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# Illustrated News

VOL. X.—No. 12.

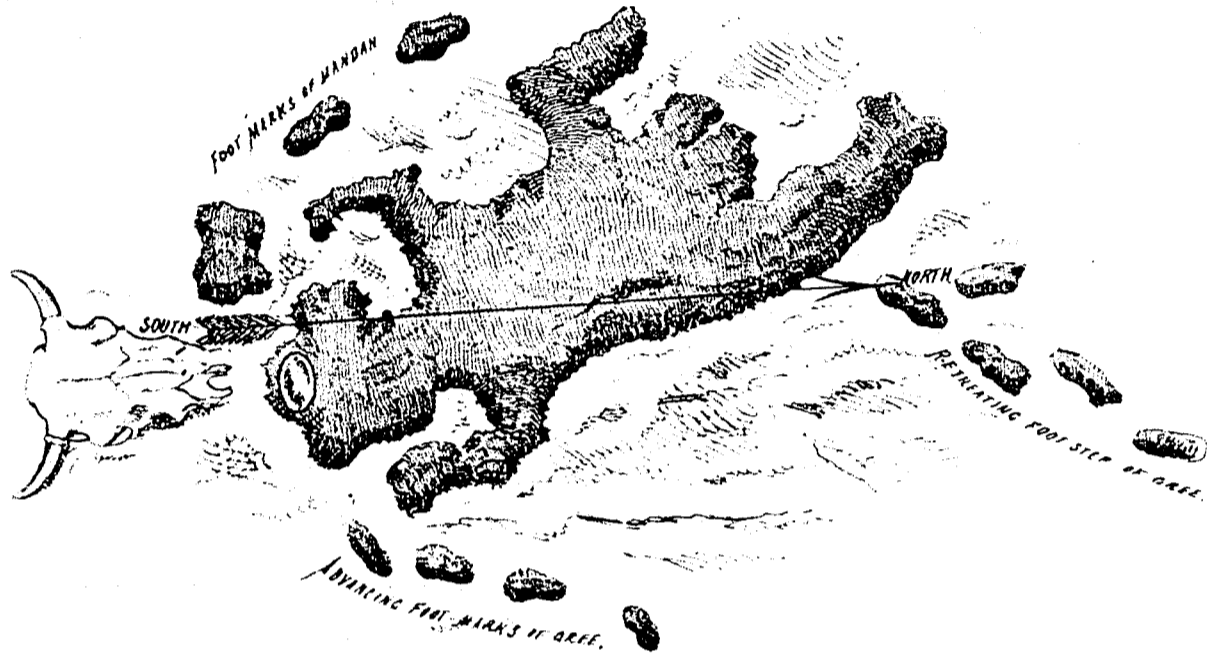
MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1874.

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## SKETCHES IN THE NORTH-WEST.

Our special artist with the North-west Mounted Police, writing on the 29th July, gives the following details respecting the subjects of the two sketches given below:—

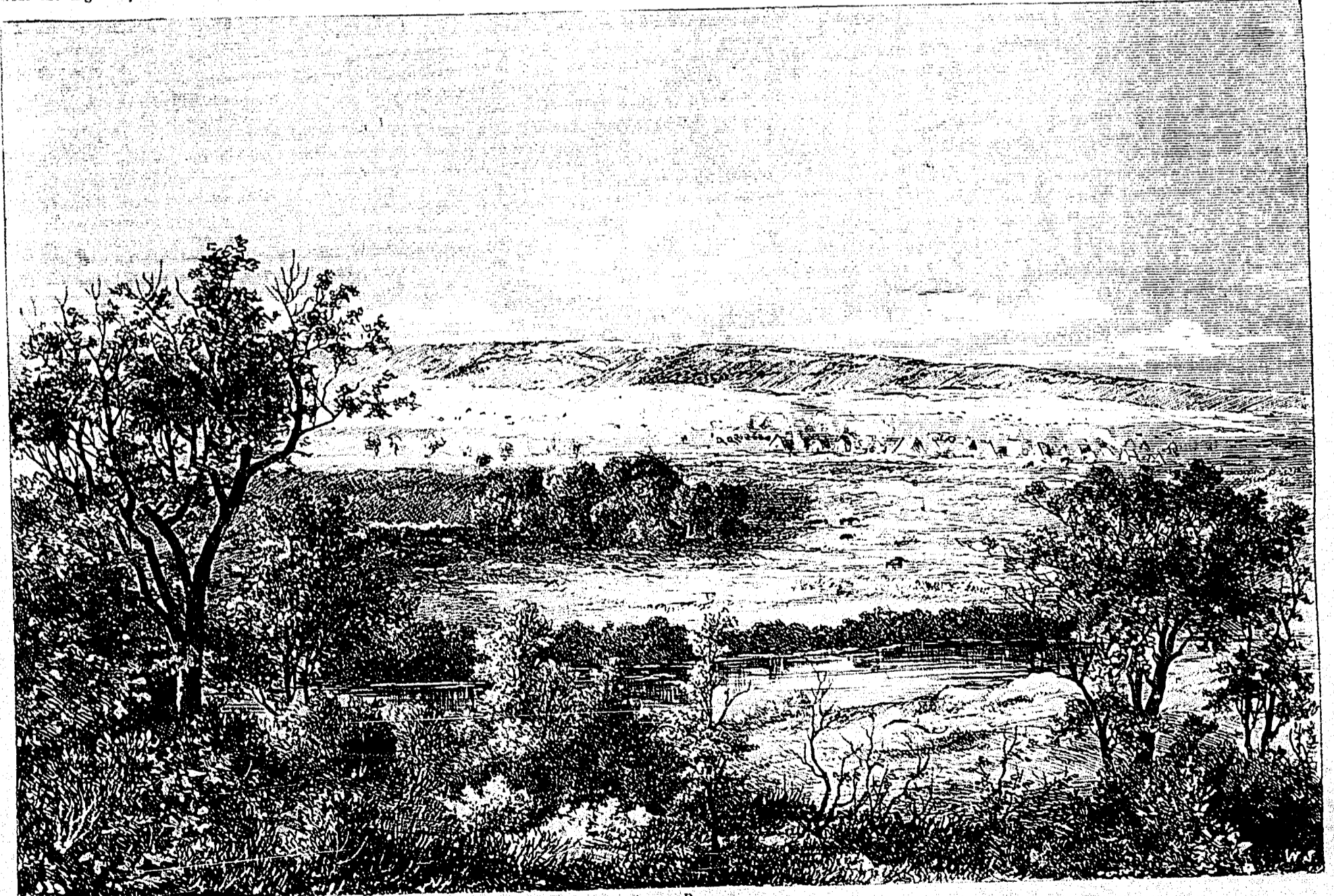
The Mounted Police camped on the near-side of Riviere des Lacs, on the opposite side of which is the historical Butte Marquée. Some sixty or seventy years ago the Crees were at war with the Mandans, a tribe frequenting the hunting-grounds of the Missouri. A party of each were on the war-path about this part of the country. One morning before sunrise, when the mist was not yet off the ground, a Cree left the camp to examine the surrounding country from the highest point of land



INDIAN FIGURE ON MURDERED SCOUT HILL.

thereabout. This was Butte Marquée, as it was afterwards called by French half-breeds, or in English, Murdered Scout Hill. There he perceived a Mandan in a sitting posture, also anxiously looking about for enemies, his back turned to the Cree. The latter took a large round stone weighing about 15 lbs., crawled silently up to his enemy and killed him. To memorialize the place, with his tomahawk he dug out the form of a man, being on his back, his legs spread out and arms stretched back of his head. The figure measures above twelve feet in length. The approach is also marked out for some sixty feet by dug-out footmarks. Such is the story as related to me by old hunters on these grounds.

"The Souris River, on the bank of which we are camped for the



SOURIS RIVER.

SKETCHES IN THE NORTH-WEST.—BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE MOUNTED POLICE.

third time, runs at an altitude of about 700 feet above the sea level. The sudden changes of temperature at this high elevation are worth recording:—

	Max.	Min.
July 19 .....	99°	44°
" 25 .....	86° 5'	32°
" 28 .....	83°	37°

It is the same almost every twenty-four hours; not less than three blankets over us and two on the ground can make us comfortable."

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS..... \$4.00 per annum  
THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE 1.50 "  
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The next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will contain, among other illustrations,

### Sketches in the North-West;

VIEWS OF

Orford Mountain and Owl's Head  
in connection with the Manufacturers' Excursion to view

The Water Power on the Magog;

ILLUSTRATIONS IN CONNECTION WITH

The Governor-General's Visit to Sarnia

AND OF

H. M. S. "BELLEROPHON"

LYING OFF POINT LEVI.

## Canadian Illustrated News.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPT. 19, 1874.

### CANADA AMONG THE NATIONS.

The independence question has once more, probably owing to the absence of more suitable subjects for editorial discussion, been brought into prominence, after resting for some time past among other disused lumber. Several prominent dailies have taken up the subject, but, doubtless out of a feeling of compassion for their readers, have refrained from going into all its details, and have contented themselves with a mere summing up, in which the advantages to be derived from the erection of the Dominion into an independent nationality are displayed in the most attractive light. This at least shows an amount of consideration on the part of the journals in question which is exceedingly commendable, considering the dulness of the times. The old story has been told and retold so many times that its repetition has by this time become a very unnecessary evil. Newspaper readers have been informed time and time again that Canada as an independent nation will only in the very slightest degree change her relations with the mother country; while the mother country will be delighted to be relieved of the numerous responsibilities and annoyances to which she is now subject owing to the position in which Canada stands toward the Empire. We have all been told too that while an independent nationalism will breed among us a manly, national, and independent spirit, it will in no way cause any loss to England; that independent Canada would be as good a customer in the English markets as colonial Canada—if not a better; and that, finally, as an independent nation Canada could secure many treaty concessions from foreign countries that she cannot obtain as a colony of Great Britain. This, and much more to the same purpose, has been repeated *ad nauseam*.

While cordially admitting all these rose-coloured prospects, not only as possible, but as probable, we are of opinion that the advocates of independence, in their haste to make out a case, have omitted to consider a peculiarity of the country, or rather of the component parts that go to make the country, which might, in certain circumstances, have a disastrous effect upon the very existence of the new nationality. We refer to the inter-provincial jealousies which exist among us in matters from the highest to the least important. In a speech delivered at the Ontario Rifle Association Meeting, Lord DUFFERIN alluded very

strongly to this petty feeling, when he expressed his opinion that the Wimbledom team and the Ministry should be chosen, not by Provinces, but by individual capacity. Even while uttering these words His Excellency was doubtless aware that such a mode of selection is not a thing to be expected. Where one province is left unrepresented in the Ministry, it feels itself grievously injured, as is the case at the present time with British Columbia and Manitoba, both of which are sore at being left out in the cold while the last admitted province, that of Prince Edward Island, sends a representative to the Cabinet. The existence of this inter-provincial jealousy is an established fact, and has already more than once been within an ace of causing trouble. But there is yet another fact, dependent on that already mentioned, which threatens even more serious consequences. We are not able to settle our own quarrels at home. British Columbia disagrees with the other provinces, refuses to negotiate, and sends over a delegate to England to appeal to the Imperial authorities. The Dominion Premier, on his side, very properly declines any Imperial interference. Were such a dispute to arise when Canada had entered on her "independent nationality," we should either find ourselves divided against ourselves, or be compelled to have recourse to the undignified procedure of inviting a second power to step in and arbitrate between the conflicting provinces. The latter case would be humiliating to the country and dangerous to its prestige, while the former would in all probability result in the separation of the disaffected province and its annexation to the United States. It is an unfortunate fact, that in this Dominion of ours there is an almost total lack of the cohesion necessary to the formation of a great State.

### A RECONSTRUCTED IMMIGRATION POLICY.

It is stated that there is some likelihood of a change being made in the immigration policy of the Dominion Government; that it will be rearranged in such a manner as to enable Dominion and Provincial agents to work more advantageously together than is at present possible. Any alteration in the existing system which aims at inducing hearty co-operation in a work which must so closely influence the future of the Dominion will be extremely acceptable, and although the details of the proposed scheme have not yet been laid before the public, there is no doubt that the change is generally looked upon with a favourable eye. Until very recently the greater part of the immigration work abroad has been done by the Provincial Governments. By some it was done thoroughly, by others carelessly, and by others again it was totally neglected. The consequence has been that some portions of the country have been largely benefited, while others have received little or no addition to their population from foreign sources. Ontario, thanks to the energetic system inaugurated by the late JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD, and improved upon by his successors, has hitherto had the lion's share of the influx, while Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, being comparatively little known in Europe as fields for colonization, have received but few settlers within their limits. It would be, perhaps, hardly correct to say that this is an improper state of things. Yet it certainly is not what one would like to see. Ontario, notwithstanding her natural advantages, owes her success in attracting immigrants of a desirable class mainly to her own exertions, and it would be highly unjust to expect that she should labour, and that others should share in the fruits of her labour. The other provinces, less richly gifted by nature, but still possessing considerable riches and resources, have neglected to advertise their wares in the market where they are most in request, with the natural result that they are supposed to be totally void of attraction for the emigrant. It is the old story, over again, of the servants to whom were committed, to the one ten talents, to another five, to another two, and to the last one. The province with the largest advantages has lost no opportunity of turning them to account, and would think her self grossly injured if compelled to share the results with her sister provinces. Under a new system, however, the situation may be changed; and without interfering to any great extent with the success hitherto enjoyed by Ontario, the interests of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, British Columbia and Quebec would be properly attended to. The result must be a marked increase in the emigration tide to these provinces, and the rapid settlement of certain parts of the Dominion which are now languishing for want of population to turn their wealth to account. Ontario should have little cause to complain of such an arrangement, for the emigrants drawn to the Lower Provinces, for instance, would in the main be of a different class from that among which she selects her adopted children. Of course some little difficulty is to be expected from provincial jealousies, which unfortunately are mixed up with every matter in which the interests of

the different provinces are concerned, but this may be safely tided over if the proper men are chosen for the work.

### A WEAK POINT.

The law regulating the trial of contested election cases has already been applied in seven or eight instances and with the most satisfactory results. Its bearing is so general, its different clauses are so searching, that no artifice of fraud, no trick of bribery can well escape it. Corruption brought home to a single accredited agent or canvasser, even without the knowledge of the candidate, is sufficient to void the election. As there is unfortunately not a single election in which some such delinquent agent cannot be found, it is no wonder that all the cases which have been tried so far have resulted in the destitution of the sitting member. The Government is therefore to be congratulated on the efficacy of its new law.

There is one feature in it, however, which demands some attention. It was brought forward prominently by Chief Justice HAGARTY, in his judgment on the London election trial. After delivering his decision on several important points about which there could be no doubt, as the evidence was overwhelming, His Lordship came to consider the personal responsibility of the respondent, Major WALKER. Here he confessed he was obstructed by serious difficulties. If he had to deal with the subject on merely moral grounds, taking the common sense view of intelligent and honourable men, he could have no hesitation whatever. But having to confine himself to strictly legal methods, he felt an embarrassment such as he did not remember to have experienced in a long professional life. He was in the position described by a great English Judge similarly circumstanced: "I cannot imagine to myself a jurisdiction more painful or more responsible than that of a judge deciding without the assistance of a jury, that the candidate has been guilty of so serious an offence." Justice HAGARTY distinctly stated that, in the case before him, all the circumstantial evidence, all the probabilities of the case pointed forcibly to the respondent's knowledge of the bribery practised by his agents, yet he had not sufficient direct testimony to make his mind clear, or determine him to pronounce on the delicate question of culpability. The quandary of the Chief Justice is a natural one. It is a hardship for any judge to have to declare to the country that a man like Major WALKER, for instance, who has always borne in the community the character of an upright citizen, is a rogue, a political pimp, a suborner of consciences, thereby depriving him, for all time, of the privilege of sitting in Parliament. Judges will instinctively recoil from this responsibility, seize upon any plausible pretext of exculpation and thus it will almost invariably happen that the unseated candidate will have a chance of presenting himself again before his constituents. These facts reveal a weak point in the law, but we hardly see how it can be remedied. The only remedy—but it is an expensive one—is that which Justice HAGARTY openly invited—an appeal to the Court of Review, where the subject would be decided by several judges. In the case of Major WALKER, we are informed that the trial will go before the judges in Review, and if so, we shall then see how far the process will be a remedial and final one.

Another point of procedure should perhaps be noticed. It is how far the question of costs should be allowed to interfere with the full hearing of the case. Instances have already occurred where, one count being proven, the case was thrown up by the respondent's counsel. The object of this was, of course, to diminish the costs. Petitioners' counsel have to consent to such stoppage of the trial and, where the case presents no unusual features, it is only professional courtesy on their part thus to acquiesce. But should it happen, as has been pointedly charged, that public officials and even Ministers of the Crown have mixed unlawfully in an election, it were altogether desirable that the trial should not close until these persons have appeared as witnesses, either to prove themselves guilty or guiltless. These election trials are not merely personal matters. They are of public concern, affect civic morality and should be thoroughly conducted. Besides, the law requires that corrupt agents should be held up to public contempt and that their names should be sent in to Parliament by the presiding judge. Hence the more of them that each trial ferrets out, the better for each county and for the country at large.

### FRENCH-CANADIANS IN THE UNITED STATES.

At the French Canadian Convention held in this city in June last for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of reestablishing in this country the half a million of French Canadians who have made their home in the States, Judge LEBEUR, of Cohoes, N. Y., expressed an



opinion which excited much surprise and was the object of not a little animadversion. He declared emphatically — and his utterances were those of a man who knew whereof he was speaking—that those who were fixed in the United States would not desire to come back, and they were a very numerous class. It would be impossible for many to return, as the businesses in Lower Canada are already overstocked. Admitting, however, that a large number would be willing to come, it was more than doubtful whether the means proposed to induce them to return were either desirable or effective. The reliance on a paternal Government had been tried time and time again, and had never been known to succeed. It was not legislation that was wanted; give these men work; pay them as well as they are paid in the United States, and they would come back soon enough. At the time when Judge LEBŒUF thus expressed his belief in the utter uselessness of the means proposed and subsequently adopted for bringing about the *rapatriement* of the French-Canadian citizens and sojourners in the States, we strongly expressed our concurrence in his opinions. But while thoroughly convinced of the soundness of his predictions, we were hardly prepared for so speedy a realization thereof as has just taken place. Barely three months have elapsed since the convention held its meetings, and Judge LEBŒUF's words have been fulfilled to the letter. At the convention of United States St. Jean Baptiste Societies, just held at New York, it was declared that the United States is a better country than Canada for French-Canadians to live in. So strong was the sense of the meeting in favour of this opinion, that a resolution looking merely to the union of American and Canadian societies was rejected. This is a stunning blow to the hopes that promised so well in June last, and we fear that in many quarters it has been an unexpected one. The reception that met Judge LEBŒUF's outspoken words betokened a far too great confidence in speedy success—a confidence in which it was impossible for outsiders to share, and the vanity of which was amply proven by the empty measures to which the convention confined itself. The question of French Canadian repatriation has received its quietus. It was a laudable and a patriotic scheme, but the egotism and blindness of some of those who had it in hand shook its chances of success at the outset, and the childish helplessness that was displayed by the majority throughout the deliberations, the want of *vim* and independence which trusted to "a paternal Government" for setting things to rights, proved its final ruin. The result of the deliberations of the New York Convention is deeply to be regretted, but in view of the facts it is not to be wondered at. The American societies would not have been true to themselves had they decided otherwise than they have done. What the effect of their decision will be upon the, of late years decreasing, emigration of French Canadians to the States, yet remains to be seen, but we shall be much surprised if it does not cause a considerable exodus among the lower classes of our French brethren.

ATOMICS AND AUTOMATA.

In regard to the introductory address of Prof. TYNDALL before the British Association, at Belfast, two stand-points of criticism should be taken. As a historical sketch of the origin and progress of the materialistic cosmogony, the discourse is full, lucid and eloquent. As an argument drawn from new facts or discoveries, in favour of that theory, the speech is by no means so satisfactory. We are not surprised at the deficiency, for it exists in the very nature of this branch of scientific inquiry. Students in the physical, as in the metaphysical domain, are sternly limited in their search, and there is a point at which they must exchange conclusion for conjecture.

