wind.
But this was a miracle-working wind. To be a member of the Convention was to be a wave of the ocean. This was true even of the greatest there. The force of impulsion came from on high. There was a Will in the Convention which was that of all and yet not that of any one person. This Will was an Idea, an idea indomitable and immeasurable, which swept from the summit of Heaven into the darkness below. We call this Revolution. When that idea passed, it beat down one and raised up another; it scattered this man into foam and dashed that one upon the reef. This idea knew whither it was going, and drove the whirlpool before it. To ascribe the Revolution to men is to ascribe the tide to the waves.

The Revolution is a work of the Unknown. Call it good or bad, according as you yearn toward the future or the past, but leave it to the Power which caused it. It seems the joint work of grand events and grand individualities mingled, but it is in reality the result of events. Events dispense; men suffer. Events dictate; men sign. The 14th of July is signed Camille Desmoulin; the 10th of August is signed Danton; the 2nd of September is signed Marat; the 21st of September is signed Grégoire; the 21st of January is signed Robespierre; but Desmoulin, Danton, Marat, Grégoire, and Robespierre are mere scribes. The great and mysterious writer of these grand pages has a name—God; and a mask—Destiny. Robespierre believed in God—yes, verily!

The Revolution is a form of the eternal phenomenon which presses upon us from every quarter, and which we call necessity.

Before this mysterious complication of benefits and sufferings arises the Wherefore of History.

* "Cadet Roussel doth make his speech
Quite short when it no length doth reach."

Because—This answer of him who knows nothing is equally the response of him who knows all

In presence of these climacteric catastrophes which devastate and revivify Civilization, one hesitates to judge their details. To blame or praise men on account of the result is almost like praising or blaming cyphers on account of the total. That which ought to happen happens; the blast which ought to blow blows. The Eternal Serenity does not suffer from these north winds. Above revolutions Truth and Justice remain as the starry sky lies above and beyond tempests.

XII.

Such was this unmeasured and immeasurable Convention; a camp cut off from the human race, attacked by all the powers of darkness at once; the night-fires of the besieged army of Ideas; a vast bivouac of Minds upon the edge of a precipice. There is nothing in history comparable to this group, at the same time senate and populace; conclave and street-crossing; Arcopagus and public square; tribunal and the accused.

The Convention always bent to the wind; but that wind came from the mouth of the people and was the breath of God. And to-day, after eighty-four years have passed away, always when the Convention presents itself before the reflection of any man, whosoever he may be, historian and philosopher, that man pauses and meditates. It would be impossible not to remain thoughtfully attentive before this grand procession of shadows.

XIII.—MARAT IN THE GREEN-ROOM.

Marat, in accordance with his declaration to Simonne Evrard, went to the Convention on the morning after that interview in the Rue du Paon.

There was in the Convention a marquis who was a Maratist, Louis de Montaut, the same who afterwards presented to the Convention a decimal clock surmounted by the bust of Marat. At the moment Marat entered, Chabot had approached De Montaut. He began: "Ci-devant"

Montaut raised his eyes. "Why do you call me ci-devant?"

"Because you are so."

"I?"

"For you were a marquis"

"Never."

"Bah!"

"My father was a soldier; my grandfather was a weaver."

"What song is that you are singing, Montaut?"

"I do not call myself Montaut."

"What do you call yourself then?"

"Maribon."

"In point of fact," said Chabot, "it is all the same to me."

And he added, between his teeth. "No marquis on any terms"

Marat paused in the corridor to the left and watched Montaut and Chabot.

Whenever Marat entered, there was a buzz, but afar from him. About him people kept silence. Marat paid no attention thereto. He disclaimed "the croaking of the mud-pool."

In the gloomy obscurity of the lower row of seats, Compé de l'Oise, Prunelle, Villars, a bishop who was afterwards a member of the French Academy, Boutroue, Petit, Plaichard, Bonet, Thiébaudeau, and Valdruche, pointed him out to one another.

