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Montreal Westchester News

Vol. XII.—No. 9.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1875.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

LOOKING OVER THE CEMETERY

LOOKING UP THE RIVER FROM THE TOP.



LOOKING ACROSS ST. HELENS ISLAND.

W. Scheuer, del.

FROM THE UPPER RESERVOIR.

FOOT OF THE EAST STEPS.

MONTREAL: GLIMPSES OF THE MOUNTAIN PARK.

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

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Aug. 28th, 1875.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK SCHOOLS.

Another phase has been reached in this important and perplexed question. It is in the shape of a compromise which gives hope of amicable settlement in the near future. After the failure of the case, on political grounds, in the Dominion Parliament, the Roman Catholic members of the Provincial Legislature resolved upon making a final effort to solve the problem with their own Provincial Government. With this view, and under the sanction of Bishop SWEENEY, they submitted a series of propositions to the cabinet of New Brunswick. These propositions are four in number and we shall summarize them as follows:

I.

That the pupils residing in all populous places where there may be a sufficient number of children to form two or more schools, shall be permitted to attend schools outside of the districts in which they may reside.

To this the reply of the Government is simple and satisfactory. After laying down the principle that the power to admit to the schools of a district children residing in another district is vested in the Trustees, they allow that in the case of districts where there are two or more schools, the Trustees may, subject to proper provision for grading, allow children from any part of the district to attend any of the schools within the bounds of the district.

II.

That regulation be made to provide for the granting of licenses to persons holding certificates from the Superior of any religious Order, or where such persons hold no such certificates, that provision be made for the examination of such persons at their place of residence or school-rooms.

To this proposition the reply is that any person who has undergone training at a recognized or Normal School in another country, or who holds a diploma from a chartered College or University, is eligible for examination for license. The certificate of the Superior of any of the Roman Catholic teaching Orders is recognized as rendering the holder eligible for such examination, and it would not be necessary for such persons to attend the New Brunswick Training School. When such certificates are not held, attendance upon the Training School is required.

III.

That in schools taught by the Christian Brothers and Sisters of Charity, or which may be attended by Roman Catholic children, the teachers shall not be compelled to use any books which may contain anything objectionable to them in a religious point of view (referring now more particularly to the History and Readers prescribed by the Board of Education.)

We regard the reply of the Executive Council to this proposition as courteous and conciliatory. They affirm that the greatest care has been taken to keep the school books free from matter objectiona-

ble to any one on religious grounds, and it will continue to be the aim of the educational authorities to render the text books suitable to all. In reference to the prescribed History of England, the Council are prepared to recommend to the favourable consideration of the Board of Education the adoption and insertion of notes, compiled from Lingard, upon such portions of the text as may be deemed objectionable in a religious point of view, when presented to the Board on behalf of the Roman Catholic minority.

IV.

That provision shall be made that the Trustees shall allow religious instruction to be given in the school rooms under their control after regular secular school hours, said hours to be shortened to the extent allowed for religious instruction.

Here lies the knot of the whole question. The other propositions related rather to matters of detail. This turns on a point of vital substance. The reply is a guarded negative, but so diplomatically worded as to leave room for future negotiation which, we trust, will be pursued until a fair understanding is arrived at. The Council regard it as obvious that if the Trustees be required to allow the teachers to give denominational instruction after school to the pupils assembled for public purposes under the authority of the School Act, the direct tendency of such a provision would be to render the selection and appointment of teachers a matter to be determined rather by their denominational views than their fitness to discharge the specified duties required of them during school hours.

We shall not enter upon a discussion of these documents to-day. They are a great step in advance, and read in connection with Archbishop LYNCH's late utterance on the same subject, must be regarded as very significant. The principal journals of St. John and the Province of New Brunswick appear favorable to some such scheme of compromise.

THE ENGLISH SHIPPING ACT.

In our comments last week on the Merchants' Shipping Act passed by the British Government, under the direction of Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY, we went rather fully into its merits, and, among other remarks, we stated that Mr. PLIMSOLL's proposals for a compulsory classification and a regulated load line would, if carried, drive the shipping trade of England into the hands of the foreign owner and ruin the greatest commercial interest of the country. This statement is so true on the very face of it that we wonder none of our contemporaries have noticed it. The subject, however, has attracted attention in another respect, that of its effects upon the shipping trade of the port of Montreal. Mr. HENRY FRY, of Quebec, has written a letter to the *Gazette*, of this city, taking this view of it, and certainly a gentleman of Mr. FRY's standing and experience, is entitled to a hearing. He adverts to the fact that the Chancellor of the Exchequer accepted an amendment of Mr. REED's, "prohibiting the carriage, in British ships, of grain in bulk," with an addition, "which limited the prohibition to cases in which more than one-third of the cargo consisted of grain," and another amendment was afterwards accepted "providing that a British ship, carrying more than one-third of a grain cargo in bulk, should not be deemed seaworthy;" and, in the debate of the 5th of August, another amendment was carried providing "that the clause should not apply to any grain shippers before the 1st of October, 1875." Making at once the application to the port of Montreal, Mr. FRY urges that unless a large supply of grain bags are procured during September it will be practically impossible to ship grain from Montreal in British ships after the 1st October next. He regards it further as evident that the Bill will act with tremendous force against British shipowners, throw the bulk of the British grain-carrying trade into the hands of foreigners, and tell against Montreal and in favor of New

York, where a large proportion of the carrying trade is done by Germans, Norwegians, and Italians, who will thus be in a position to carry grain at a cheaper rate than British ships.

We quite agree with Mr. FRY that this is a matter well worth the attention of our Government, and especially of the Minister of Marine. The dramatic turn of the PLIMSOLL incident has naturally of itself made a great impression on the continent, and it is clear from the tone of the French papers that shipowners in France stand ready to avail themselves of the unexpected advantages thus thrown in their way. We do not exactly agree with Mr. FRY that this legislation is the product of an "unreasoning panic," but there is no doubt that the Government Bill was hastily drawn up, immaturely considered, rapidly passed through its different stages in Parliament, and officially pronounced to be only a temporary measure. Even in the Speech from the Throne the hope is expressed that no harm will result from it during the months intervening before the next session of Parliament, when a more thorough and satisfactory treatment of the case is promised.

With regard to ourselves, it will be remembered that there is a recent Act of the Canadian Parliament regulating the classification and loading of ships. That Act was passed with a clause empowering the Governor General in Council by Proclamation to bring it into force. Until now no such Proclamation has been issued and the Act has remained a dead letter. But we have no doubt that, in consideration of the urgency and extreme importance of the case, the Department of Marine and Fisheries will lose no time in making such legislation operative. While on the one hand, as we said last week, we need a PLIMSOLL among us to watch jealously over the interests of Canadian seamen and seafarers generally, we must look to the Government, on the other, for proper protection of our great shipping interest that so neither our shipowners nor our shippers shall suffer the penalties of abuses committed by their confreres in England and for which they are no wise responsible.

POSTAL UNION.

An announcement was lately made that our Government had secured admission into the convention by which the principal nations of Europe had agreed to reduce their Postal communications to the simplest and most amicable basis. This intelligence, coming almost simultaneously with the new Postal facilities entered upon with the United States, was received with general satisfaction. From our last English exchanges, especially the *Pall Mall Gazette*, we obtain full particulars of the scope and extent of this new international combination. The Postal Treaty, which came into operation on the 1st of July, was signed at Berne last October by the representatives of all the European Governments, of the United States, and of Egypt. France alone of the countries interested is excepted from its action up to the next year; to which time the special postal treaties concluded by the French Government with the various other Governments remain in force. Herr Stephan, the Prussian Postmaster-General, to whom was due the admirable organization of the Feld Post, both for letters and for postage-cards, during the late war, is said to have first brought forward the project of a universal postal system. But it might well have been suggested by the fixed charges, according to distance and the number of words, for telegraphic messages throughout the countries represented at the periodical Telegraphic Conferences; and the real originator of the main idea is clearly the late Sir Rowland Hill.

Sir ROWLAND HILL devised a uniform penny postage rate for the United Kingdom. The Postal Conference of Berne has introduced a uniform 2½d. or five sous or five cents postage rate in the new postal territory, which is several times as great as the vastest organized territory known to history. Twopence halfpenny is the Union charge for each prepaid let-

ter of not more than half an ounce in weight, with an additional charge of 2½d. for every additional half-ounce. In newspapers, books, or other parcels a tax is levied of ¾d. on every two ounces. A uniform rate, however, of 1d. may be fixed, according to the wish of each country, for every copy of a newspaper weighing not more than four ounces. Thus the charge on the largest English newspaper will not exceed 1d.; unless, indeed, it be sent more than 300 nautical miles by sea within the territory of the Union, in which case it becomes liable to an additional charge, not amounting to more than half the general Union rate. Not to vex Governments too much with vulgar fractions, it has been arranged that, to suit differences of exchange, the letter rate may be raised from 2½d. to 3d., or lowered to 2d.; and corresponding variations are allowed in connection with the rates payable on newspapers and books. The countries comprised in the new postal region are divided into "countries of origin," "countries of destination," and "intermediate countries." The "country of origin" keeps all the money received on prepaid letters. When a letter has not been prepaid the sum which becomes payable upon it is taken and kept by the "country of destination." The expense of sending "in transit through immediate countries closed mails as well as correspondence in open mails" is of course borne by the "country of origin," which is to be charged at the rate of 2 francs a kilogramme, or about 10d. a pound, for letters, and 25 centimes a kilogramme, or 1¼d. a pound, for newspapers. The expenses of sea service are to be diminished as much as possible; and a country providing ocean transit of more than 300 nautical miles may not claim from the "country of origin" more than 3 f. 75 c. for letters, or 1 f. 25 c. for newspapers. The treaty is for three years, and at the expiration of that time is to be regarded as binding in perpetuity, though any country may withdraw from it by giving a year's notice. Representatives of the countries included in the Postal Union are to assemble every three years in order to consider the working of the system and to remedy such defects in it as may have become apparent. When the official announcement will be made by our own Postal authorities it is to be hoped that the schedule of destinations and prices will be devised in a simple, scientific manner, so that all may understand it.