There is absolutely nothing new in the atomic theory propounded by Professor TYNDALL. Any student of the history of philosophy knows all about the molecules and empty spaces of DEMOCRITUS, the fixed and eternal laws attributed to matter by EPICURUS, and LUCRETIUS' sublimely poetic conception of a plurality of worlds. He is also aware that GIORDANO BRUNO anticipated the theory of Evolution, in the sixteenth century. Why Prof. TYNDALL devoted a large portion of his lecture to a summary of the doctrines of these men, we are at a loss to divine, for their rank materialism will not bear examination, and surely he can have no sympathy with them. Following up the interesting phenomena of natural evolution is one thing. Referring them to a final cause is quite another thing. The first process belongs to the naturalist; the second to the metaphysician. Atoms exist. They are plastic and multiform. They produce and are reproduced. But in studying their evolutions we cannot go back and back into that infinite progression which is an absurdity in dialectics. We must at last come to the first atom, the *caussa caussa*. There physics end and metaphysics begin. That first

cause, the *ultima ratio*, belongs essentially to the spiritual. The material can be created only by the immaterial, the finite by the infinite, the imperfect by the perfect. Existing atoms may be everlasting, as EPICURUS states, that is they may never have an end, but they must have originated from a Cause which is eternal, that is which had no beginning. These are elementary ontological truths, indeed, but it is because they are elementary that we are astonished to see how generally they are forgotten, and what a stir the implied negation of them makes in the scientific world. GASSENDI, in the 17th century, recognized them when he formally acknowledged that God in the first place produced a definite number of atoms which constituted the seed of all things. DARWIN and MAXWELL follow the same course when they assert that atoms are the prepared materials, "formed by the skill of the Highest" to produce, by their subsequent interaction, all the phenomena of the material world. With this rational and indispensable basis, the atomic theory and its manifold deductions, under various new names, may be a battle against revelation, but not against reason, and, as such, can well demand that fair field and no favour which Prof. TYNDALL so eloquently claims for them. The Professor himself evidently takes this view, as is clear from his attacks on theologians, both in the way of historical allusion and open defiance. But even here, he should be followed with caution. Theology does not rest wholly for its conclusions on revealed truths or the interpretation of Scriptures. It ought and does rest mainly on reason and irrefragable ratiocination. Philosophy is the hand-maid of theology, and its noblest flights of analysis or synthesis are those which are applied to the elucidation of dogmas and mysteries. It follows, therefore, that the physicist or the naturalist must not blindly array himself against theology, as such, whenever it applies its lens to the examination of new scientific discoveries. Give both sides a fair chance. Surely if DARWIN and TYNDALL consider themselves competent to discuss theology, TORGIORI and MORENO may prove themselves able to investigate the natural sciences.

Prof. HUXLEY, in his address before the Association, is fairer and more discriminate than his colleague. In treating the delicate and interesting Cartesian question—whether animals are automata—he calls philosophy "the mother of all sciences," and admits that there are problems which cannot be solved by physical science, as such, but must come within the scope of philosophic decision. All he asks is that logical consequences, whatever they are, should be honestly accepted. Every conscientious, unbigoted student will agree with him there, because, as he ably states, logical consequences, while they are the scarecrows of fools, are the beacons of wise men. Following these principles, the Professor has discussed the question of animal automata in a manner quite satisfactory to the searcher after truth.

The untrammelled liberty of scientific inquiry which both TYNDALL and HUXLEY contend for should and must be granted. The *odium theologicum* is not quenched, but it is gradually melting into something like forbearance. The fires which burned around the marauded BRUNO, at Venice, are dead forever. Religion, properly understood, has nothing to fear from science. Every discovery in the ether above, in the rocks beneath, in the living organisms on the earth; every new fact connected with the smallest beast, bird, insect, fish, leaf, flower and shell adds not only substantial strength and logical completeness, but also authentic fulness and moral beauty to the argument which religion has built up in honour of the great First Cause.

It seems to be no uncommon practice, judging from the revelations of the last few controverted election cases, for Parliamentary candidates and canvassers who are members of Good Templar lodges, to resort to the time-honoured practice of supplying voters with intoxicating liquors. We have always been under the impression that persons joining such societies invariably pledged themselves not only to abstain personally from fermented and spirituous beverages, but also that they undertook to do all in their power to further the cause of temperance. It was therefore with no little astonishment that we read of two prominent teetotallers violating, if not the ordinance, at least the spirit of the societies to which they belong, by lavishly spending money in treating electors. The custom is of itself an objectionable one, as being the immediate cause of nearly all election riots and disturbances. But when it is indulged in by those who have publicly set their faces against the sale of liquor it becomes doubly disgraceful. We are not informed what action will be taken by the lodges with which the gentlemen implicated in the cases alluded to are connected. But we trust that speedy steps will be taken to efface the stain that has

been placed on their record. An incalculable injury has undoubtedly been done to the temperance cause, and one which its enemies will not be slow to convert into a powerful weapon.

The controversy about the authorship of Shakspeare's plays is a chronic malady. It breaks out every now and again, in the dearth of more exciting subjects. This time the author is said to be Lord Bacon. Even that theory is not new. It was broached seven or eight years ago by Judge Holmes, formerly of Missouri and now professor of Law in Harvard University. As usual, nothing is proved, for the simple reason that there are no data whereon to base any proof. Meantime the very doubt is shorn of interest. Whether the Rhapsodies were written by Homer or some other bard; whether the songs of Ossian were composed by the old scald himself or by Macpherson, is less a matter of importance than that we have the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the Odes of Morven for ever. Whether Shakspeare only played what Verulam sang—if Verulam, indeed, could sing aught that Shakspeare would stoop to play—is as nothing to the fact that the "Tempest" will always murmur its sea song through our lives, that Falstaff will delight us with his philosophy in hours of gloom, and that the eternal loves of Romeo and Juliet will throw a morning light of glory on the moral sunsets of the world.

The poor unfortunate South has at present another of its periodical volcanic eruptions. Trouble is rife between the Whites and Blacks. The long predicted war of races is said to be coming on. Carpet-bagger have given the cry of alarm and President Grant has been prevailed upon to interfere with armed force. As usual, it is almost impossible for outsiders to get at the true facts of the situation. Southern accounts either do not reach us at all, or we read them only in garbled shape. The reports from Northern sources are exaggerated for the purposes of sensation or to further personal ends. But whatever the real circumstances may be and whoever may be to blame, the lamentable fact remains that the South is to be put under stricter military surveillance than ever. The cases of Louisiana, Arkansas and Mississippi are not sad enough. South Carolina, which is ruled through all its departments by negroes, must needs submit to the further incubus of military interference. The chasm of the war is not bridged yet, spite of Greeley's exertions.

Mr. WALKER has been made a member of the Royal Geographical Society. This distinction is usually conferred upon gentlemen who have contributed to the spread of geographical knowledge by explorations, discoveries of unknown localities, etc. In view of the prevailing ignorance among English people of matters relating to Canada, and especially of Canadian geography and history, we may be pardoned the question: Did Mr. WALKER receive the honour of membership of the R. G. S. as the discoverer of British Columbia, or merely as a gentleman who has spent many years in perfect safety in an almost unknown and totally uncivilised country? A propos of unknown countries might the Geographical Society advantageously drop for a while the heart of Africa, the Fortunate Isles, the Land of Cockaigne, and other interesting but equally unimportant places, and devote itself to spreading information at home respecting the colonies? We are convinced that the majority of educated people in England are far better acquainted with the topography of the source of the Nile than with that of the origin of the St. Lawrence.

The opening of two magnificent opera houses within one week speaks volumes for the progressive spirit of the people of Toronto. They understand the proper uses of the drama. By providing suitable premises for its reception, they ensure its elevation, at the same time that they draw to their city the best artistic talent to be found on the continent. In Montreal, the reverse is the condition of things. We have here only one theatre, of ungainly exterior and situate in a dark narrow street. Fashionable people will not go to it. Religious people refuse to be seen in the locality. Actors and actresses of the first class will not play there, because their services cannot be required. These facts are positively injurious to the æsthetic standing of the commercial metropolis.

The Crystal Palace quarrel in this city is one of the grimmest jokes of the day. The Government interference with axes was bad enough, but the continued guard of the water police there, with Spencer rifles slung over their shoulders, is worthy of a comic opera scene. People try hard to get angry over it, muttering fears of communistic outrage, but the absurdity of the situation surmounts everything, and jokes thereof are the order of the day.

PRESENTATION TO THE HON.  
PETER MITCHELL.

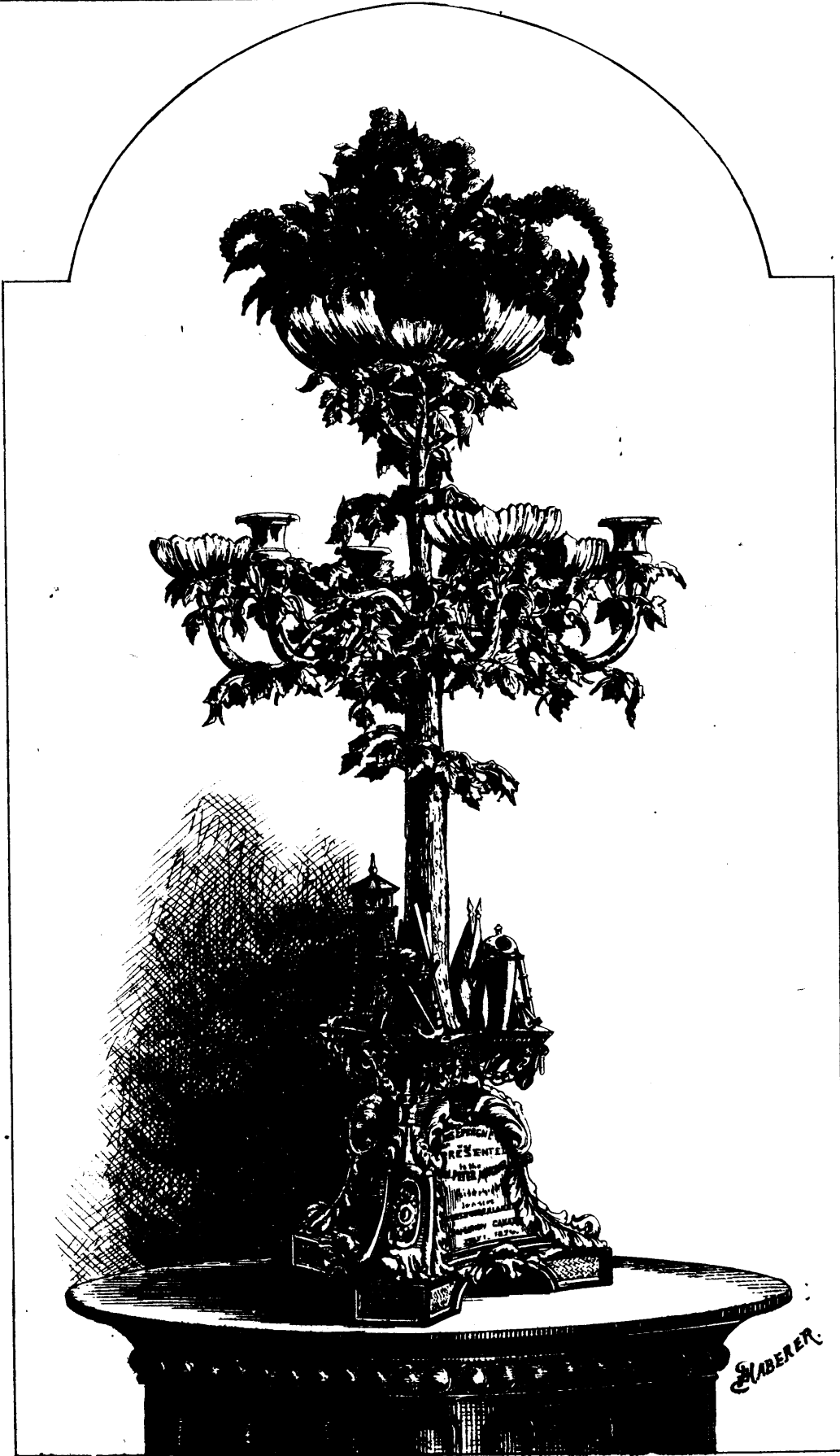
On the 4th inst., the people of Northumberland, N. B., presented their political chief, the Hon. Peter Mitchell, with a magnificent epergne, watch, chain, and seal, in recognition of his long services in behalf of his native county and province. The presentation took place in Temperance Hall, Newcastle, Miramichi. The hall was crowded with ladies and the leading men from different parts of the constituency. The brass band of the 73rd Battalion was present, and discoursed music during the evening. The chair was occupied by Alex. Morrison, Esq., who, in making the presentation, referred to the great services of Mr. Mitchell in behalf of his county, his high political career, the esteem and affection in which he was held by his many friends, and the unbounded confidence which his constituents would always have in him. After reading a formal reply, the ex-Minister delivered a spirited speech of half an hour's length, during which he was frequently interrupted by loud cheers and applause. The watch, chain, and seal were manufactured by Dent, of London, and the epergne by B. Hendery, of Montreal. A short description of the epergne will convey an idea of its handsome appearance, artistic workmanship, and costly price. Its base is triangular; on one side is a raised model of the Hon. Peter Mitchell, surmounted by his coat-of-arms; on another is the following inscription, surmounted by the Dominion coat-of-arms:—

"This epergne, with gold watch, chain, and seal, was presented to the Hon. Peter Mitchell, late Minister of Marine and Fisheries by his political friends in Miramichi, N. B., as a slight recognition of his zealous and untiring efforts to promote the interests of Northumberland (his native county) and the Province at large, for a period of over twenty years; more especially in his public capacity as a representative in the Parliaments and Cabinets of New Brunswick and the Dominion of Canada.

"Miramichi, N. B., July 1, 1874."

On the third side is an engraving of the town of Newcastle, showing the harbour, shipping, and particularly the last vessel (the 32nd) built by Mr. Mitchell, surmounted by the coat-of-arms of the Province of New Brunswick. The triangle is festooned above by a cable chain and a wreath of maple leaves. On a platform above this is a lighthouse, complete in everything, and beautifully fitted with reflectors, a compass, rudder, fender, boat-hooks, oars, anchor, sail, block, tackle, &c. On the third corner of the pedestal is a stand with compass inside, quadrant, chart, telescope, and British and Dominion flags.

On the pedestal is placed a maple tree, from which branch out the stands of the crystal dishes, and handsome candlesticks. The whole is surmounted by a large crystal



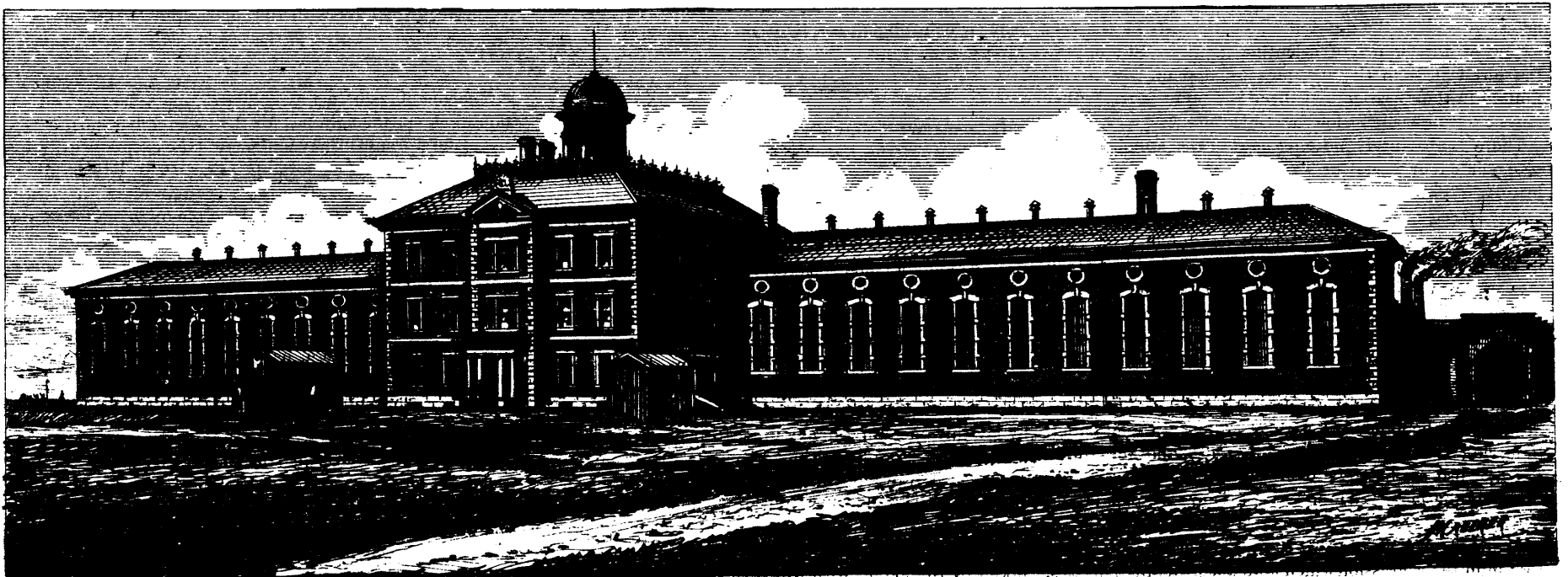
EPERGNE PRESENTED TO THE HON. PETER MITCHELL BY THE PEOPLE OF  
NORTHUMBERLAND CO., N. B.

dish. The cost of the presentation will be about \$3,000.

A word of praise is due Mr. Hendery for the workmanship displayed on the epergne. It is too common a custom to order articles for presentation from England when their cost exceeds a couple of hundred dollars. Mr. Hendery has shown that quite as good workmanship can be had in this country, and the committee of presentation made a wise choice when they entrusted to him the task of making the epergne.

A SITTING OF THE FRENCH  
ASSEMBLY.

A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, speaking of recent disorderly scenes in the French Assembly, gives some reminiscences of still more riotous proceedings in the Assemblies of 1848 and 1849. He says: "On one occasion Prince Pierre Bonaparte rushed up to the hemicycle under the galleries and loosed an antagonist's ears; on another occasion Count Keranflech, a Breton member, emptied his glass of sugared water into the face of a deputy of the Left, who had come under the tribune to shake his fist at him; and on a third occasion MM. Victor Hugo and Baroche had a bout of Billingsgate which was only stopped by the disputants being forcibly hustled out of the Chamber by their friends through opposite doors. But the most memorable affray occurred one afternoon during the debate on the conscription bill, while the Marquis de Querhoent, another Breton, was speaking on the conservative side. 'Don't talk like an old woman,' suddenly shouted M. Doure, member for the Rhone. 'Who is the imbecile who said that?' retorted the noble marquis, stopping short. Whereat half a dozen of M. Doure's friends roared together, 'We all say it: it's you who are an imbecile!' This brought the whole Assembly to their legs, and M. Dupin's bell began to peal away like that of a ship in a fog. But there was no checking the riot. Scores of members on both sides had clambered over their desks and invaded the floor of the house, exchanging invectives; and above the din resounded the voice of a maddened royalist, who yelled, 'If any one would give me a pistol, I would fire it into that pack of wild beasts!' 'Wild beast yourself! and I call you to order,' sang out M. Dupin, beside himself. But this only increased the tumult, for the whole Right, turning on the President like one man, vociferated, 'Vous nous insultez! Il nous faut des excuses!' M. Dupin saw it was time to suspend the sitting, and groped about for his hat, but as he lived in the building of the Assembly, and had only a few passages to cross to reach the chamber, he usually came bare-headed, and the hat which he used to quench parliamentary fires was a dusty old 'property' which lay under the desk. From some cause, however, as yet unexplained, the



TORONTO.—THE NEW CENTRAL PRISON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN AND FRASER, TORONTO.

