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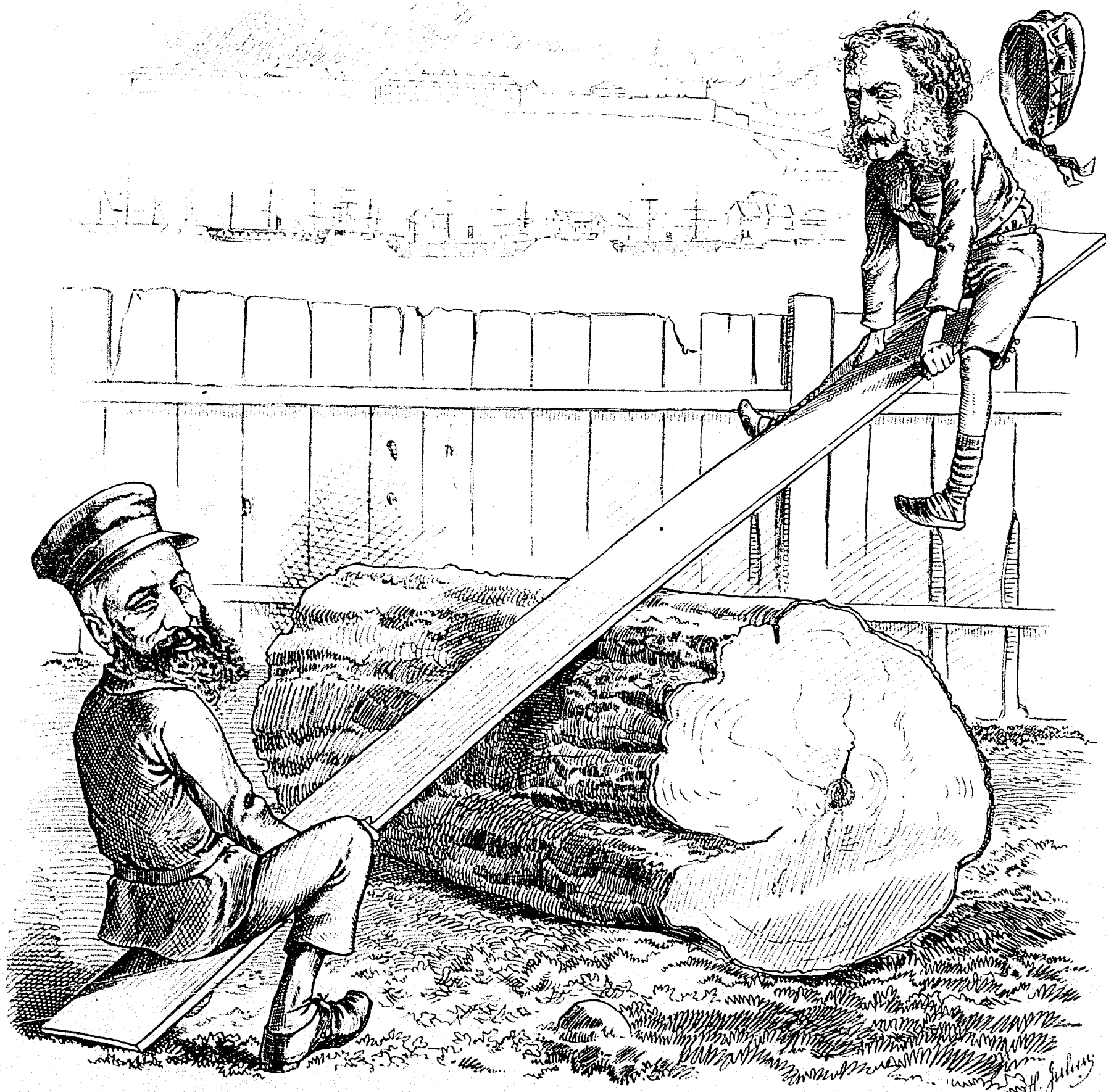
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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1875.

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THE QUEBEC ELECTIONS.

DE B——LLER: HOW IS THAT FOR HIGH!

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY issue the following periodicals, to all of which subscriptions are payable in advance:—THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, \$4.00 per annum; THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, \$2.00 per annum; L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, \$3.00 per annum.

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As several of the members of the OTTAWA PARLIAMENTARY PRESS GALLERY, which forms the subject of a double page engraving to be published in the

Canadian Illustrated News

of the 31st instant, have sent us orders varying from 25 to 100 copies of that issue, and as probably each member will want some copies, we beg that those who have not yet ordered any will kindly do so at once. They may otherwise be disappointed, as the edition is limited to the absolute demand.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 24th, 1875.

CONTESTED ELECTIONS.

The remark has been made that the contestation of elections, both Federal and Provincial, is being overdone. The new Act has certainly wakened an extreme sensibility on the part of defeated candidates in the cause of purity and honesty, but so long as the trials of elections continue to reveal the turpitudes of bribery and corruption which have been witnessed in almost every instance, there is scant fear of the Act being abused. A rigid application of the law, once or twice in the same constituency, will be almost certain to secure an honorable exercise of the ballot for several years to come. In Ontario, where the political feeling is always very keen, this will be specially the case, and hence no reasonable fault can be found with the frequent enforcement of the Act.

There are, however, individual features of these contestations, which call for comment. The first is the delays through which they are allowed to drag, resulting in two or three notable instances, in a positive public injustice. When the trial of elections was withdrawn from Parliamentary Committees and transferred to the Courts, it was predicted that, falling into the hands of lawyers, they would, in time, become as unsatisfactory as before. These predictions have in part been fulfilled. The reproach, however, applies to Quebec, not to Ontario. In the latter Province, the trials have been conducted as fairly and as alertly as they would have been in England. When the cause failed of proof, charges have been honorably withdrawn by petitioner's counsel. When the trial went against respondent, it has been pushed forward sharply and rapidly even to disqualification. But in Quebec, all the quibbles of the law have been employed, all the intrigues of pettifoggers have been used, to check the trial even in its initial stages. We need mention no names, as they are on the lips of all our readers, and in alluding to them it is quite unnecessary to disclaim any partisanship, because high-minded men of both parties have united in condemning such practices.

These recalcitrant candidates make the grave mistake of regarding their electoral mandate as a personal possession. It is, on the contrary, public property, the special behest of their constituents. The question is not whether the individuals A or B should have a seat in Parliament, but whether that seat is occupied by the elected of the people, by the man who has a majority of the unbought votes of the division.

It follows from this elementary view that not only should contested elections not be allowed to suffer any unnecessary delay, but that they should be tried and decided, as far as possible, before the meeting of Parliament or the Legislature. The law should be so framed and enforced that no man shall seat in either of these bodies, unless his right to his seat is proven beyond cavil. If his seat is not contested, the returning officer's certificate is sufficient credential. If his seat has been contested, he should have, in addition, the certificate of the Court. It is a farce, and in some cases it may prove an outrage, that a man should sit through Parliament, draw his sessional allowance, and turn out afterwards not to be the legal representative of his people. We had a case of the kind last year. Within a month after the adjournment, a member came down to Toronto and was unseated.

These delays are the fault either of the law or of the lawyers. If the first, let the law be amended. If the latter, let these lawyers be frowned down by public opinion. No lawyer has a right to deprive a constituency of the privilege of knowing who is or who is not its lawful representative.

We have on a previous occasion alluded to another hitch in the law. The uncredited agents found guilty of bribery or corruption, in any degree, should be punished by fine or imprisonment. The law is properly stringent in that it holds a candidate responsible, to the extent of the voiding of his election, for every act of his agents, but it is not equitable that he alone should be made to suffer for distinct acts of corruption, committed without his knowledge. If the disgraceful proceedings of the preceding Chambly election had been properly punished, we should not have to assist at the contestation which is at present going on before the Court.

UNITED EMPIRE.

Two public speeches, deriving importance from the high standing of the speakers, have been made within the past few weeks. The first was that of Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, at the laying of the corner stone of the United Empire Club building, Toronto. The second was that of Lord DUFFERIN, at a banquet recently offered him by the Canadian Club, in London. Sir JOHN eschewed party politics altogether and devoted his whole address to the inculcation of a thoroughly British spirit, as distinct from the idea of Annexation on the one hand, or any scheme of premature Independence on the other. He declared in earnest and solemn language that now, more than ever, the necessity existed in Canada of fostering a thorough social, commercial and political alliance with the Mother Country, and of tightening the links of an United Empire. These utterances require no comment. They have found an echo in the breasts of the vast majority of the Canadian people. The *Globe* which, unfortunately, harbors a personal animosity against the greatest of our statesmen, even now that he is fallen, had not a word to say against the speech, though it ridiculed and abused Sir JOHN himself.

The London address of Lord DUFFERIN was an echo of that which he delivered in Toronto, last autumn. Its most salient phrase was that a desire to maintain their connection with Britain is "the prevailing passion of Canadians." These words have been received with gratitude throughout the Dominion as the authoritative expression of the truth. Among all our numerous exchanges, we have not read one word of disapprobation or dissent. Some leading papers, it is true, were significantly silent, but, as if to make up for their deficiency, the American press seems to have taken an unusual interest in the speech, and to have been quite outspoken in regard to it. Some of their remarks are striking and ought to be set before our readers. The *Chicago Tribune* says: "His Lordship's statement is scarcely sustained by the recent movement to es-

tablish a Supreme Court of last appeal in Canada, and cut off the judicial intervention of England's high authority. It is also antagonized by the tendency of the Canadian people to adopt a general policy of Home Rule, and to build it under the model of American institutions. In the formation of separate States under the Dominion, their representation in their Senate, the adoption of the American denomination for money, a partial imitation of our judicial system, and the assimilation of manifold characteristics of the United States, the Canadians scarcely bear out Lord DUFFERIN's assertion that the fate of Canada is 'unalterably fixed' as a part and parcel of the British Empire." The *Buffalo Daily Courier* says: "We doubt very much that Lord DUFFERIN has correctly understood and presented the feelings of the Canadians... but we do not think that their destiny is unalterably fixed, either in the one or the other direction. We do not believe that the permanent existence of two different federal systems on this continent, which are separated neither geographically nor by language, race, political customs, nor the essential features of their institutions, but only by an artificial line, would be in the interest of the one or the other." The *Boston Advertiser* speaks with an air of such personal authority and assurance that we copy its remarks almost entire, italicizing the last lines, to which we particularly call the attention of our readers. "If Lord DUFFERIN would imitate the example of good old HAROUN AL RASCHID and take evening walks *incognito* among the people over whom he rules as viceroy, he might discover that he had himself overstated the 'depth and universality of the desire of Canadians to maintain intact their connection with England.' The existence of a 'prevailing passion' of loyalty to the mother country is something about which a ruler sent from that country might easily be deceived. Men who have learned to be polite do not manifest a wish for a change of relations which has in it nothing of hostility to the existing Government, by showing disrespect for the Governor-General. The men who surround Lord DUFFERIN are likely to be strongly in favor of the British connection. Others are likely to absent themselves from receptions and public demonstrations. So it happens that unless the Governor-General seeks out the people who do not flock to see him, and unless he chances to meet and question men bold enough to tell him an unwelcome truth in regard to their own sentiments, he is extremely liable to be deceived and to infer the non-existence of a feeling which may nevertheless be strong. On the other hand, it is to be said that the existence of this feeling is a matter of observation; and the positive testimony of a respectable American, observing carefully and reporting truly what is to be seen and heard from the lips of Canadians, outweighs the negative testimony of anybody else, even though he be the Governor-General. Such testimony we have had, direct, positive and conclusive. Moreover, we have our own personal observation, which we at least deem to be as valuable as Lord Dufferin's, to the extent that we must believe what we have heard in preference to what he has not heard. And we venture to say that, if Great Britain or the leaders of Canada are basing any political movements on the non-existence of a desire for independence or for union with this country, they make a grievous mistake."

Our space, in the present issue, will not allow us to enter fully into the discussion provoked by these extracts from leading American papers. We shall return to the theme next week. Suffice it to say that we are prepared to recognize, what our Canadian journals affect to ignore, or judge it impolitic to express, that there exists in Canada an Anti-British party, a portion of which, especially in French Lower Canada, favors Annexation, while another portion champions the idea of Independence. We shall go further and assert that, all things considered, there are and can be only two parties in the Do-

minion, one such as we have described, the other unalterably attached to British connection and an United Empire.

THE O'CONNELL MONUMENT.

Ottawa is certainly taking precedence of Montreal and Toronto in its enthusiasm for the proper celebration of the O'CONNELL Centennial. The Secretary of the Ottawa sub-committee, Mr. C. J. HIGGINS, is working with vast activity, and receiving encouragement from all parts of the Dominion. He communicates to us a suggestion from Hon. Senator HOWLAN, of Prince Edward Island, which we recommend to the attention of our Irish readers and friends. Mr. HOWLAN declares that he will be glad to assist in the work of the Centennial by every means in his power. He prefers a statue of O'CONNELL, however, to any other form of memorial, and suggests that the committee should procure estimates for that purpose. He believes that an oil painting would be too tame for the great Liberator, who loved the clear blue of the canopy of heaven as the only covering to the great tent from which he made his able addresses resound to the further ends of the earth. The Irishmen of the Dominion owe it to themselves that a model should ever be present at the Capital, which would inspire themselves and their children with that lofty patriotism which so distinguished O'CONNELL.

Notwithstanding certain statements of newspapers, there are no recent developments of a diplomatic character concerning the affairs of Cuba, and nothing whatever to give the least color of truth to the rumor that England and Germany are co-operating with the United States in pressing upon the Spanish Government the policy of abandoning the West India possessions, with a view either to their division among the three powers named, or their organization into a republic, under the protectorate—expressed or implied—of said powers. The knowledge of such co-operation, it is said in Washington official circles, is confined exclusively to private parties and to the press that gives it publicity, nor has Great Britain or Germany ever hinted at a co-operation of the three powers for the purpose mentioned. On the contrary, both Great Britain and Germany have been remarkably careful not to offend the tender sensibilities of the United States, the latter having on repeated occasions declared its immoveable adherence to the Monroe doctrine, which both Great Britain and Germany have officially said they will respect.

The Labour Bills just passed in the British House of Commons, by large majorities, are based upon a new principle of justice which commend them to the attention of our own readers. The main object of these Bills is to place contracts between employers and workmen on the same footing as all other contracts, and to deal with breaches of them, not as criminal offences, but as offences against the civil law. A Bill passed in 1867 made the breach of contract by a master a civil offence, but, on the part of a servant, treated it as a criminal act. The present Government have decided upon making no distinction between master and servant, employer and employee, but to consider breaches of contract on the part of either as merely civil offences. This is a great step in advance, and must affect similar cases of legislation throughout the British Colonies.

The French Assembly, without debate, has resolved to pass to a second reading the bill relating to the election of Senators. The Public Powers Bill was finally passed by a vote of 530 yeas to 30 nays. A resolution was adopted to discuss the Budget, and then adjourn till November 30. This course was declared urgent by a vote of 356 yeas to 319 nays. A motion,

made by the Left, not to adjourn until the Senate Bill and Budget were voted, and Senators to be chosen by the Assembly were elected, was negated by a vote of 331 yeas to 371 nays. The Left bitterly reproached the Government with betraying the Constitution. We fear that unforeseen obstructions are rising in the path of the French Republic.

At length the English people are going to do a great work of reparation. A meeting was held last week, at which it was resolved to open public subscriptions for the erection of a statue of Lord Byron in some conspicuous place in London. Disraeli presided, and speeches in favour of the project were made by the Earl of Malmesbury, Earl Stanhope and Mr. G. A. Sala. General Wilson stated on behalf of the Americans that they claimed a share in Byron and the right to contribute to the memorial. He was sure his countrymen would gladly furnish at least a quarter of the \$10,000 which it is estimated the statue would cost. Canadians ought to join the movement and subscribe their liberal quota.

Spain is at work at a new constitution. The principal features received by telegraph are as follows: The Senate shall consist of 300 members; for the Lower Chamber deputies are to be chosen for five years, one representative to every 5,000 inhabitants; the King has a right to dissolve the Chambers within three months; he appoints the President and Vice-President of the Senate, and has a right to veto bills; any person arrested must be brought before a tribunal, or released within 72 hours; either the Courts or the Government may decree the suspension of constitutional guarantees, but banishment of a Spaniard from his country is prohibited.

Is the Carlist war really ending? Fresh bands of Carlists have taken refuge in France. The Commander of the French forces at Tarbes has gone to Paris for instructions as to the course he shall pursue. The Provinces of Valencia and Castile are now free of Carlists. The insurrection is confined to the mountains of Navarre and the Basque and Catalonian Provinces. The headquarters of Gen. Jovellar are at Sariena, Province of Huesca.

Following close upon our urgent call, in the last number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, comes the welcome intelligence that a Commission appointed by the Board of Trade to investigate the loss of the steamer Vicksburg, of the Dominion line, has opened its sessions in Liverpool. We shall keep our readers fully advised of the result.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

FESTIVAL TEMPERANCE REFORMATION SOCIETY, TORONTO.

THE TORONTO TEMPERANCE REFORMATION SOCIETY is the oldest Total Abstinence Society in Ontario. It split off from the Temperance Society which allowed the use of beer and light wines, and was organized March 13th 1839, with sixty-six members, Rev. John Roaf as president.

The first temperance soiree was held on the 13th March 1840, in the M. E. Church in Richmond street. Rev. James Richardson, Pastor, presided. Several temperance songs were composed for the occasion and were sung to Church tunes, which shocked the then pious ideas of several; the society then numbered three hundred and fifty seven.

The Society was incorporated August 31st, 1851. In 1844 the Society began to erect the Temperance Hall. The lot on Temperance street, or one acre of ground which is now corner of Yonge and Elm street, was offered by the late Jesse Ketchum; the Temperance street lot was accepted, and after several years' hard work, a building was put up creditable to the city as well as the cause, in measurement 45 x 65 feet.

A mortgage of eleven hundred dollars was negotiated in 1854 which still remains, and is the only debt on the building and ground which is worth nine thousand dollars, making this Society the wealthiest of any local Temperance Society in Canada, or in fact on this continent.

