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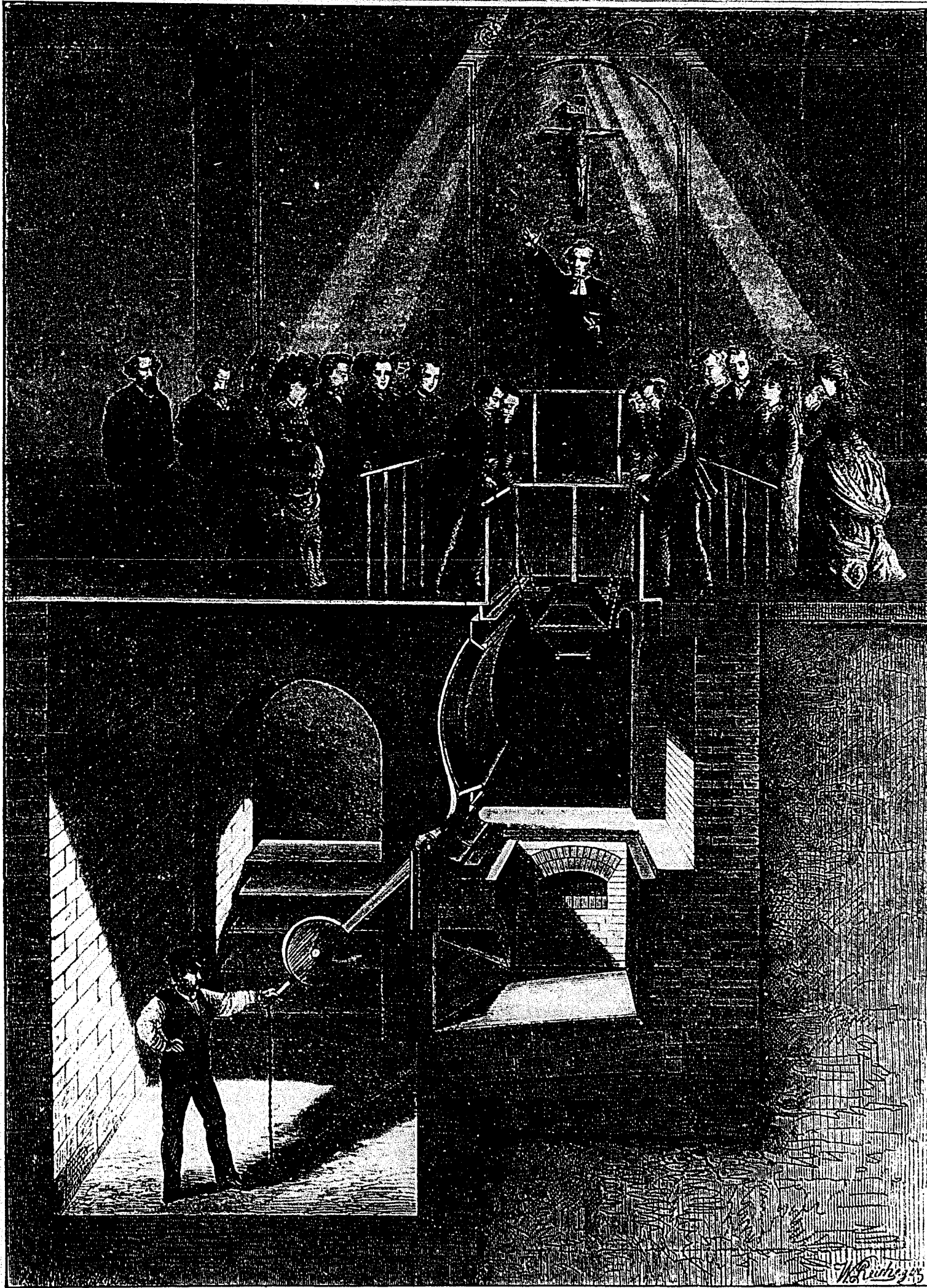
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# Illustrated News

VOL. IX.—No. 23.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1874.

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CREMATION IN GERMANY.—THE SIEMENS FURNACE FOR USE AT DRESDEN.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.....	\$4.00 per annum
THE FAVORITE.....	2.00 "
THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE	1.50 "
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AND OF

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The story will run through about twenty numbers of the News, and will be succeeded by another live attraction.

## Canadian Illustrated News.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1874.

### THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The revenue of the Dominion of Canada has risen from thirteen millions six hundred thousand dollars in 1867-8 to twenty millions eight hundred thousand dollars in 1872-3, an increase of over seven million dollars in five years. In the interval between these dates the two smaller provinces of Manitoba and British Columbia were added to the Confederation, and for purposes of comparison, their revenues would have to be deducted from the last named amount; but these sums do not greatly change the proportion, the total receipts from customs and excise for these two provinces together for 1872-3 having been under three hundred and thirty thousand dollars. The accounts of Prince Edward Island had not begun to appear in the returns of the latest statement. We think we are safe in saying that the figures we quote exhibit a degree of progress and expansion which will not readily be surpassed in any other portion of the globe, however favoured, our revenue having increased fifty per cent. in the five years under review, corresponding with an increase of population of say seven or eight per cent. That we have spent all the money, and borrowed more, may be perfectly true, but our spending has been largely on capital account for permanent improvements, and we have substantial public structures to show for all the increased expenditure beyond that necessitated by the advance in population and by the organization of a new Dominion.

The first impression these figures will convey to the mind will be a most favourable and hopeful one. We naturally begin to ask if the rate of progress in our affairs is to continue as in the past lustre, what may not be expected of a nation doubling its revenue in ten years or less, while the population was presumably increasing at only one sixth of the rate, the datum of increase having accrued under an almost uniform taxation, and being supported by the remarkable advance in the foreign trade and increase in banking capital and deposits? To the statistics of the latter we must refer our readers, our present object being principally with the revenue results. And if a population of equally valuable elements in a monetary view, that is of faithful and energetic people, with the usual sprinkling of capital, could be introduced into the Dominion during the next decade, so as to bring up the increase of numbers to a much higher rate, what even greater financial results might not be hoped for? In putting this enquiry we have no wish to be over-sanguine, but such are the materials upon which a judgment will have to be formed.

In the treatment of the Pacific Railway question, it will

be observed that our Parliament at Ottawa have in the past session been cautious and unwilling to risk anything through taking too sanguine a view of the Dominion affairs. There has been much in the political circumstances of the time, no doubt, to induce caution. A slight failure of the revenue to meet the charges of the year has also led to the imposition of some new and probably fruitful taxes. These are the incidents of the hour, but in regarding a national or Imperial undertaking such as the Pacific Railway, that has to be carried over a considerable period before it can be brought to completion, we shall do wisely to dwell upon the terms of the general rate of progress, so far as these can be established, rather than upon the circumstances of the passing time. Nothing is more certain than that an improved annual balance—for which we shall doubtless not have long to wait—will give rise to greater hopefulness in the public mind as to expenditures for new work. We are also soon to get the construction of the Intercolonial off our hands, though the Canadian people certainly have no intention to part with—that is to alienate—the public property created by that expenditure.

A great charge has in addition come upon the country for the deepening and widening of the St. Lawrence canals, so as to give to the bread-eaters of Europe cheaper supplies from the Western prairies, while we Canadians at the same time obtain for ourselves a fair share of the profits of conveying and dealing in those essential products.

These great national works, indispensable as they are, and by no means promotive of despondency in any fair estimate of their future value, have formed the chief financial hindrance to our present commencement of a work of still greater magnitude—the Canada Pacific Railway.

And as we come to consider the ways and means for this great work, we cannot fail to observe that the increase in our annual receipts of revenue in 1872-3, as compared with 1867-8, amounts to a greater sum than the entire annual interest that we should have need to expend to build and equip the great inter-oceanic road, even were all the capital contracted for at once, which, of course, it would not be. May we not, then, we ask, regard the future from a truly cheerful point of view? We certainly think so. The fact is, our national enterprises have been crowding upon the country all together, have all been claiming our best attention at the same time; and it would be difficult for any nation or dependency to do full justice to everything on the instant. Canada has done very respectably, from a general view, since the new regime of things was inaugurated. The lesson of the hour would seem to be that she may take heart of grace and go forward on her course, trusting in that watchful Providence that has helped her in the past.

But there is an important element in the financial views which we have yet to consider, and that is, that the expenditures of the sums borrowed for the Pacific Railway and the other great works will of themselves contribute largely to the receipts of revenue both by the extensive purchases of foreign commodities they will inevitably give rise to, and by the new population which must be attracted to the country by the mere fact of their progress in construction. We have to consider the vast and fine territory to be developed, that we are offering farms to all who can cultivate them, and assisted or free passages to all suitable persons who need such help. We have a right to assume that a great increase of population will arise from all these causes combined, showing even a more rapid ratio of advance than in the past. So that at least one point will very soon be made evident, and that is that whenever we commence borrowing for the purpose of the great inter-oceanic railway—which we are not about to suppose that Mr. Mackenzie intends withdrawing from—however soon, we say, we may commence borrowing and paying interest. If the works are wisely set about, the actual public revenue arising out of the expenditure in the country of the money borrowed will at once exceed the entire amount of interest we shall have to pay to secure the use of that capital. This is but the law of all well-organized national works in new and prosperous countries. We shall be expending in the country for great permanent works capital borrowed upon the good security of our public affairs, and if necessary upon the security of the works themselves, as collateral, while we shall be paying out of the country only interest, liquidation of capital being of course deferred, as only governments can safely defer it. During the whole period of construction, therefore, we may take it as proved that the revenue results of that public expenditure and introduction of new population will considerably exceed the interest we shall be called upon to pay. As only one item of home industry, we may name the production of a large portion of our railway iron and steel within our own borders. The general process will not deserve the name of inflation if it is not carried on too rapidly.

When the railway construction shall be completed there will undoubtedly arise a somewhat different condition of affairs for the State to deal with; but how vastly different should be our circumstances, as a people, by that time! Who can measure the rate of our progress, if we act with common sense and honour, and keep moving? Mr. Mackenzie has been cautious and watchful, and we cannot altogether blame him. But he will doubtless be as ready as some of us who have smaller responsibilities to go with the stream of prosperity we reasonably anticipate, as well as to preserve to the people the fruits of their own labour and self-denial in the creation of great public highways, a work of protection in which we confidently expect they will be glad to assist him.

The question of the remunerativeness of this really imperial transcontinental line, after construction shall be completed, is one that will not arise as a financial issue—will not become a practical question in the case of the several sections, until such sections are finished and in working order. The Revenue cannot suffer from this cause before those dates arrive. Our forecast will be simplified by considering each completed section on its own merits. Judging by what we behold of the progress of affairs in our north-west Province—and we have a perfect right to take credit for the general progress and expansion, or traffic creating power, belonging to the years of construction in the case of every section—judging, we say, by the existing rate of progress, and the promises we have from so many quarters for the early future, the section from Lake Superior and Fort Garry and Prairie Lands, through Canadian territory, ought to be able to pay working expenses almost as soon as opened, the interest on constructive capital being actually provided by the general progress of the Dominion we have referred to, so that, without increased taxation there would appear no reason why this section should not be pressed forward with as little delay as circumstances may warrant. The gradients are said on authority to be not of great difficulty. Mr. Sandford Fleming's Report has set that question at rest. We shall need to preserve the unity of the Dominion, both in our colonizing operations and our trade with Manitoba, when the engineers are ready with their surveys, that is, with the actual alignment, we can see no reason whatever for delaying this Superior and Manitoba section of the line for a single day. The prospecting for routes we know has greatly advanced, but the surveys are nowhere completed. Even the route across the Rocky Mountains and Cascade Range into British Columbia is not yet determined upon. The western sections cannot be begun until this great question is settled; and, speaking generally, it would be folly to begin the work on any section until the surveys are satisfactory.

When the several sections are completed the line will belong to the Dominion, to be maintained as a national property. As companies would have no right to a property for which the State found all the means, so also a little analysis will show that companies could not safely undertake works of this nature: they would be leaning upon early profits, while the State would not. It will make a vast difference to the young generation we behold growing up around us whether the weekly proceeds of a grand transcontinental road and highway to China and Japan, India and Australia, shall be regularly sent out of the country to banks in Europe, or concentrated in the hands of a few enormously powerful individuals here, as lords of our Canadian soil, or whether, on the other hand, they shall flow from week to week into the public treasury, promoting all valuable expenditures and diminishing taxation. It will easily be perceived that railways constructed by municipalities, either singly or in union of two or three, stand in an altogether different category from private railway and land companies. Some of the municipal undertakings for railway building already afoot could, we submit, safely be assisted by the Federal Government in the way of a guarantee of bonds, for the substantial reason that municipalities of a certain standing have not only a local habitation but a name—have a financial report to maintain—are not mere trading speculators but aggregations of all classes of the people, and do not dare from their position, to dictate to the Government of the land. If a single municipality should fail in its obligations foreclosure is always possible in the circumstances, if that has been duly provided for in the original arrangements, and if the conduct of the general Government is not characterized by mere weakness. But a little reflection will show how all these conditions are changed in the case of a great company of private stockholders simply bent upon making money out of the concern; having domiciles scattered over the world, with that power of transfer of interest which it is really impossible to control; supposing such private company should come into possession of a great trunk railway running through an entirely new country. It is impossible to set limits to the political power of such a corporation, whether pro-



perous or unfortunate in business, and it is easy to see that at the least it would be found dictating to the Government on all occasions, where anything was to be gained by that course. With such dictation it is needless to tell Canadians our liberties would depart. If the Canadian people shall unwisely refuse to bear in mind what they already know, and to make themselves fully masters of this plain but grave issue, the loss will be their own, now and in transmission.

Private companies, on the other hand, may be trusted with the working of a Government railway on terminable leases of not excessive length, because they would always be under the supervision of Government and people in such case. Ownership of the great highways through the prairies, whether by one company or several in combination, which would be precisely the same in effect, running through, organizing and creating new Provinces, which is the primary work of the state itself, is a matter not to be tolerated, because such delegation would certainly threaten the very existence of this young Dominion. The country, as we rightly assume, is bent upon having this railway, and will be equally desirous that it should be vested in Her Majesty's name for the people's benefit. The appanage will help to make our respected Queen an Empress of free communities. The Government of Canada would have the option either to work it themselves, when completed, or to provide for its efficient working by such leases as we have spoken of, running over moderate terms, to a company or companies, who would thus be delivered from most painful risks. Give the line away we must not. The State does not build railways to give them away when finished. The state of all human powers is best able to await the hour of their fruitfulness. Examples confirmatory of the true view will soon occur to the mind. King Charles's Rupert's Land liberality; the Nova Scotia coal charter; the Prince Edward Island land patents; the Seigniorial system of Louis the Fourteenth, and many European charters which we need not just now cite. grim warnings as they have all become to a thinking people, were but small seeds when first cast upon the ground, for they dealt merely with unvalued expanses of waste lands; but they grew into extensive and very inconvenient realities, with the effects of which the present generation—as it has felt the oppression of those feudal monstrosities—has the best opportunity of acquainting itself; and we will draw to a close this already extended article, by commending the careful study of their several histories to all of our young Canadians who, in a spirit of patriotism may be educating themselves to promote the greatness of their country.

The Pacific Railway Act, as framed, we must all perceive contains provisions that are neither Liberal nor Conservative, but only defective and suicidal. It also seems to involve a sort of method of avoidance of its own defects. But such is not the form in which it will be likely to be ultimately accepted as a practical measure. We regard it, in fine, as a foregone conclusion that it will have to be amended in these important particulars before there will be any hope of building an inter oceanic railway by its means. The inevitable delay of surveys, hindering the commencement of the work, is the only consideration that has prevented popular anxiety on these grounds from developing itself. A Ministry that has risen to power on the ruins of the inadmissible scheme of the late Government, can never afford to adopt the flagitious principle which has worked all the evil that the constituencies of the country arose in so determined a manner to remedy.

The creation of a new party in any country is not a matter of outburst or sudden growth. Neither is it the offspring of any single mind. Hence we are not a little amused to read periodically of projects of this sort in the United States and elsewhere. The latest of these across the border is the Trade Party, said to be headed by Senator Morton, and whose platform, draughted at Washington by a few Congressmen, contains the following magnificent ideas: A call for a constitutional convention to effect several changes in the fundamental laws of the United States, among which will be the election of President, Vice-President, and Senators directly by the people; subordinating all corporations to the National Government; disallowing special privileges to any corporation; adding largely to the authority of the General Government in matters affecting the transportation and trades of the country; and making such banking provisions as will allow the General Government to institute banks under its own authority; an immediate agitation for committing Congress and the nation at once to the carrying out of the scheme of the five great artificial water routes recommended by the Transportation Committee of the Senate—that is, the opening of the mouths of the Mississippi, the connection of the Mississippi with the lakes, the ship-canal around Niagara, the enlargement of the

Erie Canal, and the joining of the James River with the waters of Ohio by a canal. The construction of at least two direct freight railways under the authority of the General Government, so as to regulate the charges of the main lines of the country.

New Brunswick is in the very heat and fire of general elections. The Local House has been dissolved, and an entirely new representation is being canvassed. The sole issue is the School Act. Shall there be separate or denominational schools? It is notorious that nothing so inflames the wildest passions of men, blinding their judgment and blunting all their sensibilities, as sectarian discussions. New Brunswick is no exception to this rule. The contest now going on within its borders is of the fiercest. Papers which have fought shoulder to shoulder in Federal politics, such as the *St. John Telegraph* and *Freeman*, are now at daggers drawn on this Provincial issue. From present appearances it seems probable that the separate school party will win the day.

It is all the fashion now-a-days to decry France and everything French; yet in the matter of finances the United States might stoop to learn a lesson from the volatile Republic. The French have borne their misfortunes with fortitude, and set about repairing their losses in a business-like way. Though weighed down by a heavy debt they have repudiated inflation and fantastic money schemes of all sorts. Since the 1st of November, 1873, they have reduced their paper circulation \$91,000,000, and put \$74,000,000 in specie in the Bank of France. At present the country is \$165,000,000 nearer resumption than at the end of last October, while the United States are \$20,000,000 further away from that happy consummation.

Lower Canada has always been famous for its fruitful women. The following is only one case among many. Madame Gedeon Roy, *née* Françoise Richard, died on the 18th of last February at the age of 88, after 69 years of married life. She had 15 children, 4 of whom died without issue. The others had descendants to this extent: Isabelle, 91; Eléonore, 95; Emélie, 68; Flavie, 40; Narcisse, 54; Marie, 21; Joseph, 29; Clara, 17; Marguerite, 30; Pierre, 29; Célie, 14—a total of 488 children. To this number add the 15 of Madame Roy, which make this excellent lady the mother of a patriarchal family of 503 at the time of her death. Is not this increasing and multiplying with a vengeance?