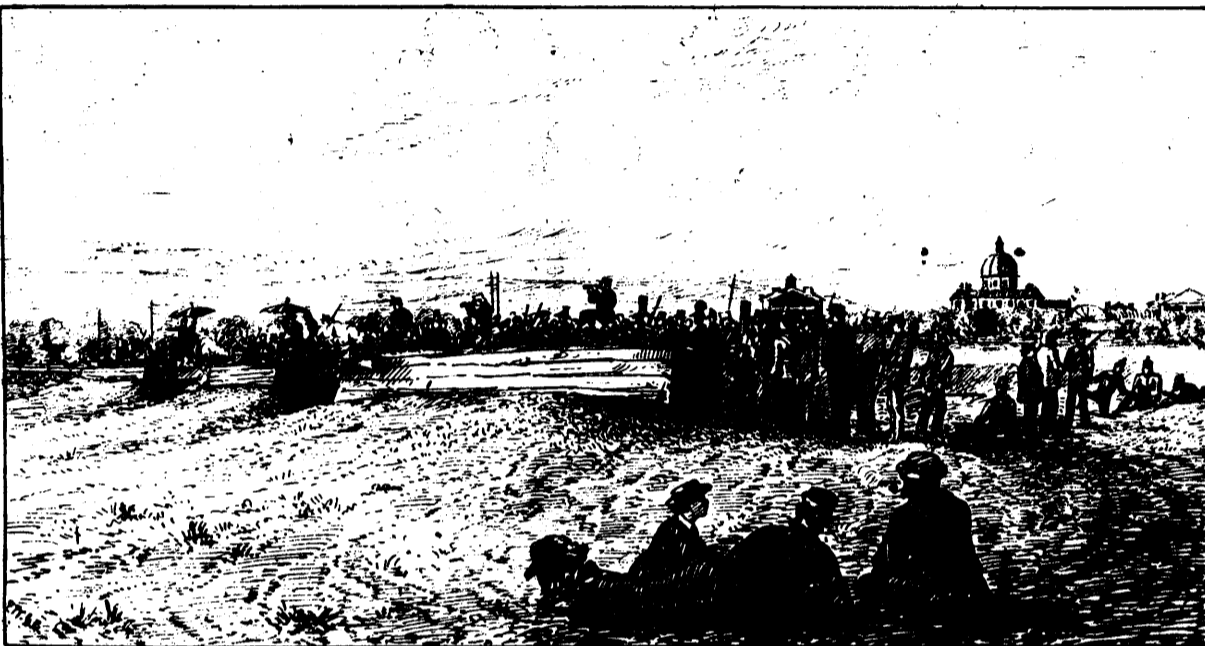


TORONTO.—THE ONTARIO RIFLE ASSOCIATION MATCH.—THE ALL-COMERS' MATCH :  
VIEW SHOWING THE OLD FORT.—By P. W. CANNING.

emblem of peace was not to be found this time, and the President, bawling distractedly, 'Lend me a hat, some one!' a wild scene of conflict ensued. The Right, wishing to force M. Dupin to apologise, rushed to both staircases of the platform to prevent any member from handing the President a hat; the members of the Left, who wished the sitting to be suspended, tried to carry the staircases by storm. At last an imaginative Republican, putting a bundle of papers inside his head-dress to give it weight, flung it at the President's feet; and M. Dupin, catching it up, planted it triumphantly on his head, and declared the sitting suspended, adding, with intense feeling, and loud enough to be heard of the reporters, 'Ah! tas d'animaux!'

A SERVANT OF THE SECOND EMPIRE.

To a more enlightened generation it will appear marvellous that a book like the "Memoirs of Griscelli" should have found readers to take its contents for serious in the most sceptical of cities. The volume purports to be written by a gentleman calling himself an employé of Napoleon III. He began life as a shepherd in his native Corsica, where he married early and soon tired of his wife. The simplest course under the circumstances appeared to be to leave her, and accordingly Griscelli enlisted. His regiment shortly after embarked for France, though not before he had time to fight a duel in connection with a vendetta. He soon acquired the reputation of a fire-eater, and at Lyons was challenged by seven soldiers in succession belonging to another regiment. He killed three of them, and drank a glass of wine preparatory to dealing with the fourth, when his officers declared that he had done all that



TORONTO.—THE ONTARIO RIFLE ASSOCIATION MATCH.—THE ALL-COMERS' MATCH :  
VIEW SHOWING THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.—By P. W. CANNING.



TORONTO—YACHT RACE FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES' CUP: VIEW FROM THE GARRISON COMMON  
—By P. W. CANNING.

the honour of the regiment required. They then patted him on the back, and the Colonel presented him with one hundred francs. The daughter of a neighbouring innkeeper also gave him many tokens of her regard. Indeed, on the return of the young lady's brother from foreign parts M. Griscelli found it expedient to take an abrupt leave of Lyons and his regiment together. The latter step necessitated concealment, and for the next few years M. Griscelli's movements are shrouded in obscurity. He tried to earn a living by writing for the press, but a literary career was hardly suited to his tastes. In 1848 a great piece of good fortune befell him. A Corsican became the chief of the State, and from all parts of the island Corsicans hastened to congratulate their illustrious compatriot, and to tender their services. Griscelli soon rose to be the personal attendant of the President. For nine years he served his master with dog like fidelity. In fact, the only occasion on which he appears to have left his post was when he was called to London on important business. About that time the English papers were full of a mysterious murder committed in the neighbourhood of Leicester square. No trace could be discovered of the assassin. The Emperor had just read a leader in the Times on the subject, when he looked out of a window of the Tuilleries and beheld his faithful servant pacing up and down the gravel path below. He beckoned with his hand, and the next minute Griscelli stood in the Imperial presence. "Were you in London last Friday?" "Yes, sire." "I thought so," said the Emperor, with a frown, and turned his back on his retainer.

The nature of the services rendered by M. Griscelli to the Empire may best be described by an example. He had retired to rest one night when he was roused by an elderly personage decorated with the Legion of Honour, who begged him to hasten

at once to the abode of M. Pietri. As soon as he arrived there the Prefect of Police put a telegram into his hands. It stated that one Sanguinetti would land next morning at Calais charged with a mission to assassinate the Emperor. With the telegram M. Griscelli received a thousand francs and an assurance that a special train was ready for him. At Calais he was met by the Prefect of the Department, who cordially shook hands with him and invited him into the refreshment room, where they took coffee together. In another hour the luckless Sanguinetti made his appearance, looking very sea-sick. Was he at once arrested on suspicion? They manage these things better in France. He was simply dogged. A few days later the Emperor and Empress started for Bordeaux; Sanguinetti followed by the next train, in which M. Griscelli also took a place. He had just perused his final instructions, which concluded with an intimation that it was time to act ("If faut agir"). A few days later a corpse was found on the banks of the Garonne.

While the Emperor and Empress were on a visit to Osborne, Griscelli pretends that Lord Palmerston, greatly struck by his sagacity and devotion, called him into his room, had a long chat with him, and gave him £60. One observation only has he preserved of "the diplomatist of Albion." "Excellency," inquired Griscelli, "how long will Victor Emmanuel remain on the throne?" "As long as he has money" replied Palmerston. In 1859 the Emperor was compelled to dispense with the services of M. Griscelli, nor did he again offer him employment or reward. Hence the publication of these memoirs, in which all that could be imagined by the author of a novel in a "penny dreadful" is related of Napoleon, of his consort, and of his Ministers. As a specimen of the style and inventive genius of the writer one might quote with advantage his history of the relations of Mrs. Howard to the Second Empire, including the rise and decline of her influence. On the marriage of the Emperor, Mrs. Howard was created Countess of Beauregard, and recommended to try the genial climate of Italy for the sake of her health. For several years she kept away from Paris, but in an evil hour returned. Next morning, according to Griscelli, the Countess was found dead in her bed. What is certain, from the documents published after the 4th of September, is that Mrs. Howard received altogether £200,000 from her Imperial benefactor. A young Spaniard, having at a State ball danced twice with a certain great lady, received a visit from M. Griscelli before retiring to rest. His visitor bore a pistol and a brief message. The hidalgo bowed with Castilian gravity and blew out his brains, as requested. From the service of Napoleon III., M. Griscelli passed into the service of Victor Emmanuel. He was much impressed with the ability of Count Cavour, whose manner, in one important respect, contrasted favourably with that of the French monarch. The latter, in giving his employé a commission, was in the habit of asking, "Are you armed?" while Cavour always preface his speech by the question, "Do you want money?" There are but two gleams of moral sense in the book. This is one of them. After the death of Cavour, M. Griscelli passed over to the Legitimist side in politics. In 1866 he was em-



ployed as a spy at Florence by the Austrian Government, and he claims to have furnished intelligence of so important a character as to have led in a great measure to the victory of the Archduke Albert at Custozza. We also find him employed in raising a loan of £80,000 for Francis II. of Naples on a mortgage of the Farnese Palace, the mortgagee being that Mr. Holloway to whom the world owes so deep a debt of gratitude. The ex-King conferred on M. Griscelli the title of Baron de Rimini, of which he is justly proud. At other times we find him dining with the Emperor Francis Joseph, and entertaining his Majesty with his adventures, or playing cards with three serene German highness, or transmitting funds from England for the Polish insurrection, or writing pamphlets under the direction of Cardinal Wiseman in defence of the temporal power.

### THE FLANEUR.

The cry of alarm has been sounded. There is Communism in our midst. The doors of a Palace have been battered with axes. It will be the turn of citizens' dwellings next, after which victims and hostages, like the late Archbishop of Paris. Really it is only too true that those Rages of ours have all along been Red Republicans in disguise.

Axes to grind. Apply to V. P. W. Dorion, Advocate.

It has leaked out in the different contested election trials which have just taken place, that money was freely given out to married women for their husbands' votes. Fishy indeed. This smells of corruption in more senses than one.

The water police of this city have abundance of good qualities, but it was not known before that they were so skilled in handling the axe.

An untranslatable story:—

Cardinal de Polignac lived in high state in the south of France. He was particularly fond of the table, as most Frenchmen are, and his was of the best. One Friday when he was enjoying all the luxuries of the season at dinner, a young tutor who was employed in the family, could not help expressing his wonder at all the marvels, outside of flesh-meats, which were spread out before him.

"My son," said the Cardinal, "the Church has enjoined for Fridays *un diner maigre*, but not *un maigre diner*."

What is the good of hunting comets in the heavens? Tyndall assures us that out of a few ounces of iodide of allyl vapour, an actinic cloud of the magnitude and luminousness of Donati's comet can be manufactured.

Maud has a big doll dressed in the height of fashion. Night comes on and she disrobes it. That done she begins to pull at its hair.

"What are you doing?" asks the mother.

"I want to take doll's hair off."

"Let her sleep with it."

"Oh, no. Little girls like me sleep with their hair, but fine ladies like doll always take theirs off."

Norris, the unseated member for Lincoln, had a separate account for election expenses in his cash book, which was labelled "Missionary Fund."

A telegraph correspondent up West is determined to be thorough in his information, and ahead of time. He states that Bishop McLean, of Red River, has just arrived from Europe, but will return thither in three or four years.

Bishop Cheney, who had the impertinence (!) to deliver a proselytizing lecture in this city some days ago, is politely told by a leading journalist that he had better mind his own business. Might not the good Bishop quote Scripture to that editor and say:—"Go thou and do likewise?"

"Come along, John, we have got lots of money," as Maddiver wrote to Belwitt."

"Canada First" has gone against the Reciprocity Treaty.

A thoroughly French idea:—

A young man of agreeable presence and desirous of getting married, would like to make the acquaintance of an aged and experienced gentleman who could dissuade him from taking the fatal step.

Bazaine did at Saint Marguerite what he was unable to do at Metz—he made a successful sortie.

An old gentleman went into the office of one of the papers in St. John, N. B., the other day, and presenting a slip cut from a London paper announcing the death of a person well known in St. John, asked to have it inserted, "as there are a great many friends of his who would like to hear of his death."

They say that Bazaine's Mexican mother-in-law is going to live with him. She will have to be mighty good and holy, for the teaty old Marshal could not put up with Saint Marguerite.

What are we coming to in Montreal when the chief of water police is arrested by the High Constable?

ALMAVIVA.

### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

#### CENTRAL PRISON, TORONTO.

A view of the new Central Prison, Toronto, a handsome and spacious building that contrasts strangely in appearance with the old gaol on the bank of the River Don, is the subject of an illustration produced from an excellent photograph by Messrs. Notman and Fraser, of Toronto.

#### THE ONTARIO RIFLE ASSOCIATION MATCH,

which opened at Toronto on the 1st inst., is also illustrated by our Ontario corresponding artist.

#### YACHT RACE FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CUP.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club Regatta for 1874 opened on the first at Toronto with the yacht race for the Prince of Wales's cup. The signal gun was fired at seventeen minutes after eleven o'clock, and the yachts passed the line in the following order: "The Lady Stanley," 11:20; "Coral," 11:23; "Brunette," 11:24; "Rivet," 11:22; "Oriole," 11:25; "Geraldine," 11:21; "Ripple," 11:21, and the "Gorilla," 11:23. At the first buoy the "Ripple" and "Rivet" were convinced that it was useless for them to pursue the race any further, and consequently returned to their moorings. The "Lady Stanley" kept the lead until she reached the second buoy, where the bowsprit unfortunately broke away and compelled her to return. On the second time round the "Oriole" was leading, and after a quiet and steady race the yachts came in in the following order: "Oriole," 4:01 p. m.; "Brunette," 4:34 p. m.; "Coral," 4:38 p. m., and "Geraldine," 4:41 p. m. Our sketch shows the scene as viewed from the Garrison Common.

#### "IN A STRANGE LAND"

is the title of our double-page illustration, after a painting by a German artist, which has excited much admiration wherever it has been exhibited.

#### WATER-POWER ON THE MAGOG.

On the 3rd inst. a number of merchants and manufacturers visited the Magog River at the invitation of Mr. Knight, a large proprietor in the neighbourhood, to inspect the water privileges owned by him at the outlet of Lake Memphremagog. The buildings at this spot consist of two saw-mills, one grist-mill with three run of stones, two lathe machines, two shingle machines, one planing-mill, one clapboard machine, and one door and sash factory. All of these are in working order. The water-power employed upon them, however, is but a part of that which belongs to the property, which extends down the stream for a distance of nearly three miles. In three-quarters of a mile of this distance the fall is thirty-five feet. It appears from calculations made by Mr. Francis, the eminent hydraulic engineer of Lowell, Mass., that the average flow of the Magog River, deduced from the water-shed, is 816 cubic feet per second. But the flow will be much above the average in spring, and below during the dry seasons. The variations are, however, less than on ordinary streams, on account of the equalizing effect of the lake; and if the dam could be raised nearly to the usual level of the lake this equalizing effect would be far greater. His present opinion is, that it would be safe to take it one half the usual flow, or at 408 cubic feet per second. He goes on to say that most manufacturing establishments are run only during the daytime, the flow of water during the night can be retained, enabling a quantity equal to double or more of the uniform flow to be used during the working hours. Raising the present dam permanently would probably be objected to by some of the shore owners on the lake, but the main advantage of raising it could be obtained without affecting them, by means of flash-boards put on top of the dam during the dry season, to be removed during the high water. With this arrangement the night flow could be retained, and double the uniform flow, or say 16 cubic feet per second, be used during the working hours. The entire fall from the usual level of the lake to the foot of the rapids is about 35 feet. As to the precise fall that can be made use of below the existing mills he is not informed, but has no doubt that fifteen feet at least can be economically used by means of another dam. At the present dam the fall used on the north side is about eight feet on the average, the power during the dry season, with good arrangements, being 246 horse-power, night and day, or double during the day-time only, the night flow being retained. At a fall of fifteen feet at a new dam below the present dam, the power would 462 horse-power, night and day, or double if used during the day only, which would drive 50,000 cotton spindles with all the accompanying machinery, or about 100 sets of woollen machinery. The advantages of this power are, obviously, freedom from ice and great floods, and the purity of the water. Ice, in most water-powers, is a serious drawback. In some the difficulties arising from it unfit them for regular operations. Here interruption from ice is almost unknown. This is a rare advantage in this latitude, and adds largely to the value. Floods are often the cause of loss to mill property, and on most rivers the works required to guard against their disastrous effects are expensive, and not always effectual. The great area of the lake effectually prevents disastrous floods here, and of course prevents the necessity of expensive works to guard against their effects. The purity of the water, of course, does not affect the amount of power, but it obviously fits the locality in a high degree for manufactures requiring uniformly pure water. Apart from the inability to retain the night flow, which can be remedied, the only disadvantage that occurs to Mr. Francis is the distance from railroad communication, which will probably be remedied at no distant day, inasmuch as a road of nine miles to the Passumpic Road would put the place in connection with Boston at a distance of 279 miles, and one of ten miles with the Stanstead and Chambly Railway, and so with Montreal at a distance of 87 miles. Mr. Henry Sandham, who accompanied the visitors, has furnished us with several sketches illustrative of the excursion.

#### THE GERMAN GESANGFEST.

A scene in the Pavilion at Waterloo, Ontario, when the indoor programme of the German Gesangfest took place, completes the list of this week's illustrations.

### OFFICERS OF THE GRAND ORANGE LODGE OF B. A.

The following biographies have been received since the issue of our last number:—

D'ARCY BOULTON, Esq., Q. C., M. P. P.

Senior Deputy Grand Master.

M. D'Arcy Boulton joined the Orange Order in 1854, and two years after his initiation was elected County Master of North Simcoe. This office he held for fifteen years, until the time of his leaving the county. In 1860 he became Senior Deputy Grand Master of British America, and in 1872 Grand Master of Western Ontario. In the following year he was sent to Scotland as delegate from the Province to the Grand Orange Council of the British Empire, of which he was chosen President for the three ensuing years, this being the first occasion upon which such an honour was awarded to a Canadian. During this trip Mr. Boulton was made an "Apprentice Boy" at Derry. Mr. Boulton is also Grand Master of the Royal Black Knights of Ireland (a higher branch of Orangism) in Western Canada, and a Deputy Grand Master of the Parent Black Order in Ireland.

JAMES BOYD DAVIS, Esq.,

Grand Lecturer.

James B. Davis was born in the county of Cavan, Ireland, where he joined the Orange institution in the year 1846. He received all the degrees of the Orange as well as those of the "Black" prior to his emigration to this country in the year 1847. In the following year he joined the Virgin Lodge 328, of which he was subsequently Master for many years. He has long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best authorities on the lectures, signs, symbols, &c., of the Order. Being casually present at the meeting of the Supreme Grand Lodge in Montreal in 1872, he was unanimously chosen Grand Lecturer, purely on the ground of his universally acknowledged fitness for the position. Mr. Davis is a barrister, and resides in Toronto. He is a younger brother of the late George Davis, Warden of the County of Simcoe.

### MATRIMONIAL THORNS.

Prentice Mulford says, in one of his London letters to the *San Francisco Bulletin*: "Young man and young woman! you think that the divine intoxication of courtship is to last forever. You think it is always going to be an ecstatic pleasure to trudge a mile through mud and rain to buy Seraphine Ann a paper of pins. But this state of things can't last. It's too high pressure. It must cool down. When you are married, and she is yours and you are hers, and the novelty of the affair is over, and you are fairly settled down into 'old married folks,' then comes the test. Then, if you have been a crabbed old bachelor, full of little whims, habits, and peculiarities as is the fretful porcupine of quills, then will come the tug of war. Don't you recollect how, when single, and you came home after some tedious business, heated, tired, irritable, and disgusted with the world, and got alone in your room, that you used to fling books and blacking-brushes about, and swear and thrash around for an hour or two before you simmered down into comparative calmness? Well, matrimony won't cure this—at least at first. But you musn't cut up so now. Even a temporary raving maniac is not a proper or a pleasant person for any young woman to be shut up alone with. And if, on entering, she sees trouble written on your face, and asks you 'What's the matter?' and you reply, 'Oh, nothing,' because you don't want to be spoken to, and, above all things, it annoys and irritates you to be so interrogated; and still she persists in asking 'What's the matter?' and still you try to say, 'Oh, nothing,' as mildly as you can, only it won't be said mildly, and it comes off your tongue as a pistol-shot, and you would just then like to bite somebody's head off—oh, won't you at such a time wonder where the amiability, the oil, the sugar, the honey, the sunshine of courtship has all gone to? And how will you feel, you who have been accustomed to go in and out of your vile bachelor's den without inquiry or hindrance? How will you feel as you start to go out for the purpose of getting a drink around the corner, to hear her say, 'Where are you going?' and this a dozen times a day, and every time it is asked you must stand and rack your brains for a new lie. And those girls on the opposite side of the street who are always at the window, and with whom, before marriage, you carried on a sort of optical flirtation, which, to be sure, went no further than the eyes—how do you feel now as you catch yourself still looking into those windows and find your wife regarding you in a peculiar manner, and you know that she knows that you know how she knows all about your goings on at those windows!"