The festival was held on the evening of June 28, 1875. Mr. Luke Sharp, president of the

association, presided, and was supported on the right by Rev. J. G. Robert McLean, president O. T. and P. L.; other well known temperance workers were seated on the platform. After a plentiful supply of strawberries, cream and cake, the company was treated to a good musical performance. Solos and duets were given by Mrs. James, Misses Flint, Strickland, Plummer, Marshall, and Messrs. Bennett and Wood and Master Wood. Ada Flint, a child of six years old, sang beautifully "Girls wait for a Temperance Man." Messrs. F. S. Spence & Mountain gave good readings, and Rev. J. G. Robert delivered an excellent address on the work of the Society. The audience was fair and fully enjoyed the evening.

There are two Lodge rooms in the basement which is used by six temperance and three other Societies. The entire building has been overhauled and renovated lately at an expense of two thousand dollars. The present officers are Luke Sharp, president; James Thomson, 1st vice-president; Rev. J. M. Cameron, 2nd vice-president; J. D. Nasmith, Secretary; Edward Becket, treasurer; John Innes, corresponding secretary.

In our illustration, our Toronto friends will recognize the portraits of the speaker, Rev. J. G. Robb, the Chairman, Mr. Luke Sharp, and Mr. McLean.

THE QUEBEC ELECTIONS.

Papers of all shades are now about of one mind concerning the main results of the Quebec elections. As it is acknowledged that M. De Boucherville has been more or less sustained, we thought we would give him a chance to show his exultation in an innocent game of see-saw. His cap is dashed on one side, he tips a knowing wink, and, of course, what he is saying, is precisely what we have put in his mouth—How is that for high?

ARTILLERY AT LONGCHAMPS.

Our exchanges inform us that the best feature of the late great military review at Longchamps was the artillery, both in the character of the guns and in the drill of the gunners. Considering the deficiency of the French artillery in the late war, this marked improvement is a satisfactory element of progress.

THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERDESSES.

We call particular attention to this copy of a delicious steel engraving which is faithfully and artistically reproduced by our processes. The subject is one which will commend itself to all lovers of the beautiful, while on application, copies on plate paper will be supplied at one-fifth the price of the original.

THE NEW BED OF THE DANUBE.

Our full page sketch gives an idea of the engineering works which have reclaimed the Danube in front of Vienna, enlarging the channels of navigation, and helping to the irrigation of all the surrounding country.

FISHING IN THE POND.

A seasonable picture of the green summer time, under the shady trees, beside the running brook, in company of those we love. It is a lovely woodland scene of which we may sing:

As they sit upon the grass,
The waters near them pass,
Murmuring in their pebbly bed,
Or gurgling o'er the nuphars, fall
In diminutive cascades
Adown the tremulous blades
Of feathery rushes tall.

The grey stones are ingrained
With lichens blue and white,
And the chestnut's bark is stained
With star-shaped mosses bright,
That glisten like a ring
Of silver daffy braces
Around the giant waist
Of the fabled King.

The oriole swings
Her panier nest,
And with the rest
Of the wood birds sings
Her brooding song
Unto her young;
Bright insects glide
Among the flower roots,
And the hummer shoots
O'er the vapory tide;
The fern leaves flutter on the waves,
The irises their spathes unfold
And the marsh marigold
Its fiery bosom laves.
The mollusks peep
From out their shields,
The lizards creep
From the sultry fields,
And the whole air of the leafy bower
Is scented with the breath
Of hay and clover from the swath
Dew-silvered at this sunset hour.

THE PROTECTION OF SALMON IN CANADIAN RIVERS.

Under the wise administration of the Dominion government the salmon fisheries are becoming quite profitable to it and to the large number of men engaged in them. About five years since a system of protection was inaugurated and rigidly enforced. Fishing during the spawning season was put a stop to, spearing at any time was prohibited, the number and use of nets in the tide-ways were restricted, and channels were marked out which were to be kept open at all times. Many of the rivers were leased, reserving to those living upon them the right to rod-fishing, and making the lessees see that the regulations were observed. On the Restigouche, where the law has been enforced by John Mowat and his subordinates without fear or favor, the result has been most successful. Four years ago, with more nets at the mouth of the river than there

are now, the channel was closed by them so completely that a rod fisherman above was lucky if he killed one or two salmon in a day; and the total take from the nets averaged little over two hundred fish per day. Last year the daily catch during the season averaged, I think, four thousand, certainly over three thousand, and the river was full of fish. Mr. Fleming told me that in one large pool high up the river, where the water was low and every fish could be seen, he made a careful estimate of the salmon, and found there were over three thousand. The other rivers on the Baie of Chaleurs are improving in the same way, and yielding a rich return for the sensible and determined course pursued in their management.

We have many rivers in the Eastern States which with equal care could be made equally productive of this finest of fish. The Connecticut, the Androscoggin, the Penobscott, and others, might at a small cost be filled with salmon, and made to furnish a cheap and abundant supply of food as nutritious, pound for pound, as beef, if our legislators could be brought to force their free-born constituents to the belief that they have not an indefeasible right to net, spear, or poison any fish that ventures into their waters at any season. I suppose the introduction and enforcement of the Canadian fishery regulations here would almost create a revolution, but we can never have salmon without a strict system of protection.—From "Ten Days' Sport on Salmon Rivers," by DEAN SAGE in *The Atlantic Monthly* for August.

THE ELFIN OPERA TROUPE.

The N. Y. Home Journal says:—"What fairy-like music!" exclaims every one who hears the Elfin troupe of singers. And who are they who bear this graceful title? asks the reader. They are a band of bright boys whose musical talent has for several seasons past delighted their private circle of friends, and won the approbation of prominent musical artists. They are protégés of a gentleman—a critic and musician—who considers "music and boys" the greatest blessings vouchsafed to mortals. At their pleasant reunions in his house, (situated not a great distance from the Academy of Music,) connoisseurs have been amazed at the taste and skill with which these interesting lads rendered the most difficult compositions. Among artists of celebrity who have heard them are Campanini, Signor Tamberlik, Miss Cary, Miss Kellogg, Errani, Signor Albites, Mrs. Florence Knox, Madame de Ryther and Mr. Romeyne. Mrs. Richings-Bernard listened to them with delight, singing for them in return that beautiful ballad with its constant refrain, "Sing, sing, e'en to deceive me," and Mr. Bernard, observed that the public should be permitted to hear them. They have been frequently urged to appear in public, but as the organization was formed merely for the amusement of its members and their friends they declined to do so till last spring, when, under an engagement to the Baltimore Philharmonic Society, they went to that city and made an immediate triumph. They at once became the talk of the town, and at the new Academy of Music there they sang before an audience of three thousand persons with the most gratifying success. In Washington, under the management, and with the double quartette of Mr. J. R. Fairlamb, the well-known composer, they won an equal popularity. As yet the Elfin Opera Troupe have appeared in New York only once—at the benefit of Mr. Harkins, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It was late in the season. The critics of the press were not present, and the announcement of the *debut* was imperfectly made; yet these churning young singers were received with favor and enthusiasm, and made an impression. As an opera troupe we understand they will, during the coming season, appeal to the public, who can then hear the "Trovatore," "The Bohemian Girl," "Sonnambula," and similar works interpreted by a group of singers who unite to the charm of child-hood the skill and finish of accomplished artists. Managers well acquainted with the public taste, as well as leading musical celebrities, predict for the Elfin troupe a success which will render their operatic representations a feature of the season.

LITERARY SOCIETY IN LONDON.

Literary society in London has a charm peculiar to itself, borrowed possibly in some degree from the quaintness and historic interest of its surroundings. A literary dinner in old Kensington under the very shadow of Holland House, has a character distinctively its own; a supper in an old house on the Strand, where Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson supped a century ago, has an air which could hardly be given to the most delightful supper party in New York or Boston. There is a well established air of bonhomie and culture and freedom, with no lack of elegance, about the English *littérati* which makes them charming company on all occasions, a gentle combination of the Bohemian and the man of society, above a cordial disregard for caste, a quick recognition of genius or merit, and a wide, abounding hospitality. No houses are more charming than those of the London *littérati*; weekly receptions are held among the members, suppers. A supper party the other night was out of town revived one's ideas of the days of "Elia." Around the table was the younger generation of that older one; sons and daughters of the men who graced Lamb's, Hazlitt's, Wordsworth's boards; a sprinkling of the profession; a celebrated novelist, a well-known singer, a

leading authoress from Kensington. We sat about the hospitable board until the "sma" hours. Anecdotes were told, public events, and people, and works discussed. There were sparks of wit which would not have disgraced those earlier days which were shadowed, songs sung, and music contributed which would have roused an audience of 1830 to enthusiasm. We remember this as a typical English party. The very dishes were English in character; the smoking game pies, the claret cup were all part of the English element, which we newly experienced.—*The Galaxy* for August.

LITERARY.

HENRY BLACKBURN'S "Academy Notes" will shortly be published in London.

GEORGE VANDENHOFF is in England preparing his "Reminiscences of the Stage."

It is stated that a small volume of poetry, by Victor Hugo, will soon appear under the title of *The Art of Being a Grandfather*.

MICHEL LEVY has just published the third and fourth volumes of *The History of the American War*, by the Comte de Paris.

PROFESSOR MAX MULLER has returned to Oxford, in great measure restored, after his illness in Italy.

JOAQUIN MILLER has completed a novel embodying scenes in the Golden State. It is called, "In a Californian Eden."

AUGUSTA J. EVANS, the author, has finished a new novel, which, it is stated, will probably be her last contribution to literature. Her husband is said to be averse to her writing more.

ANNIE THOMAS, the novelist, is the wife of the Rev. Pender Cudlip, a High Church clergyman, and the mother of four children. She resides in Maida Vale, one of the pleasantest suburbs of London.

It is some time since the public has had anything new from the pen of Mr. George Henry Lewes. He has now in the press a work which is sure to be read with interest, *On Actors and the Art of Acting*.

THE dramatic editor of the Paris *Figaro* informs his readers that, when Hamlet called Ophelia "a green girl," he meant simply that she was a *marichande de légumes*, or, in English a seller of vegetables.

QUEEN VICTORIA has placed at the disposal of Mrs. Kingsley, the widow of the late Canon Kingsley, the first suite of apartments that may become vacant in Hampton Court Palace.

A GREAT-NIECE of the poet Goldsmith is living in extreme poverty in Dublin. She is eighty-five years of age, and a fund is being raised in her behalf by admirers of Great Oliver.

VICTOR HUGO is said to drive very hard bargains with the publishers. The estimate aggregate amount of his earnings is \$700,000. He has received nearly \$150,000 for his plays alone.

JONAS FISHER: a *Poem in Brown and White*, is the title of a work now in the press, which it is said, will carry great weight, not only on account of its subject and the treatment thereof, but also on account of the high rank of the author.

The new edition of the "Shakespeare Library," by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, is expanded from two volumes to six, and makes, as nearly as may be, a complete collection of the romances, novels, poems, histories, and foundation-dramas that were presumably known to Shakespeare.

FLORENCE MARRYAT (Mrs. Ross-Church) is said to be not far from forty years old, and the mother of a married daughter, but she is generally spoken of as a young lady. She is a blonde of the pure English type, and does not look more than twenty years old. She is said to have given up her idea of coming to this country to read.

THE stories of La Fontaine were published in 1762, in a most luxurious form, with remarkable illustrations. Lately a copy of that edition sold in Paris for 13,000 francs. It occurred to a bookseller that the edition might be profitably reproduced and he reproduced it, only to find himself prosecuted and condemned by the authorities under the laws against indecent literature.

A monument of Theophile Gauthier, was inaugurated in Montmartre Cemetery, near Paris, a few days since. It is by M. Godebski, of the St. Petersburg Academy, who gave his services gratuitously, and consists of a base of freestone supporting a sarcophagus in Carrara marble, on which is seated a muse of the purest Renaissance character, resting her arm on a medallion of the poet.

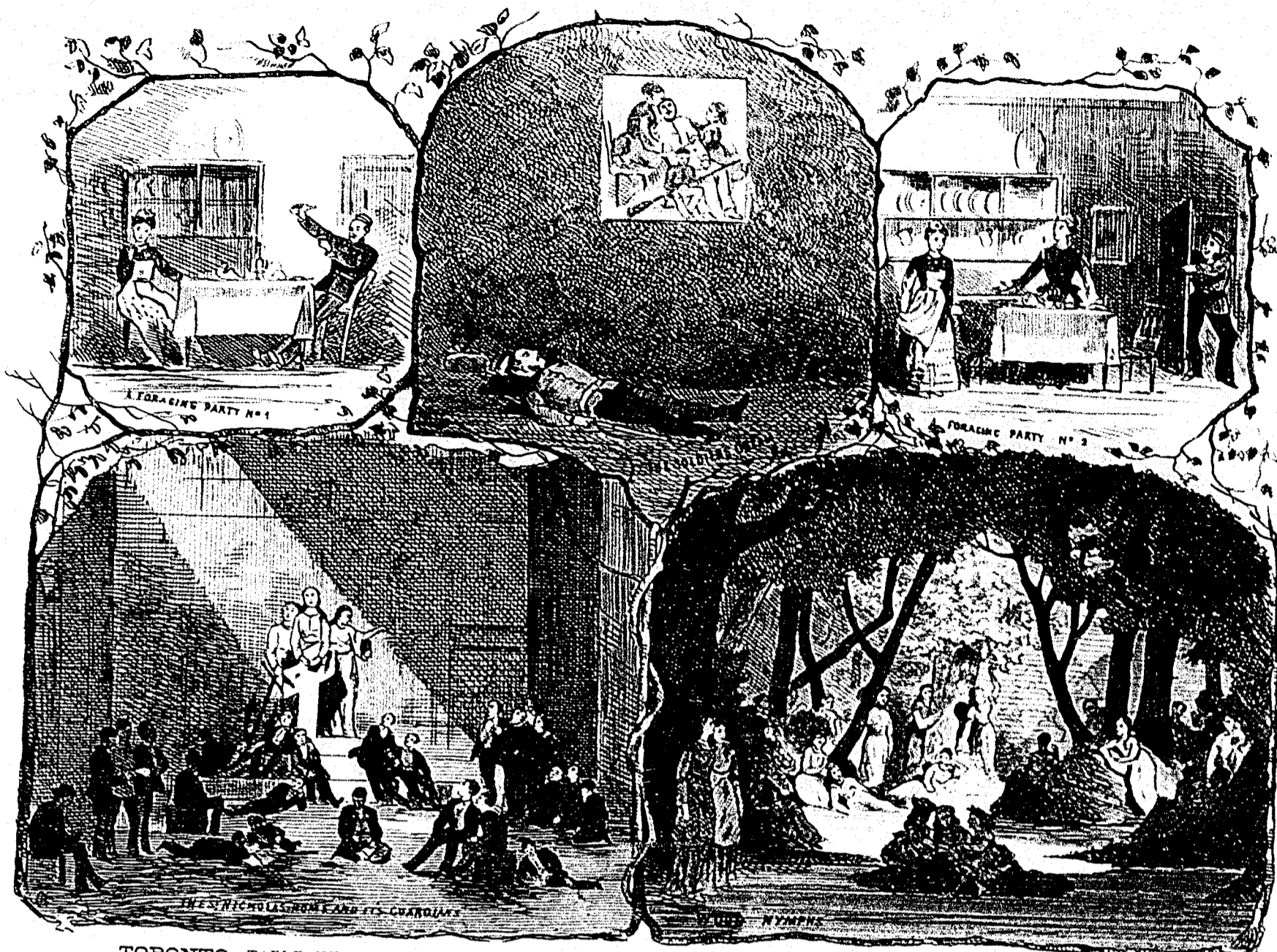
A French translation of Poe's "Raven," by Stéphane Maillarmé, with original illustrations by Edouard Manet, has just been published by Richard Lesclide in Paris, in folio form. The English verses are placed side by side with the translation. The illustrations are of a very fantastic character, reminding us somewhat of the strange likenesses of Charles Baudelaire, done, we believe, by the same artist.

We are glad to learn that the miscellaneous writings of the late Charles Dawson Shanly are about to be collected for publication in one or more volumes, accompanied by a suitable memoir, written by his brother, Mr. Walter Shanly, C. E., who has undertaken the editorship. We feel quite sure that this collection, forming as it will a most desirable *memento* of one long connected with the public service of Canada, as well as with its nascent literature, will be gladly welcomed throughout the country.

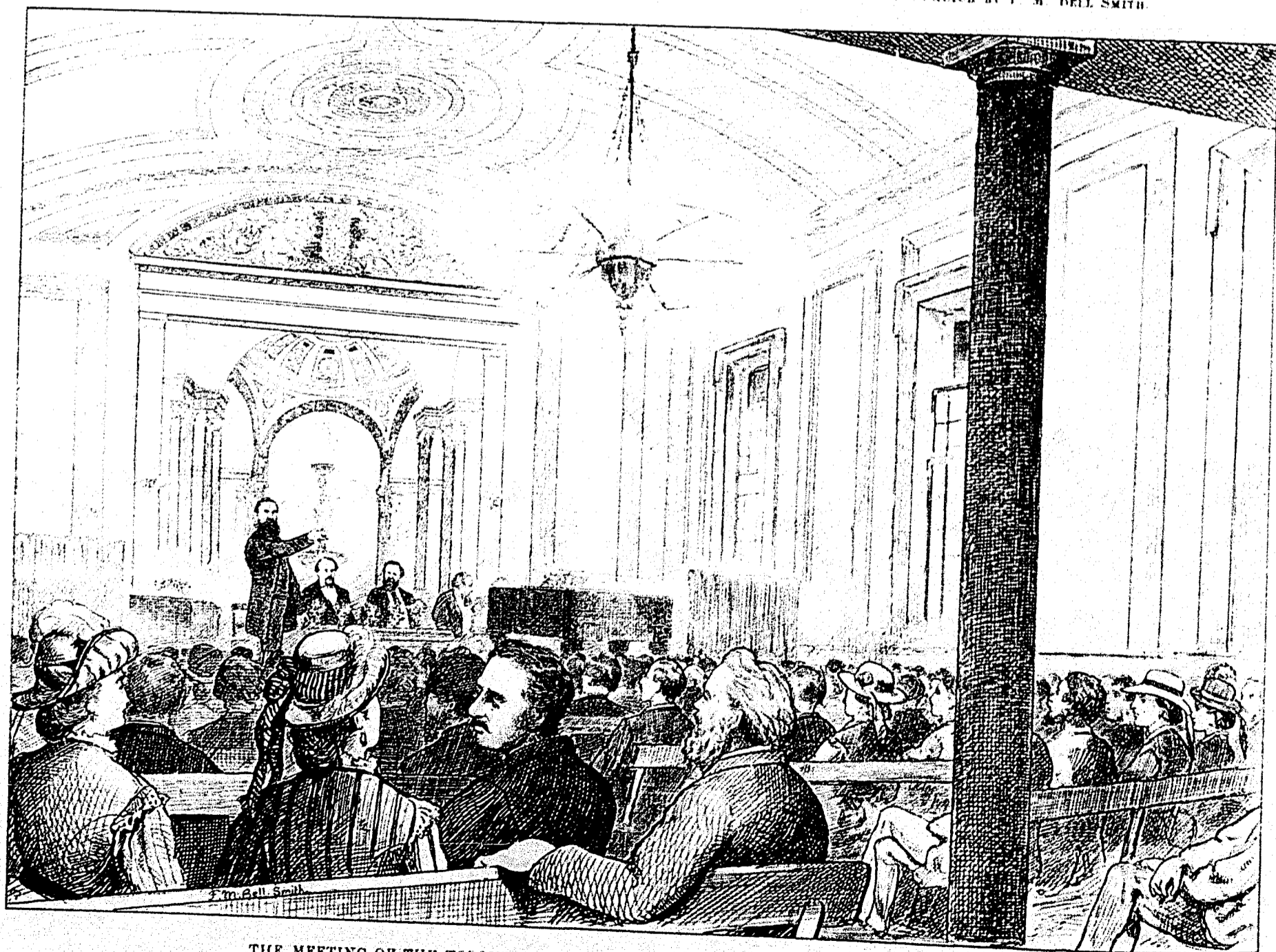
DUMAS is writing a new comedy for the Français, to be brought out next winter, at the desire of the manager, M. Perrin, who intends the leading part for Mlle Croizette. It will be written up by Dumas with a special view to the peculiar ability and qualification of this artist. An American manager, who has an eye for business, has already secured this new play. He saw Dumas, was referred to the latter's *homme d'affaires* and paid a large sum in advance.