The Centennial Resolution or Bill providing for the national celebration of the first centenary of American Independence, at Philadelphia, on the 4th July, 1876, has just passed the American Congress. One of the clauses confers upon the President the authority of inviting foreign sovereigns and rulers to attend the celebration. There is to be an international exhibition a world's fair, but it is distinctly provided that the government of the United States shall not be liable for expenses incurred by foreign exhibitors.

Boston is particularly enthusiastic in its advocacy of a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty. While in this respect it is only at one with the other leading cities of the United States, there may be reason to suspect that it is actuated by a laudable selfishness in its desire to attract the Canadian export trade and become our winter shipping port instead of Portland. It is natural that Boston should bestir itself in the matter, as it is about to lose the service of the Cunard steamers, and thereby the grain trade of the West.

### ROBERT TANNAHILL.

One hundred years ago, on June 3rd, Robert Tannahill was born in Paisley, Renfrewshire, a tender child of genius, ill-fitted to ward off the buffets of the rude world, on which he had entered. His parents were industrious, respectable persons; but like most of their class, bestowed upon their son, Robert, a good, common school education. They afterwards apprenticed him to the weaving trade. At the loom he was a diligent student; and at an early age, fired with the enthusiasm caused by the triumphs of Burns, he began to write verses. Though perfectly conscious of the nature and value of his gifts, he displayed none of the offensive bearing too common among aspirants for the poetic wreath. Like a true child of the muses he was rather humbled than exalted in spirit by the visions given him of the beautiful in nature, with which his mind was so truly in harmony. Each varying phase of human emotion found through him its corresponding setting in the ever-changing face of the beautiful earth. The mysterious union he conceived to exist between the animate and inanimate creation, which he poured forth in song of exquisite beauty, made life to him full of solemnity.

From the very first the songs of Tannahill found appreciation among his acquaintances. Much of the early success was due to the skill with which his friend R. A. Smith, the composer, set some of his best songs to music. In 1807, the poet published his "Poems and Songs" and he had no reason to complain of the manner with which the public received his

book. The truth, and delicacy, and deep insight of the tuneful interpreter of nature compelled admiration. In cottage and castle his songs were sung. He had touched the chords of the human heart. "Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane," "Gloomy Winter's noo awa," "Loudon's Bonnie Woods and Braes," "The Braes o' Balquhider," "The Bonnie Woods o' Craigielea," and "The Lass o' Aranteenie," made vocal the land; and far over the seas, deep in the back woods of America, in the jungles of India, in the wastes of Australia—wherever Scotsmen wandered from the old loved land, the tender and beautiful utterances of the bard of Paisley were made their own. The wealthy, the educated, and the elevated in station, now sought the acquaintance of Tannahill; but this only seemed to deepen the natural despondency of his nature. Soon an event occurred, which shattered the finely-strung soul. George Thomson, the correspondent of Burns, and Archibald Constable, the publisher, failed to accord him the recognition he deserved. His despondency assumed the form of a settled melancholy. He burnt his manuscripts, including many unpublished poems. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, visited him and strove, and not unsuccessfully for a time, to banish morbid thoughts from the mind of his suffering brother poet. On parting, however, Tannahill said with a hopeless despair: "Farewell, we shall never meet again."

For a period he attempted to drown rankling thought and a sense of injustice by intoxicants. The remedy aggravated the disease. From the artificial elevation thus temporarily attained, he sunk only the more deeply into the profound abyss of sadness and gloom. He complained of a prickly sensation in his head. "You should give up drinking," said his younger brother Matthew, "for I've heard that such a feeling often precedes insanity." But the end was near. Consumption marked him for death. Shortly before the end he went to Glasgow, and so marked were the symptoms of mental derangement that a friend accompanied him back to Paisley. On reaching his home he went to bed. In the evening his brother who attended him, finding that he was sleeping soundly, went away for about two hours. When the brother returned the bed was deserted. The delirious poet had gone from the house. Next morning he was found in a pool of water at Ferguslie, which now bears Tannahill's name, by a negro who had formerly been a slave in America. Thus gloomily, and in dread sombre colours, was this bright flame of Scottish genius extinguished, on the 10th of May, 1810.

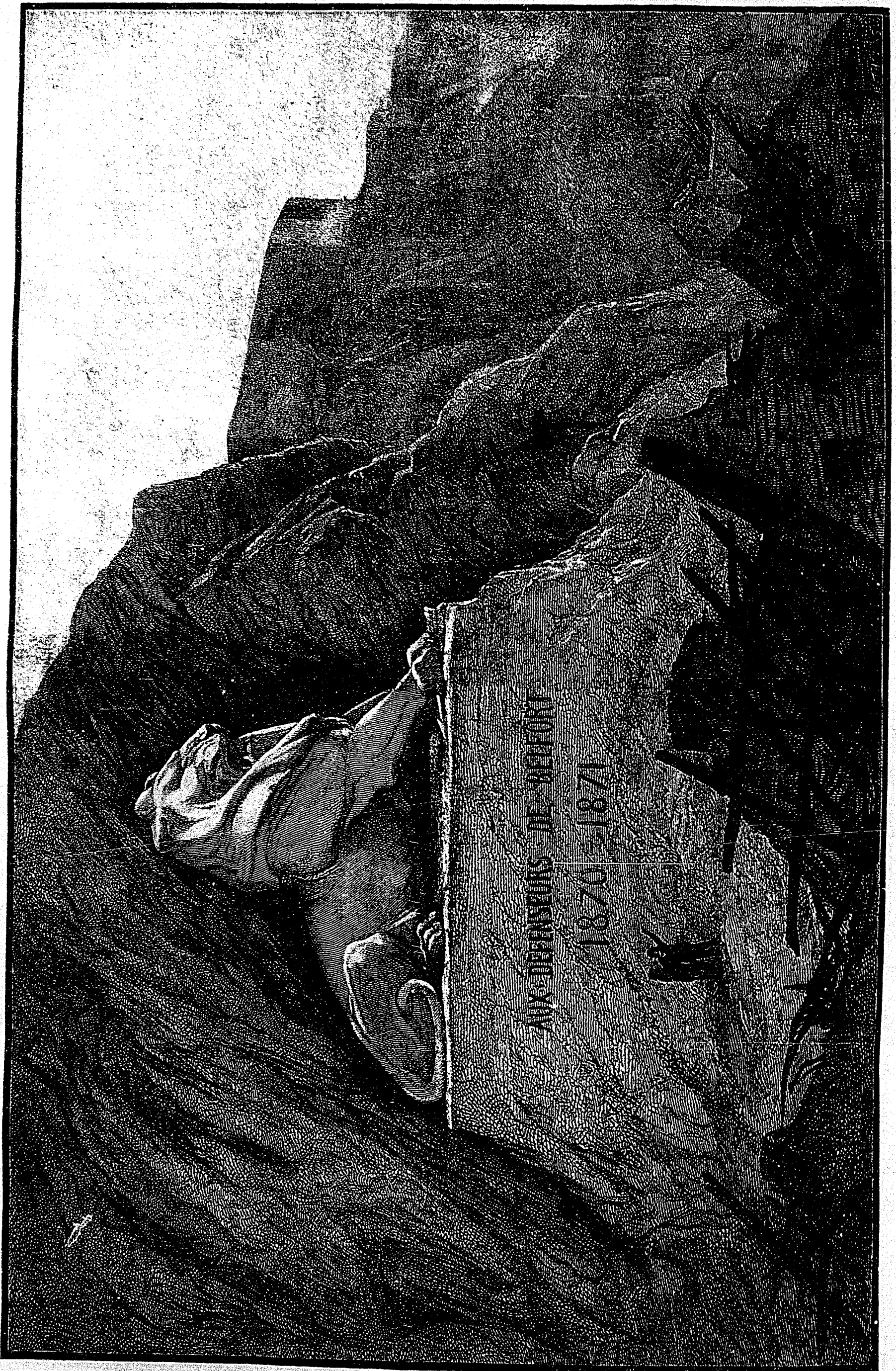
Paisley, all honour to her sons, has carefully kept green the memory of her bard. The poet's brother, when old age compelled him to cease from labour, was provided with a competency by his fellow townsmen. The Tannahill Club has always observed his anniversary. This year the centennial of Tannahill's birth, the 3rd of June, will be observed as a general holiday in Paisley. The inhabitants are to decorate their dwellings; societies will march in procession to the "Braes of Glenifer," where appropriate festivities will be held; and in the evening a literary banquet and concert will take place. Paisley is to honour the centenary of Tannahill with all her glowing enthusiasm; and no doubt Scotsmen everywhere, whether as individuals or societies, will pay heartfelt tribute, not unmixed with sorrow, to the memory of the man who was so richly gifted by Scotia's muse, and whose songs are a priceless lasting heritage of the land he loved so much.

### CHOOSING A PIANO.

In choosing a piano people are liable to be led away by the desire of possessing what they call a powerful instrument—forgetting, or not knowing, that mere loudness is of itself anything but a recommendation, and may be, as it often is, the result of a defect rather than of any excellence in its construction. It is the quality, not the strength of the tone, by which a piano (or indeed any musical instrument) should be judged; and as this quality, or timbre, is a thing which cannot easily be described, it would be well for a novice to take "Counsellor's opinion" before purchasing—that is, to get some musical friend, who knows what tone is, to make the selection for him. As a rule, general evenness of tone throughout is a good sign, carelessly made or ill-revised instruments being frequently uneven in tone and weak about the tenor middle part of the key-board. Pianos are either unichords, bichords, or trichords—that is, have one, two, or three strings to each note. Unichords are not much in vogue and are now rarely made unless to order; for though sweet in tone, being incapable of imperfect unisons, they were liable to get much out of tune before a tyro, in the absence of the dissonant false unisons, would be well aware of it. Cottage, cabinet, and square pianos were generally bichords, but for the last dozen years and more, upright trichords have been largely made, with advantage to the possessors of them in every way, with the trifling drawback that they take rather longer time to tune. Other things being equal, the quality of tone is best in a trichord, and for that reason it has our preference. Grand pianos are almost invariably trichords, and they are, and always must be, from the plan of their construction, the most perfect instruments. But their cost shuts them out of the majority of middle-class households, and they are further much too powerful and resonant for the small rooms of a middle-class dwelling house.

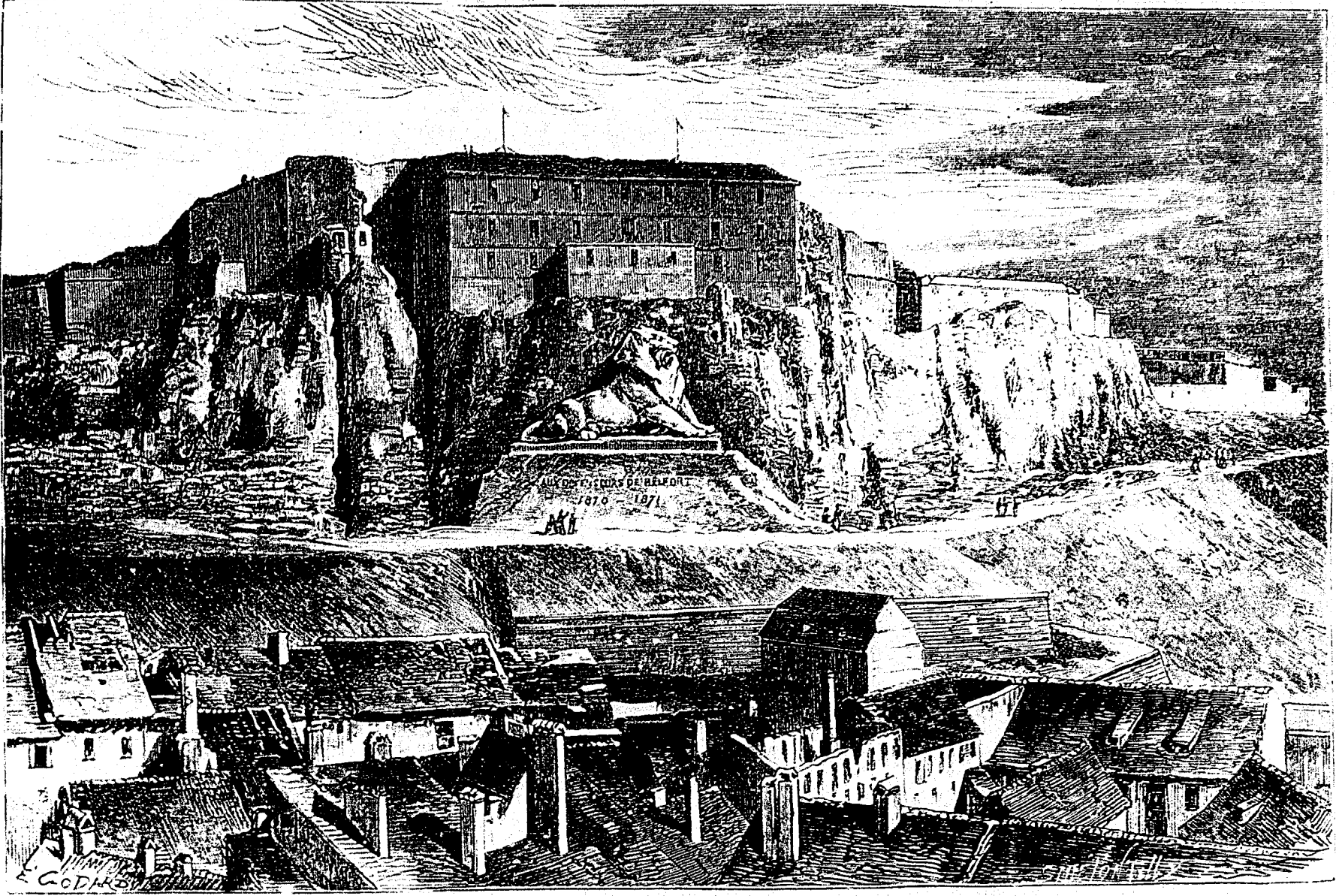
A word as to the treatment of the piano. It is a fact, odd as it sounds, that a piano may, in a sense, be educated to a good behaviour. It should be kept in a dry atmosphere, at an even temperature, not in a current of air, and not fronting the fire too near. New pianos need not be expected to stand very long in perfect tune, but if a piano is well tuned frequently—say once a month for the first year of its existence, and somewhat less frequently for a year or so afterwards—it will, so to speak, acquire the habit of keeping in tune, barring any radical defect in its material or its construction. The reason is, that there is a tendency in a strained string to remain at any degree of tension to which it has been long subjected—may, if a string which has stood at a certain pitch for months be let down or drawn up a quarter of a note, and so left, it will be found after the lapse of twenty-four hours to have gone back in a very appreciable degree towards its former tension or pitch; a curious fact this, which any reader owning a piano-forte or a violin can easily test for himself. It is much to be desired that people should tune their own pianos; the process, though it would appear somewhat complex to a beginner is really not difficult for any person to acquire who possesses an accurate ear; though doubtless considerable practice is necessary to enable any one to tune rapidly and well.



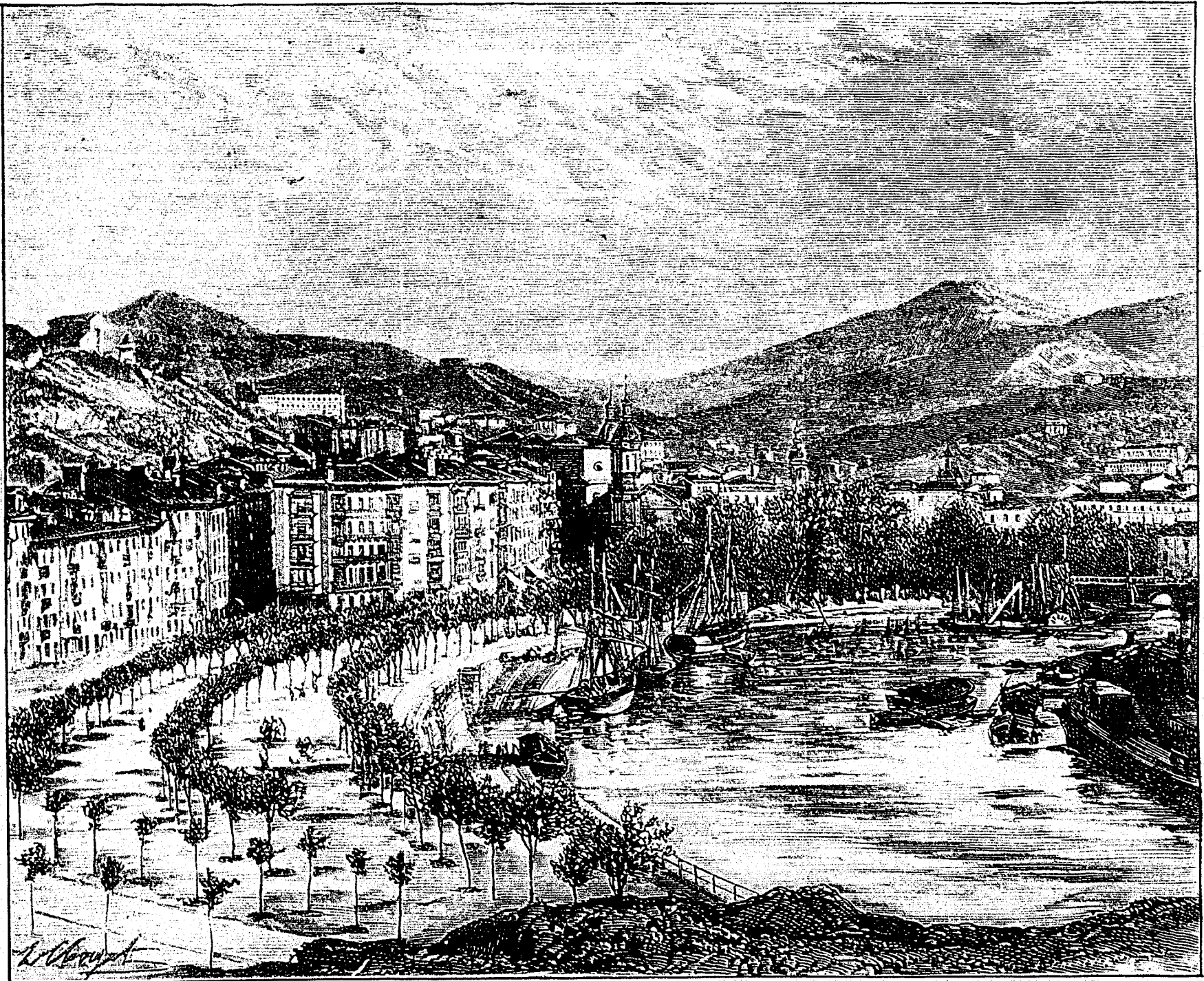


FRANCE—THE BELFORT LION. MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED AT BELFORT IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE SIEGE OF THE CITY, 1870-71.