The experiment of a Chinese-American newspaper has been attempted in San Francisco, and it is entitled the *China News*. It is printed in the *Pan-wan-pan-sou*, a written language of the Chinese, and, according to a contemporary of that city, is as "prolix almost as the colloquial and as delightfully flexible." It is composed of four pages, measuring eighteen by twenty-four inches each. The first page is devoted to an elaborate article on commercial matters, and the second page is given over to the editorial department, advertisements, and the usual apologetic remarks. The editorials are addressed to the Chinese people resident in this country, and dwell upon the necessity for a celestial organ in a country where Caucasian newspapers are abundant and sometimes influential. The feature of the editorial page is a review of the inevitable Beecher-Tilton scandal. The *News* regrets that in this enlightened age the high priest of a country in such close proximity to China should become the subject of evil report. The editor deduces a moral from the scandal, and in a paragraph replete with apposite expressions warns his readers not to go back on their ancestors. The third and fourth pages are devoted to their China news. The price of the paper is ten cents.

FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.

The Spiritualists of London, Eng., have set about the organization of a movement having for its avowed object the controlling of certain annoyances alleged to be received at the hands of what are designed as evil spirits. Does this mean a Temperance Crusade? Or is it merely an Anti-Liquor-Adulteration League?

They call it a 'self-feeder' in St. John, N. B. A breech-loader.

Guelph has been in a ferment over a green flag that a citizen exhibited during the visit of the Governor General. The offender lay under the suspicion of Fenianism until he explained that he had borrowed the article from one of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Societies of Toronto and hung it out in honour of the nationality of the Governor. Now, we presume, some officious individual will come out in denunciation of the Toronto I. P. B. S. for sporting false colours.

A gross case of insubordination is reported from England. At the trial of the "Enchantress" the sea behaved so badly that the Lords of the Admiralty, with one exception, were violently sea-sick. "Britannia rules the waves" — no more.

The managers of the street car railway in Halifax actually thank newspaper-correspondents who venture to make suggestions for the better safety and comfort of passengers. Halifax has its peculiarities, and this is one of them.

Idle people in England who are unable to find congenial amusement divert themselves by sending perplexing conundrums to the editors of fashion papers. Here is a sample: — "I want to find the name of a child's book, the hero of which was a boy called Basil. It has pictures, and one is of a lady sitting on a garden seat by this little boy." This is good and refreshing. The picture—everybody knows it, good little boy with his legs dangling in the air from an immensely high seat, listening to the story of King Alfred and the Cakes, with a moral tacked on at the end—will alone be sufficient clue to discovery. There is reason to fear, however, that discoveries will be more numerous than satisfactory. There are so many good little boys who have been petrified, by the artist and engraver, in the act of dangling their legs and listening to the mouldy old story, and its objectionable modern wind-up, "This story teaches us, &c."

Another of this class of anxious enquirers informs the public that she has built a house and is at a loss for a name for it. This is unwarrantable when there exists a recognized, conventional code of nomenclature for use in such cases. By its rule a starting new red brick building, standing on level ground, should be called "Rosebank." A house in a row, with two stunted bushes in front of it, ought to be dignified as "The Shrubbery," and "Ivy Lodge" is regarded as a sweet appellation for a dwelling that has no ivy about it. The system, as will be seen at a glance, is one involving no useless waste of brain-power in mastering its details. It may perhaps be objected that the names suggested are slightly inappropriate to the stately homes, etc., they are destined to adorn. This, however, is a matter of detail, and the objection may be promptly met by the fact that the system is very fashionable in the highest circles.

A correspondent of the *Daily Graphic*—evidently a victim to buttonless shirts and undarned hose—makes a vigorous attack upon the present form of dress for men. Every man, he says, is astonished when first told the number of garments worn by him during the day. These "garments" he makes out as no less than nineteen in number, including cuffs, studs, sleeve-buttons, suspenders, gloves, cane, umbrella, over-shoes, handkerchief and hat. Then he finds fault with the number of pockets that the male human finds necessary, and finally winds up with an appeal in favour of "a modification of the Roman toga with a belt at the waist for ordinary occasions." Why "for ordinary occasions," or what he would substitute for the belt on extraordinary occasions, he does not say. It is strange, too, that he finds it necessary to go as far back as the days of ancient Rome to look for a suitable habiliment. Why not take one, or a modification of one, of the "garments" he mentioned. An umbrella is certainly not a picturesque "garment," but it is useful while it rains; and the cane, though not calculated to keep out the cold, is handy to have by one when attacked by a rowdy. The stud, and often the sleeve-button, is an expensive and useless form of "garment," but it has the compensating advantage of being pretty to look at, and when set with diamonds or other precious stones is apt to attract attention. Should none of these, however, succeed in giving satisfaction, there is yet another form of garment, unenumerated in the list, which is in frequent use in various establishments both in Europe and America, and which the *Graphic* correspondent might do to the contentment and admiration of a large number of condoling friends—the ladies especially. We refer to the straight-jacket.

THROUGH THE PARIS SEWERS.

A party numbering about 60, composed of French, English, and Spaniards, and comprising several ladies, assembled on the Place du Chatelet. The ladies had prepared their scent and salt bottles; some of the gentlemen, too, had provided themselves with bottles of disinfecting vinegar, precautions which were hardly necessary. We descended one by one the narrow spiral staircase of iron that leads to the sewer world, and found ourselves in what may be called a series of vaults lit up by oil lamps. Iron pipes of all dimensions, some hung to the ceiling, others supported on props, ran right and left in all directions. The sewers were running on quietly under the dark arches which surrounded the central station where we were assembled. As soon as the eye got accustomed to the darkness, we discovered that under our feet was a series of railway lines, and looking further, we saw several carriages shunted into a side vault. It was in these that we were destined to make the first part of our journey. The cars hold twelve persons; three in front, three behind, and three on either side in the middle. They are lit up by four lamps with white globes, one at each corner. A beautifully-polished brass-railing runs round at the bottom, to prevent the passengers falling out. The seats are cane-bottomed, and the whole trim of our little train was as clean and inviting as the most fastidious could desire. With customary French politeness, the ladies were placed in the front seats or *coups*, and we were forthwith shunted into the sewer which runs under the Rue de Rivoli. The guard sounded his trumpet, and off we went. The train runs over a sewer about two yards wide, on rails fixed on the curbs of the side walks. Each car is propelled by two men drawing in front, and two men pushing behind. The sewer is not lit up, but the light from our lamps was quite sufficient to distinguish everything. However, it must be confessed, there was not much to see after all, save the black, dirty water below, over which we were riding, and the large iron pipes that ran on either side. The walls of the tunnel, the pipes, and the side-walks were all excessively clean. The names of the streets and the very numbers of the houses by which we were passing are posted up on the walls on enamel plates, exactly in the same way as in the world above. Every house has its little drain, which runs down under a small arch into the bigger one beneath us. The noise of the traffic above was not so audible as might be expected. Of smell there was little or none; the air was more stifling than disagreeable; of course, I do not mean to say that it was pleasant. Under the Place de la Concorde there is a regular station lit up by oil lamps, and provided with rails, and other precautions against falling into the drains. We all descended from the cars, and were led into a far larger sewer, some seven or eight yards wide, where we found several punt-like boats waiting for our service. One by one we walked along the narrow side-walks flanking the sewer-river, occasionally knocking our heads against the huge drainpipes suspended above, and one by one we were handed by our commissioners into the black gondolas. Each boat is lit up with a lamp, and provided with a steersman. The boats being very wet, the administration had been kind enough to cover the seats with clean sacking. When we were all seated, the head commissioner again blew his trumpet and off we were drawn by four men with ropes attached to each barge. The sewer we were now gliding through is lit up with reflecting lamps suspended at certain distances. On glancing at the wall I perceived that we were under the Rue Royale. Here the noise of the traffic above rumbled in and out of the smaller side-drains into ours and created a succession of distant thunder, while the noise of falling waters made some of our party think that a storm was bursting over the capital. On we glided over the lake, which appeared to be nothing more than the dirty water from the streets, and in which pieces of straw and paper shone out in bright contrast. On we glided, looking, at the pipes above, the big top-booted men that were drawing us, and wondering if the people above dreamt that we were down below searching through the very soles of their boots. On we glided, rocking to and fro, and thinking what a horrid thing it would be to be drowned in such a river, until at last we reached the Church of the Madeleine, where our voyage came to an end. We then disembarked, and having given a *pour boire* to our captain and his motley crew, mounted another spiral iron staircase, and found ourselves once more in the land of the living. It is true we had experienced no overpowering smell, we had seen no rats or anything else to offend the sight, and we were just as clean as when we started from the Place du Chatelet, but in spite of these favourable circumstances we were none the less glad to emerge again into sunlight and fresh air.

SELDEN'S TABLE TALK.

A writer in *Temple Bar* says: "By far the largest part of the *ana* of 'Selden's Table Talk' bear on ecclesiastical questions naturally, for they were the topics of the age. But his sayings are strangely unlike what we might expect from such a time. 'Many men look after religion as a butcher does after his knife when he has it all the while in his mouth.' 'When priests come into a family they do as a man who wishes to set fire to a house. He does not put it to a brick wall, but thrusts it into the thatch. So they leave men alone, and work on the women.' 'Enjoy life, and be not melancholy and wish thyself in heaven. If a king should give you the keeping of a castle and grounds, and bid you use them, promising in twenty years' time to make you a privy councillor, do not neglect the castle, refuse the fruits, and sit down, whine, and wish yourself a privy councillor.' 'A great place strangely qualifies. There was one Jack Read, groom of the chamber to the Earl of Kent. On the death of Attorney-General Noy he said: 'Any man can execute his place.' 'How? Could you?' said the Earl. 'Let the King make me attorney,' answered Jack, 'and I would fain see the man who durst tell me there's anything I understand not.' 'The Pope is infallible when he hath the power to be obeyed, like any other prince. To stretch his infallibility further is to do you know not what.' 'There never was a merry world since the fairies left off dancing and the parson left off conjuring.' 'To have no ministers but presbyters is the same as having no officers but constables.' 'Ceremony (good breeding) is like a pennyglass to a rich spirit, without it the spirit were lost.' The following will hardly satisfy modern notions of gallantry: 'A husband,' said Selden, 'should be made to pay for his wife's trinkets. If a man will keep a monkey, he should pay for the glasses it breaks.' The above are illustrations of 'Selden's Table Talk.'

Some of his wittiest parallels will not bear quotation, for very plain speaking was the fashion of the seventeenth century, in the pulpit, in the Senate, in common life. The age was not nice in its analogies, and Selden was no nicer than his times."

LOUIS'S LAKE.

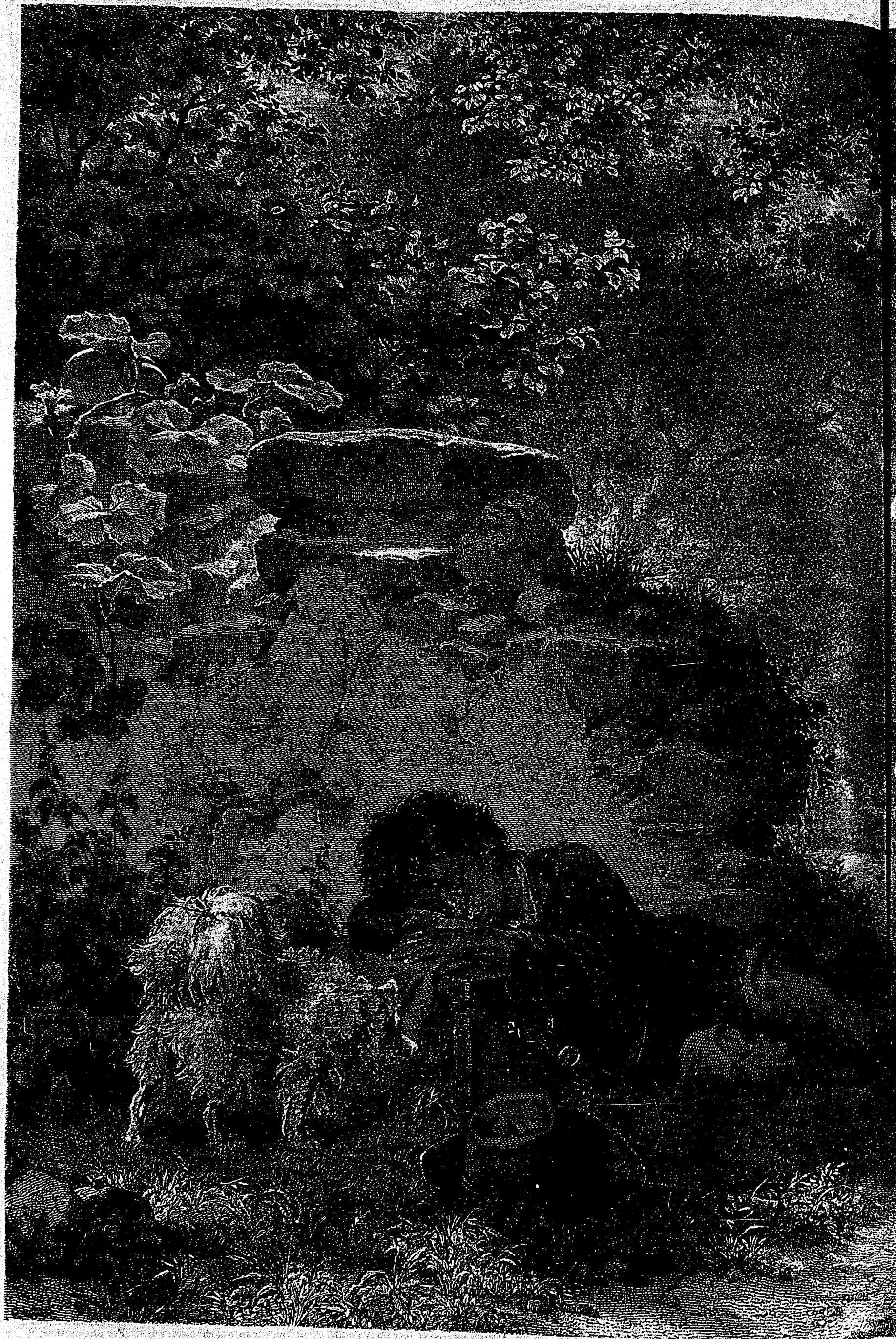
A correspondent, writing of the King of Bavaria, says:—"King Louis has, it is said, entirely lost in these last few years the slenderness of figure and the youthful look which so lately distinguished him. He has become stout, and is now a large, finely proportioned, and handsome man, instead of an elegant, poetic-looking boy. He is said to be in treaty with the royal family of Prussia for the hand of the daughter of Prince Frederick Carl, who is, consequently, grand niece to the Emperor of Germany. He has not yet outgrown his mania for odd and whimsical follies, though he has not equalled, of late years, his notion of having a lake constructed on the roof of the Royal Palace, where, I believe, it still exists, and whereon he meant, in imitation of Lohengrin, to sail in a boat drawn by swans. The architect, when summoned to receive his orders for this watery sky-parlour, declared at first that the thing could not be done. 'But it must be done,' quoth King Louis; and the 'must' of princes being still potential, even in this republican age, the lake was finally constructed. Then a new difficulty arose. The waters of the lake were not a pretty colour. The King wanted them to be blue, after the orthodox fashion of poetic and romantic sheets of water. So the water was drawn off, and the sides and bottom of the tank were painted blue, but still the water refused to show the proper azure tint. Then an infusion of indigo was tried, and the lake looked blue enough in all conscience, but the unhappy swans got dyed the same tint by sailing upon its bosom, and presented a splotchy and streaky appearance, which was anything but romantic. So the modern Lohengrin had the tank filled with pure water, and resigned himself to the idea of a colourless lake. This odd construction was at one time shown to strangers, but a travelling Frenchman once wrote to one of the Parisian papers a highly ludicrous account of it, which narrative, coming to the knowledge of the King, so incensed him that he forbade the guardians of the palace ever to show his cherished lake again to strangers, and so a heartless and unsympathising public is shut out from all prospect of ever again inspecting this marvel."

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

Mr. Wilkie Collins will shortly write a new play for Miss Ada Cavendish. According to a Neapolitan journal, Marie Taglioni, the famous danseuse, is in great distress in London. Madame Adelina Patti is to receive no less a sum than 800*l.* for singing four songs at the forthcoming Liverpool Musical Festival. Bjornstjerne Bjornson has produced two comedies of the present time, and it is expected they will be received with Copenhageners. Among the musical novelties of next season, it is said, will be an oratorio, founded on Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," to be produced at Manchester. Sir Julius Benedict has been visiting the chief music schools of Italy and Germany in order to examine the principles and systems on which they are worked. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who is an accomplished amateur and a composer of operas, has conferred upon Mdme. Nilsson, Rouzeaud and Mr. Arthur Sullivan the Order of the House of Coburg (second class) for art and science. Mlle. Minally, of the opera-bouffe troupe at the Lyceum Theatre, N.Y., is a decidedly pretty woman. She is tall and dark-eyed, with pearly teeth, and a dimple in either cheek that has been declared irresistible. It is said that Charles Eyttinge will appear as *Iago* to McCulloch's "Othello" before the conclusion of the latter's engagement at Booth's Theatre. Kate Field is also to make her *début* at the same theatre on one of the Jefferson off-nights. The *role* of *Bertha* in the "Sphinx," shortly to be produced at the Union Square Theatre, N. Y., forms a decided contrast to that of the heroine, and was embodied by Sarah Bernhardt in Paris. It will be played there by Miss Charlotte Thompson. "Le Tour du Monde en Quatre-vingt Jours" will, it is said, be the most splendid *féerie* ever produced in Paris. In this tour of the world in eighty days every place of note will be visited, and a national *féte*, with *à propos* adventures, will be given. The very ingenious plot of Mr. Daly's new and much-talked-about play, "What Should She Do," lately produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, is taken from Edmond About's novel, "Germaine," a translation of which was published in this country some twelve or fourteen years ago. The book was dramatized in France on its first appearance, and met with great favour, the play having a run of more than a hundred nights. Sundry changes have been introduced into the American version, which do not heighten the plausibility of the Frenchman's clever story. No less a sum than 1,604,000*l.* has been voted by the National Assembly of Versailles for certain lyric and dramatic theatres and other institutions in Paris, the majority of which, time out of mind, have been accustomed to the Government "subvention"—a privilege unknown to this country. The Grand Opera gets 800,000*l.*, with 20,000*l.* additional for its "Caisse des Reprises;" the Théâtre Français, 240,000*l.*; the Opéra Comique, 140,000; the Théâtre Lyrique, 100,000; the Odéon, 60,000*l.* To the Paris Conservatoire and its provincial branches a sum of 220,000 francs is awarded, a fresh subvention of 4,000 francs accruing to the Conservatoire at Dijon. "Much Ado About Nothing" is to be the play in which Miss Neilson is to reappear before American audiences. It will be given at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, October 19. Miss Neilson has not yet been seen in the *role* of *Beatrice*, and, although the charm of her *Julet* is undiminished, many of her admirers will be glad to have her add a fresh and notable personation to her repertoire. She is now in Normandy, and intends to sail for America at the close of the present month. A new leading actor from London has been engaged to support Miss Neilson this season.