THE total export of books from the United States in 1874 is valued at \$584,950; \$95,688 worth of American books was exported to England; \$26,515 to Germany; \$7,525 to France; \$77,809 to Columbia; \$82,222 to Brazil; \$23,821 to the Argentine Republic; \$23,779 to Cuba; \$16,207 to Mexico; \$14,268 to Australia; \$8,758 to China; \$4,627 to the Sandwich Islands; \$32,664 to Japan; and \$138,189 to Canada. Other countries, European and Asiatic, purchased books in quantity varying from \$8,000 to \$10.

THE British museum and other public libraries in England are watching like buzzards for the death of a Mr. Crossley, living in Manchester, and eighty years old. Crossley is a bibliographer, and the most noted book worm in England. His library contains of 50,000 volumes. He is a complete encyclopedia of English literature, and in his immense library of dusty tomes he lives the life of a hermit. He was a personal friend of Charles Lamb and other literary men of past generations, but has written nothing himself except a few magazine articles, contributed to current literature in 1820.



TORONTO: TABLEAUX IN AID OF THE ST. NICHOLAS HOME ON THE 5th JULY.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. M. BELL SMITH.



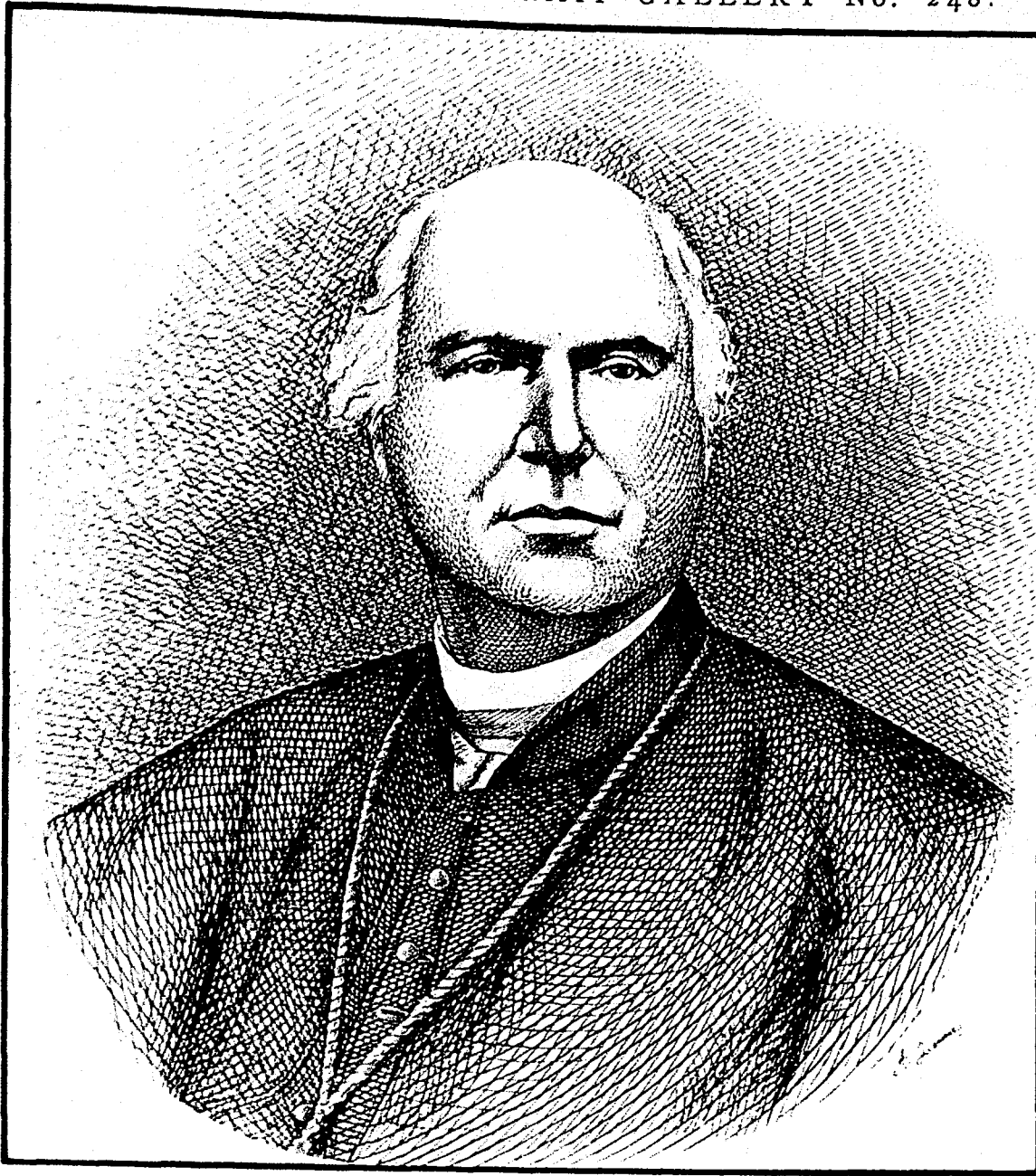
THE MEETING OF THE TORONTO TEMPERANCE REFORMATION SOCIETY ON THE 28th JUNE.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY No. 248.

THE LATE
RT. REV. CHAS. LAROCQUE

R. C. BISHOP
OF ST. HYACINTHE.

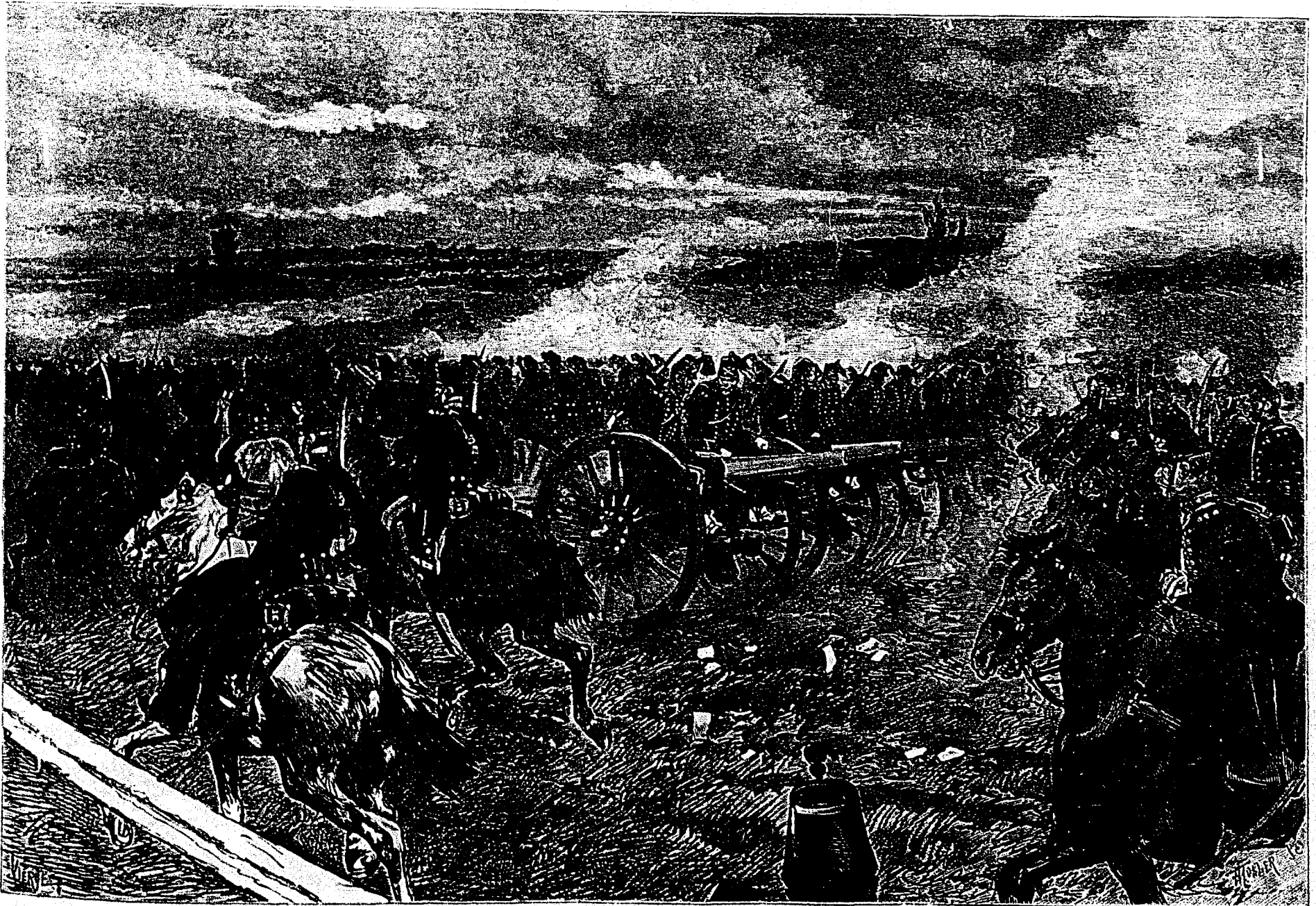
Monseigneur Charles Larocque, who died on the 15th inst., at St. Hyacinthe, was born at Chambly, on the 15th of Nov., 1809, and was the eldest of four brothers. The family was poor, and he owed his education, received at the college in St. Hyacinthe, to the generosity of a friend, Rev. M. Mignault, Curé of Chambly, to whom, with emotion, on the day of his consecration as Bishop, he declared he owed all that he was. He finished his studies in 1828, and taught in the college until 1831. He was distinguished, even at this early age, for vivacity, talent, determination and rare piety. His whole demeanor betokened superiority, and pointed to the high career which he was destined in after life, to illustrate. In order that he might have better opportunity for preparation to enter on the vocation of a priest, Mgr. Lartigue summoned him in the course of this year to the Bishop's Palace in this city, and ordained him on the 29th July, 1835, in the old cathedral of Place d'Armes Square, since replaced by the magnificent Church of Notre-Dame. He was named Vicar of M. Laurent Aubry, Curé of St. Roch de l'Achigan, and in 1832, Vicar of M. Gagnon, Curé of Berthier. In 1836 he became Curé of St. Pie, in 1840 he labored in Acadie and St. Luc, and in 1844 he was appointed Curé of St. Johns, P. Q., a position he filled until his elevation to the Bishopric. He first made his mark at St. Johns where his labors will remain the monuments of his zeal and activity. Having become possessed of considerable means, the fruits of economy and a rare talent of administration, he devoted large sums to the founding of convents, academies, asylums and a



church which is one of the finest rural temples in the Province. In 1854, he was present at Rome at the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, in the company of the Bishop of Montreal. While in Paris, he was presented at the Tuileries, when he was honored with a compliment from the late Emperor, a compliment which is believed to have strongly influenced his appreciation of Napoleon, of whom he always spoke with friendly admiration. He was consecrated Bishop on the 20th of July, 1866, replacing upon the Episcopal throne Mgr. Jos. Larocque, incapacitated by illness from active duty. The church of St. Johns on this occasion was thronged, and the reception as he entered St. Hyacinthe was very flattering. He found the finances of his new diocese in a precarious condition and set to work towards ameliorating them. For this purpose, he imposed great sacrifices upon himself. Instead of residing in his fine palace of St. Hyacinthe, he took up his abode for eight years in the seclusion of the presbytery of Belœil. By dint of care and economy, he succeeded in wiping out a great portion of the diocesan debt. Bishop Larocque was a handsome man, of lordly figure, remarkable in any assemblage, and destined by nature to rule over others. He was gifted with rare eloquence and his intimate conferences were full of charm. Altogether, he was a remarkable man, and will leave a void hard to fill in the R. C. hierarchy.

The funeral of the late Bishop took place at St. Hyacinthe, on Wednesday, 21st inst., in presence of an immense concourse of his diocesans, including several prelates and a large number of clergymen. He desired to be interred in the vault of the Hotel Dieu, beside the body of his mother, whom he had always fondly cherished, and who preceded him to the grave by only a few weeks.

THE LATE RT. REV. CHARLES LAROCQUE, R. C. BISHOP OF ST. HYACINTHE.



PARIS: THE NEW ARTILLERY CORPS AT THE LONGCHAMPS REVIEW.

ANDREA DEL SARTO.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF ANDRE ROULKAU.)

"Send me a letter of love,"
Sayeth the woman, my master:
Dearest, wert thou a dove,
The sky could not be vaster
Than the world thou arousest in me;
It's sunlight and bird are these.

I am only an artist, sweet,
Weak and voluptuous, ever;
Chained at thy exquisite feet
Thou inspirest my endeavor.
The babe at thy breast is thinking
Why I interrupt his drinking.

All things cling unto thee,
Motherly, fruitful, robust;
Also clinging is me,
Putting my soul in thy trust,
Doubting, wondering, fearful, but still
The loving of thee is not of the will.

Precious, the years are many
Since I lisp'd my love aloud,
And never but then did any
Of the beckoning, murmuring crowd
Hear me speak passion and rite of the priest,
For my lips are chaste at least.

Thou unwooded went never;
Princes with thee would groom;
Yet who could our destiny sever?
Not we, who knew it was doom.
Years their temptations had wasted on both,
But passion survived, and I found thee not loth.

The love of Eve and of Adam
We felt, like the earliest pair;
Time made thee, Delilah, a madam,
It shored me the strength of my hair.
Thou couldst but wived with a number,
But only thyself shared my slumber.

O for the bison's dulness!
O for the stallion's heart!
The wantonness and the fulness
That treason can never smart;
But while thou livest, O syren,
Thou makest my loyalty iron.

The queens of form and graces
Scarce tempt and never win me;
Thy lustrous eyes and faces
No pulses stir within me;
I see thee, like my soul created,
And fall before thee, mated, fated.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE GALAXY for August contains contributions from Dr. T. M. Coan, Justin McCarthy, Henry James, jr., John G. Saxe, Miss Wager, and other well-known writers. To our mind the most attractive article in the number is "A London June," the author of which modestly withholds his name from publication. It is a graceful sketch of the social, political and artistic side of the great metropolis, as seen by an American in the month of June, the most attractive month of all the year in London. We are taken to drive in Hyde Park, where we are treated to a glimpse of the royal family; to the great concerts at Sydenham; to hear Tietjens and see Ardit; to the rose shows, and the opera; to a fashionable dinner, and to a supper among the *littérateurs*; to the temple to moralize over the crusaders, and to the House of Parliament to witness a passage at arms between Disraeli and Gladstone. The attractiveness of the subject itself, and the graphic and pleasing way in which it is dealt with, make one regret that the article were not longer.

Another noticeable article is Dr. Coan's "Zealot and Student," a comparison between men of thought and men of action; a keen analysis of character, especially of American character, which will repay careful reading.

Miss Wager's sketch of the talented and beautiful Countess of Albany and the Italian poet Alfieri is a romantic bit of history which would not be likely to reach the eye of the ordinary reader of books; and certainly not in the concise and attractive form in which it is here presented.

Mr. Whittaker contributes another historical sketch under the title of "Mohammed the Iconoclast," which takes nearly the form of a vindication of the great prophet of the East.

There are two short stories in the number: one by Henry James, jr., so well known as a writer of tales; the other by Miss Jurgensen, a new writer of good promise. Three very good poems and one very bad one make up the body of the magazine, after which come the departments of Science, Literature and Current Gossip, which to happy sojourners at seaside and mountains are always the favorite part of the magazine.

The chief feature of the August ATLANTIC is James Russell Lovell's stately ode, read under the Washington Elm at Cambridge, July 3, which surpasses his Concord Centennial Ode, printed in the June number. There is also a humorous poem by Dr. O. W. Holmes, called forth by the same occasion. Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble contributes the first of her autobiographical papers, which is full of delightful anecdote, and Mark Twain brings to a close his "Old Times on the Mississippi." David A. Wells writes clearly and powerfully on "The Creed of Free Trade." There is a long review, "John Quincy Adams," by William Everett, and a critical essay by T. S. Perry, on Victor Hugo. A vivacious installment of Mr. James's "Roderick Hudson" is given; a short paper, "Autumn Days in Weimar," by Byard Taylor, and a New England tale called "A Roadside Romance," by G. P. Lathrop; while a lively and seasonable account of "Ten Day's Sport on Salmon Rivers" is written by Dean Sage. Poetical contributions are made by J. T. Trowbridge, Celia Thaxter, and Mrs. Piatt. The editorial departments, though shorter than usual, discuss recent American books, Tennyson's "Queen Mary," music and art; and the entire number—with its unusually brilliant list of writers—is a very striking one.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Men have wondered if science in the brilliant path of discovery, which she is at present pursuing, will ever restore to us those lost arts, of which the negligence of our ancestors has deprived us. It does not seem to have occurred to many, that possibly we are equally negligent. Let us look at the art of public speaking. Are we in any danger of losing it. Certainly, in the vigorous electioneering of these days any such danger would seem remote. Never in the history of our Dominion, we believe, has such an amount of political fencing and declamation been heard, and looking at the matter superficially, it would appear that this art, far from waning in popularity, is rapidly increasing.