MINISTERS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

Our last English papers bring us a report of that time honoured feast,—the annual dinner given by the Lord Mayor of London to the Ministers of the Queen. The Premier made a most elaborate review of the measures of the session from the point of view which he considered historic; and the set speeches of Mr. DISRAELI, whatever may be the estimate which men, from different stand points, may hold of his character, always contain food for reflection. He was careful to indicate in his opening remarks that his conclusions sprang rather from the autumn of experience than the spring time of anticipation. The topic to which he first alluded was the Colonial Empire of Great Britain. To consolidate this and keep it very near in sympathy and feeling to the heart of the parent state was, he said, an object of the greatest concern for Her Majesty's Government. He repudiated all such notions as that the Colonies were burdens to the Mother Country. On the contrary, he asserted they were her greatest glory. This expression of opinion was cheered; and it has not been, so far as we have seen, anywhere challenged by the press. In fact we may say that the views of those anti-colonial doctrinaires which found somewhat noisy expression a few years ago, are now silent; and this is a political sign of very great importance.

Turning to home matters, MR. DISRAELI said the present Ministers of the Queen

held for policy, that there had been quite sufficient of organic change in the legislation and the agitation of the last few years; and that what the country now wanted was repose. His Government he further intimated had, therefore, devoted their attention to measures of sanitary reform, to the question of improvement of dwellings, to social ameliorations, and the doing away with class distinctions, as regarded equality before the laws. This point had special reference to societies and unions of working men. He contended that there should be no special laws directed against them as such; and that all classes alike should come under the operation of common laws. He added that the working man in the United Kingdom now enjoyed a much greater amount of freedom and exemption from arbitrary interference by the state, than was enjoyed by his class in any part of Europe, and that this was a great and glorious fact of which the whole nation had reason to be proud, one, moreover, which ensured the stability of British institutions.

Our remarks give a brief, but we believe a correct summary, of MR. DISRAELI'S utterances. They indicate the ground on which he appeals to the sympathies of the nation, as against the organic reforms and exciting agitation stirred by his great rival, MR. GLADSTONE; and it is, therefore, from this point of view that they are worthy of consideration.

The Premier went on to enumerate the measures of the session. But into the particulars of these our space will not allow us to follow him. We may, however, remark that he contended the "dramatic scene" in reference to the Merchants' Shipping Bill, did produce such an ebullition of public feeling, as enabled the Government to pass a measure through, in 10 or 12 hours, which otherwise it would have been impossible at all to pass. He declared that the sympathies of the Government were with that measure for the protection of the lives of seamen; and that the Ministers did not think of withdrawing their original measure, until they were appealed to at a late period of the session with an array of 150 amendments against it, coming alike from their friends and their enemies. He did, however, further declare that if no Bill had been passed, they would so have enforced the measures passed by their predecessors in 1873, as to ensure salutary practical reform.

The *Times*, in its commercial column says,—The grain market is inactive, but the previous prices are obtained for wheat. It seems to be the opinion that the prices of wheat will be well maintained this season. This has sustained the market in spite of the heavy arrivals of foreign wheat. The British wheat so far brought to market has not been of good quality. There is not much that is new to report about the condition of trade abroad. Harvest will generally be about three per cent. below a fine yield, but with old stocks to draw on. There can be nothing approaching a scarcity, and a moderate advance on last season's prices is likely to secure us an abundance. The improved feeling recently manifested in the sugar market has subsided, several parcels having been withdrawn from the public sales on account of reduced offers.

The Dominion Supreme Court Bill has not yet received Imperial sanction, and the delay seems to arise out of the appellate jurisdiction clause of the Act. On the 6th inst., in the House of Commons, in reply to MR. JACKSON, MR. LOWTHER said: "An Act constituting a Supreme Court of Canada, with appellate jurisdiction, was passed during the late Session of the Dominion Parliament and assented to by the Governor General. The Act was now engaging the attention of Her Majesty's Government, who were considering the clauses which related to the appellate jurisdiction, but had not yet been advised as to their effect with regard to appeals to the Privy Council."

Initiative steps to form what is designated as the National Union Party, with General N. P. BANKS as Presidential candidate and possibly L. Q. C. LAMAR, of Mississippi, as Vice-President, have been taken in Boston. They condemned the enormous frauds on the Government; dishonest public officials; great monopolies and corporations as tending to oppress the people; sudden inflation or contraction of the currency is pronounced dangerous; and they state that the only way to specie resumption is to make the promise of the nation as valuable as that of private notes, and no encouragement should be given to sectional enmity.

The latest news from the seat of revolt in the Herzegovina is conflicting. The rumored intervention of Russia, Germany and Austria seems not to be accepted by the Porte, though if all the European Powers united in a friendly and disinterested attempt at conciliation, the jealousy of Turkey might be disarmed. The most tangible evidence of subsidence in the troubles is the fact that all signs of panic in consequence of the revolt have disappeared in London and the stock market has entirely recovered from the depression in Turkish, and other cognate securities, which it experienced a few days ago.

A Winnipeg correspondent of the *National* deals blows at the Dawson route, the Dominion Government and Chief Justice Wood, as with the hammer of Thor. But though "Garry" is very wroth, he is also very circumstantial, and some of the charges which he makes deserve investigation. His worse accusation, to our mind, is that the Manitoba press, without exception, even those journals opposed to the Dominion Government, are so subsidized in the shape of Federal advertisements, that they dare not speak the truth. We hope they will speak now and answer this.

The question of the Union of the Maritime Provinces floats to the surface now and again, but seems to be making no substantial progress. The latest reference to it is in the columns of the *Halifax Reporter* and the *Fredericton Reporter*, in which journals a lively discussion has been held. They make the choice of a capital an important element in the controversy, and they are perfectly right, notwithstanding that the *St. John News* regards that point as of no moment whatever. Commercially, if not socially and politically, the location of the capital is one half of the bargain.

We learn from the *Charlottetown Patriot* that certain speculators on the Island are endeavouring to foist tracts of wilderness land which have by one means or another come into their possession on the Land Commission. It would suit the speculators very well to force the Government to buy from them land which they had bought at Sheriff's sales or from the Government itself at different times, and for which they find it difficult to get a purchaser. But our contemporary thinks "that their little game is seen through, and cannot succeed."

Commissioner French has telegraphed to Ottawa that there is no longer any trouble to be feared in the Northwest, and that the accounts of it have been overestimated, as the actual disturbances had been of an insignificant character. The Commissioner adds that he had left a guard of twelve members of the Mounted Police at Fort Carleton.

Political circles discuss the probability of Cabinet changes shortly to take place, it being stated that Messrs. LETELIER, LAIRD and FOURNIER will retire, the first to take the Collectorship of Customs at Quebec, the second the Lieutenant-Governorship of the North West Territory, and the third to be elevated to the Bench.

We are on the eve of having too much rain. Last week was very showery. Advices from the country report that the crops have not actually suffered as yet, at least to any appreciable extent, but should the wet weather continue, we may have to chronicle a great deal of damage in our next issue.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

LOOP LINE, G. W. RAILWAY.

The Loop Line of the Great Western Railway of Canada may almost be called a line of Trestles and Bridges. On that portion of it from Glencoe where it taps the main line of the G. W. R. to Simcoe a distance of 75 miles, constructed by the contractors Messrs. Stratford, Nicholson and Chisholm of Brantford, Ontario, there are no less than 5 large bridges and 40 large and small Trestle bridges, the whole constituting a mileage of about ten per cent of the line.

We give in this number a view of the largest bridge, the one at Tilsonburg, which is the second or third large structure (wooden bridge) on this continent; also a view of the Kettle Creek Bridge, at St. Thomas, an elegant and picturesque erection. Below are the dimensions of the four principal bridges on this line.

Howe Truss Bridge over Otter Creek at Tilsonburg.

Trestle work	200 feet
Howe Truss	1,108 "
Length	1,308 "
Extreme Height	110 "
Timber	1 1/4 million feet B.M.
Cost	\$60,000 gold.

Howe Truss over Big Creek at Fredricksburg.

Trestle work	190 feet
Howe Truss	910 "
Length	1,100 "
Extreme Height	86 "
Timber	1 million feet
Cost	\$50,000 gold.

Burr Truss Bridge, over the River Thames.

Trestle work	500 feet
Burr Truss 3 spans	308 "
Length	808 "
Cost about	\$30,000 gold.
Timber	600,000 feet B.M.

Howe Truss Bridge over Kettle Creek at St. Thomas.

Four spans Truss	408 feet
Trestle work	400 "
Length	808 "
Extreme Height	76 "
Timber	600,000 feet B.M.
Cost	\$28,000 gold.

CIVIC HOLIDAY, HAMILTON.

The day was everything that could be wished. At nine o'clock in the morning the Society, to the number of about 300, assembled at their Hall, and marched to the Crystal Palace. Many of the members wore the full highland costume, and kilted, bonneted and plumed, they presented a very attractive appearance. On their arrival at the Crystal Palace, the Society dispersed, and prepared for the day's sports. The arrangements were excellent. A grand stand was erected at the south side of the grounds, capable of accommodating about fifteen hundred persons, to protect spectators from the heat of the sun. At the east end of the grand stand, suitable offices were erected for the Secretary and his assistant, where the competitors in the games made their entries and the winners received their prize money. In the centre of the ring, and facing the grand stand, a raised floor was placed for the dancers, and at the north side of the ring a stand was erected for the Band of the 13th Battalion, who discoursed sweet music in their usual style at intervals during the day. There were present as guests, deputations of Caledonian Societies from St. Catharines, Thorold, Lucknow, Brantford, Buffalo, and many other cities in Canada and the United States, who were received by Chief Brown and a Reception Committee appointed for the purpose. The games commenced at 10 o'clock, and were continued throughout the day with great spirit. The entries were numerous, and, judging from the presence of contestants from other places, showed that the gathering had been looked forward to with much interest, and that the fame of the Hamilton Caledonian Society was not altogether local.