One more has been added to the long list of medical triumphs that have been achieved during the last few years. One of the most acutely painful diseases to which man is liable has at last been successfully treated by a harmless and painless application, which produces certain and almost instant relief. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Nervous Headache, and all chronic and nervous disorders there is nothing like the Diamond Rheumatic Cure. The effect of this valuable preparation is little short of miraculous, as has been tested by hosts of reliable witnesses in Canada and the United States.





IN A STRAM





NGE LAND.

## THE LOVE OF AN HOUR.

The fast-fleeting love of an hour  
Leaves a pleasing remembrance behind,—  
Like the breath of a beautiful flower,  
When its perfume doth float on the wind.  
We live in it, even in dreams,  
Through many a long weary year,  
And every thing lovelier seems  
When the love of an hour is near.

We love many times in our life,—  
Light loves that a breath blows away ;  
With pleasure their memories are rife,  
Though they lasted us but for a day.  
We live in the garden of bliss,  
And sip all the sweets from each flower,  
Nor cold grows the oft-stolen kiss,  
While we live in the love of an hour.

S. A.

## ARABESQUES.

## A Canadian Vandal.

A tourist writes : In the model dairy at the Little Trianon there are busts of Marie Antoinette and of two of her friends, and these memorials of the illustrious dead are being gradually covered with pencilled memorials of the rather less illustrious living. On the cheek of Marie Antoinette appears the name of "Tetgaren," and on her neck, "T. S. Norden and family, Cape of Good Hope," and "L. J. Hannen, Montreal, Canada."

## Used To It.

The *Hornet* says : "One of the Englishmen with the Carlists, Captain Ronald Campbell, is a hero, and so the *frances tireurs* regarded him, when, upon being put up (for the third time) to be shot by the Germans, he turned round and said in French : 'I may as well dispose of my effects first, who will give me five francs for this umbrella?' The officer commanding the shooting party started and said : 'That's an Englishman : let him go!' And he went. He was used to going."

## Daring, But Doubtful.

A noted pearl-diver of Atlantic City proposes to test the virtue of a newly-invented life-preserver by being carried from New York in a steamer to a distance of not less than two hundred miles from land, and there left to the mercy of the waves until he shall meet a passing vessel. He will carry with him rations for a week ; also signal-lights and flags, all being stowed away in a rubber bag about two feet square. He is confident of success ; but—

## A Puzzler for the Bishop.

The Bishop of Lincoln, who not long ago expressed an objection to cremation on the ground that burned bodies could derive no benefit from the resurrection, has received the following pertinent inquiry from a London clergyman : "Since you think, my lord, that the practice of incineration militates against the idea of the resurrection of the body, what is your opinion as to the future of those *martyrs* whose bodies have been incinerated?" No answer.

## Scientific Wrangling.

M. Emile Blanchard, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, asserts that Darwin upsets his own system by affirming that natural selection, or the survival of the fittest, does not necessarily imply indefinite progress. Hereupon an English champion of Darwin angrily replies—"M. Blanchard himself is, zoologically considered, very little superior to creatures who live in the internal organs of others, but quite unable to fight a battle of life under their conditions."

## Naughty Royalty.

A correspondent writing from London tells the following story of little Prince Albert Victor, son of the Prince of Wales : He behaved on one occasion somewhat rudely before visitors, and the Queen bade him go under the table, which is, it seems, the royal punishment for such peccadilloes. After a little while, supposed to have been spent in penitence and contrition, he was given permission to come out again, and out he came—in the highest spirits, but without a rag of clothes upon him!

## Too Much Luck.

An instance has happened at Gessenay, near Berne, wherein a man hanged himself from being overwhelmed with good fortune. The man, by immense efforts, succeeded in amassing a considerable sum of money. Not long ago he was informed that a legacy of 25,000 francs had been left him. This piece of fortune gave him the mortal blow. A profound melancholy seized him, and the fear of death from hunger haunted him day and night. To avoid this he stealthily left his house one night, went into a neighbouring forest and hung himself to a pine branch. He left a fortune of 100,000 francs.

## Rare Ben Jonson.

A writer in *Temple Bar* concludes that "rare" Ben Jonson was "a second-rate comic writer, and a third-rate tragic-writer ; quarrelsome, vain, and disparaging of others ; with ten times the classical learning of Shakspeare, he made not half the use of it in anything that has lived. Only a bear with genius. Turn from the general view of his plays to particular passages in his masques and poems, and you will find that Ben Jonson was occasionally one of the most exquisite poets who ever wrote in our or any other language. He has got a reputation infinitely beyond his merits, and that on the wrong grounds."

## Effects of Camphor On Flowers.

Before the beginning of this century, Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton, of Philadelphia, published some experiments in which cut flowers or slips in water, which were about to fade or wither, were revived for a time by putting camphor in the water. He compared its action to that of "spirituous liquors or opium upon animals. Dr. Vogel, of Munich, has been trying these experiments over again, and he finds that camphor does have a remarkable reviving effect upon some plants, although almost none upon others, and that it quickens the germination of seeds.

## A Cow Indeed.

The *New Bedford Mercury* says : "A good story is told of Judge P. of Vermont, well known as a pronounced teetotaler, to illustrate the value of some men's professions. Invited to attend some agricultural festival, the Judge was asked upon his arrival if he would have a glass of milk, and upon responding 'yes,' was proffered a glass of what looked like milk, but was in fact most potent milk punch. Taking a sip at first, the Judge soon returned to the glass and drained it to the bottom, when he returned it to his entertainer, with the exclamation, 'Lord, what a cow!'"

## Poisoned by a Carpet.

A member of the Swedish Medical Society of Stockholm relates the case of a young man who, having manifested symptoms of arsenic poisoning, was sent away to travel. During the following year he enjoyed perfect health, but having at length returned home, he began to suffer shortly after in the same manner as before. Suspicion was now directed to a green carpet upon the floor of his chamber, and an analysis revealed the fact that there was contained in the colouring matter a very considerable quantity of arsenic. The removal of this carpet was followed by an immediate disappearance of all the morbid symptoms.

## Behind The Age.

A pretty little tale is told by the gossips of a scene which happened on the first night of the reproduction of Voltaire's "Zaire" in Paris. In one of the *loges* was seated a member of the Government, with a brother deputy. The pair were much delighted with the tragedy and applauded vociferously. After a time the Minister turned to his companion and asked : "Who is the author of this?" "Don't know," was the reply. "Is he a member of the Institute?" "Don't know." "Is he decorated?" "Can't tell." "Ah," muttered the Minister, "I must see to this. Talent should be rewarded by the Republic of France."

## Seeing Stars.

One of Marshal Suvaroff's favourite jokes was to confuse a man by asking him unexpectedly : "How many stars are there in the sky?" On one occasion he put this question to one of his sentries on a bitter January night, such as only Russia can produce. The soldier, not a whit disturbed, answered coolly : "Wait a little, and I'll tell you," and he deliberately began to count, "One, two, three," &c. In this way he went gravely on to a hundred, at which point Suvaroff, who was already half-frozen, thought it high time to ride off, not, however, without enquiring the name of the ready reckoner. The next day the latter found himself promoted, and the story (which Suvaroff told with great glee to his staff) speedily made its way throughout the army.

## Prof. Fawcett's Memory.

A gentleman who went down to Brighton the other day in order to report Prof. Fawcett's speech for fourteen newspapers called upon the professor some time before its delivery, and explaining the nature of his business, requested the favour of a statement of the principal points of the speech. Professor Fawcett very courteously proposed not only to give him the substance of his speech, but to rehearse the whole of it for him. This he did, and the reporter took it down. Later on, while the speech proper was being delivered, the original copy made at the rehearsal was checked over word for word, and from beginning to end ; so perfectly had the speech been committed to memory, there was not one single mistake, except that in one place a word was substituted for its equivalent in the notes.

## Bearding the Shah.

A writer on Persian life and manners says : "Fat-h 'Aly himself was a poet, and his laureate was an old chief named Fat-h 'Aly Khan, whose ancestors had been for several generations the Governors of Kashan. It is related that one day the Shah gave him some of his verses to read, and asked for his opinion of them. 'May my soul be your sacrifice,' said the laureate, 'they are bosh.' The insulted sovereign exclaimed, 'He is an ass ; take him to the stables ;' and the order was literally obeyed. After a short time his Majesty sent for him again, and read some more of his verses. The poet walked off without a word. 'Where are you going?' cried the Shah. 'Just back again to the stables,' answered his undaunted laureate. Fat-h 'Aly, delighted with his boldness, called him back, and ordered his mouth to be stuffed with sugar-candy, a high mark of favour."

## A Little Fraud.

The *Virginia Enterprise* says : "The other evening a stalwart, middle-aged woman, with arms bare and red, as though just out of the wash-tub, and a calico sunbonnet set awry upon her head, was seen passing hurriedly up Union Street, leading by the left ear a squint-eyed, snub-nosed, freckle-faced, carrot-headed youth of eleven summers. Fierce determination was seen in the eye of the woman, and a wild fear of wrath to come was depicted on the face of the boy. As the pair passed a crowded portion of the sidewalk, a bright idea seemed suddenly to strike the booby who was being thus roughly led away. Suddenly pulling back he shrieked in a piteous tone : 'I'm little Charlie Ross! I'm little Charlie Ross what was stole! Won't somebody save me? That's a big reward offered for me!' 'Too thin, Ike!' cried a young hoodlum in the crowd, 'everybody knows you and yer old mam!'"

## Grand-Ducal Courtesy.

The German press is at this moment occupied with the following incident :—The Hereditary Grand-Duke of Oldenburg, who is studying at the University of Leipzig, happened the other day to be at the station at Dresden, and whilst waiting for the train, entered the refreshment-room and seated himself without ceremony at a table ready served. The waiter requested him to take another place, as that one was engaged, but the duke very rudely refused. The master of the establishment then came and made to the Prince some remonstrances, to which the latter replied by a blow. The master returned it with interest ; the travellers present took the master's part, and his Highness was hustled about and beaten

with canes and umbrellas, and at last turned out of the room. The police shortly after intervened, and rescued the young man from the indignant public, who knew nothing of his rank, but saw that he had acted with great rudeness.

## A Fashionable Party in 1787.

In a book recently published, containing numerous incidents of fashionable life at the beginning of this century, the following anecdote is related :—From the opera I went to Mrs. Crew's, where there was a large party and pleasant people among them—for example, Tom Pelham, Mundy, Mrs. Sheridan, Lady Palmerston, &c., besides all which were three young men so drunk as to puzzle the whole assembly. They were Orlando Bridgeman, Charles Greville, and a Mr. Gifford, who is lately come to a good estate of about £5,000 a-year, the whole of which he is in the act of spending in one or two years at most, and this without a grain of sense, without any fun to himself, or entertainment to others. He never uttered a word, though as drunk as the other two, who were both riotous, and began at last to talk so plain that Lady Francis and Lady Palmerston fled from their side-table to ours, and Mrs. Sheridan would have followed them, but did not make her escape till her arms were black and blue, and her apron torn off.

## Army Statistics.

According to a return which has been prepared, the nationalities of the non-commissioned officers and men of the British army were as follows :—On the 1st of January, 1873—English, 674 ; Scotch, 85 ; Irish, 237 ; foreigners, 5 per 1,000. On the 1st of January, 1868, they were—English, 593 ; Scotch, 94 ; Irish, 308 ; foreigners 5 per 1,000. The religious denominations are given as—January 1st, 1873, Church of England, including Dissenters, 681 ; Presbyterians, 89 ; Roman Catholics, 230 per 1,000. On the 1st of January, 1861, they were—Church of England, 604 ; Presbyterians, 111 ; Roman Catholics, 285 per 1,000. On the 1st of January, 1868, they were returned as—Church of England, 616 ; Presbyterians, 96 ; Roman Catholics, 287 per 1,000. In 1873 there were only 60 per 1,000 who could neither read nor write, in comparison with 95 per 1,000 in 1868, and 190 per 1,000 in 1861. In 1868 there were 68 per 1,000 returned as of superior education, as distinguished from those who can read and write well, whereas in 1873 there were 326 per 1,000 in this category.

## Prices of Celebrated Horses.

The present summer has been one of unprecedented activity among the horse-trot and racing brotherhood. "Time" has been called on every track and course in the land, and minutes and seconds have been the main topic of talk. The prices paid for superior horses is enormous. Kentucky brought \$40,000 ; Norfolk, \$15,000 ; Lexington, \$15,000 ; Kingfisher, \$15,000 ; Glenelg, \$10,000 ; Smuggler, \$15,000 ; Blackwood, \$30,000 ; Jay Gould, \$30,000 ; Dexter, \$43,000 ; Lady Thorne, \$30,000 ; Jim Irving, \$30,000 ; Goldsmith Maid, \$20,000 ; Startle, \$20,000 ; Pro-pero, \$20,000 ; Rosalind, \$20,000 ; Lulu, \$20,000 ; Happy Medium, \$25,000 ; Clara G., \$30,000 ; Pocahontas, \$35,000 ; Edward Everett, \$20,000 ; Auburn Horse, \$13,000 ; Judge Fullerton, \$20,000 ; Mambrino Bertie, \$10,000 ; Socrates, \$20,000 ; George Palmer, \$15,000 ; Mambrina Pilot, \$12,000 ; Flora Temple so'd, when aged for \$8,000, for brood mare ; \$25,000 was offered and refused for Tom Bowling last summer ; \$30,000 was offered and refused for Bassett in his three-year-old form ; \$25,000 will not to-day buy Baywood or Asteroid ; \$40,000 was offered and refused for Woodford Mambrino, and \$30,000 for Thorndale.

## New England Independence.

Burleigh writes to the *Boston Journal* : "In New York the restaurant-keeper greets you with his coat off, sleeves rolled up, face red and a breath indicative of lager. In New England your caterer is probably a man of substance. He is willing to accommodate you. He reads the paper while the coffee is boiling. The *Atlantic Monthly* lays on the book-shelf, and he can tell you all about the subjects discussed at the last Scientific Convention. The young woman who hands you your coffee is his daughter. She took the medal in algebra and has been two quarters at the academy. It would be just as well if her tongue was not quite so sharp, but then she is as good as anybody and only waits on you for your accommodation. I have been amazed to see a New Yorker give his order. He has been waited on in New York by girls—German, Irish, French, and Italian ; but this is his first experience with a Yankee girl. She hands the guest a bill-of-fare, and waits like a school-teacher who has given a dull boy a hard problem. 'Can I have some hard-boiled eggs?' 'I presume you can.' 'Have you buttered toast?' 'I believe it is on the bill-of-fare.' 'Can you get me a glass of milk?' 'I can.' In this matter-of-fact way the colloquy proceeded, to the utter astonishment of the man of Gotham."

## Realistic Fiction.

Mrs. Henry Siddons, a neighbour and intimate friend of the late Lord Jeffrey, who had free license to enter his house at all hours unannounced, and come and go when she listed, opened his library door one day very gently to look if he was there, and saw enough at a glance to convince her that her visit was ill-timed. The hard critic of the *Edinburgh* was sitting in his chair with his head on the table in deep grief. As Mrs. Siddons was delicately retiring in the hope that her entrance had been unnoticed, Jeffrey raised his head and kindly beckoned her back. Perceiving that his cheek was flushed and his eyes suffused with tears she apologized for her intrusion and begged permission to withdraw. When he found that she was seriously intending to leave him he rose from his chair, took both her hands, and led her to a seat. Lord Jeffrey (loq.)—"Don't go, my dear friend. I shall be right again in another minute." Mrs. Siddons—"I had no idea that you had had any bad news or cause for grief or I would not have come. Is any one dead?" Lord Jeffrey—"Yes, indeed. I'm a great goose to have given way so ; but I could not help it. You'll be sorry to hear that Little Nelly—Bos's Little Nelly—is dead." The fact was, Jeffrey had just received the last number then out of "The Old Curiosity Shop," and had been thoroughly overcome by its pathos.



A STAGE RUMPUS.

Donn Platt, writing in the *Capital* of a stage ride in New York, says :

Of late the stage companies, to escape the well-known robbery by drivers, have put the patent box in each stage. The drivers give change, but are not permitted to take the fare. We were seated, when a stout gentleman entered and crowded into a corner near the door, for the stage was crowded. The new-comer took from his vest pocket a ragged note and passed it along the line. The man nearest the box was a meek-eyed creature in the single-breasted coat upon which confiding pious females are so fond of casting their burdens and sometimes themselves, for he was evidently a clergyman. The humble follower of the Lord lifted the note and dropped it in the box. "Halloo," cried the indignant adipose near the door, "what'd you do that for; it's a quarter."

"I'm very sorry, I'm sure," stammered the gospel expounder.

"Much good'll your sorrow do me," answered indignation, working his way to the hole through which the driver conversed with the passengers. He trod on several corns as he pulled at the strap. The stage came to a halt.

"I want my change," he shouted up through the hole.

"What change?" shouted down the driver.

"I put a quarter in the box."

"More fool you."

"I want none of your impudence."

"What do you want then?"

"I want my change."

"You can't fool me that way. How do I know you put a quarter in?" and the driver started. The clergyman sprang up and pulled the strap and shouted :

"I put the quarter in, my good man; it is all correct."

"Two of you," retorted the driver, driving on. Both adipose and piety hung to the strap.

"Damn your ordinary souls, roared the driver, "do you want to pull my leg off? If you tech that strap again I'll come down and bay-window yer countenances." Again the stage rolled on.

"Permit me, sir," said the clergyman, pulling out a very thin pocket-book—a pocket-book that looked as if it had gone into a decline, a decline to pay anything—and presenting fifteen cents.

"I don't want your money," was the gruff response; "I want my own, and I am going to have it," and he seized the strap at the moment a hook-nosed old lady, who resembled a hawk in delicate health, seized it. The feminine hook-nose wanted to get out. The driver made no response. In an instant the fat man, the clergyman, and old lady were swinging on the strap. The strap suddenly gave way, as if it or the driver's leg were broken, and the three, tumbling over each other, fell to the bottom amid roars of laughter from all of us. The stage came to a halt, and we heard the driver shout, "Police! police!" loud as he could bawl. A policeman responding, the driver informed him that there was "a riot" going on among the "lunatics" inside the stage, and "he'd better settle 'em before we had another car-hook murder." The policeman opened the door. The belligerents had subsided, save the old lady, who, attempting to get out, was promptly arrested. The fat man explained the case.

"How is this, driver?" asked the policeman. "This man says he put a quarter in your box and you won't give him his change."

"No; I'd think not," was the dry response; "the way for him to do is to file an affidavit with the surrogate. It'll only cost him a dollar."

There is but one course for a policeman to pursue, and that is to arrest somebody. If he cannot arrest any one he puts on a dignified air and marches away. In this case the conservator of the peace compromised. He arrested the old hook-nosed female party—the only innocent party among us, and held her in durance as far as the sidewalk, and we rolled on.

BON MARCHÉ.

A correspondent gives the following account of this wondrous Parisian bazaar. I addressed myself to a dignified, gray-haired *chef de rayon*, or manager of a division. I was American, and particularly pleased to hear of schemes for promoting the comfort of working people. Might I see the *Bon Marché* from top to bottom? Certainly. He would conduct me himself. Trouble? Pardon! it would be a pleasure. And calling some one to take his place, he led the way up stairs. First into the library. This pleasant retreat for weary shoppers is a large, well-lighted room, with book-cases, easy-chairs, and a long table on which lie all the leading periodicals—French, English, and German. There are fine engravings and photographs, a stereoscope, and a giant kaleidoscope for the amusement of little people. The library is seldom without occupants. Old ladies and gentlemen go there to read the papers while their younger companions pursue the business of the hour. Children and nurses find a quiet corner; tired ladies steal away to consult their purses and shopping lists. And just beyond is refreshment of another kind, for an open door reveals a tiny, tasteful restaurant, with a buffet and a white-spread table bearing plates of cakes and sponge-biscuit. Nothing could be prettier or more elegant than this little room and its appointments. The linen and china are of the finest. A superb screen of Japanese silk painted with birds and flowers cut off draughts. Always a hot-house plant in freshest bloom ornaments the table. A footman in blue livery brings your plate and glass of red wine or orgeat. You offer a gratuity; he shakes his head; it is not permitted, he tells you. All the shopping world can come at will and refresh themselves in this dainty bower, whose flagons fail not, and whose *madelaines* and tarts seem to renew themselves miraculously, like the widow's cruse of oil.