Now we are not sure that this popularity is evidence of its vitality as an art; and if we inquire into the cause of it, we find that it is far from desirable, while proceeding from such a source. The truth is, that the standard of public speaking has been lowered from the position it once occupied, to such an extent, that it is within the capabilities of almost any one who wishes to make himself conspicuous, and is rapidly becoming a means for the dissemination of wicked slanders and evil reports.

Under such circumstances, while a certain style of public speaking may always continue to exist, it would be folly to term it an art. In such a state it ceases to be worthy of such a name.

We consider one of the principal causes of this deterioration to be the want of attention paid to this art by our leading educational institutions and universities.

We do not know of any university in this Dominion, and there are certainly few in the United States, which possess a chair of Oratory. The public is well attended to by the musical profession, and by instructors in drawing and painting. Although not a profession, there are as many as are required: but public speaking is entirely neglected. In consequence any young man, who aspires to a public position, unless possessed of unusual ability, is unable to make satisfactory progress in this art which is necessary to his success.

This want has been felt and expressed by many students of the ministry and the legal profession, and we hope that the universities of the Dominion and more especially our own McGill will carefully consider this subject, and we are confident that the public will heartily second and support any movement in this direction.

More than 2000 years ago there lived in classic Greece, one who spent long hours in his subterranean studio, to bring to its highest perfection this noblest of the arts; and three centuries later, the Roman Senate heard the man of Arpinum launch the power of his eloquence against his country's traitors, and this art which revived the dying spirit of a glorious nation, and proved the salvation of another, we hope to see revived from its present lethargy to stir the ambition and purify the energies of our people.

R. S. W.

DI MURSKA'S BLACK AND TANS.

A matinée concert at Platt's Hall San Francisco was enlivened by an amusing incident. The programme had safely reached the last number of the first part, when Madame Di Murska fluttered on the stage, dressed in a pale blue silk that surged around her like a breezy sea, her brown hair rising above the cerulean waves like a fleecy cloud in a fading sunset. The object of the lady was to sing the mad scene from "Lucia." Giammona and little Pratt followed. The first struck an unusually awkward attitude, with his flute at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the last sat down and began in a harmonious way to titillate the piano. The prima donna had just launched upon the waves of melody, and was throwing in a few sky-rocket notes to show that she was really insane, when two black-and-tan terriers, weighing about three ounces each, dashed through the door by which she had entered, made a rush for her, and began to chase one another furiously round the periphery of her skirts, occasionally varying the exercise by leaping up and getting entirely lost in the mass of azure drapery. The audience smiled. The lady kept on serenely climbing the scale as if her life depended on her reaching the top in a given time. Then, the people laughed outright. Looking down, she realized the situation, and stopping the ravings of Lucia, with a vicious snap in the middle of a demi-semiquaver as far up in the scale as she had been able to get in the brief time allotted her, she shook the tawny whelps out of her apparel, and turning on her heels, she made astonishing time off the stage, her dress floating in the breeze like that of an ascending seraph, crushing a wailing pet terrier under her indignant heel at every step. The audience cheered, as audiences always do at sudden contretemps. Signor Giammona struck an attitude more ungraceful than the preceding one, and the handsome accompanist hung his arm over a corner of the piano, and allowed snickering ladies to admire his shape. Di Murska came back in due time, and after whispering to her pianist began her aria *de novo*. The audience still smiled, and the singer rather tardily appreciating the ludicrous nature of the situation, a convulsion of her features was visible, and what should have been a burst of insane melody almost became a shriek of laughter. She struggled nobly through with the music, however, and after the death of Lucia in the wild throes of a sky-scraping cadenza, was rewarded with the usual tumult of applause.

FRESCOES OF CORREGGIO.

The report of the British Consul at Parma gives some interesting particulars in regard to the great work undertaken by Signor Toschi of engraving all the celebrated frescoes of Correggio. Paolo Toschi, of Parma, returned to his country about 1819, after a long residence in Paris, where Bervie had taught him engraving and Oortman etching. Although he had hardly attained his thirtieth year, Toschi was already well known in his profession, and soon undertook or received commissions to engrave classical works which required not only the help of his friend and colleague, Antonio Isaac, who died young, but the assistance of pupils, who soon crowded to his studio during the whole period of his teaching to the number of sixty-five. In a few years' time, thus aided, the master was able not only to conceive the idea but to commence the execution of his greatest work, the engraving of Correggio's frescoes, before time and neglect should have completely destroyed them. The difficulties to be encountered in this enterprise, owing to the vastness of the compositions, the curved surface on which, for the most part, the frescoes were painted, the want of light, the foreshortening, and the characteristic style of the painter, some of whose greatest beauties and most masterly effects are produced by means of the boldest and seemingly irregular touches, would have sufficed to check the ardor of less preserving artists than Toschi and his associates, who, from long study, had thoroughly imbued themselves with the spirit of the master's work. The means, however, to carry out the project were wanting. State assistance was needed, and Toschi, Director of the Academy of Fine Arts, was commissioned by the Government of Maria Louisa to copy the frescoes in water colors. He commenced the work with Professor C. B. Callegari, C. Raimondi, and others, and for several years the artist patiently ascended the lofty scaffoldings placed under the cupolas of the Duomo and the Church of S. Giovanni, until the drawings were completed. In 1844 the circular announcing the intended engraving of the celebrated frescoes was issued. For ten years Toschi and his assistants, at one time eighteen in number, worked indefatigably until in 1854, when twenty-three plates were finished and twenty-two published, and the master died almost suddenly. All doubt as to the continuation of the series was, however, set at rest by the disinterested acceptance by Professor Carlo Raimondi of the proposals of the Government of Parma; but the work languished, having the assistance of only five engravers, until by a decree of 1860, C. Farini, Governor of Emilia, established a superior school of engraving at Parma under Raimondi, who at the same time, for the completion of the great work, was given an increased number of salaried assistants, among whom were the Cavaliere Bigola, now professor of engraving at the Accademia Albertina of Turin, and Professor Dalco. The total number of plates in the series will be forty-eight; of these, in 1873, thirty-five were already published from the works of Correggio, in the Duomo one, in the Church of S. Giovanni twelve, in the Monastery of S. Paolo sixteen, in the SS. Annunziata one, and in the Gallery one; from the frescoes of Parmigianino in the Church of S. Giovanni four. Considering the high estimation in which Correggio's frescoes are now held, the amount he received for painting them—namely, 1,000 ducats, or about £3,000—does not appear extravagant, but it must be remembered that there was no Manchester School of Art in the fifteenth century.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

TO LE, the comedian, sailed for Europe on Saturday.

ALL the lights in the Berlin Opera are to be lit at once by electricity.

MR. JOHN BROUGHAM has been nominated for President of the new Figaro Dramatic and Literary Club N. Y.

SIGNOR SALVINI was present at the recent annual dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund. Mr. Irving presided, and there were many allusions to the two *Hamlets*.

IN September, Mr. Carl Rosa will commence his season of British opera at the Princess Theatre. He proposes to present either *Lohengrin* or *Tannhauser* in English.

T. C. KING, the eminent tragedian, has been invalided by a broken collar bone. He was confined to his rooms in this city for some days, but we are pleased to hear that he is mending rapidly.

A new play is now being rehearsed at the Gymnase, which is the joint production of Dion Boucicault and M. de Najac. It is to be called "Lelia," and Mlle. Tallandiers will play the leading rôle.

CLARA MORRIS goes on a tour throughout Ireland and Scotland accompanied by Mrs. Worthington, and after meeting her husband in Paris next month proceeds through Switzerland. Colonel Piatt and Mrs. Piatt, who were members of the same party, are in London, where they are to remain for some time.

M. CHARLES LECOCQ is composing two new pieces for the Parisian stage. One will be brought out at the Folies Dramatiques, and the other at the Renaissance. Mr. Offenbach is also working at four new pieces—the *Boulangère*, the *Créole*, *Don Quichotte*, and *Un Voyage dans la Lune*.

MME WALDEMAN, the singer, who has lately been distinguishing herself in Verdi's "Requiem Mass," is said to have beautiful golden hair. One of those correspondents who see everything *couleur de rose*, writes: "The threads seemed to shimmer and glow under the black Venetian veil she wore like summer sunlight falling on a glided harp."

GIROFLE-GIROFLE is now being played in New York, in French, Italian, German, and English drawing crowded houses. No opera has ever, as far as we know, been before thus acted in any one American city in so many different languages. Even in London such an occurrence would be considered strange, if not wholly unique.

MR. IRVING, on the occasion of the 200th performance of *Hamlet*, informed the Lyceum audience that *Macbeth* would be played after the vacation, and that *Macbeth* would be followed by a new play, in which Mrs. Crowe would play the heroine, and to which he hoped circumstances would enable him to give his best support. The play would be *Queen Mary*, and the author Alfred Tennyson.

AUGUSTIN DALY has failed in an effort to prevent by legal interference the production of "Ultimo" in one San Francisco theatre while he was presenting "The Big Bonanza," an adaptation of the same German play, in another. The Judge's decision was: "Two or more authors have a legal right to make as many adaptations from the original play as they may deem fit, providing, however, neither infringes upon the original work of the other."

MME. TITIENS, the distinguished *prima donna* will begin her engagement with M. Max Strakosch in New York on the 4th of October. Her first appearance will probably be made in the new Chickering Hall on Fifth Avenue in concert, and later in the season she will undoubtedly be heard in some of those strong dramatic impersonations which have gained her such celebrity abroad. Mme. Titien's rank as an artist is pre-eminent and she is the possessor of a matchless method. She is now creating a deep impression in London by her vivid portrait of *Ortrud* in "Lohengrin." Mme. Titien will probably be supported by Mme. Trebelli-Bettini, the most gifted of contraltos; by Signor Brignoli, and others. She will arrive in September, and her manager, Mr. Max Strakosch, is expected somewhat earlier. Her advent will be the event of the season.

ARTISTIC.

MISS CLARKE, an American artist has for some years past been engaged on a series of sketches of all the places visited by Dante.

SEVERAL of the water-colour sketches by Fortuny, at the sale of the artist's effects in Paris, were purchased for the young King of Spain. Since then he secured at Madrid a picture by Don Enrique Estéban, the subject "The Studio of Goya."

THE Ottoman Museum of Antiquities has just received two life size statues of Roman workmanship, which were lately found in Crete. They are believed to represent Poppea and Clodia, the wife and daughter of Nero.

THE Parthenon at Athens is being shockingly wrecked and ruined by tourists. A person from New York recently knocked off the finger of one of the finest statues, to add to his private collection of curiosities in this city.

A FINE picture by Domenichino, representing David with the head of Goliath, which was stolen in March, 1871, from the little town of Fano, on the Adriatic, has at last been recovered by the Syndic of Fano. The picture is in a lamentable state, but it can be restored. The robbers have not been discovered.

THE tomb of Clodorald, the grandson of the great Clovis, has been disinterred at St. Cloud. The discovery was made during some excavations on the site of the well-known restaurant burnt down in the war. Clodorald was a royal monk, and the fact of his crypt forming the foundation of a *demi-monde* eating-house is another proof of what base uses we may all return to.

A somewhat singular discovery has just been made at Buckingham Palace. During some alterations, and while the workmen were engaged in pulling down a wall, a large quantity of valuable gold and silver plate of about the time of George III., and supposed to be worth several thousand pounds, was discovered in a place of concealment.

"THE SAARDAM" portrait of Peter the Great—for which he was sitting at the time of the visit of Marlborough to the house of Mylneer Calp, the shipbuilder of Saardam in 1697, and which has been missing from Russia for twenty-four or five years, has been recovered in London by Captain W. H. Patten-Saunders. Both painting and frame were uninjured, and on being cleaned, this celebrated portrait was found to be in a state of perfect preservation.

THOMAS NAST lives in splendid style at his beautiful home in Morristown, N. J. He has a wife, three daughters, and a son. He delights in his home, and has taken every pains and spared no expenses to make it a beautiful one. In every nook and corner the exquisite skill and trained eye of the true artist is seen. In paintings, in statuary, in bronzes, in decorations, in styles of furniture, in everything, everywhere, there is shown the hand and brain of a lover of the beautiful.

ANOTHER attempt has been made to destroy Foley's statue of Prince Albert in Dublin. Two men were arrested at midnight while preparing to injure it. They had covered it with a canvas shroud saturated with paraffine oil, which was to be set on fire, and were in the act of forcing a tin can down upon the head of the statue which had painted on it in large red letters, "No residence for Royal Princes."

A botanical critic has pointed out remarkable errors in many pictures at the Royal Academy exhibition. Mr. Bedford's "Hermione," for example, is a subject taken from ancient Grecian life, and the matron is represented as standing between a lemon and an orange tree. But, says Dr. George Birdwood, the Greeks and Romans knew neither the orange nor the lemon, and even Shakespeare probably never saw an orange or a lemon tree.

HUMOUROUS.

"MONEY is very tight," said a thief who was trying to break open a vault.

"ARE there any fools in this town?" asked a stranger of a newsboy, recently. "I don't know," replied the boy, "why, are you lonesome?"

AN eccentric old fellow, who lives alongside of a graveyard, was asked if it was not an unpleasant location. "No," said he, "I never jined places in my life with a set of neighbours that minded their own business so stiddy as they do."

THE Chicago *Times* reports the first lady lawyer admitted to the bar in Ohio has just got her first client. The client is very youthful, and is the legitimate result of successful courting. The doctor says she is doing as well as could be expected; but what does he know about law?

AN elderly gentleman returning home from church, began to extol the merits of the sermon to his son. Said he: "Jack, I have heard one of the most delightful sermons ever delivered before a Christian society. It carried me on to the gate of heaven." "Why didn't you dodge in?" replied Jack; "You will never have another such chance."

THE Iowa *State Leader* tells a story of a well-known life insurance agent, who approached Hammond, the revivalist, on the subject of insuring his life. Hammond said that he could not afford to turn his attention to such a temporary and worldly subject, but if the agent could insure his soul it might be worth while talking. The agent slowly shook his head and said it was impossible; his company did not carry any fire risks.

THE GLEANER.

The latest educational statistics of England exhibit a total of \$7,227 schools in operation, with 1,006,511 children on the rolls.

Mr. Gladstone's collection has been sold, and the total proceeds amount to \$45,460, of which \$16,215 was realized from pictures.

Santa Anna is seventy-seven years old, but he is still erect and slender, and his black hair and black eyes yet preserve their original brilliancy. He is as fond of cockfighting as ever, but has not money to indulge in it as much as he would like.

Madame Willett, described as the champion female walker of the world, has commenced to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours at the Prince Arthur Running Grounds, Middleboro'. To complete her undertaking she will require to walk night and day for about six weeks.

According to the *Moscow Gazette*, a remarkable race, in which ladies only will be allowed to compete, the winner receiving for the prize a rich dress with all its accessories, is to take place next month, at Pavlovsk, one of the Imperial residences in the neighbourhood of St. Petersburg.

The physician in attendance upon Robert Dale Owen, in Indiana, gives it as his opinion that his patient is hopelessly insane. He says further, the Indianapolis *Journal* announces, that the disease is softening of the brain, and that Mr. Owen cannot be expected to live longer than a fortnight.

It will scarcely be credited that there is more sunshine in Scotland than in England. As a consequence they are able to complete there most successfully for the supply of peaches for the London markets. The house in the middle row of Covent-garden Market that has the finest and most continuous supply of peaches gets its supply chiefly from Scotland.

Mr. Disraeli will, hereafter, have the support of every one of the London daily papers except the *Daily News* and the *Telegraph*, the *Advertiser* and the *Post* having become strong eulogists of his, and the *Times* boasting that it is peculiarly well acquainted with the Premier's mind, and in return for that confidence giving him a general support.

The British Premier has a new verb—To convenience. "There is no one," said Mr. Disraeli the other night, "whom I should like more to convenience than my hon. friend;" and every one is taking up the expression now. We talk of inconveniencing a man often enough—"Pray do not inconvenience yourself," or "Do not let me inconvenience you." Why not therefore convenience a man?

Among Mr. Gladstone's pictures sold lately was one of the late Lord Lyndhurst, for which Mr. Gladstone gave 20 guineas. It was offered by him to a distinguished friend for the like sum, but he declined it. It was sold lately by Messrs. Christie for £13 13s., and has again been sold by the purchaser for 113 guineas to five Tory members, with whose joint purse it was bought, and by them handed over to Mr. Disraeli, who had expressed a wish to possess it.

A real remedy for seasickness, says the *Journal du Havre*, is said to have at last been discovered. The formula varies with the state of the water, the constitution of the individual and the more or less liability to suffer from that distressing malady. The following is the receipt for very rough weather: Chloral, three grammes; distilled water, fifty grammes; currant syrup, sixty grammes; French essence of mint, two drops. Half the mixture to be taken on embarking.

Paris fashion in jewellery is very capricious at present; large lockets are no longer to be seen in full evening dress; diamond and pearl necklaces have taken her place, and above the necklet a ribbon, the colour of the dress, is tied in front with a small bow. The favourite earrings are large single pearls. Many bracelets are worn at a time, and always two porte-bonheur ones in either plain gold, diamonds, or turquoises. Lastly a butterfly or humming-bird, imitated in precious stones, is always worn on the bouquet that adorns one side or other of the bodice.

In the Western parts of America a good deal of corn is used to make fires, and it is proposed to grow sunflowers for this purpose instead. A carefully-grown sunflower will stand ten or twelve feet high, and have half-a-dozen good heavy blossoms. These blossoms are great favourites with bees, who get from them a good supply of honey. The seeds when crushed furnish a very clear and pure oil, and in their natural state are the chosen food of domestic poultry. They are an excellent preservative against fever and malaria, arising from defective drainage, damp, &c.