SCENE ON MAJOR'S HILL.

For the O'Connell Centennial, in Ottawa, on 6th August, the arch was a very neatly arranged, gothic in style, and covered with evergreens. On each side were the English colours and on the top of the arch was a green and white flag. In the centre there was a well executed portrait of O'Connell painted by Mr. J. A. Hurlay. The principal attraction in this portion of the day's celebration, and the principal disappointment also was the balloon, which did not go up. All the morning a strong south easterly breeze blew which increased to half a gale by noon, with drifting dark clouds unpleasantly indicative of the presence of lightning; then a smart shower set in, which had the effect of clearing the grounds of their occupants. The rain also played havoc with the games—one race for a quarter mile was got off and was won by Loverin, who beat a couple of strong antagonists from Kingston. The dancers too were deprived of the opportunity of tripping the light fantastic toe, and the concert by the Guards' Band had to hurried through, as

more threatenings of rain were manifested in the lowering clouds which gathered. Presently the storm came, and a drenching downpour set in, which lasted all the evening. The grounds were quickly deserted, and literally a damper was cast upon the whole of the proceedings of the Centennial.

GLIMPSES OF MOUNT ROYAL PARK.

On our front page we give a number of charming views illustrating the varied scenery of the new city park which is already partially opened on Mount Royal. No site more magnificent could be selected for the purpose, and although the cost of the undertaking will be enormous, there is no doubt that with time Montreal will have these noble pleasure grounds well laid out and distributed in a manner that shall rival any park in America.

THE DAVIS TRIAL.

It is certainly with no intention of catering to a morbid curiosity and sensibility that we present two views of this notorious trial, which has stirred up horror in Toronto as no previous case has ever done. It is, on the contrary, to lay the moral of it vividly before the eye and to give us an opportunity of denouncing the atrocity of which it is the subject.

THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.

It is a religious custom with the Seyyid of Zanzibar, as with other Oriental potentates, that their meat shall not only be served by their own attendants, but butchered as well. Our sketch offers an amusing and characteristic representation of this custom in the sacrifice of fowl by his Highness' cooks. It will be noticed that they treasure even the blood.

THE 300TH ANNIVERSARY OF LEYDEN UNIVERSITY.

Who has not heard of the famed University of Leyden, or at least of the electric jar which derives its name from the old town? A few weeks ago the third centenary of this venerable institution was celebrated, the ceremonies extending over ten days. Concerts, balls and dinners succeeded each other. But the culmination of the festival was the Historical Cavalcade represented in our sketch. On the 15th July, all the students, magnificently costumed, preceding and surrounding allegorical cars, promenaded the streets in every direction. At night, the city was illuminated in a most grandiose manner, and the festival terminated amid boundless enthusiasm. About 80,000 people from the neighboring cities, towns and villages took part in the festivities.

NEWMARKET RACES, TORONTO.

These races took place on the 16th and 18th inst. The sport was capital. Our sketch gives several views of the scene, among them a "foul" which has been fully noticed in the local papers.

ST. ANDREW'S HOME.

In our notice of the St. Andrew's Home we underestimated the number which could be accommodated. We should have said 40 instead of 20.

LIBERTY AND VACCINATION.

If a man be absolutely alone he has the fullest liberty possible. He may hunt or fish when he likes, be idle or industrious, eat too much or too little, wear clothes or go without, he has only himself to please for he can trespass on no one.

But change the picture from an individual to a family and this liberty is lost for ever. Then every member must conform more or less to the wishes of the rest. The hunter must share the proceeds of the chase with his wife and children, and all must behave with some degree of courtesy to the rest.

Change it further to a tribe instead of a family and a further restraint is put upon the liberty of the individual; as, for instance, one person is not allowed to make such an aggression upon a neighbouring tribe as shall bring on a war injurious to all.

And so on till we have a nation, wealthy and civilized, as is shown by the fact that a man may not drive faster in the streets than is safe for others. The same rule of increased restriction upon liberty hold good in the same manner when any one is afflicted with a contagious disease. He needs to be quarantined lest others suffer, or perhaps should be vaccinated against his will. The loss of individual liberty is no reason whatever for opposition. F. P. M.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Charlie Ross is reported to have been discovered near Plattsburg.

Illinoisans are arming vigilance committees to suppress outlawry.

Thiers declines nomination for the Senate, preferring the Lower House.

A St. Petersburg despatch says a conflagration has destroyed the town of Kief.

Friendly offices have been offered by three European powers in the Eastern difficulty. Thirty Turkish families were killed in the recent massacres.

All is quiet at the Black Hills, though trouble may break out between miners and Indians any moment. Gold has been discovered in paying quantities.

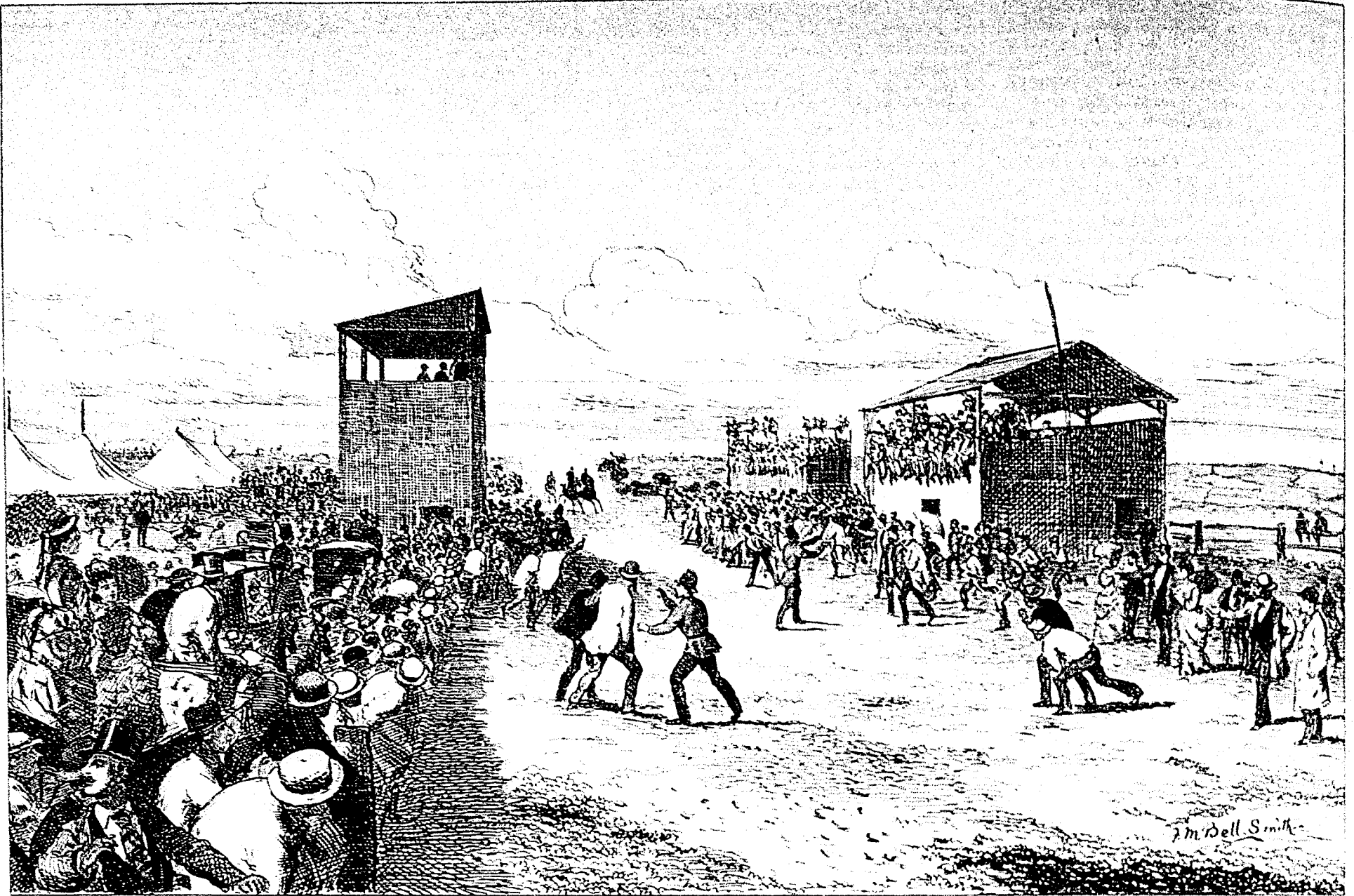
A collision occurred between the Herzegovinians and the Russian troops.

The London *Times* is hopeful of the crop, and anticipates no scarcity of wheat.

The Black Hills Indians refuse the Government's terms and will not sign a treaty.

A plot has been discovered against Don Carlos in which many of the Generals are implicated.