My guide leads up another stair to the third floor, a large part of which is occupied by a system of rooms and bureaus, intricate as those of a department of state, where goods for the provinces are packed. From thence we mount to the lodgings of the employés.

"How many persons do you employ in your establishment?" I asked.

"Nine hundred and sixty in all," replied my guide. "Two hundred and more sleep on the premises, and all are fed here. This is the side for women. There are sixty of them, and they have, as you see, a separate entrance and a staircase to themselves."

Beyond was the ladies' parlor, a charming apartment, with muslin-curtained windows, sofas and easy-chairs covered with chintz, a round table, a piano, a fire-place with fender of bright brass. Here the girls pass their evenings and their Sundays, and have their breakfast on the Sunday mornings. Their dining-room was equally pleasant. Three large windows stood open, letting in the soft air of May, and about the long table sat fifteen or twenty girls laughing and chatting. The men's dining-room, to which we next proceeded, is an immense place, capable of seating several hundred. The breakfast, or luncheon, for it was after eleven o'clock, consisted of *pot-au-feu*, a savory conglomeration of potatoes, meat, and gravy, red wine, bread and butter, and preserved fruit, great gallon jars of which stood here and there in process of being scooped out by dozens of hungry men. *Garçons* in white aprons were running in and out with fresh supplies of the steaming stew and fresh pots of jam.

Near the dining-room is the kitchen. Great baskets of fresh lettuces stood on the floor; the tables were full of straw trays, on which were ranged rows of plates and tumblers, "glistening clean." A man in a side pantry was filling dozens and dozens of bottles with *vin ordinaire*. Upon the walls hung coffee-pots and saucers which shone like gold. Half a dozen white-aproned, white-capped cooks were preparing dinner on a monstrous range; an appetizing and savory steakh rose like a halo and surrounded their heads.

Next we peep into the barbers' shop, where numbers of just-breakfasted clerks were having hair and beard brushed and trimmed; into the dining-rooms of the stable-men and the *garçons*; into the billiard-room, fitted with two fine tables for the daily amusement of gentlemen whose wives are shopping and the occasional amusement of clerks on holidays; lastly, into the music-room. Here, arranged on racks and shelves, was the equipment of a complete orchestra, brass instruments, wind, and string.

I inquired concerning salaries, and was told that each person in the establishment received a stated sum in addition to board (and in 200 cases lodging), besides which each has an interest in the sales, varying according to age, capacity, and position. The *chefs de rayons* make some of them, 25,000 francs a year; the head woman makes 12,000. There is thus every incentive to zeal, and yet the bodily wants of all are so comfortably provided for as to preclude the rapacious anxiety I have noticed in other shops, and which tells of the clerk's personal stake in the sales.

Last of all I was taken through a series of galleries and staircases to the stables, which are at a little distance from the shop. Eighty horses and thirty-five men are accommodated here, not to mention some forty of the little wagons with *Bon Marché* on their panels which Paris streets know so well. Nothing could be more beautifully in order than those stables. The horses, large, sleek creatures, stood munching their hay in stalls and loose boxes, railed with varnished wood.

"We have a park in the country also," said my conductor, taking a lump of sugar from his pocket and popping it into the mouth of a horse which was rubbing against his shoulder and whinnying expectantly; "a nice park with grass, where we send the horses who have been sick, to graze and get strong. Oh, we are all comfortable here, madame; of that I can assure you."

LITERARY NOTES.

Paul Féval has a very charming novel, just fresh from the spit. It is called "Fontaine aux Perles."

Mr. S. Baring-Gould has in the press a work entitled "Yorkshire Oddities and Strange Events."

H. Peterson & Co., of Philadelphia, announce "The Confessions of a Minister," a romance bearing upon the Brooklyn scandal.

Scribner, Armstrong & Co. are about to publish a narrative poem of considerable length by Dr. Holland, entitled "The Mistress of the Manse."

Mr. Froude, it is reported, has been accepted by Mr. Carlyle as his biographer, and has had all the materials in Mr. Carlyle's possession bearing on the work placed at his disposal.

Prof. Longfellow has given his friend Sidney Woollett the advance sheets of his forthcoming poem, "The Hanging of the Crane," so that he may recite it before lyceums during the coming lecture season.

The London correspondent of the *Scotsman* states that more than three thousand documents, partly in manuscript, partly in the print of the period, describing the rise and development of the various religious sects in Europe, were collected by Professor Schneider of Berlin in the course of nearly fifty years' book-hunting, and are now awaiting a purchaser in the shop of one or other of the European seats of learning.

A series of letters of Mendelssohn to Goethe, Beethoven, and Herr Heinrich von Meister, which have never before been published, will shortly appear in the *Choir* from week to week, their possessor, Herr von Meister, having undertaken to place them in the editor's hands and to superintend their publication. Herr von Meister has in the press a volume of "Personal Recollections of Goethe, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn."

The *Monitor Republicano* of Mexico gives some curious particulars of Victor Hugo's novel "Ninety-three," of which a translation is being printed in that capital. Simultaneously with the Paris edition it was published in English at London, Boston, Philadelphia, and Calcutta; in Russian at St. Petersburg, in Portuguese at Lisbon, in Italian at Florence, in Spanish at Madrid, in Dutch at Amsterdam, and in Hungarian at Pesth. Before a single copy had been sold the booksellers of Paris had realized 80,000 francs for the right of translation.

The "International Railway and Steamboat Guide" for September (Chisholm's) has appeared. Travellers will do well to take a note.

GROTESQUES.

The hardest thing to deal with—An old pack of cards.

Self-made men are very apt to worship their maker.

If you see a policeman aim at a dog, try to get near the dog.

Barnum has written to Chicago for a newspaper man reported to have lost \$4,000. He would like to have him in a museum.

An uncle left eleven silver spoons to his nephew in his will, adding, "He knows the reason I have not left him the whole dozen."

"Mamma," said a little girl, "what's the meaning of a book printed in 12mo?" "Why, my dear," replied the mother, "it means that the book will be published in twelve months."

"I've got 'em," shouted a Mississippi boatman, recently, when first the comet broke upon his sight. "Snakes I've had before, and now the stars have got tails on 'em. I am a dead man!"

Progression is the watchword of the hour, but in Missouri mothers haul their disobedient children over the knee and strike on the same old spot that the Romans did three thousand years ago.

Small, ragged, barefooted boy togallus coloured gent with a valise—"Say boss, shall I carry your satchel for you?" Coloured gent to small boy—"No, go way dare; I'se gittin' a quarter for carryin' dis down myself."

The N. Y. *Tribune* informs us that "little clams, roasted and peacefully reclining on their shells, have a tender and delicate grace calculated to inspire poetry and enthusiasm in the sternest souls." Good Heavings!

A Milwaukee writer is severe—"Notes of the storm still come in. A visitor from Louisville was struck by the wind, and as he flew up Wisconsin street with his ears unfurled, a gentleman remarked, "I knew that the wind would fetch the circus tent."

"My dear, where is my *Morning and Evening Devotion*?" asked Mr. Paul Partington, meaning a small book with that title, in which he sometimes read. "Here it is," said Mrs. Partington, producing from the closet a dark bottle with a clean glass—"Here it is, Paul."

A literary man was asked in a letter the other day for some materials for his autobiography. The writer was very polite and considerate. He said:—"Heaven forbid that I should desire your death; but such things will occasionally occur, and it is best to be prepared for the worst."

The manner of search for Charlie Ross by the Philadelphia police is thus pithily described: Two officers pull the bell, and on the appearance of the maid or lady of the house say, "Is Charles Brewster Ross concealed in this house?" "He is not," is the answer. "Then we must search the premises." And the house is searched.

A goat is more inexpensive than agreeable, and will live on almost anything; but a capricornus in Buffalo was an exception to the rule the other day in regard to expensiveness. It got into the house and had a regular blow out on a Panama hat, three linen shirt bosoms, a box of cigars, and a part of a partially constructed new bonnet.

Tom bought a gallon of gin to take home, and, by way of a label wrote his name upon a card, which happened to be the seven of clubs, and tied it to the handle. A friend coming along and observing the jug, quietly remarked, "That's an awful careless way to leave that liquor!" "Why," said Tom. "Because somebody might come along with the eight of clubs and take it."

A clergyman seeing a man come into church after the sermon had begun stopped his discourse, and remarked to him, "Glad to see you, sir; come in; always glad to see those here late who can't come early." The man thus addressed, in presence of an astonished congregation, promptly responded: "Thank you; would you favour me with the text?"

"Revenge is sweet," said a wicked fellow who could not, or would not, pay his bills at a Pennsylvania summer hotel, and was thereupon ejected from the premises. He told the nurses there were two cases of whooping-cough in the house. The nurses told the mistresses, and in ten hours only fifty out of one hundred and fifty people remained.

A young lady of Camden put a piece of wedding cake under her pillow, and went to bed with the happy belief that she would dream of her future husband. That evening, however, she had eaten two plates of ice cream, about a pint of strawberries, several sweet cakes and two large pickles, and she now says she would rather remain single all her life than marry the man she saw in her dream.

Sunday morning there came over the Great Western road, on its way West, a trunk which made the hair of the baggage-smashers stand right up. It was thirty-four inches long, three feet wide, and was made of solid boiler iron, an eight of an inch thick. The handles were of iron, riveted on with great bolts, and the lid was fastened down with an immense padlock. On one end of the trunk was painted the words: "She can stand it!" and on the other, "More coming!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

Young America, although usually wide awake, in due time becomes sleepy, as did little Dickey one evening. His grandmother put him to bed, and, as was her custom, read him a chapter in the Bible, remarking, "Now, Dickey, I have read you a whole chapter; you must go to sleep." "No, grandma, I ain't sleepy now; read me another." The old lady complied, and said, "Now, you must go to sleep; I have read you two chapters." "No, not yet; read one more—read 'the rubber,' grandma!" What else could the old woman do?

Widow Jones' husband died far away from home, and it took so long for his remains to reach her that the relic had quite recovered from her grief, and was giving a large lunch-party when the body finally arrived. A wagon drove up to the door, and a large box was handed out. Curiosity ran high among the ladies at the window, and with one accord they exclaimed, "Why, Mrs. Jones, what can that be?" Up went Mrs. Jones' eyeglasses and after a glance she coolly said, "Well, it must be old Jones come home. Charley, run down and open the door for your father."

The other day, in Detroit, an individual from the rural districts having considerable money in his possession and being moderately drunk, was warned by a policeman to take care of himself. To which the self-confident bacchanal responded—"You bet I will! Why, mister, I'm chain lightning rolled up in a ball and stuck full of red-hot bowie knives. I'm a thunderbolt from the North—I'm a regular rip-up thunderbolt! Folks want to let me alone, they do!" Alas, that such a dream of invincibility should be dissipated! When the morning dawned, the drinker, where was he? Well, he was discovered by the same policeman in a coalshed. His eyes were mourning, and there was a non-natural hole in his head. Watch gone! Money gone! The policeman, arousing the slumberer with a touch of irony in his tone, inquired, "Aren't you the thunderbolt from the North?" Then the thunderbolt sat up, and slowly and sadly replied, "No, I ain't 'zactly a thunderbolt, but I'm the darned fool who thought he was."

W. H. HOWLAND, Esq.

Mr. Howland, who is a son of the Hon. W. P. Howland, ex-Governor of Ontario, was born in Toronto in 1844, and received a very thorough education at Upper Canada College, in his native city. After his father, who had extensive connexions in mercantile and banking circles, entered politics. Mr. W. H. Howland commenced his commercial career. At the meeting of the National Board of Trade in St. Louis, in 1870, the subject of a Zollverein was unexpectedly sprung upon the Board, and supported by some prominent Canadians, including the Hon. John Young. On that occasion Mr Howland made what might almost be called his maiden public speech, taking strong ground against the Zollverein project, which collapsed, and taking equally strong ground in favour of Canadian interests and British connexion.

In 1871 Mr. Howland was elected president of the Toronto Corn Exchange. In the general election of 1872 he was offered the Reform nomination for the County of Welland, and on the late general election he was tendered the nomination for Cardwell by the Reform Convention, with permission to run as an independent candidate, or as a member of the "Canada First" Party. His name was mentioned in connexion with the representation of South Ontario, for which he was invited to stand; but hitherto he has kept clear of politics, except in so far as he has become identified with the new political party. Mr. Howland is President of the Toronto Board of Trade. He is also President of the Ontario Society of Artists of Toronto, and of the Hand in Hand Fire Insurance Com'y, as well as of the Canadian Inland Lloyds. In February last he was elected President of the Dominion Board of Trade, and he is the recognized head of the National Association, which is popularly known as the "Canada First" party. Until now, this party has not taken a prominent stand in public affairs. Indeed, considering the circumstances under which it was founded, and the important political changes which have taken place in the country since its inauguration, it is remarkable that its position has not been more decided and distinctive. This has led to the surmise—either that the party, as intermediate between the old national parties, was not wanted; or else that its members were really only Reformers who, under another name, combated the Macdonald administration and have thought proper to subside, now that that government has fallen. The National Association still exists, however, and had a meeting only the other day to discuss the Reciprocity Treaty. In all its discussions Mr. Howland takes a prominent part. As a speaker, he is clear and incisive, and there is no doubt that his proper sphere is the House of Commons, where his special knowledge and experience of mercantile affairs would make him a useful member, apart from any other qualification. Mr. Howland is married to a New Brunswick lady, a daughter of Z. Chipman, St. Stephen, and sister of the wife of Lieut.-Governor Tilley. The election of Mr. Howland to the Presidency of the Dominion Board of Trade may be regarded as a very high honour. The influence of this Association is only in its infancy, but it will soon extend



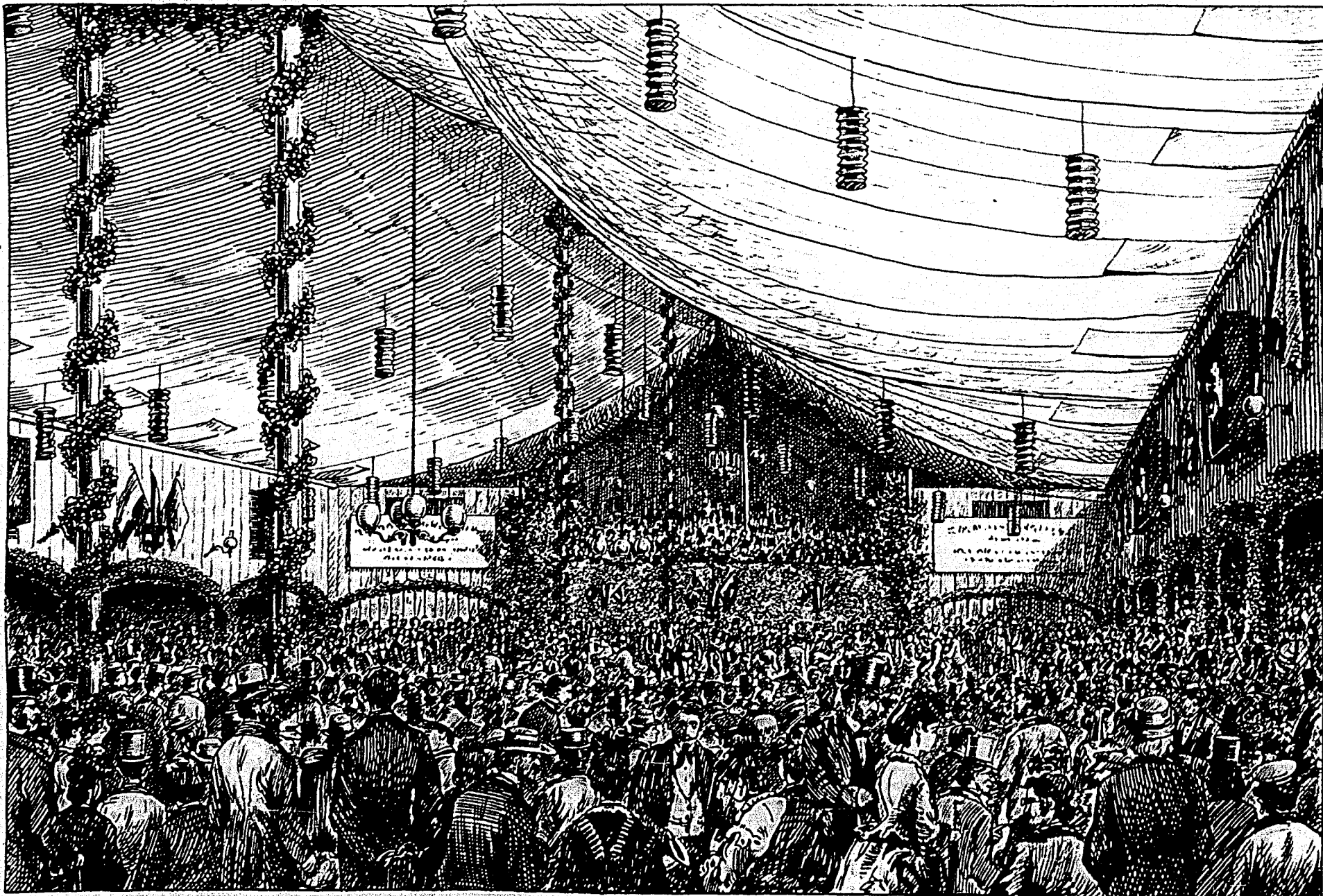
W. H. HOWLAND, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF THE CANADA FIRST ASSOCIATION  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN AND FRASER, TORONTO

article. Load after load of boxes and bales was carted to the depot, to be forwarded to Isabella by rail, and among the articles sent there were not a few that the new occupants of the palace were very sorry to be deprived of. After a time the ex-Queen made a demand for several things that were wanting, especially for a piano that a musical association, of which she had been the patroness, had presented her with. The instrument was very richly ornamented with gold, and bore on the front side a beautiful medallion set with diamonds. It was said Isabella, when she left Madrid for a watering-place near the French line, in her private apartments. But Mme. Serrano knew nothing of—had not seen it—and the whole palace was ransacked for the lost piano, yet it was nowhere to be found. The de-throned Queen, however, insisted that the 'valued souvenir' should be restored to her. The consequence was that the situation became embarrassing for Serrano vis-à-vis of his foretime patroness, and all the more so as it was said that the piano was in the late Queen's apartments when the Serrano family moved into them. Serrano even hunted through the palace himself for the lost instrument, and, although Mme. Serrano assured him that it was not in her rooms, he included them in his search, being haunted by a dim recollection that he had seen it somewhere. Finally his threats and entreaties drew from his consort the humiliating confession that she, in a momentary pecuniary embarrassment, had sold the piano. The scene that followed in the Serrano household is said to have been much more animated than edifying! but the Regent knew now, at least, where to look for the missing 'souvenir,' which was a great point gained. He immediately sent a confident agent to the purchaser, in order to buy it back again; but—O monstrous!—the instrument had already become so demoralized, so plebeian, as to be the inmate of a coffee-house, after having been robbed of its costly ornaments of gold and diamonds, which had been disposed of to a jeweller. What was to be done? The *Chronique scandaleuse* of Madrid had already taken up the subject, and therefore there was no time to be lost. Serrano's agent repaired to the coffee-

house and offered double the sum for the piano that was paid for it; but the cunning landlord declared that he could not do without it, and consented to part with it only when five times the sum he had paid was offered him. Now the jeweller was hunted up, and he was found to have as sharp an eye to business as the coffee-house man. He expressed a thousand regrets that he had already melted up the gold and disposed of the diamonds; he added, however, that it would be possible to reproduce the ornamentation even to the smallest detail, as on account of the beauty of its design, he had made a careful sketch of it. This statement looked rather improbable, but the piano must be forthcoming, cost what it would, and that, too, exactly in its original dress, in order to avoid the threatened scandal. The jeweller's demands were acceded to, and in a remarkably short space of time the instrument, carefully packed, was returned to the palace, where it is said to have been finally discovered in an out-of-the-way corner, together

ISABELLA'S PIANO.