A rather distinguished person, who could not master himself, sought the advice of an eminent physician, who gave him a prescription which he followed faithfully for several months, and at the end of that time he lost all bacchanalian desire, which formerly had irresistibly conquered him. The recipe by which he has been assisted to reform is as follows:—"Sulphate of iron, 5 grains; magnesia, 10 grains; peppermint-water, 11 grains; spirit of nutmeg, 1 drachm—to be taken twice a day." This preparation acts as a tonic and stimulant, and so partly supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents the absolute physical and moral prostration that follows from the sudden breaking off from the use of intoxicating drinks.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

The Peterborough *Examiner* urges the construction of railways in Canada while labor and material are cheap.

The Millbrook *Messenger* says there was a shower of very small black toads in that place lately.

The International Salt Company, of Goderich, put a third salt-pan in operation in their block last week.

There are now twenty-six new houses in course of erection in Prescott, not including the town-hall, or other buildings started but not completed last season.

The famous boulder in the middle of the Niagara River channel, below the Goat Island bridge, lies about thirty feet further down the stream this summer than it did last fall.

There will be a very heavy crop of raspberries this season. The vines are loaded with the green fruit at present, and they look healthy. There will be a very heavy crop of blackberries also.

The Forresters and St. George's society of Brantford propose to unite and hold a grand demonstration some time next month. Invitations will be sent to Buffalo, Hamilton, London and other places.

Mr. Gerald C. Brown, of Perth, has leased 1,500 acres of phosphate lands in the township of Bu-Kingham, county of Ottawa, Quebec, and intends developing them at once. The lease extends over a period of 50 years.

A number of the voting papers in the Montreal election were invalidated owing to the absence of blotting-paper. When the papers were folded a blot was produced in the centre opposite the opposing candidate's name.

His Majesty the King of Saxony has conferred the illustrious Order of Albert with the title of Chevalier, or Knight, upon Dr. Alexander M. Ross, of Toronto. This is a high compliment to a Canadian Scientist.

Emigration returns for the past five months of the current year, show that 8,113 persons have settled in Ontario, against 8,114 for the corresponding period of last year. A difference of only one.

Rev. J. Morples, of Bracebridge, on resigning the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church of that village, in order that he may devote his time more fully to public debate, was on the 30th ult. presented with a purse by a number of his friends of different denominations.

The Toronto Summer Races will take place over the Newmarket course, on the Don and Danforth road, on Monday and Wednesday, the 16th and 18th of August. The races are under the patronage of Angus Morrison, Esq., Hon. C. J. Douglas, and other influential gentlemen.

There is a poor prospect of any further instalments of servant girls arriving from Ireland this season. Mr. Wills informs the *Ottawa Citizen* that latest accounts from the North of Ireland state that girls are scarcer there than in any part of Canada.

It is expected that the British steamships Vancouver and Vasco de Gama, now lying in or shortly expected to arrive at San Francisco, will be chartered by the new mail contractors. They are propellers of from 2,000 to 2,500 tons, quite new, are fitted with every modern appliance for safety and comfort, and ran a short time in the China trade. One of the fine steamers will probably be ready for sea on the first of August, when the new contract will commence.

The Late George Brown, whose death was chronicled last week, was a fisherman like his father, and a native of Halifax. In 1863 he made his debut, when he entered for the Cogswell belt, the emblem of championship of the harbor, but spraining his wrist was compelled to withdraw. He won the belt in 1864 and retained it at the annual competition during the four years, when it became his property. Though thus favorably known in local aquatic circles he was comparatively a novice when August 31, 1871, at the international regatta at Halifax harbor, pulling bow in the Halifax Crew, his boat was second, beaten two seconds by the Taylor-Winship Crew, that won the \$3,000 purse and championship, 69 miles, with one turn, 44m. 28s., the Biglins third. On the next day he was second for the single-scutt race, three nautical miles, straight-away, Jos. Sadler winning in 25m. 2s., Brown's time, 25m. 7s., H. Kelley, Bagnall, Coulter, and Lovett behind him. His friends, claiming that ignorance of racing custom had defeated him, challenged Sadler, but nothing came of it. On the 12th of July, 1872, at Digby, N. S., he beat Robert Fulton, stroke of the Paris crew, at a single-scutt race for \$2,000, distance about four and a half miles, by five lengths, in 32m. 12s. Correspondence with Sadler was renewed, but ineffectually. On the 24th of September, 1873, at Halifax, he beat John Biglin in a five-mile race, one turn, for \$2,000, winning by thirty seconds in 38m. 45s. Again challenges were issued to Sadler, then and in 1874, but no meeting was arranged. Last year, July 8th, at Springfield, Mass., he beat Billy Scharff by one and a half lengths in a five-mile race, no time, for \$4,000, gold, and the American championship. His last race was at St. John, N. B., on the 26th of September of the same year, when he beat Evan Morris, of Pittsburgh, in a five-mile race, one turn, for \$4,000, gold, winning by a length in 37m., after a desperate race. Brown stood 5 feet 9 1/2 inches, and weighed in condition about 160 pounds.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MACLAGAN "TE DEUM."

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

DEAR SIR.—Some little time since there was quite a spirited correspondence in your paper between your musical critic and Mr. P. R. MacLagan, of this city, as to the merits of a *Te Deum* then recently published by the latter gentleman. If I remember rightly, Mr. MacLagan said, among other things, that he was quite willing to submit his composition to the examination of competent and impartial musicians, feeling sure of a favorable verdict. Taking him at his word, I suppose, some one here has sent a copy of the *Te Deum* to the editor of the *London Musical Times*. The following notice, which I clip from the *Times* of the 1st inst., will interest many of your readers, no doubt:

Te Deum in G. By Dr. P. R. MacLagan. We are at a loss to conceive how such nonsense as this can find a publisher. Besides innumerable other faults, we have only to mention that there are fourteen cases at least of consecutive 8ths and 5ths, and the inquiry naturally follows: Is the Doctor a graduate in music, and at what University?

The "inquiry" is indeed a natural one, and calls loudly on Mr. MacLagan for proof of his right to the title of Mus. Doc.

Truly Yours,

ANTI-HUMBUG.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SPOILED.—Naturally vivacious girls often become dull and silent just become their heads are full of nonsense about beaux and lovers. They have a thousand thoughts and feelings which they would be ashamed to confess, though not ashamed to entertain; and their preoccupation with a subject which they had better let entirely alone, prevents their being the agreeable and rational companions of the gentlemen of their acquaintance which they are designed to be. The most attractive girl is she who does not allow the tyrant passion, love, to run away with her jovial good nature.

MARRIED LIFE.—Caresses and attentions, and all the pretty follies of love, are for the idle hours and the cloudless sunshine; but the silent sweetness of married friendship is that for which men look in dark days, and the treasure on which they rest. Why cannot women earn reliance, they think? Why must they always need to be told again and again that which they already know, and begin to doubt as soon as they cease to hear? This is the first contest of natures in married life, but it is one wherein, if the woman is wise, she will yield without a murmur, and hide her disappointment as carefully as the Spartan boy hid his fox.

A GOOD WIFE.—A good wife (an old author tells us) should be like three things, which three things she should not be like. First, she should be like a snail—always keep within her own house; but she should not be like a snail, to carry all she has upon her back. Secondly, she should be like an echo, to speak when she is spoken to; but she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word. Thirdly, she should be like a town clock—always keep time and regularity; but she should not be like a town clock, to speak so loud as all the town may hear her.

GOOD NATURE.—Good nature is one of the most precious commodities of life, both to the possessor and to all that come in contact with him. There is so much care in life, so many that are victims of low spirits, so much of sorrow, so many that are languid through sickness, or grief, or watching, or want, that any one who can throw a ray of light upon their spirits is a benefactor indeed. Good nature is the most practical of all kinds of benevolence. It gives itself forth without measure. It shines like the sun, into all places, high and low alike. It chooses nothing, but blesses all without discrimination. It always strife, pours oil upon friction, lightens the tasks of life, and diffuses a cheer and glow which wine cannot give, and all this, too, while the cause of all this blessing is himself blessed above all.

A WRITER in the *Washington Capital* lays down the law to mothers as follows: 1. If a young gentleman comes to see her daughter, she must incontinently leave the room after exchanging civilities about the weather. 2. If she happens to enter the room suddenly and interrupts a scene from "Romeo and Juliet," she must retire without being discovered, if possible; or, if recognized, must busy herself in arranging the curtains until the two young people have retired to the respective extremities of the sofa, leaving a virtuous waste of green rep between them. 3. If a young and comparative stranger calls in a hired carriage to take her daughter to the play, opera, or German, she must not let her fastidiousness get the better of her good breeding and insult the escort by suggesting a *chape one* for the young lady, but on the contrary must confide, with becoming alacrity, her child, the proprieties of life and, if necessary, the night-key to the magnanimity of the young man. 4. If the chambermaid tells her the next morning that the shoulder of Mr. Fitzsimmons's swallow-tail coat was "all over white" when they came from the party and that it looked "awful spicuous," she must dismiss that servant girl without a "character;" she must not scold or upbraid her daughter, but mildly suggest to her the unbecomingness of powdered hair. 5. If a friend of the family calls and

condoles with her on the report that the champagne went to her daughter's head at the Joneses' ball, and that every body knew it; that young Jones and her daughter were caught flirting on the stairway, whence they retreated into the aviary, and there might have stayed until the last guest had gone if the parrot had not snapped at her diamond earring and half swallowed it, which caused her to give a scream that brought the servants with lights, and exhibited her bracelet mextricably fastened to young Jones's collar button, all of which he explained very unintelligibly and to nobody's satisfaction—at this point, when this disinterested friend stops to get breath, the mother must explain that her daughter was sitting on the stairway with young Jones because she was passionately fond of birds and to get a "whiff" of fresh air; that it was Friday, on which day her daughter always fasted; that wine abhors an empty stomach as much as nature does a vacuum, so the one glass of champagne her daughter took with young Jones went straight to her head; that it might have gone to a minister's head under similar circumstances, in fact it frequently did. She must then affectionately kiss the friend of the family good-by, inwardly vowing never to forgive her for a meddling busy-body, and let her daughter go the next night to the German with the identical Jones.

VARIETIES.

THE peasantry call castor oil "huile d'Henri V."

PARIS is to have an historical exhibition of lace, bonnets, and ladies' shoes.

A statue is to be erected to the memory of the Abbé de l'Épée, the benefactor of the deaf and dumb.

A photographic outline for the word "Sunbeams" reads the same either side up.

M. THIERS has given 2,000 to the sufferers by the floods in France. The Pope forwarded ten times that amount to the Archbishop of Toluouse.

It is remarked that inundations, at Toulouse, seem to be periodical; they occurred in 1815, 1835, and 1855.

THE Tabard Inn, situate in the Borough, made famous by the poet Chaucer, is now being demolished.

AN open air concert announces that "No gentleman will be admitted without a lady"—a gallant revision of the opposition formula.

THE discovery has been announced of an incombustible paper, of which may be made all State and law documents of any importance, and last, not least, bank notes.

THE Lord Mayor of London will pay another State visit to the French capital on August 12th, when the International Maritime Exhibition will be opened at Paris.

EDWARD GRINDLEY KENDAL, an English gentleman, is feared to have been lost on Snowdon. He left Gwynant Vale on the 11th of June, and articles of his clothing have since been found.

QUEEN VICTORIA will remain at Osborne until about the middle of next month and then proceed direct to Scotland, as last year. The Court will remain in the Highlands until November.

MADAME BRET, who has engaged as harem physician by the Sultan, is to receive a salary of forty thousand francs a year. She is accorded the privilege of boarding outside of the palace.

ROBERT DALE OWEN is said to have changed in appearance, his face having become thinner and there being dark rings about his eyes. His manners are said to be as gentle and urbane as ever.

THE Right Honorable H. C. E. Childers, M. P., is on his way to this country, accompanied by his wife, who is in better health than for some time past, and by his son. Mr. Childers returns in October.

MME RATAZZI has given a second entertainment in Paris, which was even more brilliant than was the first. The scene is described as "a page from the Arabian Nights."

IT was the Empress Eugénie who resolved that the Prince Imperial should do duty as a subaltern, attached to his battery, during the summer drills, in preference to his serving on the staff, the selection between the two having been left to her Majesty.

THE monarch of the Burnham Beaches has succumbed to the high winds of the last few weeks. What remains of the ancient forest now called "the beeches" is so picturesque and striking in its decayed and decaying gauch that the loss of one of them is a national loss.

FROZEN peaches will be shipped to Europe this summer in large quantities. A successful experiment was made last year, and it was demonstrated that fruit kept frozen during the ocean voyage thawed out fresh and fine of flavor upon arrival in England, where it was sold at enormous prices.

THERE is now being shown in the Birmingham district an extraordinary specimen of iron-making in the United States. It is a portion of a sheet of very thin iron, so that thin though its surface dimensions are 4in. by 3 1/2in., yet its weight is only 3 1/2 grains apothecaries weight. The breath of the nostrils will drive it away almost as if it were theinder of burned paper.

IT is supposed that the remains of Brandon, said to have been the executioner of Charles I., were disturbed last week by the local authorities of Whitechapel, who have lately been removing the bodies interred beneath Whitechapel church, for the purpose of rebuilding the edifice. "In the burial register of that church is the following entry: 'June 21, 1649, Richard Brandon, a man out of Rosemary lane, supposed to have cut off the head of Charles I.' When he died, on the 30th of June, 1649, in his house in Rosemary lane, a large crowd assembled on the occasion of his funeral, and suggested that he should be buried in a dung hill. It was with difficulty that the local authorities of Whitechapel managed to smuggle his body to the churchyard, where it was at last carried with a bunch of rosemary at each end of his coffin, and a rope tied across from one end to the other.

Confagurations are comparatively not frequent in Canada, while in other countries where foreign insurance companies take risks indifferently with those they cover in the Dominion, extensive fires are every-day's occurrences—of course such amalgamation cannot fail to be but disastrous to the Canadian insurer.

THE "Stadacona" Fire Insurance Company, No. 13 Place d'Armes Montreal, being purely a Canadian enterprise does not cover risks out of the Dominion.





CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, 24TH JULY, 1875.

THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERDESS.

MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

WRITTEN BY H. W. LONGFELLOW FOR THE 50TH ANNUAL OF THE CLASS OF 1825, BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

[Although this fine poem has been published in Harper's Magazine and copied in several dailies, we insert it in the columns of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS that it may be read leisurely, relished and preserved.—ED. NEWS.]

MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

Tempora labuntur, taciturne senescimus annis,
Et fugiunt ireno non remorante dies.

OVID, *Fastorum* Lib vi.

"O Cæsar, we who are about to die
Salute you!" was the gladiator's cry
In the arena, standing face to face
With death and with the Roman populace.

O ye familiar scenes—ye groves of pine,
That once were mine and are no longer mine—
Thou river, widening through the meadows green
To the vast sea, so near and yet unseen—

Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose
Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose
And vanished—we who are about to die
Salute you; earth and air and sea and sky,
And the Imperial Sun that scatters down
His sovereign splendors upon grove and town.

Ye do not answer us! ye do not hear!
We are forgotten; and in your austere
And calm indifference ye little care
Whether we come or go, or whence or where.
What passing generations fill these halls,
What passing voices echo from these walls,
Ye heed not; we are only as the blast,
A moment heard, and then forever past.

No so the teachers who in earlier days
Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze;
They answer us—alas! what have I said?
What greetings come there from the voiceless dead?
What salutation, welcome, or reply?
What pressure from the hands that lifeless lie?
They are no longer here; they all are gone
Into the land of shadows—all save one.
Honor and reverence, and the good repulse
That follows faithful service as its fruit,
Be unto him, whom living we salute.

The great Italian poet, when he made
His dreadful journey to the realms of shade,
Met there the old instructor of his youth,
And cried, in tones of pity and of ruth:
"O, never from the memory of my heart
Your dear, paternal image shall depart,
Who while on earth, ere yet by death surprised,
Taught me how mortals are immortalized;
How grateful am I for that patient care
All my life long my language shall declare."

To-day we make the poet's words our own,
And utter them in plaintive undertone;
Nor to the living only be they said,
But to the other living called the dead,
Whose dear, paternal images appear
Not wrapped in gloom, but robed in sunshine here;
Whose simple lives, complete and without flaw,
Whose part and parcel of great Nature's law;

Who said not to their Lord, as if afraid,
"Here is thy talent in a napkin laid,"
But labored in their sphere, as those who live
In the delight that work alone can give.
Peace be to them; eternal peace and rest,
And the fulfillment of the great behest;
"Ye have been faithful over a few things,
Over ten cities shall ye reign as kings."

And ye who fill the places we once filled,
And follow in the furrows that we tilled,
Young men, whose generous hearts are beating high,
We who are old, and are about to die,
Salute you; hail you; take your hands in ours,
And crown you with our welcome as with flowers!

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of Beginnings, story without End,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!
Aladdin's Lamp, and Fortunatus' Purse,
That holds the treasures of the universe!
All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands;
In its sublime audacity of faith,
"Be thou removed!" it is the mountain saith,
And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!

As ancient Priam at the Scæan gate
Sat on the walls of Troy in regal state
With the old men, too old and weak to fight,
Chirping like grasshoppers in their delight,
To see the embattled hosts, with spear and shield,
Of Trojans and Achæans in the field;
So from the snowy summits of our years
We see you in the plain, as each appears.
And question of you; asking, "Who is he
That towers above the others? Which may be
Atrides, Menelaus, Odysseus,
Ajax the great, or bold Idomeneus?"

Let him not boast who puts his armor on,
But he who puts it off, the battle done,
Study yourselves; and most of all note well
Wherein kind Nature means you to excel.
Not every blossom ripens into fruit;
Minerva, the inventress of the flute,
Plunged it aside, when she her face surveyed
Distorted in a fountain as she played;
The unlucky Marsyas found it, and his fate
Was one to make the bravest hesitate.

Write on your doors the saying wise and old,
"Be bold! be bold! and everywhere be bold;
But not too bold!" Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

And now, my classmates: ye remaining few
That number not the half of those we knew;
Ye against whose familiar names not yet
The fatal asterisk of death is set,
Ye I salute! The horologe of Time
Strikes the half-century with solemn chime,
And summons us together once again,
The joy of meeting not unmix'd with pain.

Where are the others? Voices from the deep,
Caverns of darkness answer me, "They sleep!"
I name no names; instinctively I feel
Each at some well-remembered grave will kneel,
And from the inscription wipe the weeds and moss,
For every heart best knoweth its own loss.