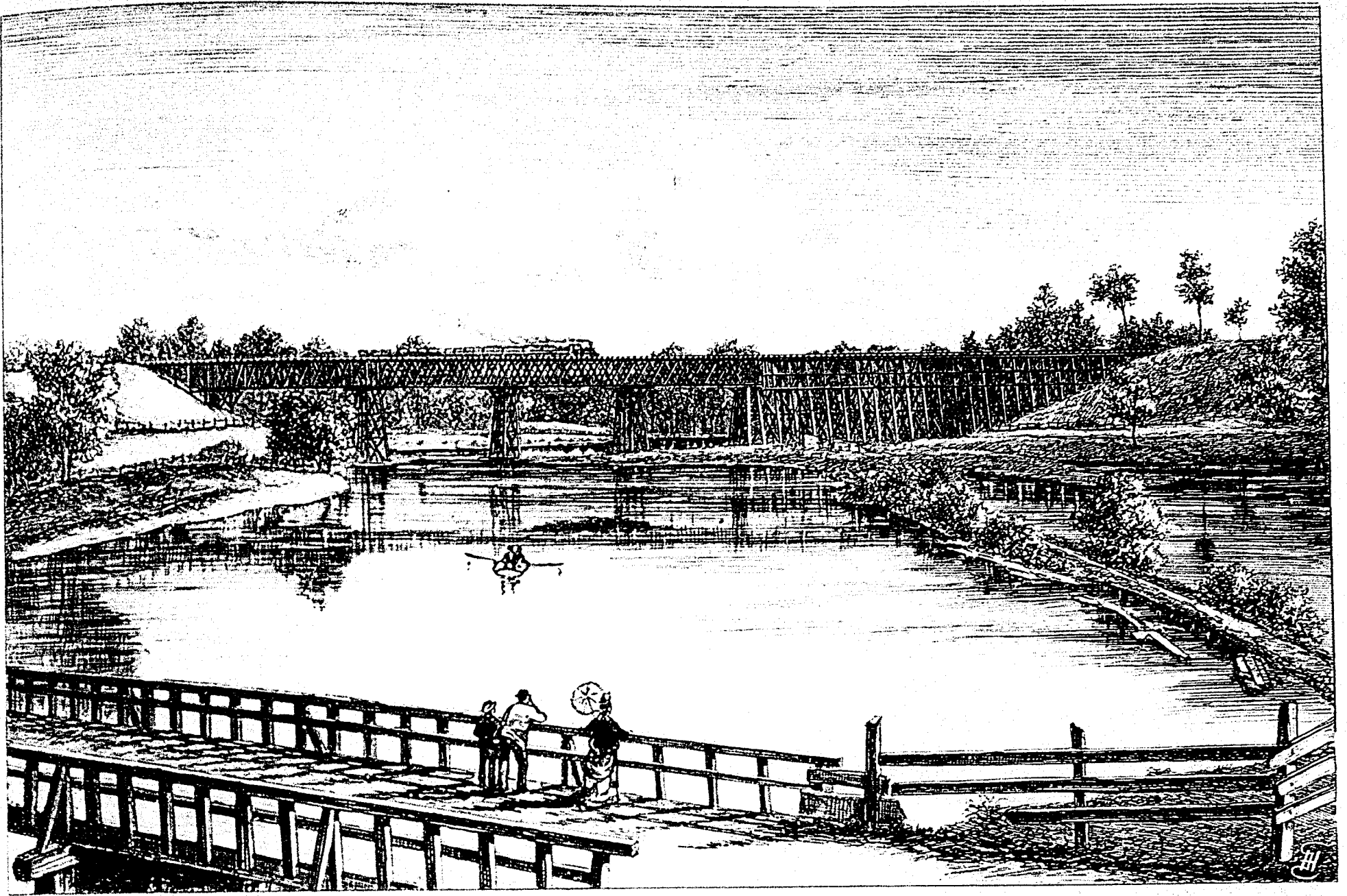
The American Rifle Team met with a hearty reception in New York on their return home on Saturday afternoon last.



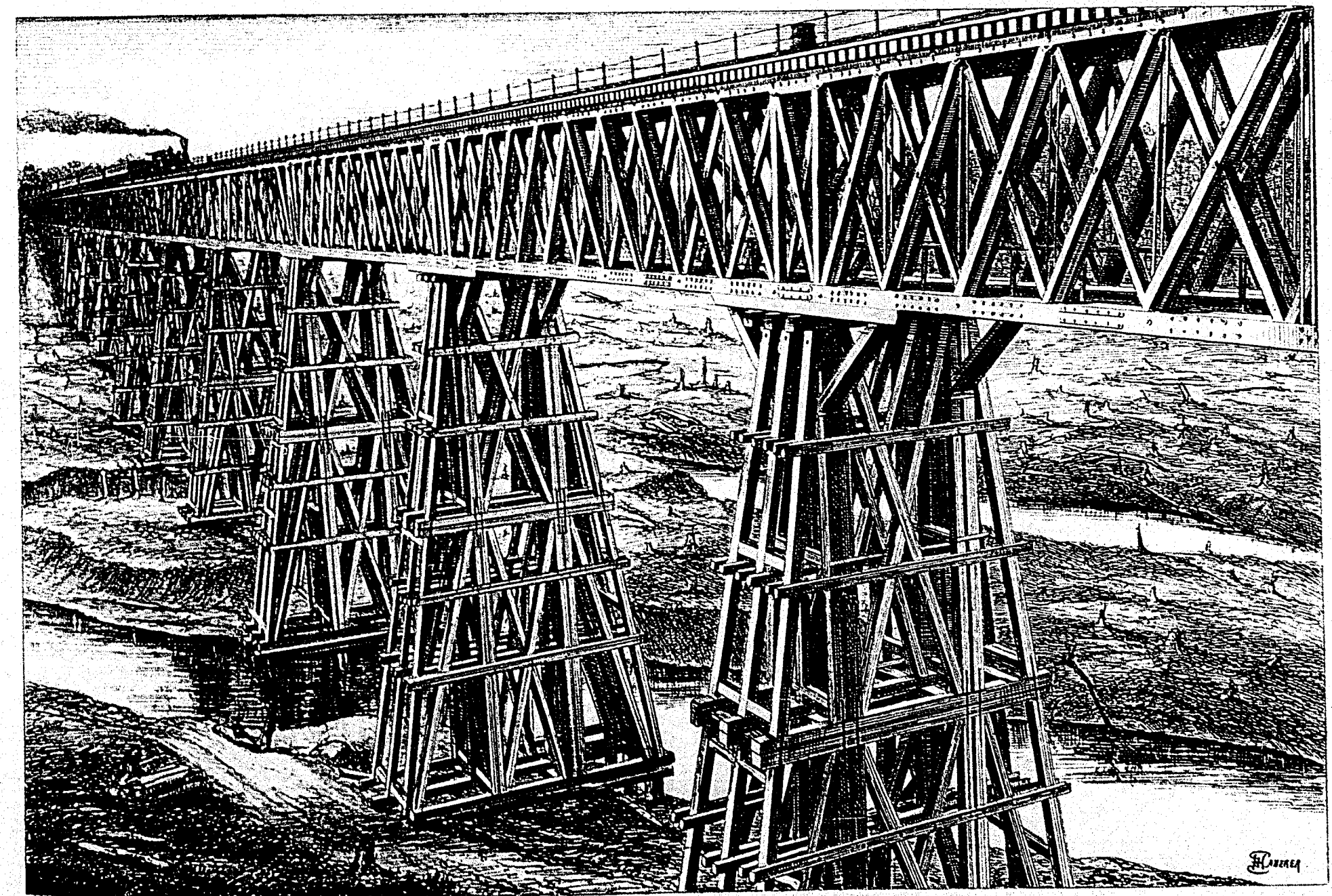
TORONTO: SUMMER RACES ON THE NEWMARKET TRACK, AUG. 16TH AND 18TH. RACE FOR THE \$500 PURSE, 1ST HEAT. "A FOUL"



HAMILTON: CALEDONIAN GAMES ON THE CIVIC HOLIDAY.



ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO: KETTLE CREEK BRIDGE.



TILSONBURG, ONT.: OTTER CREEK BRIDGE

SYMPTOMS.

"He is sure possessed, madam."
—*Twelfth Night.*

If, when you hear a certain lady's name,
You feel your pulses give a sudden start,
Or blush, as if some secret sense of shame
Had stirred, just then, the currents of your heart;
And if that name—to put it rather strong—
In euphony seems very much above
All other names—I think I can't be wrong
To venture the opinion, you're in love!

If, when at last, by some auspicious chance,
You meet the lady at a ball or play,
You shrink abashed before her modest glance,
And quite forget the words you meant to say;
And if, moreover, gazing at her hand,
You wish upon that hand you wore a glove,
It isn't very hard to understand
(See "Romeo and Juliet"), you're in love!

If with two ladies, on a summer's day,
You sit alone, at luncheon or at tea,
And think, if one of them were but away
(A mile or so), how happy you would be;
Yet find your wits in such a giddy whirl,
You scarcely speak to her you're thinking of,
But prattle gaily with the other girl—
There's reason for supposing you're in love!

If, all at once, your amatory pen
(Which ne'er before attempted lyric lines,
Invita Musa—bane of gods and men!)
To fervid song and madrigal inclines,
Wherein you rashly rhyme of "youth" and "truth,"
And call your subject "darling," "duck," or "dove";
Or sadly beg some cruel lady's ruth—
The symptom is unfailing—you're in love!

If of her sex no other you can find
One half so bright or beautiful as she;
If to her failings you are wholly blind
(The faults, I mean, that other people see);
If in her "pug" you see a "Grecian nose,"
And never doubt the angel hands above
Are silent when she sings—you may suppose,
Beyond the slightest question, you're in love!

—*John G. Saxe, in the Galaxy for September.*

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

A TRIP IN THE STREET CARS.

BY CLARE.

Only one day more to spend in Montreal—
only one day more of the long-looked-for visit,
and then back to the old country life again, with
its dull routine—one day exactly like the day
before—only more so, the only change going to
church twice every Sunday, to see the same
faces and the same old bonnets and dresses bought
in the year one, and fashioned after Noah's wife's
and daughters' and daughters-in-laws' patterns.
Dear, dear! I wish I had never come to
Montreal.