"See, Marat!"

"Then he is not ill?"

"Yes, for he is here in a dressing-gown."

"In a dressing-gown!"

"Zounds, yes!"

"He takes liberties enough;"

"He dares to come like that into the Convention!"

"As he came one day crowned with laurels, he may certainly come in a dressing-gown."

"Face of brass and teeth of verdigris."

"His dressing-gown looks new."

"What is it made of?"

"Reps."

"Striped."

"Look at the lapels."

"They are fur."

"Tiger skin."

"No; ermine."

"Imitation."

"He has stockings on!"

"That is old."

"And shoes with buckles!"

"Of silver!"

"Camboulas's sabots will not pardon that."

People in other seats affected not to see Marat. They talked of indifferent matters. Santhonax accosted Dussaulx. "Have you heard, Dussaulx?"

"What?"

"The ci-devant Count de Brienne?"

"Who was in La Force with the ci-devant Duke de Ville-roy?"

"Yes."

"I knew them both. Well?"

"They were so horribly frightened that they saluted all the red caps of all the turnkeys, and one day they refused to play a game of piquet because somebody offered them cards that had kings and queens among them."

"Well?"

"They were guillotined yesterday."

"The two of them?"

"Both."

"Indeed; how had they behaved in prison?"

"As cowards."

"And how did they show on the scaffold?"

"Intrepid."

Then Dussaulx ejaculated, "It is easier to die than to live!"

Barère was reading a report; it was in regard to the Vendée. Nine hundred men of Morbihan had started with cannon to assist Nantes. Redon was menaced by the peasants. Paimbœuf had been attacked. A fleet was cruising about Mairdram to prevent invasions. From Ingrande, as far as Maure, the entire left bank of the Loire was bristling with Royalist bat-

teries. Three thousand peasants were masters of Pornic. They cried, "Long live the English!" A letter from Santerre to the Convention, which Barère was reading, ended with these words:

"Seven thousand peasants attacked Vannes. We repulsed them, and they have left in our hands four cannon"——

"And how many prisoners?" interrupted a voice.

Barère continued: "Postscript of the letter. 'We have no prisoners, because we no longer make any.'"

Marat, standing motionless, did not listen; he appeared absorbed by a stern preoccupation. He held in his hand a paper, which he crumpled between his fingers; had any one unfolded it, he might have read these lines in Momoro's writing—probably a response to some question he had been asked by Marat—"No opposition can be offered to the full powers of delegated commissioners, above all, those of the Committee of Public Safety. Genissieux said, in the sitting of May 6th, 'Each Commissioner is more than a king;' it had no effect. Life and death are in their hands. Massade to Angers; Trullard to Saint Amand; Nyon near General Marcé; Parrien to the army of Sables; Millier to the army of Niort; they are all powerful. The Club of the Jacobins has gone so far as to name Parrien brigadier-general. The circumstances excuse everything. A delegate from the Committee of Public Safety holds in check a commander-in-chief."

Marat ceased crumpling the paper, put it in his pocket, and walked slowly toward Montaut and Chabot, who continued to converse, and had not seen him enter.

Chabot was saying: "Maribon, or Montaut, listen to this: I have just come from the Committee of Public Safety"

"And what is being done there?"

"They are setting a priest to watch a noble."

"Ah!"

"A noble like yourself"——

"I am not a noble," interrupted Montaut.

"To be watched by a priest"——

"Like you."

"I am not a priest," said Chabot.

They both began to laugh.

"Make your story explicit," resumed Montaut.

"Here it is, then. A priest named Cimourdain is delegated with full powers to a viscount named Gauvain; this viscount commands the exploring column of the army of the coast. The question will be to keep the nobleman from trickery and the priest from treason."

"It is very simple," replied Montaut. "It is only necessary to bring death into the matter."

"I come for that," said Marat.

They looked up.

"Good morning, Marat," said Chabot. "You rarely attend our meetings."