"When Serrano was Regent of Spain," says a writer in *Appleton's Journal*, "the following was among the current *on dits*: Mme. Serrano, as wife of the Regent, occupied the apartments in the royal palace of the ex-Queen, and no doubt she was well pleased with her residence, for the rooms were most luxuriously furnished. But soon after the Regent's occupancy of the palace, Isabella demanded the restitution of such of her property as it contained, and the Spanish nation was in no wise disposed to withhold anything from her that she could justly lay claim to; all was to be forwarded to her to the very last



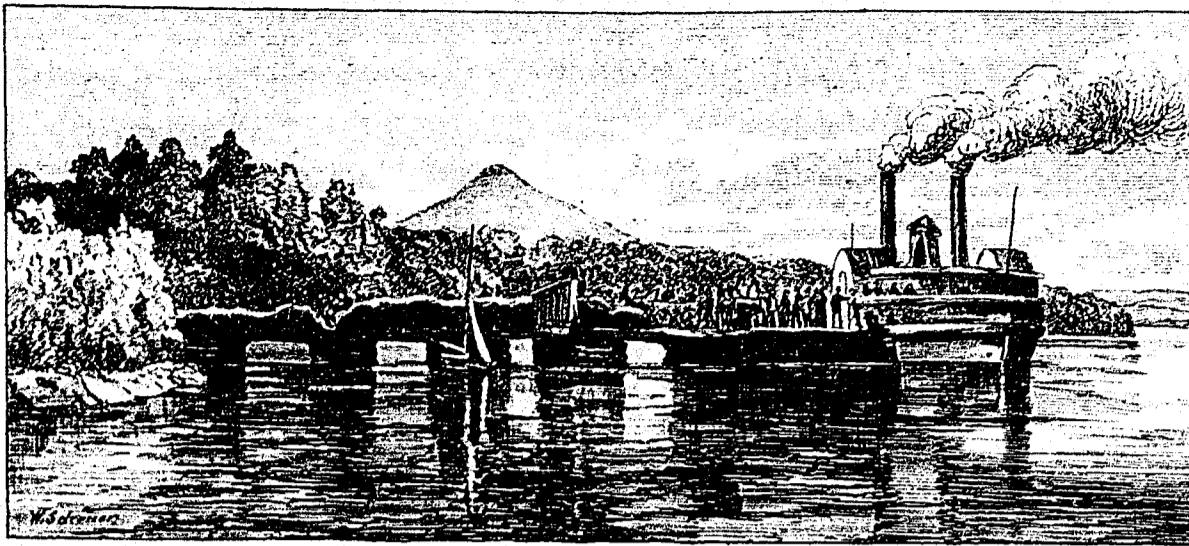
WATERLOO, ONT.—THE GERMAN GESANGFEST: SCENE IN THE INTERIOR OF THE PAVILION.—By P. W. CANNING.



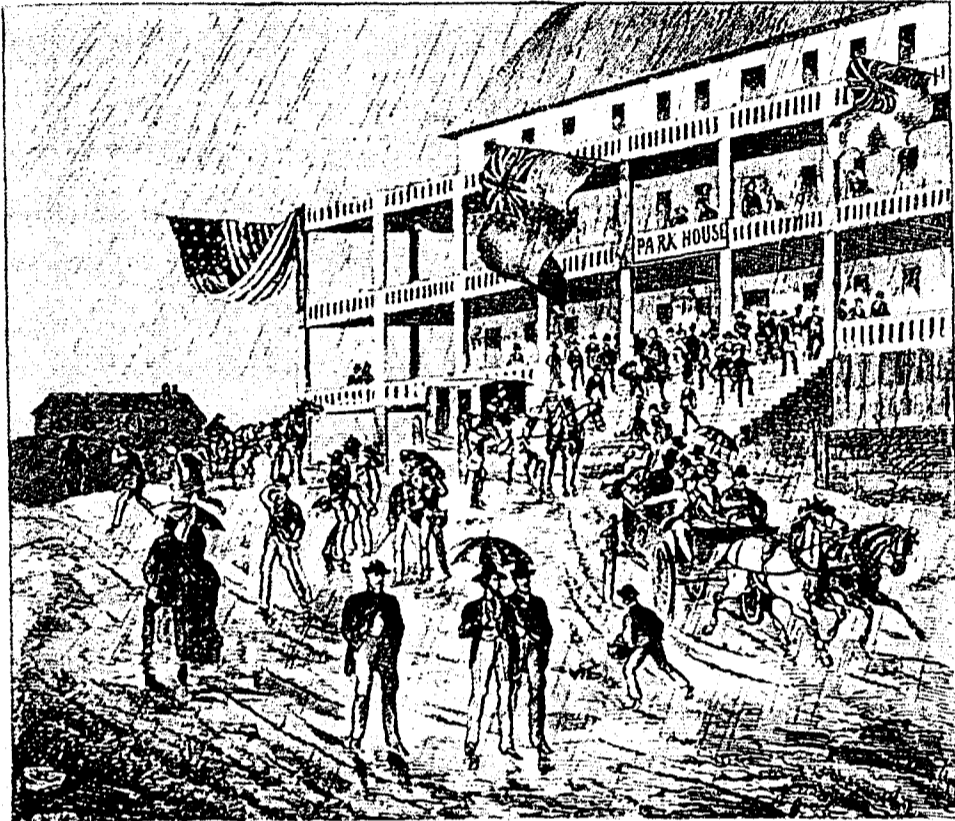
with other of the ex-Queen's personal belongings. When the fearfully-mistuned piano, that had cost the Regent so much money and had made him so much trouble, was finally forwarded to its owner he felt greatly relieved. And the piano, however much out of tune it was, probably found its wonted harmony sooner than did the little domestic circle in which it had caused such an unharmonious intermezzo."

The French Academy has held its annual meeting for the award of prizes for virtue, chiefly recompensing those persons who, out of their little, shared with the unfortunate, that said, as it were, "I am poor, and I wish to be more so in order to do good to those around me." Rewards were bestowed on

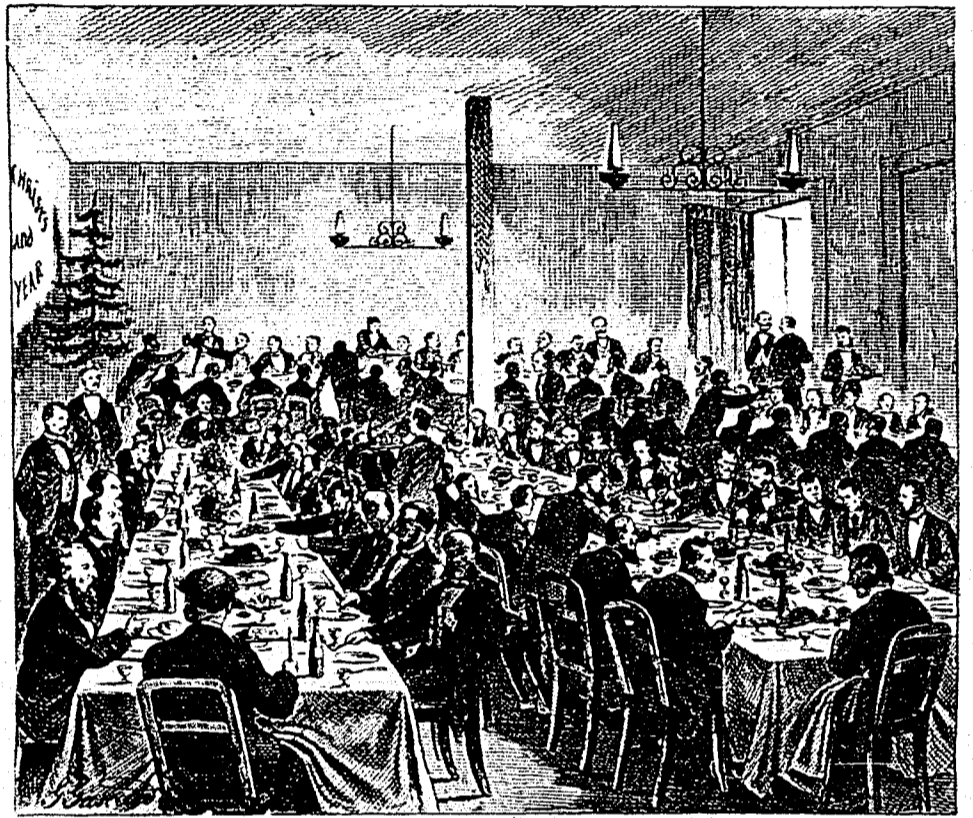
a young girl who only earns twenty-four sous a day, supporting out of it an old bed-ridden workman, who adopted her in her infancy; on a servant who though poor herself supports her once rich mistress, fallen into a state of indigence, but who lives in the illusion she is wealthy still; on a clergyman who devotes his immense fortune to succour the destitute, and is so much in want that the Academy awards its crown to such needy virtue. This desire of persons for remaining poor, in order to be charitable, drew forth applause, as well as tears from the spectators, and the nonoured worthies, never thinking of the morrow, continue their good work, satisfied with their faith in Providence, who will temper the wind to the shorn lamb.



THE ARRIVAL AT THE WHARF.



THE DEPARTURE FROM THE HOTEL.



LUNCH AT THE HOTEL.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE PROPOSED MILL-POND (LAKE MEMPHREMAUOG).

THE EXCURSION OF MONTREAL AND AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS TO VIEW THE WATER-PRIVILEGES ON 'THE MAGOG.—AFTER SKETCHES BY H. SANDRAM.



## AUTUMN.

W. W. STORY.

'Tis the golden gleam of an autumn day,  
With the soft rain raining as if in play;  
And a tender touch upon everything,  
As if autumn remembered the days of spring.

In the listening woods there is not a breath  
To shake their gold to the sward beneath;  
And a glow as of sunshine on them lies,  
Though the sun is hid in the shadowed skies.

The cock's clear crow from the farm-yard comes,  
The muffled bell from the belfry booms,  
And faint and dim, and from far away,  
Come the voices of children in happy play.

O'er the mountains the white rain draws its veil,  
And the black rooks, cawing, across them sail,  
While nearer the sweeping swallows skim  
O'er the steel grey river's fretted brim.

No sorrow upon the landscape weighs,  
No grief for the vanished summer days,  
But a sense of peaceful and calm repose  
Like that which age in autumn knows.

The spring-time longings are past and gone,  
The passions of summer no longer are known,  
The harvest is gathered, and autumn stands  
Serenely thoughtful with folded hands.

Over all is thrown a memorial hue,  
A glory ideal the real ne'er knew;  
For memory sifts from the past its pain,  
And suffers its beauty alone to remain.

With half a smile and with half a sigh,  
It ponders the past that has hurried by—  
Sees it, and feels it, and loves it all,  
Content it has vanished beyond recall.

O glorious autumn, thus serene,  
Thus living and loving all that has been!  
Thus calm and contented let me be  
When the autumn of age shall come on me.

## NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

## PART THE THIRD.

IN VENDÉE.

## BOOK THE FIRST.

## XVII.—TERRIBLE AS THE ANTIQUE.

Those great commands, with low regimental rank, were, for that matter, a custom among the Republicans. Bonaparte was, after this, at the same time colonel of artillery and general-in-chief of the army of Italy.

The Tower Gauvain had a strange destiny; a Gauvain attacked, a Gauvain defended it. From that fact rose a certain reserve in the attack, but not in the defence, for Lantenac was a man who spared nothing; moreover, he had always lived at Versailles, and had no personal associations with La Tourgue, which he scarcely knew indeed. He had sought refuge there because he had no other asylum—that was all. He would have demolished it without scruple. Gauvain had more respect for the place.

The weak place of the fortress was the bridge, but in the library, which was on the bridge, were the family archives; if the assault took place on that side, the burning of the bridge would be inevitable; to burn the archives seemed to Gauvain like attacking his forefathers. The Tourgue was the ancestral dwelling of the Gauvains; in this tower centred all their feuds of Brittany just as all the feuds of France centred in the tower of the Louvre; the home associations of Gauvain were there; he had been born within those walls; the tortuous fatalities of life forced him, a man, to attack this venerable pile which had sheltered him when a child. Could he be guilty of the impiety of reducing this dwelling to ashes? Perhaps his very cradle was stored in some corner of the granary above the library. Certain reflections are ominous. Gauvain felt himself moved in the presence of this ancient house of his family. That was why he had spared the bridge. He had confined himself to making any sally or escape impossible by this outlet, and had guarded the bridge by a battery, and chosen the opposite side for the attack. Hence the mining and sapping at the foot of the tower.

Cimourdain had allowed him to take his own way; he reproached himself for it; his stern spirit revolted against all these Gothic relics, and he no more believed in pity for buildings than for men. Sparring a castle was a beginning of clemency. Now clemency was Gauvain's weak point. Cimourdain, as we have seen, watched him, drew him back from this, in his eyes, fatal weakness. Still he himself, though he felt a sort of rage in being forced to admit it to his soul, had not seen La Tourgue again without a secret shock; he felt himself offended at the sight of that study where were still the first books he had made Gauvain read. He had been the priest of the neighbouring village, Parigné; he, Cimourdain, had dwelt in the attic of the bridge-castle; it was in the library that he had held Gauvain between his knees as a child and taught him to lip out the alphabet; it was within those four old walls that he had seen grow this well-beloved pupil, the son of his soul, increase physically and strengthen in mind. This library, this small castle, these walls full of his blessings upon the child, was he about to overturn and burn them? He had shown them mercy. Not without remorse.

He had allowed Gauvain to open the siege from the opposite point. La Tourgue had its savage side, the tower, and its civilized side, the library. Cimourdain had allowed Gauvain to batter a breach in the savage side alone.

In truth, attacked by a Gauvain, defended by a Gauvain, this old dwelling returned in the height of the French Revolution to feudal customs. Wars between kinsmen make up the history of the middle ages; the Eteocles and Polynices are

Gothic as well as Grecian, and Hamlet does at Elsinore what Orestes did in Argos.

## XVIII.—POSSIBLE ESCAPE.

The whole night was consumed in preparations on the one side and the other.

As soon as the sombre parley which we have just heard had ended, Gauvain's first act was to call his lieutenant.

Guéchamp, of whom it will be necessary to know somewhat, was a man of secondary order, honest, intrepid, mediocre, a better soldier than leader, rigorously intelligent up to the point where it ceases to be a duty to understand; never softened; inaccessible to corruption of any sort, whether of venality which corrupts the conscience, or of pity, which corrupts justice. He had on soul and heart those two shades—discipline and the countersign, as a horse has his blinkers on both eyes, and he walked unflinchingly in the space thus left visible to him. His way was straight, but narrow.

A man to be depended on; rigid in command, exact in obedience. Gauvain spoke rapidly to him.

"Guéchamp, a ladder."

"Commandant, we have none."

"One must be had."

"For scaling?"

"No; for escape."

Guéchamp reflected an instant, then answered: "I understand. But for what you want, it must be very high."

"At least three stories."

"Yes, commandant, that is pretty nearly the height."

"It must even go beyond that, for we must be certain of success."

"Without doubt."

"How does it happen that you have no ladder?"

"Commandant, you did not think best to besiege La Tourgue by the plateau; you contented yourself with blockading it on this side; you wished to attack, not by the bridge, but the tower. So we only busied ourselves with the mine, and the escalade was given up. That is why we have no ladders."

"Have one made immediately."

"A ladder three stories high cannot be improvised."

"Have several short ladders joined together."

"One must have them in order to do that."

"Find them."

"There are none to be found. All through the country the peasants destroy the ladders, just as they break up the carts and cut the bridges."

"It is true; they try to paralyze the Republic."

"They want to manage so that we can neither transport baggage, cross a river, nor escalade a wall."

"Still, I must have a ladder."

"I just remember, commandant, at Javené, near Fougères, there is a large carpenter's shop. They might have one there."

"There is not a minute to lose."

"When do you want the ladder?"

"To-morrow at this hour, at the latest."

"I will send an express full speed to Javené. He can take a requisition. There is a post of cavalry at Javené which will furnish an escort. The ladder can be here to-morrow before sunset."

"It is well; that will answer," said Gauvain; "act quickly—go."

Ten minutes after Guéchamp came back and said to Gauvain, "Commandant, the express has started for Javené."

Gauvain ascended the plateau and remained for a long time with his eyes fixed on the bridge-castle across the ravine. The gable of the building, without other means of access than the low entrance closed by the raising of the drawbridge, faced the escarpment of the ravine. In order to reach the arches of the bridge from the plateau, it was necessary to descend this escarpment, a feat possible to accomplish by clinging to the brushwood. But once in the meat, the assailants would be exposed to all the projectiles that might rain from the three stories. Gauvain finished by convincing himself that, at the point which the siege had reached, the veritable attack ought to be by the breach of the tower.

He took every measure to render any escape out of the question; he increased the strictness of the investment; drew closer the ranks of his battalions, so that nothing could pass between. Gauvain and Cimourdain divided the investment of the fortress between them. Gauvain reserved the forest side for himself and gave Cimourdain the side of the plateau. It was agreed that while Gauvain, seconded by Guéchamp, conducted the assault through the mine, Cimourdain should guard the bridge and ravine with every match of the open battery lighted.

## XIX.—WHAT THE MARQUIS WAS DOING.

Whilst without every preparation for the attack was going on, within everything was preparing for resistance. It is not without a real analogy that a tower is called a "douve,"\* and sometimes a tower is breached by a mine as a cask is bored by an auger. The wall opens like a bung-hole. This was what had happened at La Tourgue.

The great blast of two or three hundredweight of powder had burst the mighty wall through and through. This breach started from the foot of the tower, traversed the wall in its thickest part, and made a sort of shapeless arch in the ground floor of the fortress. On the outside the besiegers, in order to render this gap practicable for assault, had enlarged and finished it off by cannon shots.

The ground-floor which this breach penetrated was a great round hall, entirely empty, with a central pillar which supported the keystone of the vaulted roof. This chamber, the largest in the whole keep, was not less than forty feet in diameter. Each story of the tower was composed of a similar room, but smaller, with guards to the embrasures of the loopholes. The ground-floor chamber had neither loopholes nor airholes; there was about as much air and light as in a tomb.

The door of the dungeons, made more of iron than wood, was in this ground-floor room. Another door opened upon a staircase which led to the upper chambers. All the staircases were contrived in the interior of the wall.

It was into this lower room that the besiegers could arrive by the breach they had made. This hall taken, there would still be the tower to take.

It had always been impossible to breathe in that hall for any length of time. Nobody ever passed twenty-four hours there without suffocating. Now, thanks to the breach, one could exist there.

\* Douve, a stove, cask made of staves.

That was why the besieged had not closed the breach. Besides, of what service would it have been? The cannon would have re-opened it.

They stuck an iron torch-holder into the wall, and put a torch in it, which lighted the ground floor.

Now how to defend themselves?

To wall up the hole would be easy, but useless. A retrade would be of more service. A retrade is an entrenchment with a re-entering angle; a sort of raffered barricade, which admits of converging the fire upon the assailants, and while leaving the breach open exteriorly, blocks it on the inside. Materials were not lacking; they constructed a retrade with fissures for the passage of the gun-barrels. The angle was supported by the central pillar; the wings touched the wall on either side. The marquis directed everything. Inspirer, commander, guide, and master—a terrible spirit.

Lantenac belonged to that race of warriors of the eighteenth century who, at eighty years of age, saved cities. He resembled that Count d'Alberg who, almost a centenarian, drove the King of Poland from the Riga.

"Courage, friends," said the marquis; "at the commencement of this century, in 1713, at Bender, Charles XII., shut up in a house with three hundred Swedes, held his own against twenty thousand Turks."