So mused Minnie Brown, as she sat looking
out of the window at the passers-by, tripping cau-
tiously along the slippery pavement. Discon-
tent had certainly a strong hold on her feelings
at present, as any one could tell by a glance at
her clouded brow and compressed lips. Four
months ago, Minnie had left N—, her native
village, where she reigned undisputed belle and
the darling of a large family, a bright merry-
hearted girl, feeling rather dubious of the so-
called charms of city life, and certain that when
her visit should be over, she should only be too
glad to return to village life and home duties.
Her aunt, Mrs. Nye, had pressed Minnie when
the stipulated month was up, to remain a little
longer and a little longer still, till the month
had grown into four, and now a letter had ar-
rived with a summons Minnie dared not to dis-
obey. If it had been last week, perhaps she might
have written a coaxing letter like the three last
epistles she had sent home, petitioning to be al-
lowed to remain "just a little longer;" but
somehow Minnie did not feel so bravehearted or
daring as usual, these last few days. What was
it then that had lent such great attraction to
city life, after all her anticipations to the con-
trary? Minnie would have scouted the idea if
it had presented itself tangibly before her mind,
but deep down in her heart of hearts, something
whispered that if she had never known Willie
Gordon—if she had never met him at that drive
where they became such friends on the strength
of his slight acquaintance with Mrs. Nye, and if
it had not been for the pleasant evenings spent
playing euche, and chatting pleasant, clever
talk that came so easily and without effort to his
lips, Montreal had never held such attraction for
her. But two weeks had now passed, and Willie
had never come. Evening after evening she had
waited to hear his accustomed ring, in vain.

"Your beau does not come any more, Minnie,"
said her uncle Nye, "how's that?"

"What beau, uncle?" asked Minnie, demu-
rely, correcting the stitches in the last rosette
of a fearfully and wonderfully made antimacassar,
she was just completing.

"O, of course, you do not know who I mean.

I suppose you've mitteden him, or he's found a
new flame at some other drive he's been to.
Well he seemed a nice sort of chap, but there are
plenty others left. There's Jim Rice yet you
know, Minnie." Jim Rice was a "bucolic
swain," dwelling in N—, and despite he
cherished a sneaking fondness for Minnie, or
perhaps rather on that account, as it entailed a
great amount of teasing from her numerous
brothers, was regarded by her with especial detes-
tion. This her uncle well knew, and as he was
a great adept in the act of tormenting, he often
made the objectionable swain the subject of his
serio-comic good advice to Minnie. As she sat
musing discontentedly at the window, reviewing
her life in N—, and the pleasant four months
which had passed so quickly in Montreal, where
her aunt had a gay and sociable circle of friends
who had taken greatly to bright pretty little
Minnie, she wondered much how she could ever
endure life again in the little village. And Jim

Rice stood out in his stupid uncouth awkward-
ness and insufferable self-conceit (being as he was
the only available rich young farmer in N—),
in strong contrast with Willie Gordon, as types
of the two lives—her past and her future. Every-
thing looks exaggerated when one is in these
dreary, down cast moods, and Minnie certainly
did not view everything in rose-colour as she
pondered over the present state of affairs that
afternoon.

"Well, I suppose I must make the best of it,"
she muttered at last rousing from her reverie.—
"What a lot of people are going down town. It's
almost time I got ready. All my packing is done
for to-morrow, and I've only to go and bid Mary
good-bye, and get the pattern mamma wrote for."

This last was addressed to Mrs. Nye, who was
taking "forty winks" on an arm-chair near the
fire—a pretty dame, who answered by a dreamy
"yes, my dear, certainly," to her niece's speech
although its import had certainly not penetrated
her drowsy mind.

"It's a shame to wake auntie more, now she's so
comfortable," thought Minnie. "She'd only insist
on dressing and coming with me if she woke up.
So I'll dress myself quickly and start. I'll not
be more than an hour, and I told her this morn-
ing I was going to Mary's, so she'll not be
anxious."

Minnie ran lightly up stairs to her room,
and arrayed herself in her pretty new costume—
the only balm to the regret she felt at returning
to N—, being her anticipation of the envy and
admiration her increased stylishness and im-
proved looks would excite among her com-
panions there, some of whom were "hateful
girls" who had been rude to her on different
occasions. And she had improved wonderfully.
She could not help thinking, as she twined her
cloud becomingly around her throat, before the
mirror, that she was far too attractive a girl, even
to marry the horrid Jim Rice. But then Willie
did not care for her—that was evident—was her
next thought, and as it came to her mind, all
her flippancy and vanity disappeared, and a lump
rose in her throat that had come there several
times lately, poor little girl, when she thought
of him; and if he did not, she would just as soon
marry Jim Rice as any one else—rather than be
an "old maid." But she choked the tears back
resolutely, not wishing to present herself in the
streets of Montreal in a lachrymose condition, and
hurried off, the clear frosty air bringing back the
colour to her cheeks, and the buoyancy to her
spirits. Mrs. Nye's house was in St. Antoine
Street West—the house Minnie was going to was in
a street near the Champ-de-Mars, off Craig St.,
so her walk was a direct one. Her aunt had
seldom allowed Minnie to venture for any dis-
tance by herself, having a most exaggerated idea
of the perils of pedestrianism for young girls un-
initiated in the "vice and wickedness," as she
termed it, of a large city. So Minnie was delight-
ed at getting off alone and felt a pleasing sense
of being very adventurous and tasting forbidden
pleasures as she walked briskly along. She
knew the number of her friend's house, and ar-
rived there without any trouble, but declined at
first her invitation to remain to tea with her.

"Auntie will get frightened about me."

"Oh, no, she won't," said her friend, with
that easy confidence in her knowledge of other
people's feelings, so often seen. "She knew you
were coming here."

Minnie could not deny that, and finally con-
sented to remain provided she were allowed to
depart immediately after tea. So she took off
her "things," half doubtful as to the expediency
of staying out without the consent of her rather
punctilious aunt, but managed to spend a very
pleasant afternoon, chatting and listening to all
sorts of interesting scandal in which her friend
abounded, being almost a "professional" mon-
ger of that time-killing resource. After tea they
sat down to have a few minutes' more chat and
for Minnie to learn a "new stitch" which her
friend made a great favour of teaching her as it
was known she affirmed only to herself and one
other person in Montreal. Minnie grew inter-
ested in constantly stating the difficulties and
intricacies of the stitch, and was terrified when
she was reminded of the flight of time by the
clock striking eight.

"Goodness me, Mary, what will auntie
think? I must go immediately. I had no idea
it was so late."

"You'd better wait, Minnie, there's no one
to see you home now. Harry will be home in
half an hour—wait till he comes in."

But Minnie protested she'd rather go at once.
She could take the cars, and did not feel a bit
afraid; they would put her down just at their
door.

"Very well, of course, if you must, you must,
only I wish you would wait for Harry. Are you
sure you're warm enough? I'll lend you a
shawl."

"O, no, thanks," said Minnie, all eagerness
to depart knowing well how her aunt would fret
and worry at her delayed appearance. So cutting
short her friend's messages to the aborigines at
N—, by a hurried parting embrace, she started
off in the snow which was now thickly falling.
She turned the corner into Craig St., and looked
anxiously eastward for the cars, but in vain; no
sign of them was to be seen. She hurried on
towards home, every now and then casting a
glance backwards, to try if she could see them
coming. At last, she heard the welcome sound
of the bells and looking back saw the green light
looming shadily along through the snow. In a
few minutes she was seated in the crowded car,
feeling a pleasant sense of security in having
shifted responsibility off her shoulders on to the

conductor's, when she handed him her five cents
telling him to put her down at the corner of L—
Street. The cars rattled on stopping every now
and then to let some one on or off. Poor Minnie
at first was very uncomfortably seated, being
wedged in between a fat old gentleman and a
woman with a tremendous basket on her knee,
which at every jolt made far too close an acquain-
tance with Minnie's ribs for her comfort. But
the people dropped one by one, she of the basket
crowning all by tramping heavily on Minnie's
most cherished corn in her departure. Now she
had the car to herself, and couldn't help compar-
ing herself to the miner of Mark Twain as it
rattled along, she alone in her glory its only oc-
cupant. It seemed almost as if she had
"chartered" it. Somehow the road seemed much
longer than usual this evening, and Minnie ven-
tured to ask the conductor if he had not passed
L— Street.

"Third street from here, miss," said he after
stretching his neck out of the side of the plat-
form to make sure of their whereabouts.

Reassured, Minnie leant back in her corner
and tried to realise that this was her last evening
in Montreal. By this time to-morrow, she would
be scores of miles away plunging along towards
N—, in the crazy old stage in which the second
part of her journey was to be performed. Of course,
she would be delighted to see all the home-faces
again, but she dreaded so much when once the
excitement and newness of being with them
again had worn away, the reverie of settling back
into the humdrum, stagnant old life, which had
seemed pleasant enough, and had contented her
well enough before; but something had come to
her she felt, though she would not have put it
into so many words, that had unfitted her for it
ever again. N—, could never be the same to
her again. And once more she repeated the wish
she had uttered in the window seat that after-
noon: "I wish I had never come to Montreal."

(To be continued in our next.)

LITERARY NOTICES.

The discussion of the historical aspects of the
German Death-Mask, to which SCRIBNER has
already devoted an elaborate illustrated article
(July 1874), is supplemented in the September
number of this magazine by a fertile and enthu-
siastic paper from the artist's stand-point, en-
titled "A Study of Shakespeare's Portraits," by
William Page. We shall return to this article
next week. The very enumerations of all the
able papers in this number would fill all our
space. We may, however, instance an illustrat-
ed article on Chicago, with over thirty engrav-
ings; an early poem by Poe, given in fac simile;
an account of how the Declaration of Indepen-
dence was saved in 1812, and two capital chapters
of Dr. Holland's "Story of Seven Oaks." Mr.
Stedman has another study on the Minor Victo-
rian Poets. In "Topics of the Time," Dr.
Holland sums up the Beecher trial, discusses "The
Jury-System" in general, and has "A Word for
Our Wanderers." "The Old Cabinet" takes
"A Text from a Tragedy." "Home and So-
ciety" continues to increase in practical value,
and in "Bric-à-Brac" there are some clever sil-
houettes, and a funny poem by Clara G. Dolliver
called "Gyp Tie."