"My doctor has ordered me baths," answered Marat.

"One should beware of baths," returned Chabot. "Seneca died in one."

Marat smiled.

"Chabot, there is no Nero here."

"Yes, there is you," said a rude voice.

It was Danton who passed and ascended to his seat. Marat did not turn round. He thrust his head in between Montaut and Chabot.

"Listen; I come about a serious matter; one of us three must propose to-day the draft of a decree to the Convention."

"Not I," said Montaut; "I am never listened to. I am a marquis."

"And I," said Chabot, "I am not listened to. I am a Capuchin."

"And I," said Marat, "I am not listened to. I am Marat."

There was a silence among them.

It was not safe to interrogate Marat when he appeared preoccupied, still Montaut hazarded a question.

"Marat, what is the decree that you wish passed?"

"A decree to punish with death any military chief who allows a rebel prisoner to escape."

Chabot interrupted. "The decree exists; it was passed in April."

"Then it is just the same as if it did not exist," said Marat. "Everywhere, all through Vendée, anybody who chooses helps prisoners to escape and gives them an asylum with impunity."

"Marat, the fact is the decree has fallen into disuse."

"Chabot, it must be put into force anew."

"Without doubt."

"And to do that the Convention must be addressed."

"Marat, the Convention is not necessary; the Committee of Public Safety will suffice."

"The end will be gained," added Montaut, "if the Committee of Public Safety cause the decree to be placarded in all the communes of the Vendée, and make two or three good examples."

"Of men in high position," returned Chabot; "of generals."

Marat grumbled: "In fact, that will answer."

"Marat," resumed Chabot, "go yourself and say that to the Committee of Public Safety."

Marat stared straight into his eyes, which was not pleasant even for Chabot.

"The Committee of Public Safety," said he, "sits in Robespierre's house—I do not go there."

"I will go myself," said Montaut.

"Good," said Marat.

The next morning an order from the Committee of Public Safety was sent in all directions among the towns and villages of Vendée, enjoining the publication and strict execution of the decree of death against any person conniving at the escape of brigands and captive insurgents. This decree proved only a first step; the Convention was to go further than that. A few months later, the 11th Brumaire, Year II. (November, 1793), when Laval opened its gates to the Vendean fugitives, the Convention decreed that any city giving asylum to the rebels should be demolished and destroyed. On their side, the princes of Europe, in the manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick, conceived by the emigrants and drawn up by the Marquis de Linnon, intendant of the Duke of Orleans, had declared that every Frenchman taken with arms in his hand should be shot, and that, if a hair of the king's head fell, Paris should be razed to the ground.

Cruelty against barbarity.

BOOK THE FOURTH

I.—THE FORESTS.

There were at that time seven ill-famed forests in Brittany. The Vendean war was a revolt of priests. This revolt had the forests as auxiliaries. These spirits of darkness aid one another.

The seven Black Forests of Brittany were—the forest of Fougères, which stopped the way between Dol and Avranches; the forest of Princé, which was eight leagues in circumference; the forest of Paimpol, full of ravines and brooks, almost inaccessible on the side toward Baignon, with an easy retreat upon Concornel, which was a royalist town; the forest of Rennes, from whence could be heard the tocsin of the Republican parishes—always numerous in the neighbourhood of the cities,—it was in this forest that Puyssage lost Focard; the forest of Machecoul, which had Charette for its wild beast; the forest of Garnache, which belonged to the Trémouilles, the Gauvains, and the Rohans; and the forest of Brocéliande, which belonged to the fairies.

One gentleman of Brittany bore the title of Lord of the Seven Forests; this was the Viscount de Fontenay, Breton prince. For the Breton prince existed distinct from the French prince. The Rohans were Breton princes. Garnier de Saintes, in his report to the Convention of the 15th Nivose, Year II., thus distinguishes the Princes de Talmont: "This Capet of the brigands, Sovereign of Maine and of Normandy." The record of the Breton forests, from 1792 to 1800, would form a history of itself, mingling like a legend with the vast undertaking of the Vendée.