FRANCE.—THE BELFORT LION. GENERAL VIEW OF THE MONUMENT AND SURROUNDINGS.



SPAIN.—BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF BILBAO.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE BALLOT BILL.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR,—The majority of the Members of the House of Commons seem to have no strong convictions on this question. It was introduced by the Government as a measure of policy, and an event which will mark their administration as an epoch in our history. Mr. Penny said it was an importation and not indigenous to this country. The *Hobe* says it is as good as a gold bag to a corrupt government. Yet these and many more who express similar views advocated its adoption. As we are going to have the ballot, with all its vices, I hope we shall have no more corrupt governments, as two such plagues, at the same time, would be intolerable.

The ballot bill, though partly or wholly disapproved by every person whose opinion is entitled to any weight, like the inflation bill just vetoed by President Grant, is sure to pass. Hon. J. H. Cameron, who has given the question consideration and has convictions on it, expressed his intention to divide the House when it came up. I think he was right. Posterity should know who restores this relic of barbarism in the present age of civilization. A man who has no strong convictions on so momentous a question as the ballot should never have a seat in the House of Commons. Convictions are evidences of truth and honesty. If a man says he has no convictions on the truths of Christianity, for example, we very justly cease to attach any importance to his opinions on that subject. So it is with politicians who have no strong opinions on such questions as the present. This Government will give us the ballot, and the next or some subsequent one, will probably give us universal suffrage. Then will come inflation, repudiation, and every other species of dishonesty so fearfully prevalent in the United States at the present time. No person in the United States, whose opinions are entitled to much weight, has any confidence in the popular will as expressed by the ballot. They would rather trust to Grant or any man of ordinary virtue and intelligence for an honest verdict than to a verdict of the whole nation obtained in the ordinary way. A measure cannot be fairly judged without looking from the beginning to the end. Nothing is well that does not end well. It is because we have so many legislators who cannot see two steps before them that we have such measures as the ballot forced on the country.

By adopting the ballot, the Government is putting the blister on the wrong place. The pain is not there at all. Blistering the crown of the head instead of the soles of the feet would not be a greater mistake. The inconveniences which give rise to objections against open voting is not in open voting itself. For example, the best engine will run neither well nor safely over an uneven track. Just so with the franchise. Open voting, the engine, is faultless, but prevention of intimidation, the track, is incomplete, and no amount of tinkering at the engine will ever mend the track. In fact, such a mistake cannot fail to spoil both and make matters worse. Adopting the ballot for the prevention of bribery and intimidation is just like tinkering at the engine when one should be ballasting the track and fastening down the rails. Up to the present time legislation has failed to provide a proper track for open voting. Two great obstacles have been allowed to lie in the way—namely, unnecessary facilities for intimidation and unnecessary facilities for bribery. Remove these two obstructions, as far as practicable, and the engine, that is, open voting, will proceed smoothly and safely. However perfect the engine is it can neither move itself nor draw its ponderous load over an unsuitable track. It is only reasonable that we should put the track in proper repair before we pronounce the engine unfit for use.

The moral courage necessary to perform a virtuous act publicly deserves to be encouraged and protected in every person. In this consists the best part of man's moral nature. A great part of the usefulness of a virtuous act consists in its publicity.

An honest, intelligent vote given in public has a double virtue. By its weight in the proper scale it does good; and by its example it does still more good. The advocates of the ballot dwell largely on the evils of ordinary coercion, but entirely overlook the coercion and example of moral influences, the benefits of which far outweigh the evil effects of the former. The public exercise of the franchise is the safety-valve of political virtue and liberty everywhere.

J. S. Mill, in his essay "On Representative Government," page 85, says: "Neither can it be admitted that even if all had votes, they would give their votes as honestly in secret as in public." Again: "The best side of their character is that which people are anxious to show, even to those who are no better than themselves. People will give dishonest or mean votes from lucre, from malice, from pique, from personal rivalry, even from interests or prejudices of class or sect, more readily in secret than in public." Furthermore he adds: "Almost the only restraint on a majority of knaves consists in their involuntary respect for the opinion of an honest minority." And in conclusion he says: "All this good would be sacrificed by the ballot." Even with universal suffrage Mr. Mill thinks the ballot undesirable. He says, on page 84: "I cannot think that even if the people were fit for, and had obtained universal suffrage the ballot would be desirable." Mr. Mill differs entirely from Mr. Bright on the ballot question and the franchise. Mr. Bright calls the franchise a right; Mr. Mill calls it a trust, saying, "In whatever way we define or understand the idea of a right, no person can have a right (except in the purely legal sense) to power over others; every such power which he is allowed to possess is morally, in the fullest force of the term, a trust. But the exercise of any political function, either as an elector or as a representative, is power over others. Those who say that the suffrage is not a trust but a right will scarcely accept the conclusions to which their doctrine leads. If it is a right, if it belongs to the voter for his own sake, on what grounds can we blame him for selling it, or using it to recommend himself to any one whom it is his interest to please." Hence Mr. Bright's idea of the franchise is essentially selfish, and the ballot offers the facilities for utilizing that selfishness. If the franchise is a right, as Mr. Bright says, the elector is free to dispose of his vote to the person willing to give him most for it. On the other hand, if it is a trust, as Mr. Mill says, the elector, being under a much greater moral obligation, is bound to exercise it not only for

his own good but for the good of those who conferred it on him. Hence, where the ballot is used people become "intensely selfish."

There may be members in our local Legislatures, and in the House of Commons, in as much danger of coercion as the humblest elector who votes at the pole. Ministers, colleagues, factious constituents, aspirations for office, the love of gain, and many other persons and things may be coercing them into acts opposed to their consciences and the public good. To be consistent the advocates of the ballot should recommend its adoption in the local Legislatures and the House of Commons, so that all parties might have equal privileges. The coercion practised in the Legislatures is, in my opinion, fully as bad as that which takes place among electors during elections. It affects legislation more directly and, perhaps, more injuriously than the other. Judges and juries are liable to be coerced, as we know they sometimes are, especially in the States, by powerful persons, cliques, and corporations. The use of the ballot as a remedy for this state of affairs is a fatal mistake. Coercion must be met by coercion. The ballot is an admission of weakness in the law, and a dangerous concession. To the coercion complained of we must oppose that of an enlightened public opinion, moral influences, and law.

The use of the ballot renders convictions for bribery nearly impossible. Knowing how a man votes is the first act which arouses suspicion. If we cannot connect this with something else I do not see how a charge can be sustained. We may see money changing hands, but if we do not know how a man votes it is impossible to prove that the money was given for the vote. Thus the ballot takes away an important link in the chain of circumstantial evidence required to convict. If there are fewer convictions for bribery with the ballot than without it, it is because the ballot renders convictions nearly impossible. Hence the evil is often only smothered when it is considered cured. Suspicion needs to be aroused by some circumstance before there can be any enquiry or conviction. In establishing a charge of bribery there are three main facts—first, a man's political antecedents; second, the act of voting, and, third, the intervening monetary or other consideration known to exist, and not explained by any ordinary business transaction.

Now the final act of voting is the keystone of the whole enquiry, and if concealed is likely to defeat the ends of justice. Convictions for bribery where the ballot is used are rare, simply because so often impracticable. Crime may increase and convictions decrease, if convictions are rendered legally impossible. If the law rendered the discovery of poisoning impracticable by medical men, offences of this kind, and convictions for offences of this kind, would soon disappear from the calendar of crime.

By the ballot, the law says to society, you shall not have a chance to know how this man or that man votes, or whether he is bribed or not. How he votes, and what he does with his vote, is no one's business except his own. This is the idea practically conveyed to the popular mind by Mr. Bright's definition of the franchise.

Mr. Blake, in a speech at London some time ago, said, "I tell you so strong is my conviction on this point, that I decided that if the committee of which I was a member had been turned by the House into a close committee, so that I should not have had the protection of public opinion and the light of day, to decline to sit upon it an hour longer. That was not because publicity alone would be a sufficient protection, but because it would be a partial guard, at any rate, against extreme injustice being done by the majority to the minority."

Publicity affords the minority in elections precisely the kind of protection which Mr. Blake expected from it. As Mr. Mill says, "Almost the only restraint on a majority of knaves consists in their involuntary respect for the opinions of an honest minority." The majority will sanction oppressive measures against the minority by ballot, which they would be ashamed to countenance openly. In open voting individuals become severally responsible to public opinion. In voting by ballot there is no individual responsibility. The greatest outrage may be committed without its being possible to identify those who shared in the act. Hence, whether it is a select committee, a committee of the whole House of Commons, or of the whole nation, publicity in voting is essential to true liberty.

Yours Truly,  
W. DEWART.

Fenelon Falls.

## HOW CREMATION IS PERFORMED AT DRESDEN.

Nowhere has the proposal, recently revived by Sir Henry Thompson, to substitute cremation for interment, taken such a hold upon the public mind as in Germany. Already numerous cremation societies have been formed in that country and several furnaces intended for reducing human remains to ashes have been and are being constructed. On our front page in this issue we give a sectional view of the cremation apparatus recently erected at Dresden by the Siemens, at the request of Professor Reclam, on the model of a furnace exhibited by that firm at the Paris Exhibition of 1867. The mode of conducting the operation of cremation by means of this apparatus is thus described by Herr F. Siemens, of Dresden:

The entire apparatus consists of three distinct parts: first, a gas generator for the production of the gas necessary to heat the furnace, outside the building; secondly, the proper furnace with the furnace and cremation room, inside the building; thirdly, the pipe or flue for carrying off the product of the operation. Imagine, then, a large, handsome building, suitably constructed for the purpose for which it is intended; in the middle of which is built a furnace, out of sight of those inside the place. The funeral procession enters the edifice, as it now enters the churchyard, and the coffin is placed on a catafalque. After the usual ceremonies, the remains are lowered (as shown in the illustration) into the vault, the cover of which has been previously raised, and is immediately closed upon the reception of the coffin. The manner of performing the operation of cremation by the means of heated air is then as follows. The gas generator is so contrived that every four or six hours the fuel is replenished (apparently on some self-feeding system). The gas is then carried off, as fast as produced, through a pipe furnished with a regulator valve, into

the "Regenerator," or furnace proper, where a regular current of heated air is kept up, by means of which the gas is converted into flame. This flame fills the furnace, keeping the bricks at a white heat and the receptacle for the remains at a moderate red heat, and finally escapes through a conductor leading to the chimney. As soon as the furnace is in this condition the operation may be commenced. The furnace cover is lifted, as shown in the illustration, by a man whose business it is to attend to the furnace, the coffin is lowered into its receptacle, the cover of which is fastened down, and the remains are exposed to a red heat for a longer or a shorter time, according to the physical condition and constitution of the deceased. When the body has been exposed to the heat for a sufficient length of time the regulator valve is closed and the gas shut off. The heated air streams through the furnace and speedily operates a dissolution of the more combustible portions of the now dried up body; while the bones are destroyed by the heat, the carbonic acid passing off through the chimney, and the calcareous matter remaining in the form of a fine powder, which is subsequently collected for preservation as the friends of the deceased may wish. With an apparatus such as this, Sir Henry Thompson has made several experiments. On one occasion he consumed a hog weighing two hundred and twenty-seven pounds in fifty-five minutes—the operation being conducted without the slightest offensive smell, or any perceptible escape of gas.

In conclusion, we may quote the words used by Professor Gottfried Kinkel at the cremation meeting held at Zurich in March last. His argument should appeal strongly in favour of cremation to those who, as is the case with many in Montreal, have had frequent cause for complaint owing to the unchecked and repeated desecration of the resting places of their dead—a desecration shameful beyond words when conducted, as in this city, at the instance and under the auspices of the civic authorities.

"It is not our wish to use compulsion in the introduction of any new practice. There is nothing to prevent those who may desire it from being laid to rest in the bosom of the earth. I should look upon it as a horrible thing if one were to make the idea of death yet more unbearable to some people by saying to them 'You must submit to cremation whether you will or no.' But it is a still more horrible thing if the State is to say to the man who wishes his remains to be consumed: 'You must and shall be buried in this hired lot, and when it seems good to the authorities you shall be removed to make room for another.' Sooner will he trust to cremation for a sure and untroubled resting place for our dead."

## HURDY-GURDIES.

I have just discovered that I have been all my life labouring under a stupid and fatal mistake, and hasten to lay my discovery before the public, if, perchance, I may enlighten any deluded mortal. I had cherished the idea from infancy that the organ-grinder went round grinding music out of his never-ending machine for the pure delectation of his hearers, and that for the pleasure which he imparted he received the bits of coin that were thrown into his hat. This was, in my mind, the philosophy of the hurdy-gurdy, and I fancied that the operator was a sort of missionary of good sent to make happy his fellow-men. Alas! alas! for childish hopes and young dreams! I have discovered that this is all a cruel delusion. That the organ-grinder goes about with the diabolical intention of making life so miserable to those whom he pesters, that they are glad to pay him to go away! That black-mailing and extortion are the aims of the grinder, and *duress* is the sequel of his success.

It is needless to say that I blush over my former delusion. I wonder now how it is possible I could have been so cruelly deceived. How could I have ever fancied that the man who assailed you on every street, at morning, at noon, and at night, with his mortal toodle-loodies, was a public benefactor, deserving the generosity of his friends and the community at large? It is beyond all reasonable comprehension.

The barrister to whom I am articulated was engaged in close consultation with a client. Our office fronts on the street. The weather was warm and the windows were lowered. My worthy principal is of English descent, and has a touch of the elevated and aristocratic about him. Presently an organ-grinder came and planted himself directly in front of the open windows, and commenced grinding his mournful music. Mr. B. stood it for a while, with great patience and endurance; he explained his law points on an elevated key. But when the machine started "God Save the Queen" at its melancholyist for the third time, his patience gave way. His pent-up feelings must have vent. He rushed to the window, and viewing the object of his wrath, exclaimed:

"Hi! hi! my man! Do you know you are disturbing the peace? Move on, will you? You must move on, my man."

The proprietor of the hurdy-gurdy looked up with an air of pleasant surprise—but there was a fiendish, gloating smile on his countenance that was unmistakable. He appeared before me at once in his true colours. The scales fell from my eyes, and I saw the professional music-grinder in the right light.

He "moved on," but I haven't yet forgot the lesson about hurdy-gurdies.

Mournfully,

JOEL PHIPPS.

*Old and New* for this month has some sterling papers on topic, of current interest, such as the initial article of the editor, "Government by Parties" and "A Short Road to Specie Payments." "A Leaf from a Journal," is remarkably fresh, as is also "Country Sights and Sounds." The continuation of "Our Sketching Club" and "Sroscope; or the Lost Library" is far out of the beaten path of romance. The poetry of the number is also above the average.

*Every Saturday* is a weekly publication which is always welcome to the table of the literary man. It is eclectic, that is, it consists of short selections from English periodicals, but these are made with so much judgment and in such tasteful variety; that one generally feels inclined to read them all. Original productions of native pens are, however, not entirely eschewed. "His Two Wives," by Mary Clemmer Ames, is an instance, running through many numbers. Since the periodical has passed into the hands of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, it has improved in tone and extent.



SOME NEW BOOKS.

Dr. Dio Lewis is a kind of medical Ishmael, whose hand is against every man, inside his profession, and every man's hand, in the profession, is against him. Nor does he count his detractors solely among his medical brethren. Many of the leading newspapers have made him and his theories the butt of their ridicule, and never tire of getting off jokes at his expense. This is by no means surprising, as the doctor has a passion for floating new theories and startling his confrères by his denunciation of medical quackery with a cool-bloodedness that is absolutely refreshing. Of course a book from such a man may be expected to furnish some amusing reading, and the work before us certainly fills the bill. The doctor has no lack of humour, and a sprightly vein runs through every page of his work. It is probably to his keen sense of humour that we are to look for an explanation of the title he has seen fit to place on the title-page. At least we can in no other way account for his object in giving the name *Chats with Young Women* to a collection of gossip scraps on sanitary matters and things in general. This is perhaps a rather comprehensive way of designating the contents of the book, but it accurately describes the character of his chats. The author does not set himself any limits as to the subjects he treats of, but rejoices in the broadest latitude—thus carrying out, perhaps unconsciously, his own theory of the evil results of cramping. It must be confessed that he gives ample scope to the ventilation of his hobbies, but who is to cast the first stone at him for that. It is all done, too, in such a quaint, and what is known as a "Taking," manner, that one has not the heart to growl. Physician-like, when he has a pill to administer, he gilds it. The first of these hobbies is what we may call Dr. Lewis's great panacea. Everyone remembers Podonap's rule of life. Dr. Lewis's rule of physicking is something of the same stamp. Are you dyspeptic? Here is your cure:—Get up at six, go to bed at nine, and take half an hour's sleep in the middle of the day; beefsteak and weak coffee for breakfast, oatmeal and cracked wheat for dinner, and nothing more till bed-time; bath on getting up, and five or six hours of exercise out of doors each day. Are you suffering from any other unknown complaint? It is due to dyspepsia. Consequently, to cure it:—Get up at six, go to bed at nine, etc. etc. Such treatment is no doubt very efficacious; but at times it is not always practicable. Take the case of the editor, quoted by Dr. Lewis, who is suffering from nasal catarrh. "His digestion is weak, bowels constipated, head dull, and general condition altogether unsatisfactory." The doctor on being consulted prescribes the usual routine:—Get up at six, etc., laying especial stress on the necessity of exercise on horseback for six hours a day, and strictly enjoining the patient to go to bed at half-past eight. If this unfortunate editor with the cold in his head works from nine till five—the usual hours in this country—he has free each day six hours and a half, viz., from six till nine, and from five till half-past eight. His bath and the dressing operation will take at least half an hour, another hour will barely suffice him to get through his meals with the proper regard for thorough mastication upon which Dr. Lewis insists, six hours are spent in riding, and half an hour in the mid-day nap—in all eight hours. But eight into six, as the children say, won't go. So the unfortunate editor must either break Dr. Lewis's rules by going to bed later, or else discard the doctor's system altogether. There are not a few of such inconsistencies in the worthy doctor's directions and very neatly they have been nit off by a wag who tells his readers that Dr. Dio Lewis is the man who kept an audience up till half-past ten telling them they ought to go to bed at nine.