The merit of Mr. Benjamin's article on French
Art, in the September *Atlantic* is that it is dis-
criminating and thoroughly judicial. It is too
much the fashion to belittle French art on the one
hand, or exalt it unduly on the other. France
has a school. It is distinct, it is characteristic,
and it is great precisely because, as the writer
says, it is national. There is a second chapter of
Frances Anne Kemble's reminiscences which are
deeply interesting, spite of their vagueness and
tendency to prolixity. Mr. Scudder has done
well to laud Noah Webster. After Washington,
and Jefferson, he is the greatest benefactor of the
American people. We fear Bourdillon is dash-
ing off too many of his little pieces. Love's Re-
ward would scarcely be read if his name was not
attached to it. We are promised in an early
number the new story of Mr. Howell. We trust
the delay will not be great.

In the POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY for Sep-
tember, Col. Powell continues his remarkable
account of the Physical Features of the Colorado
Valley with illustrations. An elementary paper
on Fresh Water Mollusks, also illustrated, is
highly entertaining and instructive. The ar-
ticle on "Scientific Culture," by Prof. Josiah P.
Cooke, Jr., is one which we shall endeavor to
summarize in our next number. There is a deep-
ly interesting account of the trial of Dr. Robert
Knox, the celebrated Edinburgh anatomist, in
connection with the body snatching charges
against Burke and Hare which agitated all Britain
some fifty years ago. The MONTHLY contains
no less than eleven papers and its Editor's Table,
Miscellany and Notes are of themselves worth
the price of the number, teeming as they are with
all kinds of useful information.

A keener and more appreciative bit of criticism
than that of Henry James, Jr., on Tennyson's
Queen Mary, in the September GALAXY, we have
not read in a long time. Mr. James is a finished
writer. So is Junius Henri Browne whose
brilliant account of Mme. Rattazzi is the gem of
number. Albert Rhodes has another of his live-
ly French papers, this time treating of the Parisian
Stage. He proves one thing—that vulgarity
and buffoonery, such as are relished so much in
England and America, would never be tolerated
on French boards. There is a London sketch
which is also very readable in which we are made
to visit Hampton Court, Richmond and New

Gardens, St. Pauls, Apsley House and Covent
Garden. Altogether, the GALAXY is particularly
brilliant this month.

ESQUISSES PORTIQUES is the title of a goodly
volume, by M. De Narbonne-Lara, published in
this city by E. Senecal. The poems which they
contain profess to be the effusions of youth, and
the author demands that consideration for them
which DeMusset asked, in similar circumstances:

Ce livre est toute ma jeunesse;
Je l'ai fait sans presque y songer.
Il y paraît, je le confesse,
Et j'aurais pu le corriger.

Notwithstanding this apology, the work is
rather ambitious, both in its choice of subjects
and in their mode of treatment. The table of
contents comprises a poem in four cantos, en-
titled *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*, together
with the sixth canto of a long poem on *L'Aigle*,
which the author purposes publishing separately.
The number of short pieces is large and several
of them are of unquestionable excellence. We
may instance "La Croix," "Endymion," and
"La Prière de L'Orgue." Singularly enough, the
author has tried his hand at English verse, and
with this measure of success that his language is
fluent, his rhythm good, and with not a few
touches that reveal a mastery of our tongue.

St. NICHOLAS.—This excellent children's
periodical surpasses itself in each number. The
"Squirrel's Stratagem" is a cleverly told story
showing how the bushy-tailed denizen of the
forest was the means of restoring a lost child to
its mother, at the same time bringing back peace
of mind to a brown-bird frightened by so small a
specimen of humanity for the safety of its
nestlings. It is in fact, a pretty fairy-tale and
is well matched by "Dressed in White" which
in the same charming way introduces a number
of birds of white plumage who come to a party
given by a white robin. Children, whilst being
amused, are taught the names of a number of the
white feathered tribe. "Some Queer Dishes" is
equally instructive. Young folks will be "sur-
prised to hear" what "queer dishes" are eaten.
"A London Child's Holiday" will be read by
many an old country child with delight, so
vividly does it bring home recollections of Father
Thames. "As we go along," points a very
good moral to young travellers and shows them
how kindness meets with its own reward. "Fairy
Umbrellas" is a gem and so are "Echoes;" in
the one, a pretty idea is poetically expressed and
in the other, the most ingenious, we listen to the
best echoes we have ever heard.

VARIETIES.

It is stated that his Royal Highness the Duke
of Edinburgh intends purchasing a splendid country
house, with a vast garden, on one of the beautiful
islands in the environs of St. Petersburg.

MGR. DUPANLOUP, Bishop of Orleans, has re-
ceived a letter from the Pope complimenting him on the
passage of the University bill by the French Assembly.
It is positively stated that the Bishop will be made a
Cardinal next month.

In the Bois de Boulogne the young son of a
Brazilian nobleman rides every day with a monkey for
a companion on another pony, the footman walks be-
hind in powder and bagwig, like a head of forty years'
standing, sixty paces from the cavaliers.

THE present rage in Paris for floral decorations
as a part of female embellishments is such, that to look
at some of the ladies as they move along, one would
imagine that they had poked their head and waist
through a bed of garden flowers, and were bearing off
the spoils over half their persons.

A FRENCH *savant* proposes a railway between
Algeria and Senegal, by way of Timbuctoo. He main-
tains that valuable merchandise from America, destined
for Southern and Eastern Europe, would adopt that
route, and thus restore to the Mediterranean the im-
portance necessary to the influence of the Latin races.

A FRENCH nobleman residing near Bonn-on-
the-Rhine, having obtained the signatures of some Eng-
lish gentlemen, who were residents in that town, for-
warded a request to the Prussian authorities to be
allowed to open a subscription-list for the benefit of the
sufferers in France by the inundations at Toulouse and
the neighbourhood, but permission was refused.

THE Order of Knights of Malta, the head-
quarters of which are at Rome, has charged one of its
members to hand to Madame La Maréchale de Mac-
Mahon a sum of 1,000 fr. for the inundated. That body,
which supports the entire charge of numerous charitable
institutions, accompanied the contribution by the ex-
pression of its regret that it is unable to contribute a
larger amount, the charges on its resources being un-
usually heavy.

It will be remembered that a somewhat re-
markable clerical divorce case not long ago occupied the
attention of the Divorce Court in England. The clergy-
man who was one of the respondents in the case is now
driving a cab in London. It is said that among the Lon-
don cabbies are to be found many who have fallen from
high walks of life. At this moment a former banking
luminary, an ex-M.P., and a late fellow of Cambridge
are to be seen at one of the city stands.

THE American widow of Jérôme Bonaparte,
the youngest brother of Napoleon I., is likely to visit
Europe this year. The old lady, who is now ninety
years of age, is hale and hearty, of free and strong
opinions, neither believing in men nor esteeming women.
Madame Patterson-Bonaparte wears the costume of her
youth, and expresses her intention of completing her
century of existence. For the past forty years she has
kept a journal, which, however, is not to be published
till after her death.

THE day following the Boston festivities the fol-
lowing incident occurred in a South-end saloon.—"A
friend had invited one of the South Carolina soldiers into
the saloon to put another turf on the buried hatchet.
While standing at the bar a stranger came in. The Ca-
rolinian suddenly dropped his glass and closely eyed
the stranger. His gaze was so steady and peculiar that
the friend began to be alarmed, and to fear that the
hatchet was about to be dug up again. The Carolinian
asked the stranger if he knew him. There was no re-
cognition, whereupon the Carolinian asked him if he
was not in the late war. 'Yes,' was the reply. 'And
you were once stationed at such a place?' 'Yes.'
'And took part in such a skirmish?' 'Yes.' 'Well,
I thought so,' replied the Carolinian, and raising his hat
showed a large scar on his forehead, saying, 'There's
your sabre mark, my boy; come up and take a drink.'

THE GLEANER.

THE African locust has appeared this summer in Germany, and laid waste the corps on the Berlin and Anhalt railway.

At a Kentucky watering place the waiters glide over the dinner room floor on parlor skates, thus obviating the noise of tramping feet which so often disturbs guest at meal times.

THE ex-Grand Duke of Tuskany has finally given up all hope of ever returning to his former dominions, and have just ordered all his property in Tuscan, amounting to \$1,400,000 in value to be sold.

EFFORTS have again been made to induce Mr. John Bright to come to the United States and lecture. He was offered a blank check to fill up with any sum he pleased, if he would come, but he declined.

QUEEN ISABELLA has once more been refused permission to visit Spain, though recommended by her doctor to bathe at Santander. On hearing of this, Don Carlos, with all the chivalry of his race, offered his cousin hospitality in the Basques Provinces. Her Majesty has declined.

IN clearing away the refuse from the ancient silver mines of Laurium, in Greece, a large number of seeds were found unknown to modern science, but described in the writings of Pliny. The seeds took root, budded and blossomed, bearing beautiful yellow flowers, after a burial of at least 1,500 years.

"OUIDA" is at present residing in Florence, in much style and splendor, occupying superb apartments, and driving out daily in an elegant open carriage. She is a woman somewhere on the shady side of forty, with abundant yellow hair, but with no other pretensions to personal attractions, except a very small and shapely foot, which she is extremely fond of displaying.

THE celebrated French balloonist Monsieur Godard, who had in charge the balloon department during the siege of Paris, recently was announced by the German newspapers to have given a few air excursions for the benefit of the citizens of Berlin. Monsieur Godard has denied the impeachment of his patriotism by stating that he never was in Berlin and the Prussian flag should never, anywhere, float over his gas bubbles.

SIR ROBERT PHILLIMORE, Dean of the English Court of Arches has declined to annul the Bishop of Lincoln's refusal to permit a Wesleyan minister to describe himself on a tomb stone as "reverend." The churchyard, said Sir Robert Phillimore, is the freehold of the incumbent, who enjoys the charming privilege of pasturing animals which do not injure the bodies interred, and also of interfering with epitaphs and tombstones which offend his religious or artistic sentiments.