History has its truth: Legend has hers. Legendary truth is wholly different from historic. Legendary truth is invention that has reality for a result. Still history and legend have the same aim, that of depicting the external type of humanity.

The Vendée can only be completely understood by adding legend to history; the latter is needed to describe its entirety, the former the details.

We may say, too, that the Vendée is worth the pains. The Vendée was a prodigy.

This war of the Ignorant, so stupid and so splendid, so abject yet magnificent, was at once the desolation and the pride of France. The Vendée is a wound which is at the same time a glory.

At certain crises human society has its enigmas; enigmas which resolve themselves into light for sages, but which the ignorant in their darkness translate into violence and barbarism. The philosopher is slow to accuse. He takes into consideration the agitation caused by these problems which cannot pass without casting about them shadows dark as those of the storm-cloud. If one wishes to comprehend the Vendée, one must picture to oneself this antagonism: on one side the French Revolution, on the other the Breton peasant. In face of these unparalleled events—an immense promise of all benefits at once—a fit of rage for civilization—an excess of maddened progress—an improvement that exceeded measure and comprehension—must be placed this grave, strange, savage man, with an eagle glance and flowing hair, living on milk and chestnuts, his ideas bounded by his thatched roof, his hedge, and his ditch, able to distinguish the sound of each village bell in the neighbourhood, using water only to drink, wearing a leather jacket covered with silken arabesques—uncultivated but clad embroidered—tattooing his garments as his ancestors the Celts had tattooed their faces, looking up to a master in his executioner, speaking a dead language, which was like forcing his thoughts to dwell in a tomb; driving his bullocks, sharpening his scythe, winnowing his black grain, kneading his buckwheat biscuit, venerating his plough first, his grandmother next, believing in the Blessed Virgin and the White Lady, devoted to the altar but also to the lofty mysterious stone standing in the midst of the moor; a labourer in the plain, a fisher on the coast, a poacher in the thicket, loving his kings, his lords, his priests, his very lice; pensive, often immovable for entire hours upon the great deserted seashore, a melancholy listener to the sea.

Then ask yourself if it would have been possible for this man to welcome that light.

II.—THE PEASANTS.

The peasant had two points on which he leant—the field which nourished him, the wood which concealed him.

It is difficult to picture to oneself what those Breton forests really were—they were towns. Nothing could be more secret, more silent, and more savage than those inextricable entanglements of thorns and branches; those vast thickets were the home of immobility and silence; no solitude could present an appearance more death-like and sepulchral; yet if it had been possible to fell those trees at one blow, as by a flash of lightning, a swarm of men would have stood revealed in those shades. There were wells, round and narrow, masked by coverings of stones and branches, the interior at first vertical, then horizontal, spreading out underground like funnels, and ending in dark chambers; Cambyes found such in Egypt, and Westermann found the same in Brittany. There they were found in the desert, here in the forest; the caves of Egypt held dead men, the caves of Brittany were filled with the living. One of the wildest glades of the wood of Misdon, perforated by galleries and cells amid which came and went a mysterious society, was called "The Great City." Another glade, not less deserted above-ground and not less inhabited beneath, was styled "The Place Royal." This subterranean life had existed in Brittany from time immemorial. From the earliest days man had there hidden flying from man. Hence those hiding-places, like the dens of reptiles, hollowed out below the trees. They dated from the era of the Druids, and certain of those crypts were as ancient as the cromlechs. The larvae of legend and the monsters of history all passed across that shadowy land. Teutates, Cæsar, Hoël, Nornenes, Geoffrey of England, Alain of the iron glove, Pierre Manclerc, the French house of Blois, the English house of Montfort, kings and dukes, the nine barons of Brittany, the judges of the Great Days, the Comte de Nantes contesting with the Counts of Rennes, highwaymen, banditti, Free Lances, René II., Viscount de Rohan, the governors for the king, "the good Duke of Chaulnes," aiming at the peasants under the windows of Madame de Sévigné; in the fifteenth century the butcheries