Female dress is another of our author's hobbies, but into this subject it is not our purpose to enter at length. Tight lacing of course comes in for its usual share of abuse, and the clothing of the lower extremities excites his violent animadversion. "Just think how women dress!" he cries in righteous indignation. "About the chest, the warmest part of the body, they put one, two, three, four thicknesses; then comes a shawl, and then thick-padded furs; while their legs, with one thickness of cotton, go paddling along under a balloon," the result being an immediate rush to the family physician with a complaint that "all the blood in my body is in my head and chest, and my legs are like chunks of ice." As to the corsets he declares his opinion in the most unmistakable manner. "As to the matter of beauty it's a question between the Creator and the dress-maker. I take sides with the Creator; some folks take the other side." The doctor also advocates, (we do not wish to shock our lady readers, but great is the truth and it must prevail) the adoption of short skirts, which "should fall to about the knee," and answers those who would object on the score of exposing the limbs by pointing to what may be seen in wet weather on the streets. He is also strongly opposed to the use of mourning as absurd and incongruous, and further suggests a number of reforms in female dress which are out of the province and beyond the comprehension of a reviewer.

As we have already said the doctor, the title of his book notwithstanding, addresses his advice to both sexes and all ages and classes. Men, and young men especially, he warns against the ill-effects of tobacco and intoxicating liquors. Even tea and coffee, unless taken weak, come under his ban and cold water drinking is denounced except on rising in the morning and retiring at night when a liberal "stomach cold douche" is recommended. For the business man he has a word of caution as to the danger of retiring from business. The student he informs that brain work, politics always excepted, is far healthier than manual labour and conduces more to longevity. The housewife will be grateful to the doctor for the number of valuable hints he registers in this volume for her benefit, and the invalid will find in its pages many suggestions which may bring him relief and kindle hope in his heart when he begins to despair. Even the would-be suicide is not forgotten, for Dr. Lewis gives a list of no less than nine different methods of shuffling off this mortal coil, each of which is guaranteed to succeed. For the benefit of those interested we give these at length:—  
1. Wear narrow, thin shoes. 2. Wear a "snug" corset. 3. Sit up in hot, unventilated rooms until midnight. 4. Sleep on feathers in a small close room. 5. Eat rich food rapidly and at irregular times. 6. Use coffee, tea, spirits and

tobacco. 7. Stuff yourself with cake, confectionery, and sweetmeats, and swallow a few patent medicines to get rid of them. 8. Marry a fashionable wife and live beyond your income. 9. Employ a fashionable and needy doctor to attend you in every slight ailment. From this it will be seen that according to Dr. Lewis's ideas the number of persons who are actually committing gradual suicide will be about ninety-nine in every hundred.

Our space does not allow of our going further into Dr. Dio Lewis's book but we can heartily and gratefully recommend it as containing much wisdom and not a little wit. If the wisdom is sometimes marred by occasional outbursts of eccentricity and of what the world calls extravagant notions, these do not detract to any appreciable extent from the usefulness of the work. The chats all possess the merit of brevity, they contain much good advice, and they are written with considerable *verve*. To apply an old saying they may be curtly described as supplying

"Amusement and instruction hand in hand."

The latter portion of the book, relating to the education of the sexes, will be taken up, with other works on the same subject, in an early number.

"The Queen of Hearts"† has been added to Messrs. Harper & Brothers' neat Library Edition of Wilkie Collins' works. This volume should have a large sale, owing to the fact that it contains "The Dream Woman," the story Mr. Collins read in public on his tour through the United States and Canada. We venture to predict that those who procure this volume will not be content until they have possessed themselves of the whole of the attractive series to which it belongs.

The *Record of Science and Industry for 1873* (‡) has just been issued by Messrs. Harper and Brothers. It is a duodecimo volume of over seven hundred pages, containing brief notices of new discoveries, inventions and improvement made during the past year in the various branches of science, theoretical and applied. The compiler is Mr. Spencer F. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, who has been assisted in his labours by a number of eminent men of science. The book contains a mass of information of the highest importance to scientific men, agriculturists, and mechanics, while the general reader will find in its pages much of interest him and still more to learn. We regret that our limited space does not allow of a few extracts from this admirable work. We must content ourselves, however, with giving a brief list of the different departments treated in these pages. These are: Mathematics and Astronomy; Terrestrial Physics and Meteorology; Physics, Chemistry, and Metallurgy; Mineralogy and Geology; Geography, Natural History, and Zoology; Botany, Agriculture, and Rural Economy; Pisciculture and the Fisheries; Domestic and Household Economy; Mechanics and Engineering; Technology, Materia Medica, Therapeutics, and Hygiene. The body of the work is preceded by a general summary of progress for the year in the different departments, which gives a connected and systematic sketch of the more important announcements and contains much matter not presented elsewhere at length. An appendix gives the necrology for the year, and thus makes the book complete, in so far as a book of this size covering such a wide range of subjects can be said to be complete.

Mr. Henry J. Morgan's welcome and useful little volume, *The Canadian Parliamentary Companion*, § for the current year, has made its appearance—somewhat late, it is true, but this is only what could be expected after a general election, and especially after an election which resulted in the return of an almost unprecedented number of new members. The new number is considerably larger than its predecessors, two new features having been introduced in the work in the shape of a collection of the principal addresses issued during the late election contest and the leading political and party "platforms" promulgated during recent years; and of a list of political societies and organizations now in existence, with the names of their office bearers. These are two important additions which greatly enhance the value of the book, and which cannot fail to be appreciated by the public. We have so frequently and so earnestly recommended Mr. Morgan's annual to our readers that it would be superfluous to repeat what we have already said on the subject. It is almost needless to remind them that no political student can afford to do without it, while newspaper readers at large will find it of the greatest assistance.

Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke is so well known and so highly esteemed for her labours as a Shakespeare commentator that it is to be regretted, both for her own sake and for that of her admirers, that she should ever have been induced to forsake the path in which she has achieved so much success, for a venture which the result shows to be not only profitless but absolutely injurious to her hard-earned fame. The two verified love stories ¶ which Mrs. Clarke has recently put before the public will by no means add to her reputation. Considered as a work of fiction neither the one nor the other possesses the requisite attractions to interest the fiction reader. *The Remittance*, the second of the two is far superior to the first in all the points which constitute a good story; yet it falls wide of the mark. Again, the shape in which the writer has seen fit to present her little romance is not by any means calculated to impress the reader. The "neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring" generally fails to please, and Mrs. Clarke's "metred prose" is no exception. Her forced and frequently

† *The Queen of Hearts. A Novel.* By Wilkie Collins. Cloth, 12mo. pp. 472. Illustrated, \$1.50 New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.  
‡ *Annual Record of Science and Industry for 1873.* Edited by Spencer F. Baird. Cloth, 12mo. pp. 714. \$2.00. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.  
§ *The Canadian Parliamentary Companion.* Edited by Henry J. Morgan, Barrister-at-Law. Limp linen, 32mo. pp. 670. \$1.00. Montreal: John Lovell; Dawson Bros.  
¶ *The Trust and The Remittance.*—Two love stories in metred prose. By Mary Cowden Clarke. Cloth, 16mo. pp. 155. Boston: Roberts Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

halting metre diverts the reader's attention from following the not two tenacious thread of the story, and finally compels him to throw aside the book in a state bordering on mental distraction. The prettiest part of the book is the dedication:—"To the lover-husband of eighty-five these love stories are dedicated by the lover-wife of sixty-three." There is a ring of true poetry about this simple introduction, with which the reader is fain to be content, as it is all the poetry, in any form, that he comes across throughout the volume. However what can be expected of a story, the heroine of which studies commercial matters in metred prose?

"It was commerce, traffic, trade  
In mercantile and international  
Regard, she strove to understand; and to  
Become acquainted with their various  
Requirements,—skill in book-keeping, and in  
Arithmetic, in calculations of  
Percentage, annual and compound rates  
Of interest, in home and foreign goods,  
In exports, imports, markets, prices, and  
The rest of those essential points for one  
Who wished to be proficient, and might be  
Efficient, as a merchant's helping hand."

BOOKS, ETC. RECEIVED.

England, Political and Social. Auguste Langer: New York: Putnam. Montreal: Dawson Bros.  
The Education of American Girls. Anna C. Brackett. New York Putnam. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CREMATION AT DRESDEN.—In another column (page 358) will be found an interesting account of the manner in which the process of cremation is to be carried on at Dresden by means of the Siemens apparatus.

THE BELFORT LION.—The municipal council of Belfort decided in October last to erect in the neighbourhood of the all but impregnable citadel of that place a colossal monument in remembrance of the long siege sustained by the inhabitants of the city during the Franco-Prussian war. Belfort, it will be remembered, was invested shortly after the commencement of the siege of Strasburg and held out until the close of the war. The commemorative monument is to take the form of an immense stone lion, to be placed on a platform cut out of the rock on which the citadel stands, overlooking the whole city. The figure will be carved out of a single block of white Lorraine stone, and will measure when completed thirty-three feet in height. The costs of the undertaking are to be defrayed by a public subscription, contributions to which are pouring in from all parts of France. By the first of May last the sum of sixty thousand francs (\$12,000) had been subscribed for this purpose.

THE INTERIOR OF BILBAO.—Already one view of Bilbao has appeared in these pages. The illustration reproduced this week shows the celebrated promenade by the river side, and the trees which, the *Daily News* correspondent writes, tourists will be glad to hear have escaped unharmed by the bombardment.

THE GRANT-SARTORIS WEDDING.—A brief notice of the celebration of the wedding of Miss Nellie Grant and Mr. Sartoris, with other interesting gossip on this subject will be found on the same page as the illustrations over this title.

VIEW ON THE MONTMORENCY RIVER.—This charming little sketch was taken by one of the artists on the staff of the *News* during a short visit to the neighbourhood of the celebrated falls. It will doubtless receive all the praise to which it is doubly entitled as an admirable drawing and a charming study of Canadian scenery.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM AND HIS INVALID MINISTER.—The interview of which we this week reproduce an illustration from a German paper, was one which will long be remembered as having led to the solution of a difficulty which at one time seriously threatened the unity of the German Empire. The disputed question was the celebrated Army Bill which during the latter part of March and the early part of May created so much excitement throughout the country. A compromise was finally proposed by the two Hanoverian deputies, von Benningen and Miguel, the principal feature of which was the limitation of the term of service to seven years. In consideration of this concession the unpopular bill was to be allowed. At a conference which took place on the ninth of April between the emperor and Bismarck, the latter of whom was at the time confined to his bed, it was agreed to accept the compromise, and thus the impending crisis was averted.

THE LAST ADIEU.—This is an easily recognizable scene. The high walls, the fierce wild beasts, and the defenceless but fearless maiden in their midst tell the story at the first glance—a Roman amphitheatre, either in the capital, or in one of the proconsular cities, during the persecutions of a Nero or a Diocletian. The Christian martyr is standing in front of the den which contains the beast that is to rob her of her life—literally in the jaws of death—when some friend in the crowd above drops at her feet a rose as a token that she is not forgotten in the hour of her extreme danger. The maiden looks up to see what friendly hand has sent her the message of love and encouragement, all unmindful of the cruel brutes at her side. One look and the veil drops over her young innocent life; and another name is added to the roll-call of the noble army of martyrs.

A PAINTER'S GRAVE.—The death of the great painter Kaulbach, in itself an irreparable loss to art, was deeply felt all over Germany. His funeral was attended by mourners from all parts of the country, and within a few hours of the ceremony his resting place in the old graveyard at Munich was completely hidden beneath a heap of wreaths and flowers, the tribute of living hands to departed genius.

WET AND DRY.—Recent Importation.—Av ye please, sur, is this a dhray goods store?  
Salesman.—Certainly, ma'am.  
Recent Importation.—Och, begorra, where'll I be goin' thin for a wathered silk?

A Virginia railroad was made to pay twenty-five dollars for killing a rooster. The engineer said he spoke to the gentleman with the whistle as kindly as possible, but when the fellow dropped one wing on the ground, raised his good eye heavenward, and commenced whetting his spur on the rail, forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and he let it into him with thirteen freight cars.

The deadliest thing that has been done lately by the "intelligent compositor" was his attempt to give lucidity to a lecture delivered in Philadelphia by Professor Smith. The Professor in his discourse, urged that "filtration is sometimes assisted by the use of albumen;" but the compositor got the remark into shape in this ruinous fashion: "Flirtation is sometimes arrested by the use of aldermen." A figure bearing singularly close resemblance to Professor Smith has been hovering around that newspaper office at night lately with a solemn looking shot gun, but the compositor has gone West in search of fresh victims.

\* Five-minute chats with Young Women, and certain other parties. By Dio Lewis, author of "Our Girls." Cloth, 12mo. pp. 426. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

THE RECENT WEDDING AT WASHINGTON.

The marriage of the President's daughter and Mr. Algernon C. F. Sartoris, took place at the White House on Thursday, the 21st ult., the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Dr. Tiffany, pastor of the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church. The bridegroom is a son of Mr. Edward Sartoris, of Litchfield, and of Adelaide, sister of the celebrated Fanny Kemble. His uncle is the well-known Mr. Sumner, M.P., one of the largest ship-builders on the Thames. This is the third marriage that has taken place at the White House, daughters of Presidents Monroe and Tyler having been married there, the wedding of the latter over thirty years ago.

Writing on the subject of this marriage the Washington correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* says:—  
 "People who know the modest and pretty young lady who was Miss Nellie Grant appreciate her. Few girls of her age—she is only eighteen—would have born with such admirable temper and discretion the flattery and attentions that beset a President's daughter. She quits single life with the esteem of everybody here. She deserves a good husband, and naturally, then, the inquiry is made as to whether she has got one. Mr. Sartoris came here with English dress, address, and manners. He parts his hair in the middle and spells his name in the middle. He wore white about his hotel a "swallow-tail" coat and slippers with bows on; and in short his minor ways were so un-American that he was looked upon as a "snob." But the young man grew rather fond of him, for although he is only twenty-three years of age and acts young, he was found to be made of mainly stuff, and even capable of teaching older people gentlemanly traits. Many were amused at a diversion of this at the gymnasium, where, to the surprise of all, he punned the burly tutor of boxing till that personage was satisfied; and to the further surprise of the young men he plays a good game of billiards or whist. Mr. Sartoris is a descendant of the Huguenot refugees. His father, a Conservative, and one of the best known members of the Carlton Club, is a prominent merchant and does a large East India business. It is not generally known that Queen Victoria, as soon as she heard of the proposed marriage, made inquiries regarding Mr. Sartoris and wrote a letter to the President in which she con-

dently indorsed him. This letter probably arose from the sincere personal attachment which the Queen felt towards Miss Grant, and the esteem she felt for the President of this Republic in his official capacity. It is hinted by those cognizant of the situation that the royal heart will be moved to some special mark of approbation in connection with this marriage. It is believed among Englishmen who know, or affect to know, a little about the court, that the Queen will invite the couple to visit Windsor Castle and confer some title of nobility upon the bridegroom. There is a confident belief that President Grant will visit Europe after his Presidential term; and the idea of tendering him the freedom of the city in such event is already favorably talked over in the London clubs. As to temper, Mr. Sartoris succeeds to more money than he can easily spend. The bride's father is estimated to own perhaps half a million dollars worth of property. To sum it all up, the agreeable announcement may be truthfully made that the bride has a good husband, Mr. Sartoris has a good wife, and the union assumes—at least in Washingtonian eyes—the significance of a national affair, which cannot fail to cement more strongly the bonds of friendship that now exist between Great Britain and the United States. Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris will probably be residents of Europe for a year or so, and then become permanent residents of this country."

Thus writes the Washington correspondent. His information, however, seems to need being taken *cum grano*. The story about the Queen's letter to the President, and the possibility of the Royal heart being moved to some special mark of approbation, in the way of an invitation to Windsor and the conferring of a peerage, is just what might be expected from a sensational American correspondent's acquaintance with English manners and customs. The comment on the union, assuming "the significance of a national affair, which cannot fail to cement more strongly the bonds of friendship that now exist between Great Britain and the United States," and the surmise as to the probability of the pair taking up their residence permanently in the States, are of a piece; but one is accustomed to rubbish of this kind from such a source.

The newly-married couple left New York on the 23rd by the "Baltic," in which a special suite of state-rooms had been engaged, and arrived at Liverpool on Sunday last, after a voyage of twelve days.