I see the scattered gravestones gleaming white
Through the pale dusk of the impending night!
O'er all alike the impartial sunset throws
Its golden lilies mingled with the rose;
We give to all a tender thought and pass
Out of the graveyards with their tangled grass,
Unto these scenes frequented by our feet
When we were young, and life was fresh and sweet.

What shall I say to you? What can I say
Better than silence is? When I survey
This throng of faces turned to meet my own,
Friendly and fair, and yet to me unknown,
Transformed the very landscape seems to be;
It is the same, yet not the same to me.
So many memories crowd upon my brain,
I fain would steal away, with noiseless tread,
As from a house where some one lieth dead.

I cannot go; I pause; I hesitate;
My feet reluctant linger at the gate;
As one who struggles in a troubled dream
To speak and cannot, to myself I seem.

Vanish the dream! Vanish the idle fears!
Vanish the rolling mists of fifty years!
Whatever time or space may intervene
I will not be a stranger in this scene.
Here every doubt, all indecision ends;
Hail, my companions, comrades, classmates, friends!

Ah me! the fifty years since last we met
Seem to me fifty folios bound and set
By Time the great transcriber, on his shelves,
Wherein are written the histories of ourselves.
What tragedies, what comedies, are there;
What joy and grief, what rapture and despair!
What chronicles of triumph and defeat,
Of struggle, and temptation, and retreat!
What records of regrets, and doubts, and fears!
What pages blotted, blistered by our tears!
What lovely landscapes on the margin shine.
What sweet angelic faces, what divine
And holy images of love and trust,
Undimmed by age, unsoiled by damp or dust!
Whose hand shall dare to open and explore
These volumes, closed and clasped for ever more?
Not mine. With reverential feet I pass;
I hear a voice that cries, "Alas! Alas!
Whatever hath been written shall remain.
Nor be erased nor written o'er again;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee.
Take heed and ponder well what that shall be."

As children frightened by a thunder cloud
Are reassured if some one reads aloud
A tale of wonder, with enchantment fraught,
Or wild adventure, that diverts their thought,
Let me endeavor with a tale to chase
The gathering shadows of the time and place,
And banish what we all too deeply feel
Wholly to say, or wholly to conceal.

In mediæval Rome, I know not where,
There stood an image with its arm in air,
And on its lifted finger, shining clear,
A golden ring with the device, "Strike here!"
Greatly the people wondered, though none guessed
The meaning that these words but half expressed,
Until a learned clerk, who at noonday,
With downcast eyes, was passing on his way,
Paused, and observed the spot, and marked it well,
Whereon the shadow of the finger fell;
And, coming back at midnight, delved and found
A secret stairway leading under ground.
Down this he passed and into a spacious hall,
Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall;
And opposite a brazen statue stood
With bow and shaft in threatening attitude.
Upon its forehead like a coronet,
Were these mysterious words of menace set—
"That which I am, I am; my fatal aim
None can escape, not even you luminous flame!"
Midway the hall was a fair table placed,
With cloth of gold, and golden cups enshaded
With rubies, and the plates and knives were gold,
And gold the bread and viands manifold.
Around it, silent, motionless and sad,
Were seated gallant knights in armor clad,
And ladies beautiful with plume and zone,
But they were stone, their hearts within were stone
And the vast hall was filled in every part
With silent crowds, stony in face and heart.

Long at the scene bewildered and amazed,
The trembling clerk in speechless wonder gazed;
Then from the table, by his greed made bold,
He seized a goblet and a knife of gold,
And sudden from their seats the guests upsprang,
The vaulted ceiling with loud clamors rang,
The archer sped his arrow, at their call,
Shattering the lambent jewel on the wall,
And all was dark around and overhead;—
Stark on the floor the luckless clerk lay dead.

The writer of this legend then records
Its ghostly application in these words:]
The image is the Adversary old,
Whose beckoning finger points to realms of gold;
Our lusts and passions are the downward stair
That leads the soul from a diviner air;
The archer, Death; the flaming jewel, Life;
Terrestrial goods, the goblet and the knife;
The knights and ladies, all whose flesh and bone
By avarice have been hardened into stone.
The clerk, the scholar whom the love of pelf
Tempted from his books and from his nobler self.

The scholar and the world! The endless strife,
The discord in the harmonies of life!
The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
And all the sweet serenity of books;
The market-place, the eager love of gain,
Whose aim is vanity and whose end is pain!

But why, you ask me, should this tale be told
To men grown old or who are growing old?
It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
'Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand *Edipus*, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his competitors,
When each had numbered more than fourscore years;
And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,
Had but begun his *Characters of Men*,
Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the *Canterbury Tales*;
Goethe, at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed *Faust* when eighty years were past.
These are indeed exceptions; but they show
How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow
Into the arctic regions of our lives,
Where little else than life itself survives.

As the barometer foretells the storm
While still the skies are clear, the weather warm,
So something in us, as old age draws near,
Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.
The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,
Descends the elastic ladder of the air;
The tell-tale blood in artery and vein
Sinks from its higher levels in the brain;
Whatever poet, orator, or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age.
It is the waning, not the crescent moon,
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon;
It is not strength, but weakness; not desire,
But its surcease; not the fierce heat of fire,
The burning and consuming element,
But that of ashes and of embers spent,
In which some living sparks we still discern,
Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.

What then? Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come; it is no longer day!
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;

Something remains for us to do or dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear;
Not *Edipus Coloneus*, or Greek Ode,
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode
Out the gateway of the Tabard Inn,
But other some thing, would we but begin;
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

THE FATAL LETTER.

It was only a girlish freak. She had a mind
To try his heart. If she could make the noble
Percy jealous, surely that were to put his love
unto the quickest test.

How should she know that the time was ill
chosen? They had not told her the foe was
almost at the gate. Time out of mind, she had
heard of the enemy who would one day come and
challenge them to the combat. But use is second
nature. She had grown up among alarms of war
and record of knightly deeds.

"No, thou shalt not see it, cousin Percy. I
tell thee the letter is for me alone to read, and
thou mayst not see how or why it's writ."

There was Yes and No in her eye. No means
Yes as often as it means No in woman's mouth
and eyes. But Lord Percy was a man of earnest
mind and impulse. He had no practice in read-
ing hearts like Lady Katharine's. He weighed
her words, and not her looks; he had no skill
of badinage; his soul was truth itself; but he
should not thus have played the part of lover
with Katharine. To-day, moreover, he was less
than ever in mood for jests and frivolous words.
He longed for the maiden's love, for gentle
speech and sympathetic looks. She gave him
glances arch and coy, and jests, and Yea and
Nay; and these jarred upon Lord Percy's serious
knowledge of the times. But my Lady Katharine
seemed not made for sober joys and deep
heart-plighted troth. Her young life had taken
the gayest colour of the time, leaving the sombre
tints to sadder natures. As yet she had lived in
the sun, and knew nothing of the sad delights
of the shadow.

"If thou art jealous of this poor letter because
thou mayst not see it, then, Lord Percy, get
thee gone. I am used to be trusted, and I take
it ill of thee to do me wrong with thy jealous
fears."

He had come to say farewell; he had come to
kneel at her feet, to take her hand, to ask her
when they should be wed; to tell her that,
when she saw him go forth to meet the foe, she
might know he would be safe to conquer, because
he wore her likeness in his heart, and her glove
in his plumed casque. He came to look into her
eyes, and say tender things and sad. He came
to sue for the solace of her outspoken love, to
bask in the true woman's smile, to be assured
that he had some one to fight for, to die for, if
need be, and to carry with him to the field her
sweet looks, the memory of her last dear words.

But how should she have known all this?
Why are not men always frank and true of
speech? Why do they not open their hearts
freely, and take the risk of results? Because
they are vain and proud, foolishly susceptible to
ridicule, and lack the courage to meet disappoint-
ment.

Had Lord Percy told her all, Katharine, start-
led into naturalness at his earnest words, had
laid her hand in his, and trusted him with all her
true heart's secret.

She chose to make a mystery of that foolish
letter, albeit 'twas but a fond epistle from her
brother; but, in those long past days of English
history, to receive a letter was a great event.
Moreover, Lord Percy remembered a strange
knight riding out across the drawbridge three
months before, and kissing his hand in the
moonlight to the window of Lady Katharine's
chamber. But what of that, my Lord? True
love should hold the mistress of its heart above
suspicion. It was only now, in presence of that
averted letter, that Lord Percy thought of the
strange guest of half an hour, who came to deli-
ver despatches to the garrison.

"Then 'tis like you love another," he said with
rueful voice—"that strange knight, perchance,
and 'tis he hath sent my Lady that favoured
letter."

"'Tis like, if thou shalt think so—like enough,
my Lord," the maiden answered, nothing loth to
fan the flame. "I say not so; but thou art
brave and wise, and knowest many things."

"You answer tauntingly, methinks, when I do
but speak from the love I bear thee, sweet Kate,"
he said.

"I am no longer sweet Kate to thee, Percy, if
thou doubtst me, and can even remember that
strange knight, whom I never saw, against me."

She looked up with an acted indifference
which Lord Percy could not discern, he was so
intent upon her words and his own desires.

"Nay, show me that letter, then, my cousin,
and let me know my fate at once. I pine and
chafe against these bars of doubt, and I have
much that I would say to thee."

"I tell thee, Percy, thou mayst not see the letter;
and if thou wilt make bars to chafe against,
thou art thine own prisoner."

"Kate, you trifle with me—you have a secret."

"I have, my Lord; and wouldst thou knew it,
then wouldst thou be sorry for thy cruel words."

She was getting angry with herself and him, and
longed to see him at her feet, that she might
show him her brother's letter, and all be well
again. But Lord Percy had never loved before,
and knew not, nor guessed the maiden's arts and
wiles.

"I would die rather than say cruel words to
thee, Kate; but I would not have tortured thee
as thou hast tortured me for all the treasures of
Egypt and Peru. Thou art fickle and untrue,
and would take back the promises which I once
read in thine eyes and in thy choice of compa-
nionship."

"Fickle, my Lord!—untrue! Are these the
words thou dost select to pelt thy love withal?
Nay, then, the Lady Katharine has well escaped
such mating as thou wouldst offer her. Fare-
well, cousin Percy; and when next thou comest
and better knowledge of a maiden's heart than
thou hast discovered here to-day."

He went his way, the proud Lord Percy, and
the tender words remained unsaid. When he
was gone my Lady sighed and wept, and tore up
her brother's letter into fragments, and scattered
them in the air from her window. She watched
them floating on the wind like summer butter-
flies.

On the morrow the foe, whose tardy opera-
tions had made his presence in the land almost
disregarded, showed his angry front, and sum-
moned the royal garrison to battle. There was
clash of drums and trumpets, and neighing of
restless steeds. The sun shone out on glittering
swords, and silken banners, and men in flashing
steel.

Lord Percy sallied forth with his mail-clad
warriors. He had not sought the Lady Katharine
again. The bustle of sudden preparation
had held him prisoner to details of arrangement.
She had sent once to bid him remember his cousin
in this hour of danger, to wish him godspeed;
but for Lord Percy the bout of love was over.
He had put on the soldier now, and laid aside
the silken hose and rosetted shoon. His voice
rang out the well-known commands—his gallant
knights responded with the Percy battle-cry—
his plume waved foremost in the van. Thinking
of this on yesternight, he would fain have car-
ried some simple talisman against the foeman's
spear, some gem of his love, a ribbon, a glove,
to wear in his helmet's plume—some token of
his heart's desire. But now he sallied forth with
only the Percy colours, the Percy arms, unsoft-
ened by woman's gentle gift at parting.

When his men came home victorious, with
spoils of battle and prisoners of note, they brought
their leader on a warlike bier, and laid him down
where his cousin and all the castle's inmates, men
and women, might see how death had quenched
the light of his noble face.

And then my Lady Katharine learnt the bitter
lesson of her life. Her heart stood still, until
they feared she were dead also; but she awakened
to her grief all pale and sad, and then they
guessed her secret, and tended her night and day.

Lord Percy's mother came likewise, and, touch-
ed by the maiden's grief, she took her for a
daughter, to fill the vacant place in her widowed
heart.

Lady Katharine lived a pious, gentle life, that
might, under another fortune, have been a life
of love and house-hold pride—a life of woman's
happiness, with children to console and bless.
But fate had willed it otherwise, and she bowed
her head as one who merited all the sorrow that
had fallen upon her young and blighted years.

So oftentimes it happens, in course of love and
friendship, the hasty word, the cruel thought,
only shadowed forth in jest, come back to blister
the fairest lips and break the truest heart.

JOSEPH HATTON.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Lambert Bros. & Scott, London coal merchants, have
suspended for £1,000,000.

The Canada Copyright Bill has passed its second
reading in the English House of Commons.

General Derrogary has retreated into Catalonia,
pursued by the Alfonsist General Martinez Camps.

Colonel Gildersleeve has accepted the offer for the
American team to shoot for a cup offered by British rifle-
men.

The French Assembly yesterday passed a vote of con-
fidence in the Government by a majority of 483 to 3, the
Left not voting.

It is said that General Badeau, at present U. S. Con-
sul-General at London, will be appointed to the post of
Minister to Brussels, now vacant.

A treaty relative to the suppression of the slave trade
on the coast of Africa was completed with the Sultan of
Zanzibar during his recent visit to England.

Professor Fawcett brought up a motion in the House
of Commons against the grant for the Prince of Wales's
visit to India, which motion was opposed by Disraeli
and Gladstone, and rejected.

The rumor of a proposed intervention in Spanish Col-
onial affairs by England, Germany and the United
States is contradicted.

The enquiry into the loss of the steamship *Vicksburg*
has been completed, and it is understood that the Com-
missioners' report will fully exonerate Captain Bennett
from all blame in the matter.

The French Assembly has finally passed the Public
Powers Bill by a vote of 530 to 30; and has adopted a
resolution for discussion of the Budget and adjournment
thereafter till November 30th.

The Carlists are bombarding Puycoeta
Lady Franklin died in London on Saturday night.
The Cuban insurgents have captured two more forts
and their garrisons.

The whale that the s. s. *Scythia* struck has been
brought into Queenstown, and measures 54 feet in
length.

M. Michel Chevalier, the great political economist,
has been presented with a gold medal by the Marquis
of Hartington.

Mr. Rigby, of the Irish team, tied Fulton, of the
Americans, for the St. Leger Stakes on Saturday. Ties
to be shot off to-morrow.

Jessie Pomeroy, the boy murderer, has made a state-
ment, in which he retracts the former statements where-
in he confessed his guilt.

A British schooner was chased into the harbor of
Hayti by a Spanish man-of-war, where, on examina-
tion, it was found that she was carrying a contraband
cargo.

THE HAMMAM.

The *Overland Monthly* for July has a very interesting description of the Turkish bath recently erected in San Francisco by Dr. Loryea, called the "Hammam," supposed to be the most perfect now in existence. The climate of California was found to be admirably suited to demonstrate the manifold benefits conferred by the hot-air bath, and with commendable spirit and liberality John P. Jones, United States Senator from Nevada, came promptly to the assistance of Doctors Loryea and Trask. The Hammam is located in Dupont street, in the heart of the city. Ascending the steps the visitor is at once delighted by a beautiful bronze fountain. Over the entrance door is a finely executed inscription in Arabic: "Bismillah, Alla ilAlla." To the right of the entrance stands an apartment well supplied with refreshments and appropriate stimulants. At the office, upon the opposite side of the hall, the bather deposits his valuables and receives his check. He then enters the "mustaby," or cool room, in the centre of which stands a marble bath, and here a silver fountain plays. On either side are lounging and smoking-rooms, each splendidly fitted up and separated by carved and painted trellis-work. The ceilings and walls are magnificently frescoed. The light enters through two large circular skylights of colored glass in perfect harmony with the colors of the frescoed walls. On the doors are Arabic inscriptions. Plate glass mirrors reflect the various images; and the visitor is filled with a sense of dreamy and yet soothing languor. The mustaby is the opodyterium, conclave, or spoliatorium of the Romans. Succeeding the mustaby is the tepidarium, corresponding to the "sea" of the Jews and the piscinium of the Romans. It is the warm room, wherein a heat of 120 to 130 Fahrenheit is constantly maintained. The next in order of apartments is the calidarium or sudatorium, corresponding to the stone baths of the Russians, Icelanders, and American Indians. The heat of this room is maintained at 160 to 180. The whole room is composed of marble, with a large marble table in the centre, surrounded by marble seats. The employes are all from Turkey, having been educated to the business from the age of eight years. Shampooers generally work for eight hours in the bath. The handsome arching of the ceiling of the calidarium is lighted by superb chandeliers of exquisite design, and radiates the heat equally to all portions of the room. Thick curtains separate this room from smaller apartments, in which the heat is higher than in the main room. The second floor is devoted to ladies and the third to medicated baths of all descriptions. The ladies' room are sumptuously furnished; the room dedicated to mercurial vapor baths is composed entirely of transparent plate glass so that the bather can be seen at all times by the operator. Dr. Loryea, having availed himself of the powerful aid of chemistry, administers all the most noted baths of the Spas. One can revel in the sea-water bath of the Mediterranean, in the alkaline baths of Vichy, in the serpent baths of the Schlangenbad. Electric and perfumed cosmetic baths are also among the treasures within the reach of beauty. All the walls, floors, and ceilings of this establishment are hollow, the doors and ceilings being composed of iron and stone arches. Professor Tyndall's theory of ventilation is here in successful practice. Shower-baths are entirely dispensed with, but in their place are marble basins, hewn from the solid rock, containing hot, warm, tepid, and cold water, which is sprinkled from needle-jets over the bather, so as to avoid any sudden shock to the system.

ANTOINE LOUIS BARYE.

He was the greatest sculptor that ever lived. Barye, as a modeller of animals, had no equal. No artist was ever grieved for by his brothers as Barye is to-day. Every artist in Paris will follow him to his tomb. He was the noblest, the simplest, the most unaffected of creatures; he lived only for his art; he had not an idea outside it. One day in the summer of 1867 I knocked at his door. Mme. Barye opened it, and I asked for monsieur. "For three weeks, monsieur, I have not seen him. There is a new tiger in the Jardin, and while a trace of the jungle remains M. Barye will stay there." This was how Barye studied. He loved his wild animals, and the Jardin des Plantes was his home. When he modelled he seized not upon mere forms of flesh and bone. His gift it was to imprison the spirit of the animal. His lions are true lions; they are true monarchs of the desert, and if we had never heard of the king of beasts nor seen him until we came face to face with a lion of Barye, yet should we say, *Ingenitrix rex*—Royalty is his inheritance. It was so with every form of animal life that Barye portrayed. The same patient, loving toil met ever with the same reward. No one ever more abandoned the world and its ambitions out of pure love of his art than did Barye. From morning until night he devoted himself to it; when he was not modelling he was revolving forms of live animal beauty before him in his mind. He talked of nothing else with his pupils at the Jardin, and he made all his studies subservient to it. When he made water-color sketches of the old trees and dark woodland bottoms at Fontainebleau, there were tigresses that stalked for him in the shadows, great pythons that twined about their trunks, and slender deer that flitted beneath their branches. These water-colors have a rare charm of their own that nothing can efface, and many of his brother artists have wished he had oftener painted them. They had all learned to revere Barye. Gerome came to him for his lion in the "Martyrs."