by the nobles; in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the wars of religion; in the eighteenth century the thirty thousand dogs trained to hunt men; beneath these pitiless trappings the inhabitants made up their minds to disappear. Each in turn—the Troglodytes to escape the Celts, the Celts to escape the Romans, the Bretons to escape the Normans, the Huguenots to escape the Roman Catholics, the smugglers to escape the excise-officers—took refuge first in the forests and then underground. The resource of hunted animals. It is this to which tyranny reduces nations. During two thousand years despotism under all its forms, conquest, fudality, fanaticism, taxes, beset this wretched, distracted Brittany; a sort of inexorable battue, which only ceased under one shape to recommence under another. Men hid underground. When the French Republic burst forth, Terror, which is a species of rage, was already latent in human souls, and when the Republic burst forth the dens were ready in the woods. Brittany revolted, finding itself oppressed by this forced deliverance—a mistake natural to slaves.

III.—CONNIVANCE OF MEN AND FORESTS.

The gloomy Breton forests took up anew their ancient rôle, and were the servants and accomplices of this rebellion, as they had been of all others. The sub-soil of every forest was a sort of madrepore, pierced and traversed in all directions by a secret highway of mines, cells, and galleries. Each one of these blind cells could shelter five or six men. There are in existence certain strange lists which enable one to understand the powerful organization of that vast peasant rebellion. In Ille-et-Vilaine, in the forest of Pertre, the refuge of the Prince de Talmont, not a breath was to be heard, not a human trace to be found, yet there were collected six thousand men under Focard. In the forest of Meulac, in Morbihan, not a soul was to be seen, yet it held eight thousand men. Still, these two forests, Pertre and Meulac, do not count among the great Breton forests. If one trod there, the explosion was terrible. Those hypocritical corpses, filled with fighters waiting in a sort of underground labyrinth, were like enormous black sponges, whence, under the pressure of the gigantic foot of Revolution, civil war spurted out.

Invisible battalions lay there in wait. These untrackable armies wound along beneath the Republican troops; burst suddenly forth from the earth and sank into it again, sprang up in numberless force and vanished at will, gifted with a strange ubiquity and power of disappearance; an avalanche at one instant, gone like a cloud of dust at the next; colossal, yet able to become pigmies at will; giants in battle, dwarfs in ability to conceal themselves—jaguars with the habits of moles.

There were not only the forests, there were the woods. Just as below cities there are villages, below these forests there were woods and underwoods.

The forests were united by the labyrinths (everywhere scattered) of the woods. The ancient castles, which were fortresses, the hamlets, which were camps, the farms, which were inclosures for ambushes and snarls, traversed by ditches and palisades by trees, were the meshes of the net in which the Republican armies were caught.

This whole formed what was called the *Bocage*.