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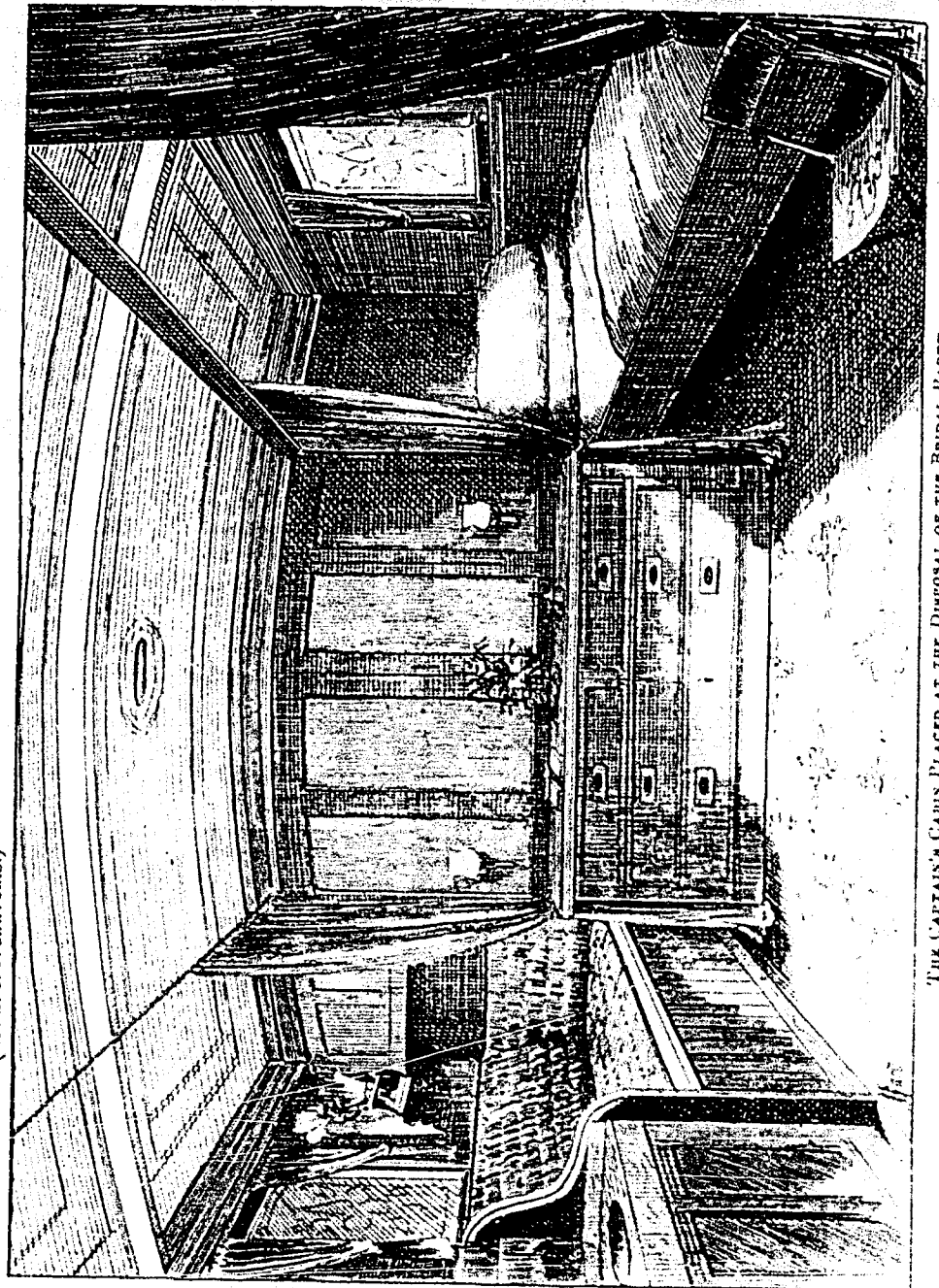
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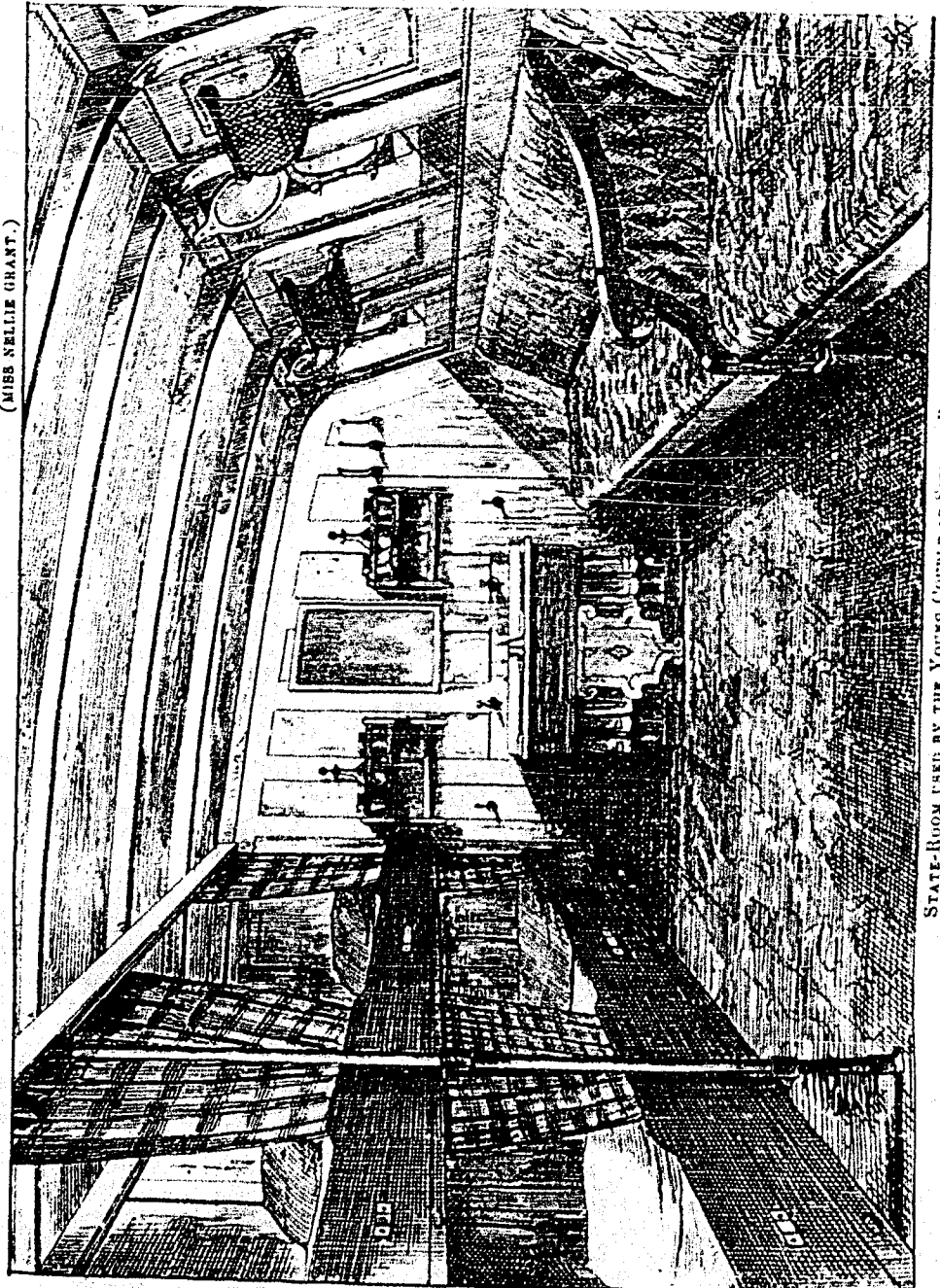
THE BRIDEGROOM.  
(MR. A. C. F. SARTORIS.)



THE BRIDE.  
(MISS NELLIE GRANT.)



THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN PLACED AT THE DISPOSAL OF THE BRIDAL PARTY.



STATE-ROOM USED BY THE YOUNG COUPLE AS SITTING ROOM.

STATE-ROOMS OCCUPIED BY THE BRIDAL PARTY ON THE "BAL TIC."





VIEW ON THE MONTMORENCY RIVER.—By W. SCHUBB.



## THE RUBY AND THE ROSE.

He was the lord of Merlintoner,  
And I was but of low degree;  
She had her beauty for her dower,  
Nor other treasures needed she;  
He came, when hawthorns were a-flower,  
And strove to steal my love from me.

Oh! she was sweeter than the wind  
That bloweth over Indian Isles;  
As April bright, than June more kind,  
Fawn-wild, and full of winsome wiles,  
And I, alas! had learnt to find  
My only life beneath her smiles.

He sent my love a ruby rare,  
That might have graced imperial brows.  
No gem had I. To deck her hair  
I sent her but a simple rose;  
And prayed her, on a night, to wear  
The gift of him whose love she chose.

"Come, queen of all my heart's desire!  
Crown me or slay! My soul is stirred  
To challenge fate. My pulses tire  
Of fear's chill tremour. Sings the bird  
Of hope for him who dare aspire?"  
A lover's scroll, and wild of word!

We watched her coming, he and I,  
With utter dread my heart stood still,  
The moon's wan crescent waned on high,  
The nightingale had sung his fill:  
In the dim distance seemed to die  
The echo of his latest thrill.

The flower-trailed gate, our tryst of old,  
Gleamed whitely 'neath the clustering bloom  
Of the dusk-starring jasmine. Cold  
His shadow fell: a ghostly gloom  
Lurked where it lay. Oh, heart o'er-bold!  
Hast thou but hastened utter doom?

A still cold smile slept on his face,  
That all my hope to anguish froze;  
Then, in the silence of the place,  
We heard her flower-pied porch unclose,  
And—in her hair's silk-soft embrace,  
There nestled warm a ripe red rose!

## FOR EVERYBODY.

## Every Man his own Cook.

A little-known feature of Paris is the *Concert des Oiseaux*, situated in a humble quarter near Père La Chaise. It bears as a sign the legend, "Au souvenir de Berenger," and the following notice, "Here you can cook for yourself." In one room is a large stove, with saucepans and grills, where customers can cook their dinner according to their own taste and fancy for the tariff of a halfpenny per dish, while in the other is the concert saloon, where they can dine to the strains of the last national or popular airs. The idea is worth importing.

## Royal.

His Majesty King Kalakaua, recently enthroned in royal state over the few hills and dales constituting the Sandwich Islands, served for thirteen years in the fire department of Honolulu, and at the time he was elected king was foreman of Hawaii Engine Company No. 4. On the 14th of March the firemen of Honolulu formed a procession and marched to the king's palace to offer their congratulations. Kalakaua, in reply to the chief engineer, said he should always feel proud to consider himself an active member of the fire department, and that he should deem it his duty, when emergencies arise, to join the firemen on the brakes.

## Married by Telegraph.

A marriage ceremony was lately solemnized by aid of the telegraph. The happy couple, who were previously furnished with a written pledge embodying the marriage contract, were stationed in the telegraph office at Bonaparte, Iowa, while the clergyman of their choice was in attendance at the Keokuk office. He telegraphed an inquiry whether they took the written pledge. They answered in the affirmative; and he thereupon by telegraph pronounced them man and wife. Our report does not state how the fee was transmitted, nor in what manner the clergyman kissed the bride. We have our doubts as to the sufficiency of a ceremony performed without these accessories.

## Night into Day.

A Paris correspondent writes: "A fashionable and dashing countess has adopted the eccentricity of only receiving her visitors and friends at midnight, and strange to say crowds flock to pay their respects. The idea is not new, having been that adopted by the late Duc de Morny.

"The best of all ways, to lengthen our days,  
Is to steal a few hours from the night."

The 'order of the night' in a Paris ball-room is dancing or a little professional singing, first; then private theatricals about one in the morning, supper a good hour later, then dancing, and lastly, the *petit souper d'adieu*."

## A Cat Yarn.

The following has a touch of Mark Twainism: "An anaconda which was on exhibition at San Francisco was fed on rabbits daily. When the snake was taken to Sacramento for exhibition it was uncertain how long the show would stay, but the patronage of the Sacramento was generous, and the agent at once telegraphed for his show posters to 'bill the town.' The despatch read: 'Send two hundred cuts immediately,' but when received it read: 'Send two hundred cats immediately.' It was a little bit of a surprise to the agent at San Francisco when he read the message, but he reasoned that rabbits were scarce in Sacramento, and it was necessary to substitute cats for the regular provender, so he started out an army of boys to catch all the stray cats. By the afternoon train he sent a crate of seventy-five cats, with a letter saying: 'I send seventy-five cats by this train and will forward balance

to-morrow; but I am afraid that number of cats will eat the snake, if they get loose, instead of being eaten by him."

## Vitality of Seeds.

A French journal gives some statistics in regard to the vitality of seeds, which are founded upon trustworthy observations. They may be of service to those who are uncertain whether or not to use old packages of seeds. Seed of artichoke (globe) lasts good for five years; asparagus, four; beans (garden), six; beans (French), two to three; beet, five; cabbage, five; carrot, four; cauliflower, five; celery, seven; cress (garden), five; cress (water), four; cucumber, five; dandelion, one; egg-plant, seven; fennel, six; gourds, five; leeks, two; lettuce, five; maize, two; melon, five; mustard, five; nasturtium, five; onions, two to three; parsnip, one; parsley, three; peas, four to five; pepper (long), four; potatoes, three; radish, five; rhubarb, three; salady, two; spinach, five; strawberry, eight; thyme, two to three; tomato, five; and turnip, five.

## Scotch Real Estate Owners.

They have some respectable land-holders in Scotland. In Elgin the Earl of Seafield owns 96,721 acres, of the annual value of \$105,000; and the Earl of Fife 40,959 acres, of the annual value of \$93,000. The two estates embrace nearly half the land of the county. In Forfarshire the Earl of Dalhousie owns 136,602 acres, of the annual value of \$275,000; and the Earl of Airlie 65,000 acres, of the annual value of \$108,000, the two comprising a third of the county. In Aberdeenshire there are five estates of over 40,000 acres, viz: the Duke of Richmond's, 69,660 acres, annual value \$123,000; the Earl of Fife's, 139,829 acres, \$88,000; the Marquis of Huntly's, 80,000 acres, \$56,000; and Col. Farquharson's, 87,745 acres, \$47,000. The Queen's estate at Balmoral contains 25,350 acres, of the annual value of about \$11,000. The Prince of Wales has a paltry 6,800 acres, worth \$4,000 a year, which is hardly worth counting. Land in Texas pays better than that.

## "Tom Tiddler's Ground."

James Lucas, who for twenty-five years has led a singular and solitary life in his place at Redcoat's Green, between Stenvenage and Hitchin, died on April 19th. Since the death of his mother, the deceased, who was a gentleman of fortune, excluded himself from the world. He never wore anything beyond a blanket, enveloped in which he used to appear at his windows, and he totally ignored soap and water. He would allow nothing in the house to be touched, and consequently the pictures and furniture presented a dilapidated and decaying appearance. Rats were in the house, and the premises generally were in a ruinous state. Till latterly the hermit's health did not suffer from his habits of uncleanness. When discovered alarmingly ill, he lay on a pile of soot and cinders. He detested the rich, but gave money and spirits to the poorer visitors. Lucas was interviewed some years ago by Charles Dickens, and his premises are well known to be the scene of "Tom Tiddler's Ground."

## A Ticklish Historian.

Prescott, the Historian, when at College was subject to uncontrollable fits of laughter. He once went to the study of the professor of rhetoric to receive a private lesson in elocution, no one else being present. Prescott took his attitude as orator, and began the speech he had committed, but after proceeding through a sentence or two something ludicrous suddenly came across him, and it was all over with him at once. The professor—no laughing man—looked grave, and tried to check him in a tone of severe reprimand. This only seemed to aggravate Prescott's paroxysm, and he tried in vain to beg the professor's pardon, but he could not utter an intelligible word. At last the ludicrousness of the situation seized the professor himself, his features relaxed, and he too began to laugh. The more they looked at each other the more they laughed, each holding his sides, with tears rolling down their cheeks. Of course there was an end of reprimand, and equally an end of declamation. The professor was the first to recover himself, saying, "Well, Prescott, you may go; this will do for to-day."

## A Son of the Nephew of his Uncle.

The ghost of Louis Napoleon, or what looks strangely like the wraith of the deposed Emperor, may be seen daily haunting the Restaurant Morel, back of the Opéra Comique, Paris, a café much frequented by artists and authors. The ghost in question is no other than the son of the dead ruler, the eldest child of the late celebrated Mrs. Howard. He is remarkably like his father (an advantage which the Prince Imperial does not enjoy), and is said to resemble him also in licentiousness of conduct. He is a middle-aged man now, but is not in the least a settled or steady one, and his habits of dissipation and extravagance used to give the Emperor much trouble. To get rid of this wild scion, and to avoid the scandals which might have been set afloat by the Liberals respecting his conduct in Paris, his father sent him first as consul to Belfast, and finding that still too near to France in all probability, he transferred him to the consulate of Zanzibar. He is now residing in Paris, and bears the title of Count de Bure, but nobody troubles themselves any more about him—his brief chance for distinction or notoriety passed away with the Empire and its chief. Some day, perhaps, he may play the part of Duke de Morny to Napoleon IV.

## Our Weights.

Upon the average boys at birth weigh a little more, and girls a little less than six pounds and a half. For the first twelve years the two sexes, says the *London Medical Record*, continue nearly equal in weight, but beyond that time males acquire a decided preponderance. Thus, young men at twenty average about 143 lb. each, while the young women of twenty average 120 lb. Men reach their heaviest bulk at about thirty-five, when they average about 152 lb.; but women slowly increase in weight until fifty, when their average is about 128 lbs. Taking men and women together, their weight at full growth averages about twenty times as heavy as they were on the first day of their existence. Men range from 108 to 220 lb., and women from 88 to 207 lb. The actual weight of human nature, taking the averages of ages and conditions—nobles, clergy, tinkers, tailors, maidens, boys, girls, and babies, all included—is very nearly 100 lb. These figures are given in avoirdupois weight; but the advocates of the superiority of women might make a nice point by introducing the rule that women be weighed by troy weight—like other jewels—and

men by avoirdupois. The figures will then stand—young men of twenty, 143 lb. each, young women of twenty about 146 lb. each, and so on.

## Bring Forth the Sabre.

A naughty Washington correspondent writes: "There is a clever story going the rounds about the aristocratic proclivities of one of our Senators. It seems that some time ago this ancient and honourable house discovered that one of its principle boulders in its foundation walls—probably the cornerstone, so to speak—was Plymouth Rock. As a matter of course this discovery rendered it necessary to have heirlooms in the house. Now it is not difficult to have heirlooms. There are several establishments in New York and one in Washington that deal largely in heirlooms, the business having become immensely profitable in this period of the *renaissance*. So among heirlooms of the house of Stewart is a 'Continental uniform'—big bell-buttons, white facings, epaulettes, knee-buckles and all. Of course, one evening, when the traditions and idyls of the family were under discussion, the uniform was brought out and placed on dress parade. But, *horribile dictu*, the stupid keeper of the family archives had neglected to remove the price-tag of the dealer in heirlooms. Of course there was confusion, and people will talk. The joke of the thing is that the 'heirloom' in question is a real old Continental, and that it came into the possession of the dealer through a sutler who got it with many others from Sherman's bummers, the bummers having seized it as contraband of war somewhere on the 'march to the sea.' At least such is the story of the society gossips."

## Clerical Affectation.

Clerical dress appears to be in danger of running to the Romish style, among the High Churchmen at least, which does not suit the fancy of the English Chaplain-General. He objects both to the broad-brimmed hat and the long, loose coat reaching to the ankles, as neither becoming nor sanctioned by army regulations, so that regimental chaplains must hereafter either appear in full uniform or "in just such clothes as are usually worn by English gentlemen who have taken holy orders." The *London Independent* takes this subject up and broadly asserts that there is a tendency among Non-Conformist ministers to ape this High Church dress. It finds some of them giving increased length to the coat-tails and giving up the neat, white tie for the Anglican band. "We are aware," says this journal, "that we touch delicate matters here, and we would do so with a light hand; but there seems to us something not altogether worthy of Non-Conformist ministers attempting to disguise themselves as clergymen of the Church of England. No doubt, if they can get themselves to be mistaken for officials of the Establishment, they will obtain a little more respect until they are found out, and then—well, their pretensions will be estimated at their true value. For ourselves, we do not see why ministers should dress other than as English gentlemen, and the less they try to make themselves a distinct order, and the more they base their rights to their office simply on their capacity to lead and teach the people, the more will they win that esteem and admiration which they have a right to expect."