The animal is just loosed from his cell and emerges into the glare and sunlight of the vast amphitheatre with its countless thousands and the pomp and pageant of a Roman holiday. It was Barye who made him blink and pause before that strange, unwonted spectacle. Any one else would have made him spring upon his Christian prey. Barye leaves to his memory many monuments that he builded himself. It is not thirty years since that he sold his casts almost, one might say, as does an Italian who hawks his clumsy images on a board, but since that his genius has been recognized. Who that sees the "walking lion" of the Tuileries or the lions of the Column of July can forget Barye. He went to see the two bullet-holes that the Commune made, and he smiled as he said they needed no mending. Probably the last collection of his work that there is in existence is in the United States. It is at Washington, in the Corcoran Gallery of Art. He made it for his friend, Mr. William T. Walters, one of the trustees, who but for his aid could not have secured it. It would not be easy to say what its value is now. The "Theseus and the Curtain" is among its treasures. This is one of his most important works and one which he himself dearly prized. The "Tiger Hunt in the Punjab," which he did for the Duke of Orleans, is in this country. It is in the Walters Gallery at Baltimore and has no duplicate in existence. Barye modelled it in wax. Mr. Taylor Johnson has some exquisite Barye bronzes. Barye was already an old man. Had he lived until September 24 he would have been eighty. For all his success in art he never became rich. Like Agassiz, he used to say he had no time.

FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE.

See Deuteronomy, xii: 23. The blood being the source from which the system is built up, and from which we derive our mental as well as physical capabilities, how important that it should be kept pure! If it contain vile, festering poisons, all organic functions become enfeebled. Settling upon important organs, as the lungs, liver, and kidneys, the effect is most disastrous. Hence it behooves all to keep their blood in a perfectly healthy condition, and more especially does this apply to this particular season of the year than at any other. No matter what the exciting cause may be, the real cause of a large proportion of all diseases is bad blood. Now, Dr. Pierce does not wish to place his Golden Medical Discovery in the catalogue of quack patent nostrums, by recommending it to cure every disease, nor does he so recommend it; on the contrary, there are hundreds of diseases that he acknowledges it will not cure; but what he does claim is this, that there is but one form of blood disease that it will not cure, and that disease is cancer. He does not recommend his Discovery for that disease, yet he knows it to be the most searching blood-cleanser yet discovered, and that it will free the blood and system of all other blood-poisons, be they animal, vegetable, or mineral. The Golden Medical Discovery is warranted by him to cure the worst forms of Skin Diseases, as all forms of Blotches, Pimples, and Eruptions; also all Glandular Swellings, and the worst form of Scrofulous and Ulcerated Sores of the Neck, Legs, or other parts, and all Scrofulous Diseases of the Bones, as White Swellings, Fever Sores, Hip-joint and Spinal Diseases—all of which belong to Scrofulous diseases.

CONFIRMED.—HIP-JOINT DISEASE CURED.
W, Grove Station, Iowa, July 14, 1872.

Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:
Dear Sir—My wife first became lame nine years ago. Swellings would appear and disappear on her hip, and she was gradually becoming reduced, and her whole system rotten with disease. In 1871, a swelling broke out on her hip, discharging large quantities, and since that time there are several openings. Have had five doctors, at an expense of \$125, who say nothing will do any good but a surgical operation.
July 16, 1873, he writes thus: My wife has certainly received a great benefit from the use of your Discovery, for she was not able to get off the bed and was not expected to live a week when she commenced using it, a year ago. She has been doing most of her work for over six months. Has used twenty bottles, and still using it. Her recovery is considered as almost a miracle, and we attribute it all to the use of your valuable medicine. I can cheerfully recommend it as a blood-purifier and strength-restorer.
J. M. ROBERTSON.

Golden Medical Discovery is sold by Drug-gists.

A REIGNING GODDESS.

A Paris correspondent writing of the Bois de Boulogne says: Next comes a superb, open barouche, lined with brown satin, the coachman and foot-man in elegant liveries, the horses worthy of drawing the carriage of a prince, and within one solitary occupant—a woman—no longer young, but tall and stylish in figure, with a hard, haggard face, dyed yellow hair, pulled low on her forehead, and round, parrot-like black eyes—a woman that never in her best days could have been a beauty. Yet, since she first seized upon the shadowy sceptre of the *demi-monde*, kings have been dethroned, empires have passed away, the face of Europe itself has been changed, and there she sits, secure in her evil royalty. It is Cora Pearl, and look round the Bois de Boulogne as you will, you will find no equipage more faultlessly appointed, no toilet more elegant and tasteful than hers.

A TEMPEST IN AN ORCHESTRA.

Paris is now being excited by one of those lively artistic squabbles which are continually cropping up in the gay capital. It engrosses far more of the public interest than the Constitutional bills, the Senatorial elections, the territorial army organization, or even than the Grand Prix, and it incidentally demonstrates the inconveniences of government interference in matters dramatic and musical. The facts of the case are that the Grand Opera being about to give a gala representation at which one of M. Gounod's works was to be performed, M. Deldeved, conductor of the orchestra, invited the eminent composer to wield his baton for this one occasion. M. Gounod was good enough to accept the offer, acting upon precedents set him in the present century by Meyerbeer, Auber, and Halevy, and in the last by Mozart, Picini, and Gluck. The musicians of the orchestra, however, held a meeting and decided unanimously that it was beneath their dignity to pipe, fiddle, and drum under any other leadership than that of their official conductor. M. Gounod at once withdrew from his acceptance, but did so in a stinging little epistle which forthwith arrayed all Paris into two camps—those who advocate the independence of the orchestra, and those who argue that all the performers at the Academie de Musique, be they vocal or instrumental, are the servants of the manager, and are bound to let themselves be led by whomsoever this gentleman may please. These authoritarians, regarding the behavior of the musicians as an unworthy affront upon M. Gounod, urge that M. Halanzier is to blame for not keeping his troupe in better discipline, and are loudly calling upon the Minister of Fine Arts to come forward and display vigor. M. Wallon is vigorous enough in dealing with schoolmasters, but he does not as yet quite understand *le monde artiste*, and consequently hesitates to enter into collision with the operatic instrumentalists; hence much gnashing of teeth and a general chorus of malcontents to the tune that his Excellency is allowing the Grand Opera to go to the dogs.

A GREAT BENEFIT NIGHT.

A more delicate compliment has never been made to talent than that of which Mdle. Delaporte was lately the object, on the occasion of her benefit, at the Theatre St. Michel, St. Petersburg. This distinguished *artiste*, who for seven years has been growing in the favour of the Russian public, has been compelled to quit the scene of her labours and her successes, from the illness of her mother, for whom a change of climate is necessary. On the evening of her benefit, the people of St. Petersburg turned out in thousands to do honour to their favourite. The house was thronged from floor to ceiling, not a place vacant, the Emperor and members of the Royal Family, nobles and officials of the highest rank, being present. The piece was *Andréa*, in which and in the *Princesse Georges*, Mdle. Delaporte has made so high a reputation. Called more than twenty times before the curtain, and presented with a splendid tiara of diamonds—made expressly for her by the Court jeweller—what was wanting to complete the triumph of the successful *artiste*! At the end of the piece there fell from the highest places during several minutes a rain of very small bouquets, so that she literally walked on a path of flowers—when she advanced to receive from the hands of the *chef d'orchestre* an immense crown of laurels, in the midst of which was woven in red flowers this touching declaration—"Le Paradis à Mademoiselle Delaporte." The eloquent simplicity of this offering of the poor, as graceful as unexpected, probably filled the heart of the fortunate actress with even more pride and pleasure than the flattering words of the Emperor, who received her with the following address:—"You see, mademoiselle, by the ovation you have received, and in which we have all taken part, how you are more and more valued among us."

THE NAVIES OF EUROPE.

Holland has 113 ships, (17 armour-plated), 981 guns, and 7,250 men; Norway and Sweden, 65 vessels (five armour-plated), 491 guns, 5,100 men; Germany, whose navy is yet comparatively in its childhood is manned by 9,000 officers and men; the Russian navy, which is every day increasing in importance, consists of some 300 vessels (25 ironclads), with 1,500 guns; Turkey has one of the finest ironclad navies in the world; Austria and Hungary, a fleet of eight or ten ironclads in the Adriatic; Portugal, 50 ships, of which probably not more than one half are seaworthy; France has 350 ships of war, with an ironclad fleet of 50 strong; while Great Britain has 586 vessels afloat (including ironclads,) 29 building (also including ironclads), 6,250 guns, and 60,000 men. In navies, therefore, Great Britain is supreme; then come in their order—France, Russia, Turkey, Austria, Germany, Italy, Spain, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Portugal, with an aggregate total of 2,039 vessels, of which 209 are ironclad, the whole being manned by some 280,000 men, and armed with 15,000 cannon. One hundred and ten ships of war are building in European dockyards, and of these 56 will be armour-plated; and the expenses incidental to these forces exceed £112,000,000 sterling per annum, of which fully three-fifths are devoted to the land forces. Of all these armaments, those of Turkey and Austria are maintained at the least cost—viz., at about £20 a year per man; that of Great Britain at the most—close upon £100 a year.

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD AND SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Lockhart tells a very interesting anecdote of Hogg's first visit to Scott's residence. Shortly after the first meeting of the two poets Hogg came to Edinburgh with a flock of sheep for sale. Scott invited him to dinner. He went, and when he entered the drawing-room he found Mrs. Scott, who was then in ill health, reclining on a sofa. The shepherd, after being presented, and making his best bow, forthwith took possession of another sofa placed opposite hers, and stretched himself at full length upon it; for, as he said afterward, "I thought I could never do wrong to copy the lady of the house." He was dressed "precisely as any ordinary herdsman attends cattle to market," and his hands and shoes bore unmistakable evidence of his vocation. As will be readily supposed, the lady of the house did not observe with perfect equanimity the destruction of her chintz-covered furniture; but of this Hogg remarked nothing—dined heartily, and drank freely, and afforded plenty of merriment for the company, (which was a rather large one,) by jest, anecdote, and song. As the liquor operated he grew familiar, from "Mr. Scott," he advanced to "Sherra," thence to "Scott," "Walter" and "Wattie," until at supper he fairly convulsed the whole party by addressing Mrs. Scott as "Charlotte."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

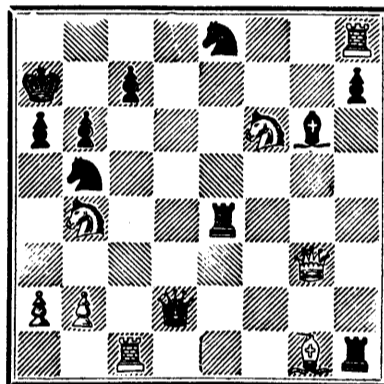
Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We see it stated by the English press that the noted chess problem composer, Herr Kling, is to have a testimonial presented to him by his admirers. All those who have derived pleasure from his combinations, will, there is no doubt, be willing to aid in this recognition of his talents.

PROBLEM No. 29.
By Mendheim.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in five moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 27.

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q to K 6th | 1. Either P moves (A) |
| 2. R takes P [ch] | 2. K takes R |
| 3. Q mates acc. | |
- (A)
- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------|
| 1. — | 1. K moves |
| 2. K to K B 2nd or Q 2nd | 2. Any move |
| 3. Q mates. | |

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 26.

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. R to Q B sq | 1. K to R 4 |
| 2. Q to Q 3rd | 2. Q B P one |
| 3. R takes B P | 3. K to Kt 4th |
| 4. Q to Q 2nd | 4. K to R 4th |
| 5. Q to Q 4th | 5. K to Kt 4th |
| 6. R takes Kt P [ch] | 6. K to R 4th |
| 7. R to R 4th [ch] | 7. K to Kt 4th |
| 8. Q to Q 3rd [ch] | 8. K to B 4th |
| 9. P one, check mate | |

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 27.

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| K at K 4th | K at Q 3rd |
| R at Q R 7th | R at K sq |
| R at Q R 5th | R at Q R sq |
| B at Q R 4th | B at Q B 3rd |
| Pawns at Q B 7th | Pawn at K 7th |
| K B 5th and K Kt 5th | |
- White to play and mate in three moves.

[From Land and Water.]
GAME 33RD.
CHESS IN LONDON.

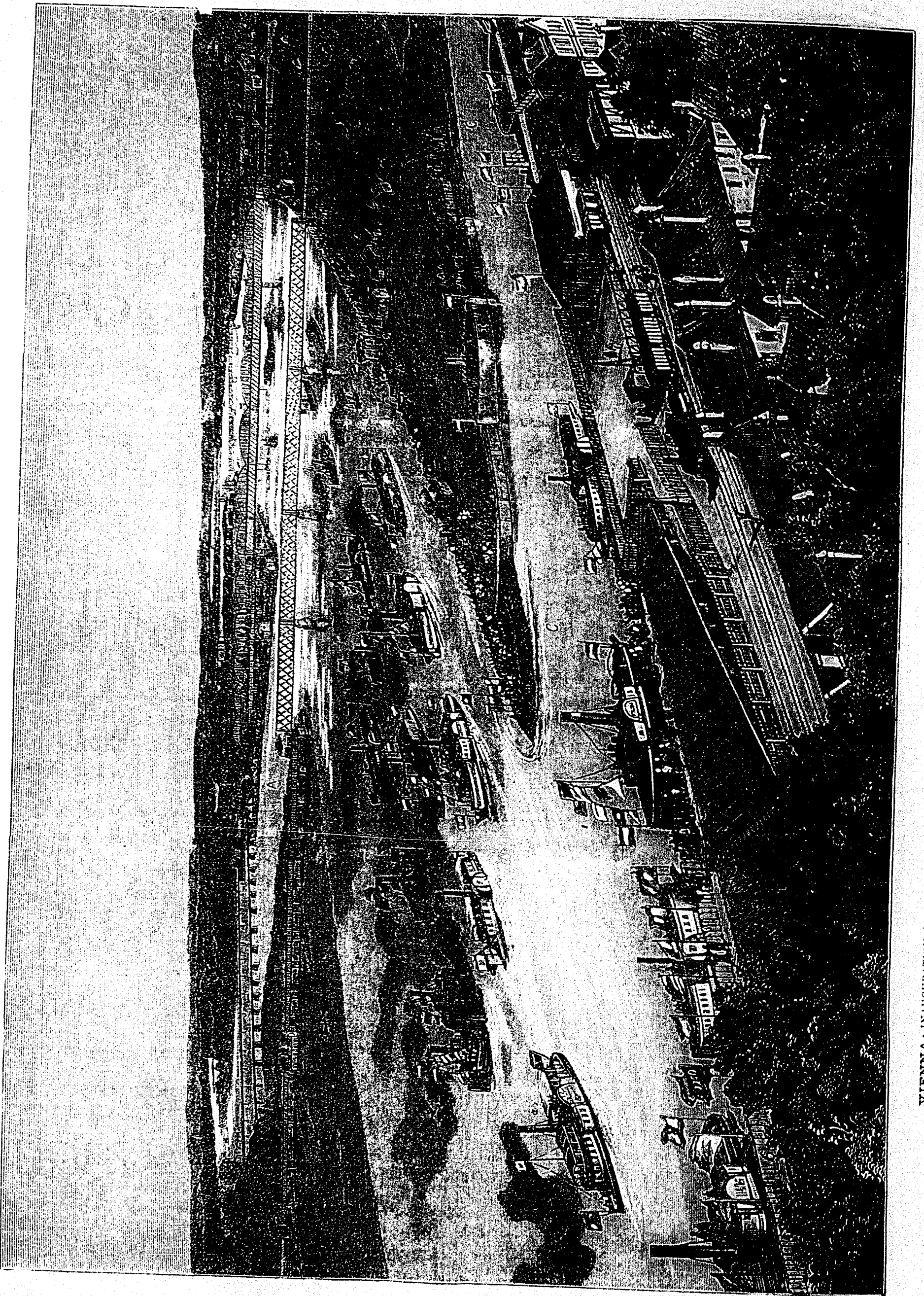
The subjoined skirmish was played in London between the Rev. G. A. Macdonnell and another amateur. The termination is very remarkable.

(Allgaier Gambit.)

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| (Mr. —.) | (Rev. G. H. Macdonnell.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th |
| 2. P to K B 4th | P takes P |
| 3. K Kt to B 3rd | P to Kt 4th |
| 4. P to K R 4th | P to Kt 5th |
| 5. Kt to K 5th | P to Q 3rd (a) |
| 6. Kt takes Kt P | P to K B 4th (b) |
| 7. P takes P | B takes P |
| 8. P to Q 4th | Q to K second [ch] |
| 9. K to B 2nd | B takes Kt |
| 10. Q takes B | Kt to K B 3rd |
| 11. Q takes B P | B to K R 3rd (c) |
| 12. Q to K B 5th | B takes B |
| 13. B to Q Kt 5th [ch] | P to Q B 3rd |
| 14. R to K sq | Kt to Kt 5th [ch] |
| 15. K to B 3rd | Q takes R |
| 16. Q to B 8th [ch] | K to K 2nd |
| 17. Q takes R | Kt to R 7th [mate.] |

NOTES.

- (a) This defence to the Allgaier Gambit is not often played.
(b) B to K 2nd is the usual move.
(c) These moves are very ingenious, and result in bringing an overwhelming force upon the White King. We have seldom seen a more singular termination.



VIENNA: INAUGURATION OF THE NEW BED OF THE DANUBE.—A. The old course of the Danube.—B. New bed of the Danube.—C. Old canal existing since 1830.



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THE STORY OF A PEASANT (1789.)

OR

THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN,

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

PART THE SECOND.

THE COUNTRY IN DANGER.

1792.