There was the wood of Misdon, which had a pond in its centre, and which was held by Jean Chouan; there was the wood of Genes, which belonged to Taillefer; there was the wood of Huisserie, which belonged to Gouge-le-Bruant; the wood of Charnie, where lurked Courtille-le-Batard, called Saint Paul, chief of the camp of the Vache Noire; the wood of Burgault, which was held by that enigmatical Monsieur Jaques, reserved for a mysterious end in the vault of Juvardell; there was the wood of Charreau, where Pimousse and Petit-Prince, when attacked by the garrison of Châteauneuf, rushed forward and seized the grenadiers in the Republican rank; about the waist and carried them back prisoners; the wood of La Henreusine, the witness of the rout of the military post of Longue-Faze; the wood of Aulne, whence the route between Rennes and Laval could be overlooked; the wood of La Travalle, which a prince of La Tremouille had won at a game of bowls; the wood of Lorges, in the Collis-du-Nord, where Charles de Boisshardy reigned after Bernard de Villeneuve; the wood of Baynard, near Fontenay, where Lescure offered battle to Chalbos, who accepted the challenge, although one against five; the wood of La Durondais, which in old days had been disputed by Alain le Redru and Hérispoux, the son of Charles the Bold; the wood of Croqueloup, upon the edge of that moor where Coquereau sheared the prisoners; the wood of Croix-Bataille, which witnessed the Homeric insults of Jambe d'Argent to Morière, and of Morière to Jambe d'Argent; the wood of La Saudraie, which we have seen being searched by a Paris regiment. There were many others besides. In several of these forests and woods there were not only subterranean villages grouped about the burrow of the chief, but also actual hamlets of low huts, hidden under the trees, sometimes so numerous that the forest was filled with them. Frequently they were betrayed by the smoke. Two of these hamlets of the wood of Misdon have remained famous; Lorrière, near the pond, and the group of cabins called the Rue de Bau, on the side toward Saint-Ouen-les-Torts.

The women lived in the huts and the men in the cellars. In carrying on the war, they utilised the galleries of the fairies and the old Celtic mines. Food was carried to the buried men. Some were forgotten and died of hunger; but these were awkward fellows who had not known how to open the mouth of their well. Usually the cover, made of moss and branches, was so artistically fashioned that although impossible on the outside to distinguish from the surrounding turf, it was very easy to open and close on the inside. These hiding-places were dug with care. The earth taken out of the well was flung into some neighbouring pond. The sides and bottom were carpeted with ferns and moss. These nooks were called "lodges." The men were as comfortable there as could be expected, considering that they lacked light, fire, bread, and air.

It was a difficult matter to unbury themselves and come up among the living without great precaution. They might find themselves between the legs of an army on the march. These were formidable woods; snares with a double trap. The Blues dared not enter, the Whites dared not come out.

(To be continued.)

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THE FOLLOWING

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of Horningsham, near Warminster, Wilts:—

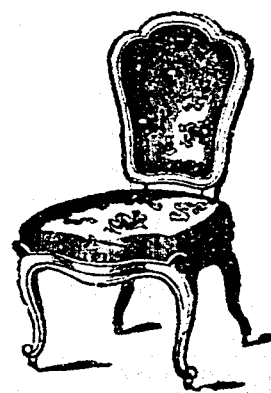
"I must also beg to say that your Pills are an excellent medicine for me, and I certainly do enjoy good health, sound sleep, and a good appetite; this is owing to taking your Pills. I am 73 years old.
"Remaining, Gentlemen, yours very respectfully,
L. S."

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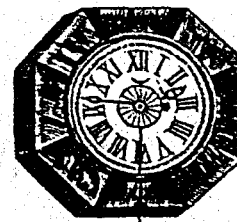
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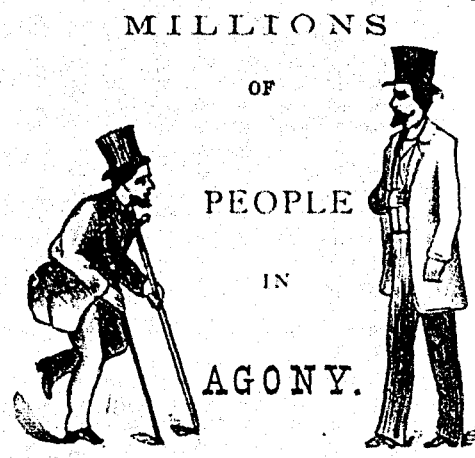
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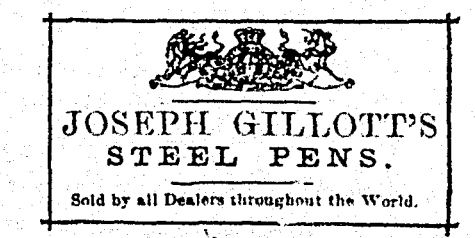
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