## Charles Dickens's Mother.

A writer says: "Mrs. Dickens was a little woman, who had been very nice-looking in her youth. She had very bright hazel eyes, and was as thoroughly good-natured, easy-going, companionable a body as one would wish to meet with. The likeness between her and Mrs. Nickleby is simply the exaggeration of some slight peculiarities. She possessed an extraordinary sense of the ludicrous, and her power of imitation was something quite astonishing. On entering a room she almost unconsciously took an inventory of its contents, and if anything happened to strike her as out of place or ridiculous, she would afterwards describe it in the quaintest possible manner. In like manner she noted the personal peculiarities of her friends and acquaintances. She had a fine vein of pathos, and could bring tears to the eyes of her listeners when narrating some sad event. She was slightly lame, having injured one of her legs by falling through a trap-door whilst acting in some private theatricals at the Soho Theatre, London. I am of opinion that a great deal of Dickens's genius was inherited from his mother. He possessed from her a keen appreciation of the droll and of the pathetic, as also considerable dramatic talent. Mrs. Dickens has often sent my sisters and myself into uncontrollable fits of laughter by her funny sayings and inimitable mimicry. Charles was decidedly fond of her, and always treated her respectfully and kindly. In the hour of her sad bereavement his conduct was noble. I remember he took her in his arms and they both wept bitterly together. He told her that she must rely upon him for the future."

## Clerical Salaries.

Compared with the niggardliness with which pastors were paid down to within the last ten or fifteen years, the salaries now given are quite liberal, and as most of our prominent congregations provide a parsonage for their minister, their support may be regarded as generous. The largest salary paid to any clergyman in the country is to Mr. Beecher—\$15,000. Next to him come our city parishes: Dr. Potter, of Grace Church, and Doctor Morgan Dix, Trinity, \$12,000; Dr. Morgan, St. Thomas's, \$10,000; Dr. Montgomery, Incarnation, Dr. Haight, St. Paul's, and Dr. Swope, Trinity Chapel, the same; Dr. Tyng, \$8,000, and Dr. Tyng, Jun., the same; Dr. John Cotton Smith, \$5,000; Dr. Cooke, \$8,000. The lowest salary paid in the Episcopal Church is \$1,000, and the entire salary list amounts to about \$300,000. Dr. John Hall, Presbyterian, receives \$10,000 gold; Rev. Dr. Thompson, Presbyterian, and Dr. Hastings, \$6,000; Drs. Paxton, Northrup, Burchard, and Hitchcock, \$5,000 each; Dr. Elder, Baptist, \$8,000—the highest salary paid by this denomination; Drs. Armitage, Kendrick, and Kinnard, Baptist, each \$5,000, and five Baptist pastors receive \$1,000. In the Reformed Dutch Church Drs. Chambers, Ormiston, and De Witt receive \$8,000; Drs. Thompson and Rodgers, \$6,000; and Drs. Hutton and Mandeville, \$5,000; three are paid \$1,000. Dr. Chapin's pay is \$5,000; Dr. Sweetser and Pullman, same denomination (Universalist), \$3,000. One Methodist Church pays its pastor \$5,000, two others \$3,000 each, and ten more \$2,000. One Lutheran Church pays \$6,000 and another \$4,000; some Lutheran pastors receive less than \$1,000. The salary of Dr. Bellows is \$8,000; Dr. Deems receives \$5,000, and Rev. Chauncey Giles (Swedenborgian), \$3,500. All pastors of Roman Catholic Churches receive \$800 a year, and assistants \$700.

THE PHILOLOGY OF SLANG.

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

There is a whole sarcastic homily implied in calling a finger-post by the way-side a "parson," in that he showeth other men the way they should go, but goeth not himself. Slang is hard on the parson in various ways. He is known as a "devil-driver" or "devil-scolder," otherwise as the "ungrateful man" inasmuch as once a week, at least, he abuses his best benefactor, the Devil. The record of time-honoured jests preserved in slang dictionaries must sometimes interfere with good stories of more modern date. Thus with the following famous passage in Carlyle's "Life of Sterling"—"I have heard one trait of Sterling's eloquence, which survived on the wings of grinning rumour, and had evidently borne upon Church Conservatism in some form: 'Have they not?'—or, perhaps it was, 'Has she (the Church) not'—a black dragoon in every parish, on good pay and rations, horse-meat and man's-meat, to patrol and battle for these things?" Very likely, as Carlyle says, the "black dragoon" naturally at the moment ruffled the general young imagination into stormy laughter; but the joke was somewhat elderly, for in "Grose's Dictionary," long before Sterling was born, "a review of the 'black cuirassiers'" is set down as slang for a visitation of the clergy. The same classical authority (its date is 1785) sets down "Turkey merchant" as slang for a poulterer. I must leave it to more precise antiquaries to settle the question whether the story can be true that Horne Tooke (who was born in 1738) made this joke for the first time when he went to school, and the Eton boys asked him the awful social question, "What's your father?" It used to be a common habit of etymologists, when a word was troublesome, to alter it a little, so as to put sense into it—to do, in fact, with scientific pretension just what we have noticed the costermongers doing for colloquial purposes. One of those clever scholars (the great mistake of philologists lies in being too clever) was puzzled that a "Welsh rabbit" should mean a piece of toasted cheese, so he decided that it must be a corruption of "Welsh rare-bit." The public believed him, and took to spelling it accordingly, so that even now the best edition of "Webster's Dictionary" (Bell & Daldy's) gives it as "properly Welsh rare-bit." Now, the whole of this is stuff and nonsense; the very name "rare bit" is a fiction, and "Welsh rabbit" is a genuine slang term, belonging to a large group which describe in the same humorous way the special dish or product or peculiarity of a particular district. For examples: an "Essex stile" is a ditch, and an "Essex Hon" a calf; a "Field-lane duck" is a baked sheep's head; "Glasgow magistrates," or "Gourock hams," or "Norfolk capons," are red herrings; "Irish apricots" or "Munster plums" are potatoes; "Gravesend sweetmeats" are shrimps; and a "Jerusalem pony" is a donkey. Puns produce odd new terms, as when the old hangman's machinery of cart and ladder was superseded by the "drop," and the appreciating crowd spoke of its being "autumn" with the criminal, meaning the "fall of the leaf;" or, to take a pleasanter instance, when a vamped-up old shoe came to be called in France a *dix-huit*, as being *doux fois neuf*. The slang-dealer likes wrapping up his meaning in a joke for his customer to unwrap, generally finding something unpleasant inside. You want your money back from him, and he offers a "draught" on Aldgate pump; you confess yourself a fool for trusting him, and he blandly recommends you to go to Battersea (famous for its herb-gardens) to have your "simples" cut. Puns on names of places are a class by themselves. To be off to "Bedfordshire" or to the "Scilly" Isles requires no explanation; a "Greenlander" is a novice, and to have a holiday at "Peckham" is to go without your dinner. Just so in France, *aller à Versailles* is to be upset, a dunce has *fait son cours à Asnières*; and it is a recognised hint of sending a man about his business, to promise him a prebend in the Abbey of *Vatan*.

THE HABITS OF BEES AND WASPS.

At a recent meeting of the Linnæan Society, Sir John Lubbock, M.P.F.R.S., read a paper on the habits of bees and wasps, more especially on their power of communicating information to one another. Although Kirby and Spence have given an interesting collection of anecdotes about the instinct of insects, they refer to no experiments as authorities for the correctness of their statements. Sir John Lubbock has made a long series of patient observations on bees and wasps about his own grounds and in his own study. He marked a number of insects with different coloured paints, selecting the moment when they were most intently feeding for this operation. By giving up whole days to his observations, and keeping a systematic record of the egress and ingress of his marked bees to and from the hive, and the time each spent on the honey he had placed for them, he has been enabled to collect a vast number of facts about the daily life of each bee, on which interesting generalisations can be based. On an average a bee will make five excursions in the hour from its hive in search of honey. There seems no reason to believe, as has been formerly supposed, that bees have the power of communicating to one another intelligence as to the locality of food; and indeed, they seem to have so little intelligence in finding their way about, that when bees visited a supply of honey put in a fresh place they often did not revisit it. When once they became familiarised with a spot where honey was placed they visited it with great regularity. Many popular ideas about bees are, Sir John believes, without any foundation. The sounding of frying-pans and fire-irons at the time of swarming is probably based only on superstition, for there is no proof bees can hear. Sounds from violins, tuning-forks, &c., failed to produce any effects. They distinguish colour, as this experiment shows. A number of different coloured pieces of glass were "baited" with honey, and at each return from the hive the bees selected the glass it had visited before, though their relative position were often changed. They seem to have but little cunning in finding their way about, and a bee placed in a glass ball 18 inches long, with the mouth 6½ inches wide, tried for more than an hour to get out at the closed end, because that was turned towards the light, without ever attempting to escape by the open end. A number of most interesting details were recorded and Sir John hopes to continue his observations during the coming summer. If his example is followed by other apiarists, we shall soon have well-established facts supplying the place of vague traditions about the social hymenoptera.

Mr. Dion Boucicault has arrived in England from the United States.

Dumas is writing a drama for the Odéon, to be called "The Taking of Jerusalem by Titus."

Signor Arditì has been persuaded to accept the direction of the opera establishment at Reggio for a short period.

*Gille et Guillotin*, a one-act opera by M. Ambroise Thomas, has been successfully produced at the Paris Opéra Comique.

Madame Schneider has purchased a splendid mansion in the Avenue Ulrich, in Paris, on the road to the Bois de Boulogne.

A vocal phenomenon has recently appeared in Vienna—a tenor who from some eccentric formation of the larynx can sing two notes at once.

Herr Kuhe, the pianist, has been appointed grand organist of the United Grand Lodge of the Freemasons of England by the Marquis de Ripon, Grand Master.

Madame Annette Essipoff, a young Russian pianist, of whose praises the German musical papers have lately been full, has made her first appearance in England.

Mr. Brinley Richards, recently delivered a lecture on "The National Music of Wales," before the members of the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts.

Sir Julius Benedict is to be asked to write a new symphony, and M. Gounod a cantata, specially for the Liverpool Festival, which is to commence on September 28th.

Dr. Von Bulow, who is at present at Warsaw, is ill. The *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, the authority for the statement, gives no particulars as to the nature of the malady.

Signor Campanini has arrived in England from New York; he has left numerous admirers on this side of the Atlantic. At one of his benefits, the enormous sum of \$6,000 was realized.

The death of the well-known tenor singer, Signor Mongini, is announced as having taken place suddenly at Milan, shortly after his return from Cairo, where he had been singing with great success.

Mlle. Sangalli, the dancer, has achieved another success at Vienna, in the ballet of "Sardanapale," by Taglioni. The Empress, during the performance, sent her a present of a magnificent diamond bracelet.

FAME.—The *Sheboygan Herald* states: "Many of our citizens attended the Italian opera at Milwaukee on Monday evening. A lady named Nilsson sang on that occasion and is said to have done quite well."

According to the Vienna papers, a tenor singer has recently presented himself to the physicians of that city, who by means of some normal formation of the vocal organs is able to sing two notes at once. The opera managers will have to double his salary!

The Birmingham Amateur Harmonic Association announces a concert in the autumn, at which "The Woman of Samaria" will be conducted by the composer in person, "it probably being" (it is said) "the last appearance of Sir Sterndale Bennett in public."

Intelligence has been received of the death of Priston, the actor, aged forty-six. After having passed two months in Egypt, applauded by the public, he was preparing to return to France, when he received, in the Place Ibrahim Pacha, at Alexandria, a sunstroke.

"Fair France," a play recently produced at the Queen's Theatre, London, was so very bad that the audience called the author, a Mr. West Digges, before the curtain. Deceived by the presumed sound of approval, West Digges appeared only to be met with a storm of catcalls, hisses, and ironical howls.

The petition of Mrs. Isabella Dallas, known to the playing public as Miss Glyn, praying for a dissolution of her marriage on the ground of desertion and adultery committed by her husband, Mr. Æneas Sweetland Dallas, has come before the Court of Divorce, and a decree nisi, with costs, was granted by Sir James Hannen.

King Victor Emmanuel, on the occasion of the reproduction of "Aida," at the San Carlo Theatre, Naples, sent a rich bracelet in diamonds and turquoises to Mlle. Krauss, who immediately came, in her stage costume, to thank His Majesty in his box. The King told her that he deeply regretted the departure of a singer who could not be replaced.

M. Charles Lecocq, the author of the well-known opéra-bouffe, "La Fille de Madame Angot," as also of "Giroflé-Girofla," was born in 1834. His father was an employé at the Tribunal de Commerce. At a very early age, Lecocq showed an extraordinary taste for music, and when he was three years old his favourite toy was the flageolet, upon which, without knowing one note of music, he played the popular airs of the period.

Liszt has done it at last—given his whole collection of curiosities works of art, etc., valued at 400,000 florins, to the Hungarian nation. Among the curiosities are Beethoven's American piano, Haydn's and Mozart's harpsichords, and a number of decorations and other articles presented to Liszt by his admirers. The Hungarian nation will be pleased to gaze upon these historical but somewhat rickety old instruments and regalia. It is good to do so.

One of the critic Chorley's last freaks was during some charades at Dickens's home at Gad's Hill. It was at Christmas-tide, and Dickens proposed a dumb pantomime, with Chorley to play the piano. When the evening arrived Chorley "came down dressed in the queerest way, and sat down to the piano in a meek and unobtrusive manner, being a poor old musician and very shy, and very shabby, and very hungry and wretched-looking altogether. He played his part admirably the whole evening, and his get-up was excellent. A great many of the audience did not know him at first."

A correspondent says: "If Patti spends many more as profitable winters as she has the past in St. Petersburg, she, too, can found a museum. Her presents are said to represent a fabulous sum, and her jewelry case contains gifts from all the potentates in Europe. The sum she received in money for her past engagement in St. Petersburg was 280,000 francs, and she is to receive for her next tour in the United States 1,000,000 francs for one hundred evenings. Patti's leading taste seems to be for fine dresses, which she orders from Worth in Paris, by the dozens. Before they are sent to her she permits the autocrat of fashion to have what he calls a Patti exposition. There the entire wardrobe is laid out to be admired by the fashionable world of Paris."

Miss C. Rossetti will bring out, a little before Christmas next, a new volume of tales.

The first number of a new English monthly magazine called *Marble Arch* has been issued.

Mr. Gladstone has contributed to the *Contemporary Review* "The Reply of Achilles to the Essays of Agamemnon."

Another Egyptian romance of an amatory nature has just been discovered by M. Chabas among the Papyri at Turin.

"A Life of David Friedrich Strauss," by Professor Zeller, his friend from early youth to his death, is announced as nearly ready.

Mr. Gardner, of Paisley, announces the complete poetical works of Robert Tannahill, with topographical and biographical notes.

A literary fête is being organized in the department of Vaucluse, for the celebration of the fifth centenary of the poet Petrarch, who died on July 18, 1374.

An edition has lately been published, at Bombay, of an important work for the study of the Prakritical dialects, viz., the grammatical aphorisms on the Prakrits by Hemachandra.

The unprinted part of "Pepys's Diary" is being deciphered anew by Mr. Mynore Bright, and it contains several very interesting passages relating to the theatres of the old gossiper's time.

M. Brugsch has just discovered, inscribed upon a wall at Karnak, a list of upwards of two thousand Egyptian towns and cities. This very important contribution to the geography of Egypt will shortly be published.

Dr. Anton Bachmaier, secretary of the Munich Anthropological Society, has devised an ingenious and practical method of placing all nations in written communication with each other by means of a system of numbers, to which he has given the name "Passigraphy."

Owing to the insufficiency of funds for the endowment of a professorship of the Celtic language in the University of Edinburgh, it is probable that a lectureship will be instituted in its stead, and three gentlemen have been named as having strong claims to the appointment.

"Prince Florestan," who has been supposed by various journals to be Mr. Matthew Arnold, Lord Pembroke, Lord Montague, Mr. Colvin, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, and several other persons, is in reality Sir Charles Dilke, who, it will be remembered, is sharply satirized in the work.

Mr. J. M. Bellow's friends have formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of making an appeal to the public on his behalf, as he suddenly finds himself struck down by illness, and incapacitated from work. Among the names are those of Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. Serjeant Parry, Mr. J. B. Monckton, Town Clerk to the City of London; Mr. G. A. Sala, Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. W. P. Frith, B.A.; and Mr. Edmund Yates. Mr. Wilkie Collins and Mr. Sala will give readings from their published works for the benefit of the fund, and there will be probably a theatrical performance.