Every one who came from Phalsbourg repeated the same thing; the La Fère regiment was confined to barracks, and every hour couriers stopped at the governor's house, and then hurried off into Alsace.

Fancy people's astonishment! they were not accustomed to revolutions as we are now. The idea of bringing one about never occurred to us. It created a panic.

That day nothing stirred; news was stopped; but the next day we learned the taking of the Bastille, we knew that the Parisians were everywhere masters, that they had muskets, powder, cannon—and it created such an effect that the mountaineers came down into Alsace and Lorraine with their axes, pitchforks, and scythes; they passed by in troops, crying out—

"To Marmontier!"
"To Saverne!"
"To Neuviller!"
"To Lixheim!"

They spread over the country like ants, pulled down the herdsman's huts, and the houses of the foresters in the service of the prince-bishop, without mentioning octroi offices, and the toll-gates on the high roads.

Letumier, Huré, Cochart, and several others came to induce Maitre Jean to join them, that we might not be behind Mittelbronn, Quatre-Vents, and Lutzelbourg. He cried—

"Let me alone! Do what you like, I won't have anything to do with it."

But as nearly all the villages in Alsace had already burned the title-deeds belonging to the convents and seigneurs, and as the Baraquins wanted to do the same with the papers of the commune, at the Tiercelin convent at Lixheim, he put on his coat to try and save ours. We set out together, Cochart, Letumier, Huré, Maitre Jean, I, and the whole village.

You should have heard the cries of the mountain people down in the plain. You should have seen the wood-cutters, lumberers, and others, all in rags, brandishing their axes, forks, scythes and pickaxes in the air. The noise rose and fell like the water rolling over the dam at Trois-Etangis; women were mixed up with them, their hair dishevelled and hatchets in their hands.

Of Forbin's horse at Mittelbronn there was not one stone left on another. All the papers were burned. The roof had fallen in on the cellar. At Lixheim you were up to your middle in the feathers and straw of the bedding; everything in the unlucky Jews' houses was thrown out of window, and their furniture was chopped to pieces. When people are cowards they lose their heads; they confound religion, love of money, and vengeance all together.

I saw the poor Jews escaping towards the town: their wives and daughters, with little children in their arms, crying like mad people, the old people tottering and sobbing behind; and yet who had suffered worse than these poor people at the hands of our kings? Who had the greatest right to complain? No one thought of such things now.

The Tiercelin convent was at Old Lixheim; the five priests who lived there had charge of the papers belonging to Brouviller, Hérange, Fleisheim, Pickholtz, Baraquins, and even to Phalsbourg.

All the communes joining the crowd of mountain people filled the old streets round the mayor's residence; they demanded their papers, but the Tiercelin thought—

"If we give up the title-deeds these people will massacre us afterwards."

They did not know what to do, for the crowd had spread round the convent, and all the passages were guarded.

When Maitre Jean arrived, the village mayors in their cocked hats and red waistcoats were deliberating near the fountain. Some wanted to set fire to everything, others to break the doors down; some, more reasonable, proposed first demanding the title-deeds, and seeing what they would do afterwards, they finished by having the upper hand. As Jean Leroux had been deputy to the balliwick, he was chosen with two of the mayors to go and ask for the papers. When the Tiercelins saw there were only three of them they admitted them, and then closed their gates again.

Maitre Jean has since told us what happened inside the convent. The poor old men trembled like hares; the superior, who was called Father Marcel, exclaimed that the title-deeds were his charge, and that he dared not part with them—they must kill him first!

But Maitre Jean having taken him to the window and shown him the scythes and forks as far as he could see, he said nothing, but pointed out a large wardrobe with an iron-wire lattice front, in which the registers were piled up to the ceiling.

They had to be sorted first, and as that had already lasted more than an hour, the communes, imagining that their mayors were kept prisoners, wanted to break in the doors; but when Maitre Jean showed himself on the balcony with a handful of papers, which he dis-

played to those below, cries of satisfaction and delight might be heard from one end of Lixheim to the other. They laughed and cried to one another—

"We've got them—we've got our papers!"
Maitre Jean and the others soon came out with a truck full of registers. They penetrated the crowd, calling out that the reverend Tiercelin fathers were not to be maltreated, as they had restored every man his own, which was all they wanted.

Every village received its title-deeds at the communal house, many burned theirs on the place, and thus destroyed their own titles when they burned the convents! But Jean Leroux put ours in his pocket, and therefore did the Baraquins retain their right to pasture and to gather acorns in the oak woods, while many others had none whatever, having, so to say, burned their own forests and pasturage for ever.

I could tell you much more about these things, for many, instead of giving up the deeds they had preserved, took care of them, and sold them afterwards to the seigneurs, and some to the state. These men became rich at the expense of their communes. But it is of no use to talk of them now. The rascals are dead; they have settled their accounts long ago.

It might be said that in fifteen days France had been entirely changed. All the rights of convents and châteaux disappeared in smoke. The tocsin used to ring day and night; the sky was red the whole line of the Vosges; the abbey, the old kites' nests were burning like candles among the stars, and that lasted till the 4th of the following August, the day on which the bishops and Seigneurs of the National Assembly surrendered their privileges and feudal rights. It was suggested there was nothing to surrender, everything having been previously destroyed; but still it was better so, and their descendants had no claim to raise afterwards.

This was how the people got rid of the ancient rights of the "noble race of conquerors." The yoke had been laid on them by force, and by force had they freed themselves from it.

From that day the National Assembly was able to begin our constitution. The king himself complimented it, and said—

"You are wrong to distrust me! All the regiments which I have brought here, the ten thousand men assembled on the Champ de Mars, and the cannon which surround you, are for your protection; but since you will not have them, I will send them back."

Our representatives afflicted to believe what he told them; but if the Bastille had not been taken, if the nation had not risen, if the foreign regiments had had the best of it, if the Gardes Françaises had taken part against the city, what would have happened? One need not be very clever to guess. Our good king Louis XVI., would have spoken quite different y, and the representatives of the Third Estate would have had a hard time of it. Happily events turned out well for us. The commune of Paris had just embodied its National Guard, and all the communes in France followed the example; they were arming themselves against those who wished to place us again under the yoke. Every time the Assembly passed a decree, the peasants took their muskets or their forks, and cried—

"Let us put that in force at once. It will be done a little sooner, and save our seigneurs the trouble."

So the law was put in force.

I always feel pleasure in recollecting the way our citizen militia, as the National Guard was first called, was embodied in August, 1789. The enthusiasm was nearly as great as when the deputies to the Third Estate were elected. Maitre Jean Leroux was named lieutenant of the Baraque company, Letumier sous-lieutenant, Gauthier Courtols serjeant-major, and others sergeants and corporals. We had no captain, for the Baraques did not muster a whole company. There were plenty of cries of "Vive la nation!" the day they wetted their epaulettes, and you should have seen Maitre Jean's face, who at last was entitled to wear his moustache and his whiskers in earnest. That affair cost him a couple of barrels of his best Lorraine wine. Letumier, too, let his moustache grow, long and red, which made him look like an old fox. Jean Kat was our drummer; he could beat all the rigadoons and marches like an old drum-major. I don't know how Jean Kat learned all these accomplishments—perhaps when he played the clarionette. We had also received some muskets from the arsenal, old rattle-traps mounted with bayonets a yard long. We handled these very well all the same. At first we had some drill-sergeants from the La Fère regiment, who taught us the exercise on the Champ de Mars after twelve on Sundays. Before the week was over Maitre Jean had ordered his uniform of Kountz, the regimental tailor, and the second Sunday he came to drill in full uniform, in his blue coat with red facings, eyes bright, epaulettes hanging down, his cocked hat on the back of his head, and his basket-hilted sword dangling at his heels. He strode up and down the ranks, and cried to Valentine—

"Citizen Valentine, shoulders back! mille tonnerres!"

A finer man was never seen. When Dame Catherine saw him she could hardly believe it was her husband. Valentine was all in confusion when he looked at him; he took him for a noble, and his long face became still longer with admiration. But Maitre Jean was not so well up to his drill as many others. There Letumier gave him a clincher. We used to laugh and amuse ourselves then. All the neighbouring villages, Vilchberg, Mittelbronn, Quatre-Vents, Dann, Lutzelbourg, Saint-Jean-des-Choux, marehed and countermarched like old soldiers, the town children bawling, "Vive la nation!" after them. Annette Minot, a fruit-woman in the market, was our cantinière; she had a little deal table, a chair, and a stone bottle of brandy in the middle of the Champ de Mars, with goblets and a large tricolour umbrella to protect her from the sun, which did not save her from being nearly roasted about 3 p.m.; nor were we much better off; we suffered so much from the dust. Good heavens! how I remember all these things! And our serjeant, Quéru, a short fat man, with grey moustaches, his ears buried in his wig, his black eyes full of mischief, and his great cocked hat on the top of all! He used to march backwards before us, his musket held across his thighs, crying—

"One, two! One, two! Halt! In line to the right! Steady! Stand at ease!"

And seeing us sweat from exhaustion, he would laugh heartily, and say—

"Dismiss!"

Then we ran to Annette Minot's table; every one wanted to offer a glass of brandy to the serjeant, who never said "No!" and used to say in his southern accent—

"You will get on, citizens, all right."

He was very fond of a glass of brandy, but what was that to us? He was an able instructor, a good fellow, and a patriot. He, little Trinquet, of the third company; Bariaux, the finest voice in the regiment; Duchêne, a tall Lorrainer, six feet high; in fact, all these old sergeants fraternized with the citizens; and often in the evening, before the retreat was beaten, we used to see them slip into the club, keep in the shadow of the columns in the hall, and listen to the subject under discussion, before answering to their names at the rappel. These men had passed fifteen or twenty years growing mouldy in the inferior ranks, doing the duty of noble officers! Later we saw them captains, colonels, and generals. They felt it was coming and sided with the revolution.

In the evening, Maitre Jean, having hung up his uniform, and put away his epaulettes and his hat, and put on his woolen jacket, used to study the theory of drill; sometimes, when at work in the forge, he would begin to call out the words of command when we least expected it, just to exercise his voice and see if he had a good bass tone. Almost always after supper Letumier would come in and sit down, with his pointed knee between his hands, and ask him questions, while he balanced himself on his chair with a waggish air. Maitre Jean could only understand in theory squares and attacking in column, because Serjeant Quéru had told us that was the chief thing in war; he used to get very red, and call out—

"Michel, the slate!"

And then we all looked at the slate and saw squares three and four deep, and the attacking columns with their guns, which he would explain in detail. But Letumier would wink his eyes and shake his head, and say—

"You are wrong, you are young, Maitre Jean!"

Then my godfather would get angry and rap the pencil on the slate, and say—

"That is right—I tell you it is."

Every one took an interest in it, down to Dame Catherine. We used to talk so loud that Letumier should not be able to answer; at last nothing was intelligible, and ten came before it was cleared up. Letumier went away repeating as he went into the passage—

"You are wrong, you are wrong!"

And we used to run after him and say—

"It is you who are wrong, it is you!"

And if we had dared we should have given him a good shaking.

Maitre Jean said—

"Oh, the fool, can any one be so stupid? He cannot understand anything."

But at drill Letumier had his revenge; he gave the word of command well, and made his men march, directing them with his sword, now in this direction, now in that, without blundering. I must do him that justice. He deserved to be lieutenant quite as well as Maitre Jean; all the Baraquins thought so; but Maitre Jean's position as landlord and smith gave him the best position, and besides, he was the finest man in the village.

What shows the folly of the nobles and bishops at that time was the fact, immediately after the taking of the Bastille, instead of remaining in the Assembly to advocate their right, if they had any, that they should pack up everything, and go and beg the help of our enemies against us; they fled off, seigneurs and bishops, servants and abbés, capucins and gr. at ladies, by every road—those from Lorraine by Treves, from Alsace by Coblenz or by Basle, and threatening us with, "Wait, wait, we shall be back again; we shall be back."

They were like lunatics; we laughed at them. It was what was called the emigration. It began by the Count d'Artois, the Prince de Condé, the Prince de Bourbon, Polignac, and Marshal de Broglie, the man who commanded the army round Paris, and was to have carried off the National Assembly. They had driven the king to folly, and now, when they saw danger, these good royalists left him alone in trouble.

When Maitre Jean saw this downfall, he cried—

"Let them go! let them go! What a riddance for us and our good king! Now he is alone, and there will be no Count d'Artois to put his own ideas into his head."

Every one was delighted. If they had only all gone there would have been no further mention of them; we could have made a present of them to the English, Germans, and Russians; but many remained behind in command of our regiments, who only tried to rouse the soldiers against the nation. You will see later what the people attempted against their own country; all that will have its turn by-and-by; we need not hurry ourselves.

The Parisians at that time still were so attached to their king, that they wanted to have him among them, and they sent their wives to Versailles to beg him to come with the Queen Marie-Antoinette, the young dauphin, and all the royal family. Louis XVI. could but accept their invitation, and these poor people in the midst of famine cried—

"We cannot die of hunger now; here is the baker and his wife and the little journeyman."

Lafayette, who rode at their head on his white horse, was named commandant of the National Guard, and Bailly mayor of Paris; so you see how good-hearted these poor creatures were, who never try to engage the ill others have done them. Chauvel kept us informed of all these events. He also told us how the National Assembly had followed the king, and held its sittings in a large riding-school behind the Tuilleries. Every five or six weeks we had a letter from him, with a bundle of gazettes, the *Journal des Révolutions de Paris*, the *Révolutions de France et du Brabant*, the *Annales Patriotiques*, and many others whose names have escaped me.

They were full of fire and spirit, especially the articles of Loustalot and Camille Desmoulins; all that was said and done in France was reported in these journals, and so fully that every peasant could form an idea of our situation; we read them in the market of Phalsbourg, where Eloi Collin had formed our first club on the model of the Jacobins and Cordeliers of Paris; they met there in the evening, between the fire-engine magazine and the old meat-market, and Letumier used to read the news in such a loud and distinct voice, that they could understand what he said on the Place d'Armes; people came from all round to hear him, and the apothecary Tribolin and the commissariat officer Raphael Mang, Didier Hertzou, the latter, a very sensible man, Henri Dominique, the innkeeper, Fixari, Baruch Aron, Pernet, in fact all the town notables used to address us on the rights of man, the veto, the division of France in departments, the law on citizenship, the admission of Protestant and Jews to public employments, the institution of juries, abolition of convents and religious orders, the resumption of the Church lands by the nation, the issue of assignats—in fact, on everything that offered, as these questions came to be debated in the Constituent Assembly. What a life and what a change!

Formerly the seigneurs and nobles would have said and done everything in their own interest, at Versailles, without troubling themselves about us; they would have shorn us regularly; their collectors, stewards, and lieutenants of police would come and quietly enforce their will, which was law, on us; our good king, the best of men, would have had his mouth full of love for the poor, and balls, fêtes, and hunting parties, bows and obsequies, would have filled the court journals; while cold, hunger, and all sorts of distress would have continued their rounds among the poor. Yes, it is a happiness to hear one's own affairs discussed, and to have a voice in them—how we support those who are in our interest, and how we rave against those who displace us! This may be called living. Even now the old market, with its lantern hanging from the principal beam, the market benches filled with people, children sitting in the hut of the old shoemaker Damier, Collin standing on a table with the newspaper, the wind whistling under the roof, the light on this mass of people, and in the distance the sentry on duty, with his old hat and patched white coat, stopping to listen—all this is still before my eyes.

And the elders, fast a sleep behind the swing-gate, I see them too; our fat mayor Boileau, with his tricoloured scarf; the échevins; Jean Beaucaire, usher, royal serjeant at the prévôt's sittings, since replaced by Joseph Basille, serjeant in the national gendarmery; and the prévôt himself, in his long wig, yellow face, and pinched-up nose; all these people walking about under the columns and saying nothing, instead of having us surrounded and kicked out,

or even hanged, as they could have done two or three years ago—I recollect it well.

Those who have never seen similar changes do not know their own good fortune; all I have to tell them is to use their courage and good sense to save them from being plunged again into the state in which they were before '89.

I was just twenty then; I was strong and vigorous, and I was disgusted to hear my parents complain; I said to them, "What are you so afraid of? we have suffered much greater distress than this; we managed to live when we had tithes, corvées, the gabelle and other taxes to bear, when we fed monks and seigneurs by our labour; and now we are freed from them, now we can keep to ourselves the money they cost us, what have we to groan about? The cattle and sheep are not all dead, and if Claude wants a herd of cows to look after, let him wait a bit—perhaps some day I may employ him as my herdsman."

It was rather boastful on my part, but my ideas about obedience were changing every day; I thought already that one man was as good as another, and that some are only so great because others are so little, and that the time for respecting privileges was gone.

Then my mother, with her elbows on the table and her hands behind her ears, would look hard at me with her grey eyes and pinched-up lips, and begin—

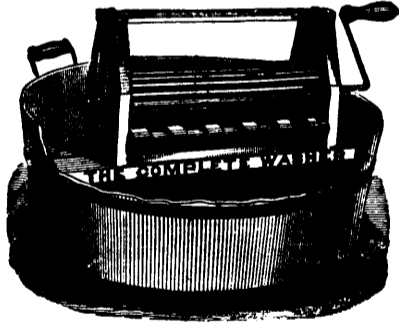
"Michel, pride will be your ruin! You think already, like Joseph, that your brothers' sieves bow to yours, and their stars dance for your greater glory; but I warn you, you will be minister to no Egyptian king; you will be hanged, and the ravens of the heavens will come and eat out of your basket."

(To be continued.)

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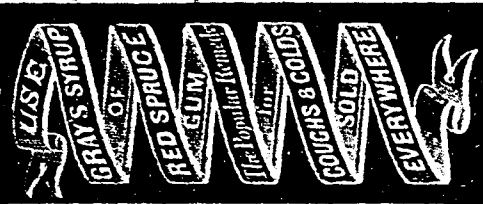
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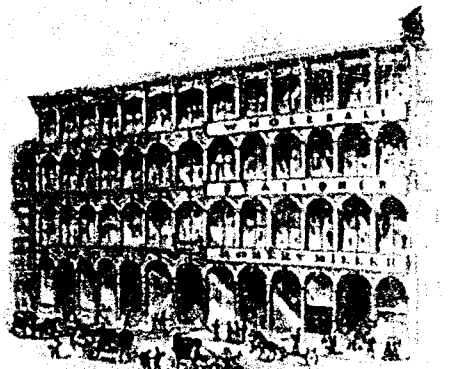
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