PARIS is delighted with its new American tramways, which are well patronised by people of all classes. The most successful of the new lines is that on the Boulevard Malesherbes, its cars being well filled at all hours of the day. The cars used in Paris are smaller than those in use here, and are painted in dark brown picked with red. In one respect they possess an advantage over ours, and that is, in never being overcrowded—only as many persons being permitted to enter as can find seats.

THE Vassar College Stewart has been interviewed. He says the 340 girls at the institution eat 100 pounds of butter daily; 150 pounds of beefsteak for breakfast, and 250 pounds of roast beef for dinner; at a poultry dinner 380 pounds of turkey and chicken are disposed of; 350 loaves of bread daily are eaten. Pancakes during the cool weather are an important item, 2,000 being disposed of at a sitting, requiring a barrel of batter and the service of twenty cooks baking to keep them going during the meal. At dinner 130 pies are easily disposed of, and at tea in strawberry time, 180 quarts of the delicious berry past down their fair throats. In oyster time a half barrel of solid oysters are disposed of at a meal, and 120 quarts of milk are used with them. They receive ice cream twice a week at this season, and each time consume 160 quarts. Twelve hundred eggs, fifty gallons of coffee, and eighty pounds of oatmeal daily at breakfast conclude the list detailed.

A PRISONER in Paris lately received a letter containing merely a lock of hair wrapped in the leaf of a small book. The gaoler did not consider the souvenir important enough to be delivered, but a few days after came a similar enclosure, and yet another. This aroused suspicion, and the governor took the matter in hand. He examined the leaf of the book. It was only that of a common novel, twenty-six lines on a page. Then he studied the hair, and noticed the small quantity of the gift. Counting the hairs, he found them of unequal length, and twenty-six in number, the same as the lines of the page. Struck with the coincidence, he laid the hairs along the line of the pages which they respectively reached, beginning at the top with the smallest hair. After some trouble, he found that the end of each hair pointed to a different letter, and that these letters combined formed a slang sentence, which informed the prisoner that his friends were on the watch, and that the next time he left the prison to be examined, an attempt would be made to rescue him. The governor laid his plans accordingly, the attempt was made, but the rescuers fell into their own train. A true case of diamond cut diamond.

THE FLANEUR.

A disappointed Brit writes me the following anent Drs. DeBoucherville and Church:

PILLERS OF STATE.
Our Senators are geese—review their ACTS,
And naturally gravitate to Quacks.
What else, Oh Gracious Goodness, is the cause,
So many Doctors tinker up our laws?
A nation that objects to vaccination
Must surely have Pills enough for its salvation;
Does HAZARD show by one satiric touch
No CONSTITUTION needeth CURES (?) so much.

We are so fond in this century of every thing out of season that we can every thing. We have canned pine apples, canned corn, canned grapes. We even have the *Can'd Ill'd News*, but that is never out of season.

I showed this to the editor and he said that the man who wrote it ought to be canned forever or else canned.

One way of measuring the speed of the horse cars.

There is a switch opposite the *Sun* office on Craig street. About six o'clock last Friday, when riding into the city, we got on this switch and seeing that the upward bound car was not yet in sight, I got off the imperial, crossed the street, went into the office of the *Sun*, bought a paper, returned to my seat, read the paper through and was just beginning the advertisements, when the double click was given, and we moved on.

It was on the broad waters in front of Lachine. Two boats were coming across each others' bows. The coxswain of one boat hailed the coxswain of the other:

"Will you take a drink?"
"No, thanks, we have some."
"But mine is the best *eau de vie*."
"And mine is the best *V. O.*"

Which was a capital example of a distinction without a difference.

A certain clerk in this city is well up in his work, and regular enough in his attendance, but there is an air of languor and easy-goingness about him which his superiors frequently mistake for laziness. The consequence is that he periodically gets a lecture, with an exhortation to wake up, both of which he listens to with the greatest coolness, without, however, ever thinking of mending his ways. The other day there was some talk of a change of partnership in the firm.

"Is there nothing can stir up your interest?" asked the patron.
"Yes, there is one thing," replied the clerk.
"For gracious sake, tell me what it is."
"Give me a share in your business and I will take an interest in it."

A bevy of children were playing in Phillips' Square. One of them, a blue-eyed beauty of five, was particularly noticeable for her wildness. She made a target of an old bachelor who was sitting on a bench, under the trees, and intent upon his newspaper. She trod on his toes, pulled his hair, tickled his ears with a straw, and wound up by tearing the paper out of his hand. This was too much for the bachelor. He pestered aloud and said:

"You ought to be whipped. You little minx."
Mamma who was promenading in the aisles overheard this, and taking fire at once, came forward and said unto the bachelor:
"Sir, my child is the very cream of girls!"
He bowed, smiled blandly and responded:
"Precisely, Madam. There is nothing nicer than whipped cream."

Women have been outrageously calumniated. There is certainly at least one secret which they can keep.
Namely?
Their age.

The following is a queer intermixture of relationship. A young woman of this city eighteen years of age, marries the brother of her mother's second husband. The mother, who is hardly forty years of age, has another child. The married daughter, about the same time, gives birth to her first infant. The child of the elder mother and the child of the younger mother are therefore first cousins and stand to each other in the further relation of aunt and niece, being both females. Besides, the first lady is the grand mother of her niece, while her husband is step father of his sister-in-law. There are two more curious combinations which will readily present themselves. ALMAVIVA.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

Prince Edward Island cries out for greater postal facilities.

The grasshoppers have left Manitoba, and the crops which escaped their ravages are in splendid condition.

The lunatic asylums of Ontario are so crowded at present that many insane persons have to be confined in the goals.

The army worm has invaded some of the counties of Nova Scotia. New Brunswick has already suffered from the pest.

The Nova Scotian volunteers have determined not to come to Ottawa to shot for admission into the Wimbledon team.

The streets of Ottawa are about to be numbered. One number will be allowed for every sixteen and a half feet frontage.

The Brantford and Port Burwell Railway is reported out of financial difficulties, and the work of construction is to be resumed.

Tea was received in Hamilton, from Yokohama by way of San Francisco, in thirty-two days. The distance is five thousand miles.

The City Council of London, through one of its committees, has debarred homoeopathic doctors from attending the new hospital in that city.

Manitoba advices state that on the 23th ult., two troops, about seventy men, left Fort Pelly for Carleton and vicinity, the scene of the recent *ém'ale*.

Carleton Place is discussing the advisability of offering a bonus of \$100,000 to the Canada Central Railway in consideration of the Company locating their workshops in that village. It is proposed to spread the payment of the bonus over a period of ten years.

HEARTH AND HOME.

TWO KINDS OF GIVING.—There is more virtue in the small pittance bestowed by some poor, hard working servant in charity than in the thousands given by some millionaire, whose generosity is trumpeted the length and breadth of the land. In truth it might be questioned, in many instances, whether it were right to receive the mite so hardly earned, were it not that in this lesson of self-sacrifice "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

OUTWARD SHOW.—How often do we try, and persevere in trying, to make a neat show of outer good qualities, without anything within to correspond, just like children who plant blossoms without any roots in the ground to a make a pretty show for the hour. We find fault in our lives, and we cut off the weed, but we do not root it up; we find something wanting in ourselves, and we supply it, not by sowing the divine seed so heavenly principle, but by copying the deed of the principle ought to produce.

THE FAMILY.—The family should be a community. To make it truly so there must be common interest. Alas for the household where the father's business, the mothers social cares, and the children's sports and pleasures are not shared by each other! Then it will not be strange if the expenditure is out of proportion to the income, and if the companions and resorts of the children are evil. Happy that home where the cares and joys are so divided that the former are not oppressive and the latter are multiplied—where the hearts grow closer as the years roll by, so that the separations which much come to every family are only bodily and therefore temporary!

A GREAT BLESSING.—A good housewife is one of the first blessings in the economy of life. Men put a great value upon the qualifications of their partners after marriage, however they may have weighed them before, and there is nothing which tends more to mar the felicities of married life than recklessness in the expenses on the part of the wife, or want of knowledge of the duties which belong to her station. Men admire beauty, order, and system in everything, and men admire good fare. If these are found in their dwellings, and are seasoned with good nature and good sense, men will see their chief enjoyment at home—they will love their home and their partners, and strive to reciprocate the kind offices of duty and affection. Mothers who study the welfare of their daughters will not fail to instruct them in the qualifications of married life, and daughters who appreciate the value of these qualifications will not fail to acquire them.

DEATH.—It is the thought of death that is terrible, not death. Death is gentle, peaceful, painless; instead of bringing suffering, it brings an end of suffering. It is misery's cure. Where death is, agony is not. The processes of death are friendly. The near aspect of death is gracious. There is a picture somewhere of a fearful face, livid and ghastly, which the beholder gazes on with horror and would turn away from but for the hideous fascination that not only rivets his attention, but draws him closer to it. On approaching the picture the hideousness disappears, and when directly confronted it is no longer seen; the face is the face of an angel. It is a picture of death, and the object of the artist was to impress the idea that terror of death is an apprehension. Theodore Parker, whose observation of death was very large, has said he never saw a person, of any belief, condition, or experience, unwilling to die when the time came. Death is an ordinance of nature, and, like every ordinance of nature, is directed by beneficent ends. What must be is made welcome.

KEEP THE RECIPES.—Every housekeeper should have her own recipe-book—a book of her own creation, of general growth and proved excellence—and we propose to show our lady readers how to make one. In the first place, buy a blank book and write your name and date on the first leaf. Divide the book into as many different departments as you wish, heading each page with the department to which it belongs, as follows: Recipes for cleaning; recipes for soups; recipes for cooking meats; recipes for cake; and so on through family cooking. Then come cooking for the sick, care for the sick, and all the various things that are a part of woman's duty, and for which, unfortunately, there is no school but experience. Number your pages if they are not numbered in the beginning, and make an index, leaving blank spaces in the index to correspond with blank pages between departments which you do not expect to fill immediately. Write down under these different heads every recipe which you have actually tried, or the result of which you have seen in the houses of your friends, and enter the page in the index.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

LISZT is writing his diary, into the pages of which not a single friend is permitted to look.