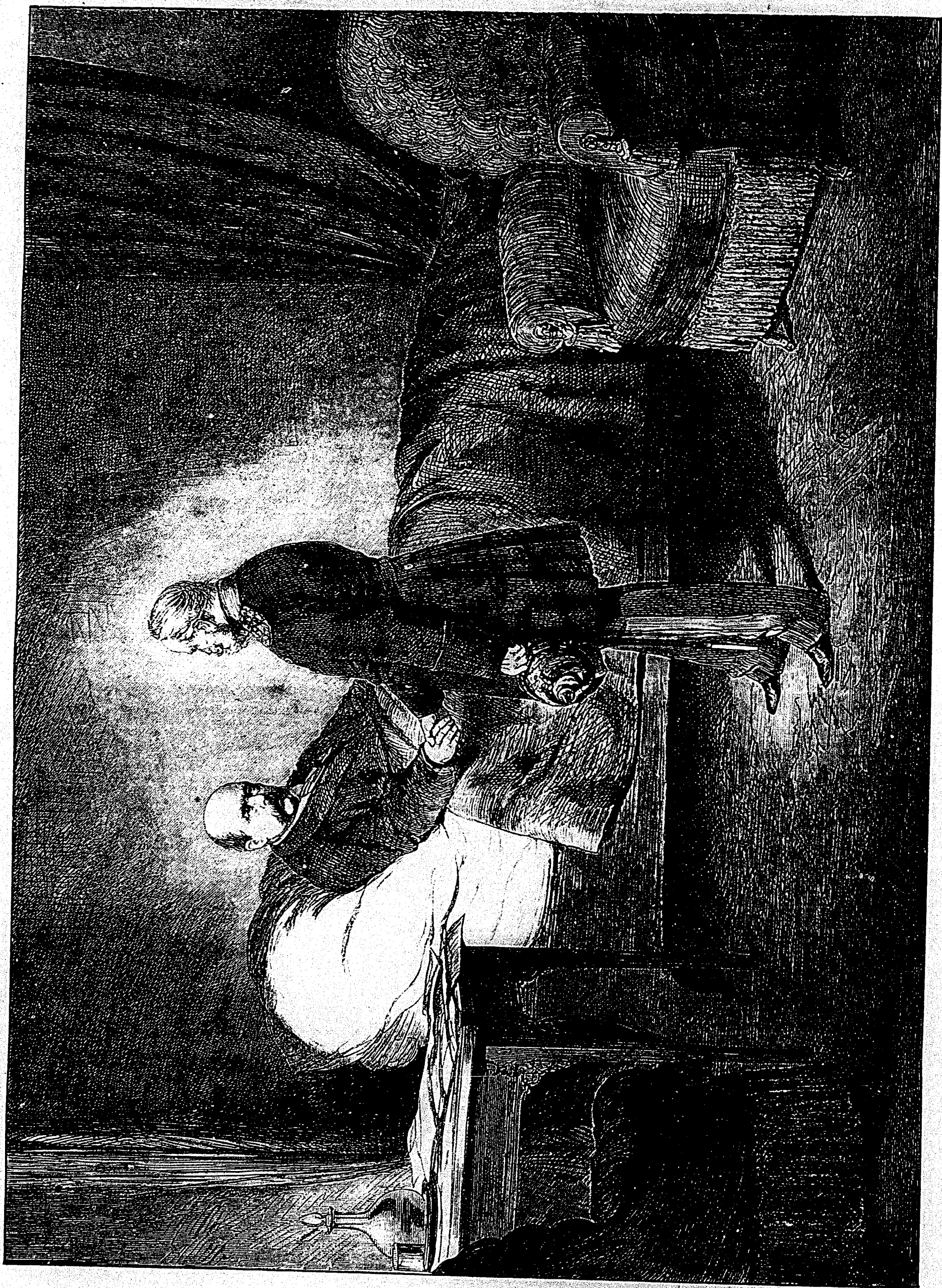
Senator Sumner's library, which has recently been placed in Harvard College Library, consists of only about 2,000 volumes. Among the most valuable of these are: A copy of "Claudianus," with autograph of the poet Gray; Walter Scott's own manuscripts of a work on the drama; a fragment of the "Biblia Latina," printed by Faust in 1462; "Cicero de Officiis," in manuscript of the fifteenth century; Burns's "Scots wha hae," in the author's handwriting; a Dutch manuscript, bound with carved ivory sides, and set with precious stones; "Pindar," with manuscript notes by Milton; a book of autographs, containing Milton's; manuscript notes on "Seneca," by Hugo Grotius; first book of Thomson's "Seasons," with author's autograph; Ben Jonson's autograph on title page of a little book, thus, "Sum Ben Jonson"; "Gellius," with notes by Melancthon; "The Club," with autographs of Pope and Swift on title-page; John Dryden's "Greek Exercise Book," with autobiography; John Bunyan's English Bible, with his autograph; letters of Napoleon to Josephine, with Napoleon's autograph; Haydn's opera of "Armida,"—manuscript by the author; "Ossian's Poems," with Byron's autograph; monastic manuscript, with chain and ring attached; and many other rare and valuable works.

Edmond About's career has been one of constant ups and downs since his eminence as a writer. While his fame has steadily grown, he has made and lost fortunes, and is believed at the present time to have few resources besides his magic pen, principally owing to the blindness with which he has persisted in mistaking his vocation, and has striven to excel in spheres from which his genius should shrink, while he has neglected that field for which he is eminently destined—the novel. To this very day, notwithstanding his incessant failures as such, About believes that he is the newspaper writer of France *par excellence*, and he cannot account for the unpopularity of the journals whose leading writer he has been. He devotes most of his time to the composition of editorials or magazine articles on political topics, and only in his leisure hours throws off every now and then one of those sparkling and often thrilling novelettes, which are the delight of the most cultivated readers of French literature—most of them gems of French belles-lettres, which, as soon as they appeared in About's own country, have been translated into every language of Europe; and yet those whose admiration they excited by their pathos, their brilliant humour, their lucidity of style, have hardly an idea of the incredibly short space of time in which they were written.

Appleton's *Journal* may safely rank as one of the highest purely American periodicals. The literary cast of the letter is of the choicest, and the translated sketches from the French, German and Italian are a very noticeable feature. The illustrations are remarkable for their finish. Bound volumes of 'Appleton's' must form a valuable addition to the library of any person who has refined literary taste.

Expensive, however, as is law in this country—"open to rich and poor alike," said Sydney Smith, "like the London tavern,"—it is not so costly as attire in the neighbourhood of Cape Coast Castle. "The most expensively dressed man I ever saw," writes a sailor correspondent, "was an African chief. His wives had anointed him with palm-oil, and then powdered him from head to foot with gold-dust."



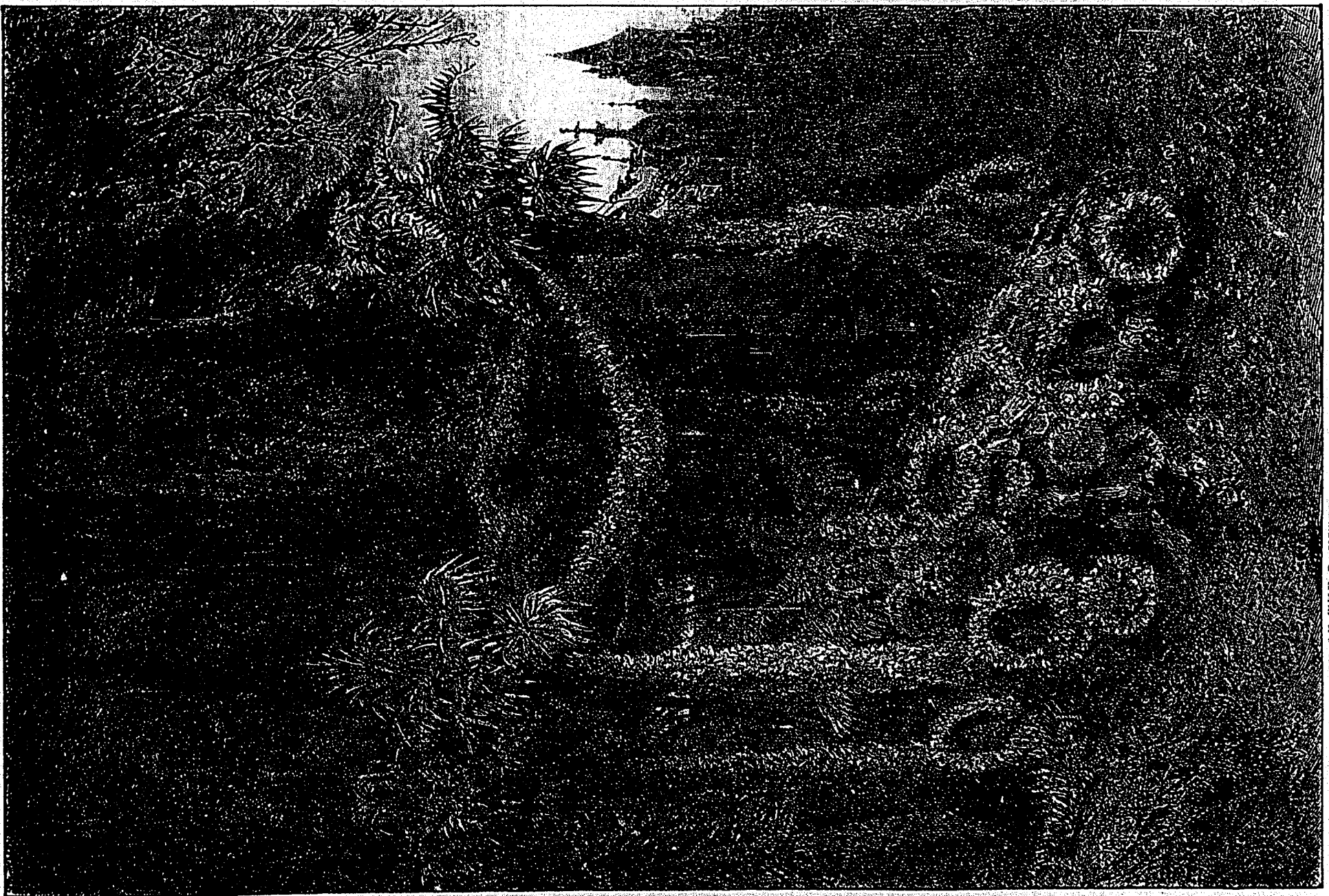


THE EMPEROR WILLIAM VISITING HIS INVALID MINISTER.





THE LAST ADIEU. SCENE IN A ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE DURING THE CHRISTIAN PERSECUTIONS



THE GRAVE OF THE PAINTER KAULBACH, THE DAY AFTER THE FUNERAL.

## PARTING.

"We have had many partings. In the gloom  
Of wintry twilights, moaning winds have whirled  
Our farewell words afar. A quiet room  
Has kept us safe a moment from the world  
For fond last words and clinging kisses sweet.  
The lark has seen us in a dewy lane  
Unclasping hands; in many a busy street;  
Beside an angry sea in blinding rain;  
Upon a breezy moor at early morn,  
Before the butterflies were flown abroad;  
Among the standing shocks of yellow corn;  
Upon a churchyard's green and hallowed sod;  
Have farewell words been spoken, while the smart  
Of parting pangs drew closer heart to heart.

"Brave for each other's sake, our partings wear  
An aspect almost cheerful, eye meets eye,  
As hand holds hand; love gives us strength to bear  
Our silent anguish as the moments fly.  
We have had many partings, but we know  
More solemn farewell doth before us lie,  
When death warns one of us to rise and go.  
But which shall be the traveller, thou or I?  
Shall I stand by to watch thy life eclipse,  
To mark the pang that sets thy spirit free?  
Will the dark waters gather to my lips,  
Or shall I watch them closing over thee?  
It matters little; love is very strong,  
That parting is our last, and is not long.

## NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

## BOOK THE SECOND.

## THE CORVETTE CLAYMORE.

## I.—ENGLAND AND FRANCE IN CONCERT.

In the spring of 1793, at the moment when France, simultaneously attacked on all its frontiers, suffered the pathetic distraction of the downfall of the Girondists, this was what happened in the Channel Islands.

At Jersey, on the evening of the 1st of June, about an hour before sunset, a corvette set sail from the solitary little Bay of Bonnevill, in that kind of foggy weather which is favourable to flight because pursuit is rendered dangerous. The vessel was manned by a French crew, though it made part of the English fleet stationed on the look-out at the eastern point of the island. The Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, who was of the house of Bouillon, commanded the English flotilla, and it was by his orders, and for an urgent and special service, that the corvette had been detached.

This vessel, entered at Trinity House under the name of the *Claymore*, had the appearance of a transport or trader, but was in reality a war corvette. She had the heavy, pacific look of a merchantman, but it would not have been safe to trust that. She had been built for a double purpose—cunning and strength; to deceive if possible, to fight if necessary. For the service before her this night, the lading of the lower deck had been replaced by thirty carronades of heavy calibre. Either because a storm was feared, or because it was desirable to prevent the vessel having a suspicious appearance, these carronades were housed—that is to say, securely fastened within by triple chains, and the hatches above shut close. Nothing was to be seen from without. The ports were blinded; the slides closed; it was as if the corvette had put on a mask. Armed corvettes only carry guns on the upper deck; but this one, built for surprise and cunning, had the deck free, and was able, as we have just seen, to carry a battery below. The *Claymore* was after a heavy squat model, but a good sailer nevertheless—the hull of the most solid sort used in the English navy; and in battle was almost as valuable as a frigate, though for mizzen she had only a small-mast of brigantine rig. Her rudder, of a peculiar and scientific form, had a curved frame, of unique shape, which cost fifty pounds sterling in the dockyards of Southampton. The crew, all French, was composed of refugee officers and deserter sailors. They were tried men; not one but was a good sailor, good soldier, and good royalist. They had a threefold fanaticism—for ship, sword, and king. A half regiment of marines, that could be disembarked in case of need, was added to the crew.

The corvette *Claymore* had as captain a chevalier of Saint Louis, Count de Boisberthelot, one of the best officers of the old Royal Navy; for second, the Chevalier La Vieuville, who had commanded a company of French guards in which Hoche was sergeant; and for pilot, Philip Gacquoil, the most skillful mariner in Jersey.

It was evident that the vessel had unusual business on hand. Indeed, a man who had just come on board had the air of one entering upon an adventure. He was a tall old man, upright and robust, with a severe countenance; whose age it would have been difficult to guess accurately, for he seemed at once old and young; one of those men who are full of years and of vigour; who have white hair on their heads and lightning in their glance; forty in point of energy and eighty in power and authority.

As he came on deck his sea-coat blew open, exposing his large, loose breeches and top-boots, and a goat-skin vest which had one side tanned and embroidered with silk, while on the other the hair was left rough and bristling—a complete costume of the Breton peasant. These old-fashioned jackets answered alike for working and holidays; they could be turned to show the hairy or embroidered side, as one pleased; goat-skin all the week, gala accoutrements on Sunday.

As if to increase a resemblance which had been carefully studied, the peasant dress worn by the old man was threadbare at the knees and elbows, and seemed to have been long in use, while his coarse cloak might have belonged to a fisherman. He had on his head the round hat of that period, high, with a broad rim which, when turned down, gave the wearer a rustic look, but took a military air when fastened up at the side with a loop and cockade. The old man wore his hat with the brim flattened forward, peasant fashion, without either tassels or cockade.

Lord Balcarras, the governor of the island, and the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, had in person conducted and installed him on board. The secret agent of the princes, Gélambre, formerly one of the Count d'Artois' body-guard, had superin-

tended the arrangement of the cabin; and, although himself a nobleman, pushed courtesy and respect so far as to walk behind the old man carrying his portmanteau. When they left him to go ashore again, Monsieur de Gélambre saluted the peasant profoundly; Lord Balcarras said to him, "Good luck, general!" and the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne added: "*Au revoir, my cousin!*"

"The peasant" was the name by which the crew immediately designed their passenger during the short dialogues which seamen hold; but without understanding further about the matter, they comprehended that he was no more a peasant than the corvette was a common sloop.

There was little wind. The *Claymore* left Bonnevill, and passed in front of Boulay Bay, and was for some time in sight, tacking to windward; then she lessened in the gathering night and finally disappeared.

An hour after, Gélambre, having returned to his house at Saint Helier, sent by the Southampton express the following lines to the Count d'Artois, at the Duke of York's headquarters: "Monseigneur,—The departure has just taken place. Success certain. In eight days the whole coast will be on fire from Granville to Saint Malo."

Four days previous, Prieur, the representative of Marne, on a mission to the army along the coast of Cherbourg, and momentarily residing at Granville, had received by a secret emissary this message, written in the same hand as the despatch above:

"Citizen representative,—On the 1st of June, at the hour when the tide serves, the war corvette *Claymore*, with a masked battery, will set sail for the purpose of landing upon the shore of France a man of whom this is the description: tall, old, white hair, peasant's dress, hands of an aristocrat. I will send you more details to-morrow. He will land on the morning of the 2nd. Warn the cruisers; capture the corvette; guillotine the man."

## II.—NIGHT ON THE VESSEL AND WITH THE PASSENGER.

The corvette, instead of going south and making for Saint Catherine's, headed north, then veered to the west, and resolutely entered the arm of the sea, between Sark and Jersey, called the Passage de la Déroute. At that time there was no lighthouse upon any point along either coast. The sun had set clear; the night was dark, darker than summer nights ordinarily are: there was a moon, but vast clouds, rather of the equinox than the solstice, veiled the sky, and according to all appearance the moon would not be visible till she touched the horizon at the moment of setting. A few clouds hung low upon the water and covered it with mist.

All this obscurity was favourable. The intention of pilot Gacquoil was to leave Jersey on the left and Guernsey on the right, and to gain, by bold sailing between the Hanois and the Douvree, some bay of the Saint Malo shore—a route less short than that by the Minquiers, but safer, as the French cruisers had standing orders to keep an especially keen watch between Saint Helier and Granville. If the wind was favourable, and nothing occurred, Gacquoil hoped by setting all sail to touch the French coast at daybreak.

All went well. The corvette had passed Gros-Nez. Toward nine o'clock the weather looked sulky, as sailors say, and there was wind at sea, but the wind was good and the sea strong without being violent. Still, now and then, the waves swept the vessel's bows.

The "peasant" whom Lord Balcarras had called "General," and whom the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne addressed as "My cousin," had a sailor's footing and paced the deck with tranquil gravity. He did not even seem to notice that the corvette rocked considerably. From time to time he took a cake of chocolate out of his pocket and munched a morsel; his white hair did not prevent his having all his teeth.

He spoke to no one, except now and then a few low, quick words to the captain, who listened with deference, and seemed to consider his passenger, rather than himself, the commander.

The *Claymore*, ably piloted, skirted unperceived in the fog the long escarpment north of Jersey, hugging the shore on account of the formidable reef Pierres de Lecq, which is in the middle of the channel between Jersey and Sark. Gacquoil, standing at the helm, signalled in turn the Grève de Lecq, Gros-Nez, and Plémont, and slipped the corvette along among this chain of reefs, feeling his way to a certain extent, but with certitude, like a man familiar with the course and acquainted with the disposition of the sea. The corvette had no light forward, from a fear of betraying its passage through these guarded waters. The fog was a cause for rejoicing. They reached the Grande Étage. The mist was so thick that the outlines of the lofty pinnacle could scarcely be made out. Ten o'clock was heard to sound from the belfry of Saint Ouen, a proof that the wind was still abaft. All was yet going well. The sea grew rougher on account of the neighbourhood of La Corbière.

A little after ten, Count du Boisberthelot and the Chevalier La Vieuville reconducted the man in the peasant's garb to his cabin, which was in reality the captain's state room. As he went in, he said to them in a low voice:

"Gentlemen, you understand the importance of a secrecy. Silence up to the moment of explosion. You two are the only ones here who know my name."

"We will carry it with us to the tomb," replied Boisberthelot.

"As for me," added the old man, "were I in face of death, I would not tell it."

He entered his cabin.

## III.—NOBLE AND PLEBBIAN IN CONCERT.

The commander and the second officer returned on deck and walked up and down, side by side, in conversation. They were evidently talking of their passenger, and this was the dialogue which the wind dispersed among the shadows.