They barricaded the two lower floors, fortified the chambers, battlemented the alcoves, supported the doors with joists driven in by blows from a mallet; and thus formed a sort of buttress. It was necessary to leave free the spiral staircase which joined the different floors, for they must be able to get up and down, and to stop it against the besiegers would have been to close it against themselves. The defence of any place has thus always some weak side.

The marquis, indefatigable, robust as a young man, lifted beams, carried stones, set an example, put his hand to the work, commanded, aided, fraternized, laughed with this ferocious clan, but remained always the noble still—haughty, familiar, elegant, savage.

He permitted no reply to his orders. He had said: "If the half of you should revolt, I would have them shot by the other half, and defend the place with those that were left."

## XX.—WHAT IMANUS WAS DOING.

While the marquis occupied himself with the breach and the tower, Imanus was busy with the bridge. At the beginning of the siege, the escape-ladder which hung transversely below the windows of the second story had been removed by the marquis's orders, and Imanus had put it in the library. It was, perhaps, the loss of this ladder which Gauvain guarded to supply. The windows of the lower floor, called the ward-room, were defended by a triple bracing of iron bars, set in the stone, so that neither ingress or egress was possible by them. The library windows had no bars, but they were very high. Imanus took three men with him who, like himself, possessed capabilities and resolution that would carry them through anything. These men were Hoisnard, called Branche-d'Or, and the two brothers Pique-en-Bois. Imanus, carrying a dark lantern, opened the iron door and carefully visited the three stories of the bridge-castle. Hoisnard Branche-d'Or was as implacable as Imanus, having had a brother killed by the republicans.

Imanus examined the upper room, filled with hay and straw, and the ground-floor, where he had several fire-pots added to the tuns of tar; he placed the heap of fascines so that they touched the casks, and assured himself of the good condition of the sulphur-match, of which one end was in the bridge and the other in the tower. He spread over the floor under the tuns and fascines, a pool of tar, in which he dipped the end of the sulphur-match. Then he brought into the library, between the ground-floor where the tar was and the garret filled with straw, the three cribs in which lay René-Jean, Gros-Alain, and Georgette, buried in deep sleep. They carried the cradles very gently in order not to waken the little ones.

They were simple village cribs, a sort of low osier basket which stood on the floor so that a child could get out unaided. Near each cradle Imanus placed a porringer of soup, with a wooden spoon. The escape-ladder, unhooked from its cramp-irons, had been set on the floor against the wall; Imanus arranged the three cribs, end to end, in front of the ladder. Then, thinking that a current of air might be useful, he opened wide the six windows of the library. The summer night was warm and starlight. He sent the brothers Pique-en-Bois to open the windows of the upper and lower stories. He had noticed on the eastern façade of the building a great dried old ivy, the colour of tinder, which covered one whole side of the bridge from top to bottom and framed in the windows of the three stories. He thought this ivy might be left. Imanus took a last watchful glance at everything; that done, the four men left the châtelet and returned to the tower. Imanus double-locked the heavy iron door, studied attentively the enormous bolts, and nodded his head in a satisfied way at the sulphur-match which passed through the hole he had drilled, and was now the sole communication between the tower and the bridge. This train or wick started from the round chamber, passed beneath the iron door, entered under the arch, twisted like a snake down the spiral staircase leading to the lower story of the bridge, crept over the floor, and ended in the heap of dried fascines laid on the pool of tar. Imanus had calculated that it would take about a quarter of an hour for this wick, when lighted in the interior of the tower, to set fire to the pool of tar under the library. These arrangements all concluded, and every work carefully inspected, he carried the key of the iron door back to the marquis, who put it in his pocket. It was important that every movement of the besiegers should be watched. Imanus, with his cow-herd's horn in his belt, placed himself as sentinel in the watch-tower of the platform at the top of the tower. While keeping a constant look-out, one eye on the forest and one on the plateau, he worked at making cartridges, having near him, in the embrasure of the watch-tower window, a powder-horn, a canvas bag full of good-sized balls, and some old newspapers, which he tore up for wadding.

When the sun rose, it lighted in the forest eight battalions, with sabres at their sides, cartridge-boxes on their backs, and guns with fixed bayonets, ready for the assault; on the plateau a battery, with caissons, cartridges, and boxes of case-shot; within the fortress, nineteen men loading several guns, muskets, blunderbusses, and pistols;—and three children sleeping in their cradles.

BOOK THE SECOND.

THE MASSACRE OF SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

The children woke. The little girl was the first to open her eyes.

The waking of children is like the unclosing of flowers, a perfume seems to exhale from those fresh young souls. Georgette, twenty months old, the youngest of the three, who was still a nursing baby in the month of May, raised her little head, sat up in her cradle, looked at her feet, and began to chatter.

A ray of the morning fell across her crib; it would have been difficult to decide which was the rosier, Georgette's foot or Aurora.

The other two still slept—the slumber of boys is heavier. Georgette, gay and happy, began to chatter. René-Jean's hair was brown, Gros-Alain was auburn, Georgette's blonde. These tints would change later in life. René-Jean had the look of an infant Hercules; he slept lying on his stomach, with his two fists in his eyes. Gros-Alain had thrust his legs outside his little bed.

All three were in rags; the garments given them by the battalion of the Bonnet Rouge had worn to shreds; they had not even a shirt between them. The two boys were almost naked; Georgette was muffled in a rag which had once been a petticoat, but was now little more than a jacket. Who had taken care of these children? Impossible to say. Not a mother. These savage peasant fighters, who dragged them along from forest to forest, had given them their portion of soup. That was all. The little ones lived as they could. They had everybody for master, and nobody for father. But even about the rags of childhood there hangs a halo. These three tiny creatures were lovely.

Georgette prattled. A bird sings—a child prattles—but it is the same hymn; hymn indistinct, inarticulate, but full of profound meaning. The child, unlike the bird, has the sombre destiny of humanity before it. This thought saddens any man who listens to the joyous song of a child. The most sublime psalm that can be heard on this earth is the lisping of a human soul from the lips of childhood. This confused murmur of thought, which is as yet only instinct, holds a strange, unreasoning appeal to eternal justice; perchance it is a protest against life while standing on its threshold; a protest unconscious, yet heart-rending; this ignorance, smiling at infinity, lays upon all creation the burden of the destiny which shall be offered to this feeble, unarmed creature. If unhappiness comes, it seems like a betrayal of confidence.

The babble of an infant is more and less than speech; it is not measured, and yet it is a song; not syllables, and yet a language; a murmur that began in heaven and will not finish on earth; it commenced before human birth, and will continue in the sphere beyond! These lisping are the echo of what the child said when it was an angel, and of what it will say when it enters eternity. The cradle has a yesterday, just as the grave has a To-morrow; and this morrow and this yesterday join their double mystery in that incomprehensible warbling, and there is no such proof of God, of eternity, and the duality of destiny, as in this awe-inspiring shadow flung across that flower-like soul.

There was nothing saddening in Georgette's prattle; her whole lovely face was a smile. Her mouth smiled, her eyes smiled, the dimples in her cheek smiled. There was a serene acceptance of the morning in this smile. The soul has faith in the sunlight. The sky was blue, warm, beautiful. This frail creature, who knew nothing, who comprehended nothing, softly cradled in a dream which was not thought, felt herself in safety amid the loveliness of nature, these sturdy trees, this pure verdure, this landscape fair and peaceful, with its noises of birds, brooks, insects, leaves, above which glowed the brightness of the sun.

After Georgette, René-Jean, the eldest, who was past four, awoke. He sat up, jumped in a manly way over the side of his cradle, found out the porringer, considered that quite natural, and so sat down on the floor, and began to eat his soup.

Georgette's prattle had not awakened Gros-Alain, but at the sound of the spoon in the porringer, he turned over with a start, and opened his eyes. Gros-Alain was the one of three years old. He saw his bowl. He had only to stretch out his arm and take it, so, without leaving his bed, he followed René-Jean's example, seized the spoon in his little fist, and began to eat, holding the bowl on his knees.

Georgette did not hear them; the modulations of her voice seemed measured by the cradling of a dream. Her great eyes, gazing upward, were divine. No matter how dark the ceiling in the vault above a child's head, Heaven is reflected in its eyes.

When René-Jean had finished his portion, he scraped the bottom of his bowl with his spoon, sighed, and said with dignity, "I have eaten my soup."

This roused Georgette from her reverie. "Thoup!" said she.

Seeing that René-Jean had eaten, and that Gros-Alain was eating, she took the porringer which was placed by her cradle and began to eat in her turn, not without carrying the spoon to her ear much oftener than to her mouth.

From time to time she renounced civilization, and ate with her fingers.

When Gros-Alain had scraped the bottom of his porringer too, he leaped out of bed and joined his brother.

Suddenly from without, down below, on the side of the forest, came the stern, loud ring of a trumpet.

To this clarion-blast a horn from the top of the tower replied.

This time it was the clarion which called, and the horn which made answer.

The clarion blew a second summons, and the horn again replied.

Then from the edge of the forest rose a voice, distant but clear, which cried thus: "Brigands, a summons! If at sunset you have not surrendered at discretion, we commence the attack."

A voice, which sounded like the roar of a wild animal, responded from the summit of the tower: "Attack!"

The voice from below resumed, "A cannon will be fired, as a last warning, half an hour before the assault."

The voice from on high repeated, "Attack!"

These voices did not reach the children, but the trumpet and the horn rose loud and clear. At the first sound of the clarion, Georgette lifted her head, and stopped eating; at the sound of the horn, she dropped her spoon into the porringer; at the second blast of the trumpet she lifted the little forefinger of her right hand, and, raising and depressing it in turn, marked the cadences of the flourish which prolonged the blast. When the trumpet and the horn ceased, she remained with her finger pensively lifted, and then murmured, in a half voice, "Muthic."

We suppose that she wished to say "Music." The two older children, René-Jean and Gros-Alain, had paid no attention to the trumpet and horn; they were absorbed by something else; a wood-louse was just making a journey across the library floor.

Gros-Alain perceived it, and cried, "There is a little creature!"

René-Jean ran up. Gros-Alain continued, "It pricks." "Do not hurt it," said René-Jean.

And both remained watching the traveller. Georgette proceeded to finish her soup; that done, she looked about for her brothers. René-Jean and Gros-Alain were in the recess of one of the windows, gravely stooping over the wood-louse, their foreheads touching, their curls mingling. They held their breath in wonder, and examined the insect, which had stopped, and did not attempt to move, though not appreciating the admiration it received.

Georgette, seeing that her brothers were watching something, must needs know what it was. It was not an easy matter to reach them—still she undertook the journey. The way was full of difficulties; there were things scattered over the floor. There were footstools overturned, heaps of old papers, packing-cases, forced open and empty; trunks, rubbish of all sorts, in and out of which it was necessary to sail—a whole archipelago of reefs—but Georgette risked it. The first task was to get out of her crib; then she entered the chain of reefs, twisted herself through the straits, pushed a footstool aside, crept between two coffers, got over a heap of papers, climbing up one side and rolling down the other, regardless of the exposure to her poor little naked legs, and succeeded in reaching what a sailor would have called an open sea, that is, a sufficiently wide space of the floor which was not littered over, and where there were no more perils; then she bounded forward, traversed this space, which was the whole width of the room, on all fours with the agility of a kitten, and got near to the window. There a fresh and formidable obstacle encountered her; the great ladder lying along the wall reached to this window, the end of it passing a little beyond the corner of the recess. It formed between Georgette and her brothers a sort of cape, which must be crossed. She stopped and meditated; her internal monologue ended, she came to a decision. She resolutely twisted her rosy fingers about one of the rungs, which were vertical as the ladder lay along its side. She tried to raise herself on her feet, and fell back; she began again, and fell a second time; the third effort was successful. Then, standing up, she caught hold of the rungs in succession, and walked the length of the ladder. When she reached the extremity there was nothing more to support her. She tottered, but seizing in her two hands the end of one of the great poles which held the rungs, she rose again, doubled the promontory, looked at René-Jean and Gros-Alain, and began to laugh.

At that instant, René-Jean, satisfied with the result of his investigations of the wood-louse, raised his head, and announced, "'Tis a she creature."

Georgette's laughter made René-Jean laugh, and René-Jean's laughter made Gros-Alain laugh.

Georgette seated herself beside her brothers, the recess forming a sort of little reception chamber, but their guest, the wood-louse, had disappeared.

It had taken advantage of Georgette's laughter to hide itself in a crack of the floor.

Other incidents followed the wood-louse's visit.

First, a flock of swallows passed. They probably had their nests under the edge of the overhanging roof. They flew close to the window, a little startled by the sight of the children, describing great circles in the air, and uttering their melodious spring song. The sound made the three little ones look up, and the wood-louse was forgotten.

Georgette pointed her finger toward the swallows, and cried "Chicks!"

René-Jean reprimanded her. "Miss, you must not say 'chicks'; they are birds."

"Birz," repeated Georgette.

And all three sat and watched the swallows. Then a bee entered. There is nothing so like a soul as a bee. It goes from flower to flower as a soul from star to star, and gathers honey as the soul does light.

This visitor made a great noise as it came in; it buzzed at the top of its voice, seeming to say, "I have come. I have first been to see the roses, now I come to see the children. What is going on here?"

A bee is a housewife—its song is a grumble. The children did not take their eyes off the new-comer as long as it stayed with them.

The bee explored the library, rummaged in the corners, fluttered about with the air of being at home in a hive, and wandered, winged and melodious, from bookcase to bookcase, examining the titles of the volumes through the glass doors as if it had an intellect. Its exploration finished it departed.

"It is going to its own house," said René-Jean.

"It is a beast," said Gros-Alain.

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

"A fly," said Georgette.

Thereupon Gros-Alain, who had just found on the floor a cord, with a knot in one end, took the opposite extremity between his thumb and forefinger, and made a sort of windmill of the string, watching its whirls with profound attention.

On her side, Georgette, having turned into a quadruped again, and recommenced her capricious course back and forward across the floor, discovered a venerable tapestry-covered armchair, so eaten by moths that the horsehair stuck out in several places. She stopped before this seat. She enlarged the holes, and diligently pulled out the long hair.

Suddenly she lifted one finger; that meant, "Listen!"

The two brothers turned their heads.

A vague, distant noise surged up from without; it was probably the attacking camp executing some strategic manoeuvre in the forest; horses neighed, drums beat, caissons rolled, chains clanked, military calls and responses; a confusion of

savage sounds, whose mingling formed a sort of harmony.

The children listened in delight.

"It is the good God who does that," said René-Jean.

The noise ceased. René-Jean remained lost in a dream.

How do ideas vanish and re-form themselves in the brains of those little ones? What is the mysterious motive of those memories at once so troubled and so brief? There was in that sweet, pensive little soul a mingling of ideas of the good God, of prayer, of joined hands, the light of a tender smile it had formerly known and knew no longer, and René-Jean murmured, half aloud, "Mamma!"

"Mamma!" repeated Gros-Alain.

"Mamma!" cried Georgette.

Then René-Jean began to leap. Seeing this Gros-Alain leaped too. Gros-Alain repeated every movement and gesture of his brother. Three years copies four years, but twenty months keeps its independence. Georgette remained seated, uttering a word from time to time. Georgette could not yet manage sentences. She was a thinker; she spoke in apophthegms. She was monosyllabic.

Still, after a little, example proved infectious, and she ended by trying to imitate her brothers, and these three little pairs of naked feet began to dance, to run, to totter amid the dust of the old polished oak floor, beneath the grave aspects of the marble busts toward which Georgette from time to time cast an unquiet glance, murmuring "Ma-mans."

Probably in Georgette's language this signified something which looked like a man, but yet which she comprehended was not one—perhaps the first glimmering of an idea in regard to phantoms.

Georgette, oscillating rather than walking, followed her brothers, but her favourite mode of locomotion was on all fours.

(To be continued.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 9.—M. de Lesseps has abandoned the Central Asian Railway project.

The first train is to be run through the Hoosac Tunnel on the 1st of November.

A cargo of tea, valued at \$40,000, has been seized by the Customs authorities at New York.

A Berlin despatch says it is rumoured that all foreign priests, monks, and nuns will shortly be expelled from Prussia.

A further instalment of \$9,000,000 was forwarded yesterday by the United States Government to the European Syndicate.

Charles Perkins, a former United States Vice-consul at Paris, found guilty of obtaining money under false pretences, was sentenced to one year's imprisonment, a fine of one hundred francs, and ordered to refund all the monies fraudulently obtained by him.

THURSDAY, Sept. 10.—M. Guizot died at Paris to-day.

A severe shock of earthquake was lately experienced at Yokohama.

The Japan Gazette relates the murder of Mr. Haber, German Consul at Hakodadi, by a native.

Up to the 8th inst. the "Faraday" had paid out 458 knots of the new direct cable to the United States.

Five per cent. of the Cuban volunteer force has been ordered out immediately for active service till April, 1875.

The total value of grain and flour shipped during the month of August last from Chicago to Canada to be transhipped to European ports aggregates \$543,712.

The New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company have negotiated a \$3,000,000 loan, which will enable them to complete four tracks to Buffalo.

FRIDAY, Sept. 11.—Extensive forgeries of deeds of real estate have been creating quite a sensation amongst real estate agents of New York and Brooklyn.

The September returns of the United States Department of Agriculture show a very heavy decline in the prospective cotton crop.

The International Law Association, which has been sitting at Geneva this past week, closed its session to-day.

The new Spanish ambassador has presented his credentials to President MacMahon, who promised friendly co-operation with the Republic.

A despatch from Shanghai says it is thought likely that the Formosa difficulty will be referred for arbitration either to the United States or the King of Italy. A peaceful solution of the trouble is confidently hoped for.

A collision took place on the Great Eastern Railway to-day near Norwich, England, by which twenty persons were killed outright, and fifty wounded, some of whom are not expected to survive.

SATURDAY, Sept. 12.—It is rumoured that the King of Ashantee is to be deposed.

Calixte Garcia, the Cuban insurgent leader, is likely to die of wounds received at the time of his capture.

Eight iron-clads were sold by the United States Government at New Orleans on Saturday for the total amount of \$66,725.

Tilton threatens to publish another statement, in which case there is some talk of putting into force the law respecting the transmission of obscene literature.

By the recent agreement of the Atlantic Steamship Co., the steerage passage from Liverpool to Boston was fixed at the uniform rate of £5, for fast and slow boats. The slow lines have consequently withdrawn, and competition has again commenced.

SUNDAY, Sept. 13.—Guizot is dead.

MONDAY, Sept. 14.—An unsuccessful attempt has been made to assassinate the President of Peru.

The trial of the alleged accomplices in the escape of Marshal Bazaine commenced to-day.

The rumour that Germany was seeking territorial acquisitions on the American continent is officially denied.

Six hundred Moldavian peasants created immense excitement by making a raid into Austrian territory.

The voting in the French Department of Maine et Loire resulted in no election. A second ballot will be taken on the 27th inst. The Republican candidate was 17,000 votes ahead.

The aspect of Germany toward Denmark has become so threatening, and the expulsion of Danish subjects from German soil of such daily occurrence, that it is thought a formal protest will shortly be sent to Great Britain.

Governor Dix has at last given forth his decision in the Have-meyer case, and while condemning in pointed terms the action of the Mayor, declines any further proceedings in the case, not considering that the Mayor was actuated by any corrupt motive.



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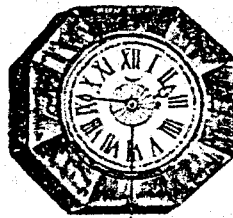
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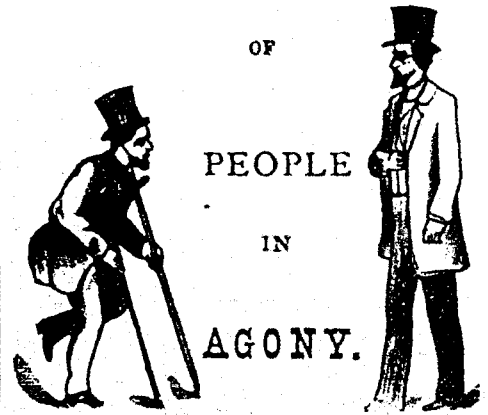
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