Boisberthelot gumbled in a half-voice in the ear of La Vieuville, "We shall see if he is really a leader."

La Vieuville replied, "In the meantime he is a prince."

"Almost."

"Nobleman in France, but prince in Brittany."

"Like the La Trémouilles; like the Rohans."

"With whom he is connected."

Boisberthelot resumed:

"In France, and in the king's carriages, he is marquis, as I am count, and you are chevalier."

"The carriages are far off!" cried La Vieuville. "We have got to the tumbrel."

There was a silence.

Boisberthelot began again: "For lack of a French prince, a Breton one is taken."

"For lack of thrushes—no, for want of an eagle—a crow is chosen."

"I should prefer a vulture," said Boisberthelot.

And La Vieuville retorted, "Yes, indeed! a beak and talons."

"We shall see."

"Yes," resumed La Vieuville, "it is time there was a head. I am of Tinteniac's opinion—'A true chief, and—gunpowder!' See commander; I know nearly all the leaders, possible and impossible—those of yesterday, those of to-day, and those of to-morrow; there is not one with the sort of headpiece we need. In that accursed Vendée it wants a general who is a lawyer at the same time. He must worry the enemy, dispute every mill, thicket, ditch, pebble; quarrel with him; take advantage of everything; see to everything; slaughter plentifully; make examples; be sleepless, pitiless. At this hour there are heroes among that army of peasants, but there are no captains. D'Elbée is *nil*; Lescure is ailing; Bonchamp shows mercy—he is kind, that means, stupid; La Rochejacquelin is a magnificent sub-lieutenant; Silz an officer for open country, unfit for a war of expedients; Cathelineau is a simple carter; Stofflet is a cunning gamekeeper; Bérard is inept; Boulainvilliers is ridiculous; Charette is shocking. And I do not speak of the barber Gaston. For, in the name of Mars, what is the good of opposing the Revolution, and what is the difference between the republicans and ourselves, if we set hairdressers to command noblemen?"

"You see that beast of a Revolution has infected us also."

"An itch that France has caught."

"An itch of the Third Estate," replied Boisberthelot. "It is only England that can cure us of it."

"And she will cure us, do not doubt it, captain."

"In the meanwhile it is ugly."

"Indeed, yes. Clowns everywhere! The monarchy which has Stofflet for commander-in-chief and De Maulevrier for lieutenant, has nothing to envy in the republic that has for minister Pache, son of the Duke de Castries' porter. What men this Vendean war brings out against each other! On one side Santerre the brewer, on the other Gaston the wig-maker!"

"My dear Vieuville, I have a certain respect for Gaston. He did not conduct himself ill in his command of Gueméné. He very neatly shot three hundred Blues, after making them dig their own graves."

"Well and good: but I could have done that as well as he."

"Zounds! no doubt; and I also."

"The great acts of war," resumed La Vieuville, "require to be undertaken by noblemen. They are matters for knights and not hairdressers."

"Still there are some estimable men among this 'Third Estate,'" returned Boisberthelot. "Take, for example, Joby the clockmaker. He had been a sergeant in a Flanders regiment; he gets himself made a Vendean chief; he commands a coast band; he has a son who is a Republican, and while the son serves among the Blues, the father serves among the Whites. Encounter. Battle. The father takes the son prisoner, and blows out his brains."

"He's a good one," said La Vieuville.

"A royalist Brutus," replied Boisberthelot.

"All that does not hinder the fact that it is insupportable to be commanded by a Coquereau, a Jean-Jean, a Mouline, a Focart, a Bouju, a Chouppes!"

"My dear chevalier, the other side is equally disgusted. We are full of plebeians—they are full of nobles. Do you suppose the *sans-culottes* are content to be commanded by the Count de Candaux, the Viscount de Miranda, the Viscount de Beauharnais, the Count de Valence, the Marquis de Custine, and the Duke de Biron!"

"What a hash!"

"And the Duke de Chartres!"

"Son of Egalité. Ah, then, when will he ever be king?"

"Never."

"He mounts towards the throne. He is aided by his crimes."

"And held back by his vices," said Boisberthelot.

There was silence again: then Boisberthelot continued: "Still he tried to bring about a reconciliation. He went to see the king. I was at Versailles when somebody spat on his back."

"From the top of the grand staircase?"

"Yes."

"It was well done."

"We call him Bourbon the Bourbeux."

"He is bald; he has pimples; he is a regicide—poh!"

Then La Vieuville added, "I was at Ouessant with him."

"On the *Saint-Esprit*?"

"Yes."

"If he had obeyed the signal that the Admiral d'Orvilliers made him, to keep to the windward, he would have kept the English from passing."

"Certainly."

"Is it true that he was hidden at the bottom of the hold?"

"No; but it must be said all the same."

And La Vieuville burst out laughing.

Boisberthelot observed, "There are idiots enough! Hold! that Boulainvilliers you were speaking of, La Vieuville. I knew him. I had a chance of studying him. In the beginning, the peasants were armed with pikes: if he did not get it into his head to make pikemen of them! He wanted to teach them the manual exercise, '*de la pique-en-biais et de la pique-trainante-le-fer-devant*.' He dreamed of transforming those savages into soldiers of the line. He proposed to show them how to mass battalions and form hollow squares. He jabbered the old-fashioned military dialect to them; for chief of a squad he said *un cap d'escade*, which was the appellation of corporals under Louis XIV. He persisted in forming a regiment of those poachers; he had regular companies. The sergeants ranged themselves in a circle every evening to take the countersign from the colonel's sergeant, who whispered it to the sergeant of the lieutenants; he repeated it to his neighbour, and he to the man nearest; and so on, from ear to ear, down to the last. He cashiered an officer because he did not stand bareheaded to receive the watchword from the sergeant's mouth. You can fancy how all succeeded. The booby could not understand that peasants must be led peasant fashion, and that one cannot make drilled soldiers out of woodchoppers. Yes, I knew that Boulainvilliers."

They moved on a few steps, each pursuing his own thoughts. Then the conversation was renewed.

"By the way, is it true that Dampierre is killed?"

"Yes, commander."



IV.—TORMENTUM BELLI.

"Before Condé?"  
 "At the camp of Pamars—by a gun-shot."  
 Boisberthelot sighed. "The Count de Dampierre. Yet another of ours who went over to them!"  
 "A good journey to him," said La Vieuville.  
 "And the princesses; where are they?"  
 "At Trieste."  
 "Still?"  
 "Still. Ah, this republic!" cried Vieuville. "What havoc from such slight consequences! When one thinks that this revolution was caused by the deficit of a few millions!"  
 "Distrust small outbreaks," said Boisberthelot.  
 "Everything is going badly," resumed La Vieuville.  
 "Yes; La Rouerie is dead; Du Fresnay is an idiot. What pitiful leaders all those bishops are—that Concy, Bishop of Rochelle; that Beauvillier, Bishop of Poitiers; that Mercey, Bishop of Luçon and lover of Madame de l'Eschasserie."  
 "Whose name is Servanteau, you know, commander; L'Eschasserie is the name of an estate."  
 "And that false Bishop of Agra—who is curé of I know not what."  
 "Of Dol. He is called Guillot de Folleville. At least he is brave, and he fights."  
 "Priests when soldiers are needed! Bishops who are not bishops! Generals who are no generals!"  
 La Vieuville interrupted Boisberthelot.  
 "Commander, have you the *Moniteur* in your cabin?"  
 "Yes."  
 "What are they playing in Paris just now?"  
 "*Adèle and Poulain*, and *The Cavern*."  
 "I should like to see that."  
 "You will be able to. We shall be at Paris in a month."  
 Boisberthelot reflected a moment, and added: "At the latest. Mr. Windham said so to Lord Hood."  
 "But then, captain, everything is not going so ill."  
 "Zounds! everything would go well, on condition that the war in Brittany could be properly conducted."  
 La Vieuville shook his head.  
 "Commander," he asked, "do we land the marines?"  
 "Yes; if the coast is for us—not if it is hostile. Sometimes war must break down doors, sometimes slip in quietly. Civil war ought always to have a false key in its pocket. We shall do all in our power. The most important is the chief." Then Boisberthelot added thoughtfully:  
 "La Vieuville, what do you think of the Chevalier de Dleugie?"  
 "The younger?"  
 "Yes."  
 "For a leader?"  
 "Yes."  
 "That he is another officer for open country and pitched battles. Only the peasant understands the thickets."  
 "Then resign yourself to General Stoffet and to General Cathelineau."  
 La Vieuville mused awhile and then said, "It needs a prince: a prince of France; a prince of the blood—a true prince."  
 "Why? Whoever says prince?"  
 "Says poltroon. I know it, captain. But one is needed for the effect on the big stupid eyes of the country lads."  
 "My dear chevalier, the princes will not come."  
 "We will get on without them."  
 Boisberthelot pressed his hand upon his forehead with the mechanical movement of a man endeavouring to bring out some idea. He exclaimed—  
 "Well, let us try the general we have here."  
 "He is a great nobleman."  
 "Do you believe he will answer?"  
 "Provided he is strong."  
 "That is to say, ferocious," said Boisberthelot.  
 The count and the chevalier looked fixedly at one another.  
 "Monsieur du Boisberthelot, you have said the word—ferocious. Yes; that is what we need. This is a war without pity. The hour is to the bloodthirsty. The regicides have cut off Louis XVI.'s head—we will tear off the four limbs of the regicides. Yes, the general necessary is Gen Inexorable. In Anjou and Upper Poitou the chiefs do the magnanimous; they dabble in generosity—nothing moves on. In the Marais and the country of Retz the chiefs are ferocious—everything goes forward. It is because Charette is savage that he holds his own against Parrein—it is hyæna against hyæna."  
 Boisberthelot had no time to reply; La Vieuville's words were suddenly cut short by a desperate cry, and at the same instant they heard a noise as unaccountable as it was awful. The cry and this noise came from the interior of the vessel.  
 The captain and lieutenant made a rush for the gun-deck, but could not get down. All the gunners were hurrying frantically up.  
 A frightful thing had just happened!

One of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four-pounder, had got loose.  
 This is perhaps the most formidable of ocean accidents. Nothing more terrible can happen to a vessel in open sea and under full sail.  
 A gun that breaks its moorings becomes suddenly some indescribable supernatural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself into a monster. This mass turns upon its wheels, has the rapid movements of a billiard ball; rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching; goes, comes, pauses, seems to meditate; resumes its course, rushes along the ship from end to end like an arrow, circles about, springs aside, evades, rears, breaks, kills, exterminates. It is a battering-ram which assaults a wall at its own caprice. Moreover: the battering-ram is of metal, the wall wood. It is the entrance of matter into space. One might say that this eternal slave avenges itself. It seems as if the power of evil hidden in what we call inanimate objects finds a vent and bursts suddenly out. It has an air of having lost patience, of seeking some fierce, obscure retribution; nothing more inexorable than this rage of the inanimate. The mad mass has the bounds of a panther, the weight of the elephant, the agility of the mouse the obstinacy of the axe, the unexpectedness of the surge, the rapidity of lightning, the deafness of the tomb. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball. Its flight is a wild whirl abruptly out at right angles. What is to be done? How to end this? A tempest ceases, a cyclone passes, a wind falls, a broken mast is replaced, a leak is stopped, a fire dies out; but how to control this enormous brute of bronze? In what way can one attack it?  
 You can make a mastiff hear reason, astound a bull, fascinate a boar, frighten a tiger, soften a lion; but there is no resource with that monster, a cannon let loose. You cannot kill it—it is dead; at the same time it lives. It lives with a sinister life bestowed on it by Infinity.

The planks beneath it give it play. It is moved by the ship, which is moved by the sea, which is moved by the wind. This destroyer is a plaything. The ship, the waves, the blasts, all aid it; hence its frightful vitality. How to assail this fury of complication? How to fetter this monstrous mechanism for wrecking a ship? How foresee its comings and goings, its returns, its stops, its shocks? Any one of these blows upon the sides may stave out the vessel. How divine its awful gyrations? One has to deal with a projectile which thinks, seems to possess ideas, and which changes its direction at each instant. How stop the course of something which must be avoided? The horrible cannon flings itself about, advances, recoils, strikes to the right, strikes to the left, flees, passes, disconcerts ambushes, breaks down obstacles, crushes men like flies. The great danger of the situation is in the mobility of its base. How combat an incline plane which has caprices? The ship, so to speak, has lightning imprisoned in its womb which seeks to escape; it is like thunder rolling above an earthquake.

In an instant the whole crew were on foot. The fault was the chief gunner's; he had neglected to fix home the screw-nut of the mooring-chain, and had so badly shackled the four wheels of the carronade that the play given to the sole and frame had separated the platform, and ended by breaking the breeching. The cordage had broken, so that the gun was no longer secure on the carriage. The stationary breeching which prevents recoil was not in use at that period. As a heavy wave struck the port, the carronade, weakly attached, recoiled, burst its chain, and began to rush wildly about. Concave, in order to have an idea of this strange sliding, a drop of water running down a pane of glass.

At the moment when the lashings gave way the gunners were in the battery, some in groups, others standing alone, occupied with such duties as sailors perform in expectation of the command to clear for action. The carronade, hurled forward by the pitching, dashed into this knot of men and crashed four at the first blow; then, flung back and shot out anew by the rolling, it cut in two a fifth poor fellow, glanced off to the larboard side and struck a piece of the battery with such force as to unship it. Then rose the cry of distress which had been heard. The men rushed towards the ladder—the gun-deck emptied in the twinkling of an eye. The enormous cannon was left alone. She was given up to herself. She was her own mistress, and mistress of the vessel. She could do what she willed with both. This whole crew, accustomed to laugh in battle, trembled now. To describe the universal terror, would be impossible.

Captain Boisberthelot and Lieutenant La Vieuville, although both intrepid men, stopped at the head of the stairs, and remained mute, pale, hesitating, looking down on the deck. Some one pushed them aside with his elbow and descended.

It was their passenger—the peasant—the man of whom they had been speaking a moment before.

When he reached the foot of the ladder, he stood still.

(To be continued.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

**THE DOMINION.**—The Canadian Commissioner at Washington has sent a partial draft of the proposed Reciprocity Treaty to Ottawa, and the Government approves of the general features thereof. Senator Brown will shortly return to Canada, but is endeavouring to secure several modifications. The steamer "Forest Queen" was burned last Sunday morning, six miles above Pembroke. The cook Mary Kavanagh, was burnt to death. The pilot and the crew, five men, and D. A. Martin, a passenger, were saved. The pilot, Thomas Dunbar, was slightly scorched. The steamer was towing logs, and is a total loss.

**THE UNITED STATES.**—Henri Rochefort arrived on Sunday last, at New York, accompanied by Messrs. Oliver Sain and George Benedic, fellow refugees. They declined all formal receptions from representatives of the French Societies assembled to meet them, and went in a carriage to the hotel, where they remained quietly during the evening, denying themselves to numerous visitors who called. The class races at Harvard University, Saturday last, were very largely attended. The scull race was won by P. Dana; time, 18 minutes. The second race, between two crews of Juniors and Sophomores, was won by the former in 15 minutes, 41 seconds. Both the above races were two miles. The last race, three miles, between the University Sophomores, Scientifics and Freshmen, six-oared crews, was won by the former in 20 minutes, 13½ seconds. Weather fine, water smooth.

**THE UNITED KINGDOM.**—The celebration of Queen Victoria's birthday, which, as is customary here, occurs on the Saturday following the 24th May, took place on the 30th. All the Government departments were closed, and the streets were thronged with people. The Guards were reviewed in St. James' Park by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Cambridge. Flags were flying from all points, and bells were ringing. At night the city was illuminated. A serious riot occurred in Limerick on Sunday. A mob of 1,000 persons attacked a party of militia. The police defended the latter, and were stoned by the rioters. Reinforcements arrived from the stations, and the riot was finally suppressed, after a considerable number had been injured.

**FRANCE.**—At a meeting of the Left, it was resolved that the motion for the dissolution of the Assembly should be pressed, and that overtures should be made to other sections of the chamber to secure their co-operation in the movement. The sale and circulation of the *Soleil* newspaper has been prohibited in several departments. Prince Napoleon has been nominated for the Assembly in the Department of Charente Inférieure and Seine.

**GERMANY.**—Rumours that Germany seeks to disturb the Luxembourg Treaty and to revive the candidature of a German Prince for the Spanish throne, which have been for some days in circulation throughout Europe, are considered here to be wholly without foundation. Bismarck is slowly recovering health on his estates at Varzin.

**SPAIN.**—Caleb Cushing, the American Minister, was received officially by Marshal Serrano. The Carlists have completely invested the town of Hernani.

ODDITIES.

Composition by a little boy—subject: "The Horse." "The horse is a very useful animal; it has four legs—one on each corner."

**A YANKEE NOTION.**—A father in Wisconsin offered his boy five dollars to take a dose of castor-oil, and then got a counter-felt bill off on the boy.

Dean Swift says: It is with narrow-souled people as it is with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them the more noises they make in pouring it out.

Longfellow, on being asked by a county schoolmarm recently to write his name in her album, "with a sentiment," replied: "I will write my name, but I haven't any sentiments."

It may interest Mr. Disraeli and friends to hear the late Earl of Carlisle's definition of deputations—"Deputation" is a noun of multitude that signifies many, but does not signify much.

A darkey gave the following reason why the coloured race is superior to the white: "All men are made of clay, and like the meerschaum pipe, they are more valuable when highly coloured."

A London advertisement runs thus: "A country priest will say mass once a week for any one who will regularly send him the *Times* newspaper, second hand, on the day of its publication."

To see how eagerly a human being will catch at a straw, it is not necessary to witness a drowning. The phenomenon is now manifest chiefly within saloons, where one end of the straw is immersed in a tumbler.

It is now announced on the authority of that "eminent physician" that it is not healthy to rise before eight o'clock in the morning. This applies only to men. Wives can rise at seven and start the fires as heretofore.

A little boy in Springfield, after his customary evening prayer a night or two ago, continued, "and bless mamma, and Jenny, and Uncle Benny," adding after a moment's pause the explanatory remark, "his name is Hopkins."

A Utica boy who attempted to amputate a cat's tail found that the absence of the old woman who owns the cat is necessary to the perfect success of such an experiment. His face looks as though Buffalo Bill had settled an old grudge against him.

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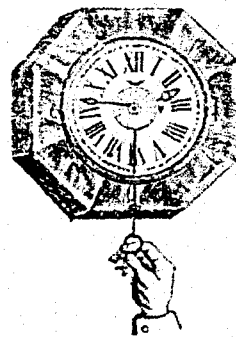
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