THE title of the piece which M. Alexandre Dumas is about completing for the Théâtre Français, is to be "L'Etrangère."

"DON GIOVANNI D'AUSTRIA" is the title of the new opera new being written by Signor Marchetti, the composer of "Ruy Blas."

ANNA LOUISE CARY is said to be a first-rate tenor-singer. She can sing the whole of the serenade from "Don Pasquale," in ten or twelve.

BEFORE Mr. Faure, the great baritone, left London for Paris, he had the honour of dining with the Prince of Wales. *Mdme. Nilsson* was present.

THERE has been a Shakespeare-quarto "find" at Carlisle, in the shape of a volume containing six plays, issued during the lifetime of the poet, including the first edition of "Troilus and Cressida."

A NEW opera by Offenbach, *Le Voyage dans la Lune*, is to be produced at the *Gaîté* in Paris. The principal female part is to be "created" by *Mdlle. Zulma Bouffar*, who is specially engaged for that purpose.

MR. STRAKOSCH, the well-known *impresario*, is making every effort to secure *Mdlle. Reszké*, the Polish singer, for his opera troupe in the United States, and offers a salary of 500,000 francs for a year's performance. Should M. Strakosch succeed, the contract will not come into force before 1878. M. Halanzier, director of the French Opera, having engaged *Mdlle. de Reszké* until that epoch.

A PROFESSOR of music has invented a curious method of teaching his pupils to play the piano. He raised the piano by means of wooden blocks placed under the legs to such a height that when the player sits on the ordinary music stool he has to hold his hands on a level with his eyes in order to reach the keys. The inventor thinks this is the true position in which to cultivate and acquire strength and delicacy of touch.

THERE was something touching in the scene at the Ambigu in Paris when the famous tenor, M. Duprez, reappeared on the stage to sing stanzas written by himself in aid of the funds for the sufferers from the inundations. When he referred to the extinction of his voice, to his inability to utter the once sensational cry of Arnold in *William Tell*, "Suissez-moi," but that he had still sufficient strength to sing "Secourons le malheur," the house rang with the plaudits.

THE subscription for a monument to Auber was closed at the end of July. *Ambrose Thomas* is president of the committee. The sum already obtained is said to be very satisfactory, though the amount is not stated. The list of subscribers numbers two hundred and fifty-four ladies, gentlemen, noblemen, musical firms, journals, and *cercles*. *Madame Adeline Patti*, *Mdlle. Carlotta Patti*, Messrs. *Boosey*, *Offenbach*, *Leococq*, *Gounod*, and *Madame Meyerbeer* are among the subscribers.

MRS. BATEMAN has become the owner of the exclusive right to perform *Queen Mary* during five years, both in England and America. This is a great undertaking on Mrs. Bateman's part. She pays the Poet Laureate a fixed sum each night for each representation, nothing when not performed, neither any lump sum down for the whole right which she had secured. Mrs. Crowe (*Miss Bateman*) will be *Queen Mary*, and Mr. Irving Cardinal Pole, a character which will be improved upon for him by the author. Miss Virginia and Miss Isabel Bateman are also included in the cast.

LITERARY.

A PROMINENT French Canadian journalist of Montreal is stated to be engaged in writing an exhaustive biography of the late Sir George E. Cartier, which will be published during the winter.

MISS SUSAN AUGUSTA FENIMORE COOPER, daughter of the novelist, is at the head of an orphanage on Otsego Lake, near Cooperstown. She devotes her life to the support and training of the homeless inmates.

CHARLES DARWIN, whose "Insectivorous Plants" has so recently claimed regard, has in the press, already, another record of his researches into the mysteries of the vegetable kingdom—"On the Habits and Movements of Climbing Plants."

LORD COLERIDGE's brother, Father Coleridge, the Jesuit, is engaged on a great work—a *Life of Christ*. He is publishing it volume by volume, and the second has just been issued. This volume is entitled, "The Preaching of the Beatitudes." The whole work is called "The Life of our Life."

HENRI ROCHEFORT has published a very filthy novel since his return to Europe from New Caledonia. It displays no talent, and has fallen as flat on the market as his revived *Lanterne*. His friends advise him to submit to MacMahon and resume the former functions of literary chronicler and gossip on the boulevards.

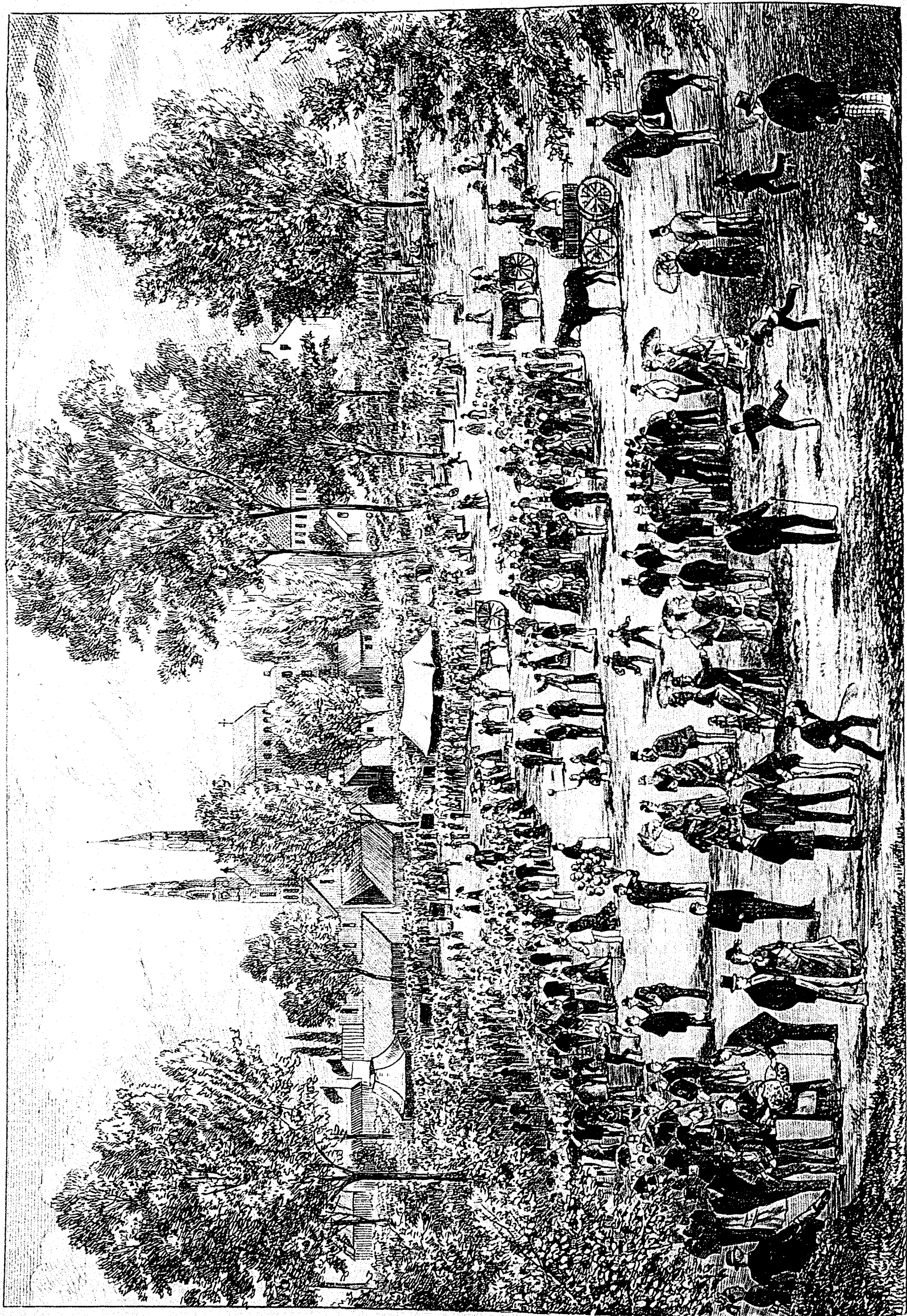
GREGOROVICH has proved that *Lucrezia Borgia*, with golden hair, died at thirty-nine years of age; that the last seventeen years of her life were spent without reproach at the court of Ferrara; and it is asserted that all the monstrous crimes attributed to her must have been committed at a very early age, if at all; while there is no positive evidence of her having taken part in the commission of even one.

LOUIS KOSSUTH, the Magyar patriot, has had his "Life Records" passed through the press. *Miss Martineau*, one of the most remarkable literary women of the Victorian era, has her memoirs advancing towards completion. General Garibaldi has at last consented to tell his own story as a worker for the regeneration of Italy. *On dit* that *Earl Russell* has composed autobiographical recollections of a most voluminous character, and that *Pius IX.* has drawn up a narrative of "The Life of a Pope."

THE miscellaneous works of the late Lord Lytton, of which already four volumes have been issued, will fill eight or ten more if they are to be edited in full. The researches made by Lord Lytton's literary editors tend to show that *The Coming Race*, of which the authorship was discovered in his lordship's lifetime, was by no means a solitary instance of anonymous writing on his part. Stray notes show that throughout his life Lord Lytton was a constant contributor to various magazines, newspapers, and reviews. Besides this he left a large number of unpublished writings in the shape of essays, plays, and poems, all of which will now see the light of day for the first time.

HENRY LYON, Earl of Beauchamp (pronounced by Worcester-shireites *Beecham*) has discovered among his family papers a large number of the letters of the lady whom, under the name of *Atossa*, Pope accused of having passed
"From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion guarded, except her rage."
—"Moral Essays," II.

Sarah Jennings, who became the wife of Colonel John Churchill, and was the "Mrs. Freeman" of Queen Anne's friendly hours. These epistles of one of the most active political intrigues of the Courts of William and Mary, as well as that of Anne, are to be published under the title of the "Private Correspondence of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough," and are sure to be entertaining and interesting.

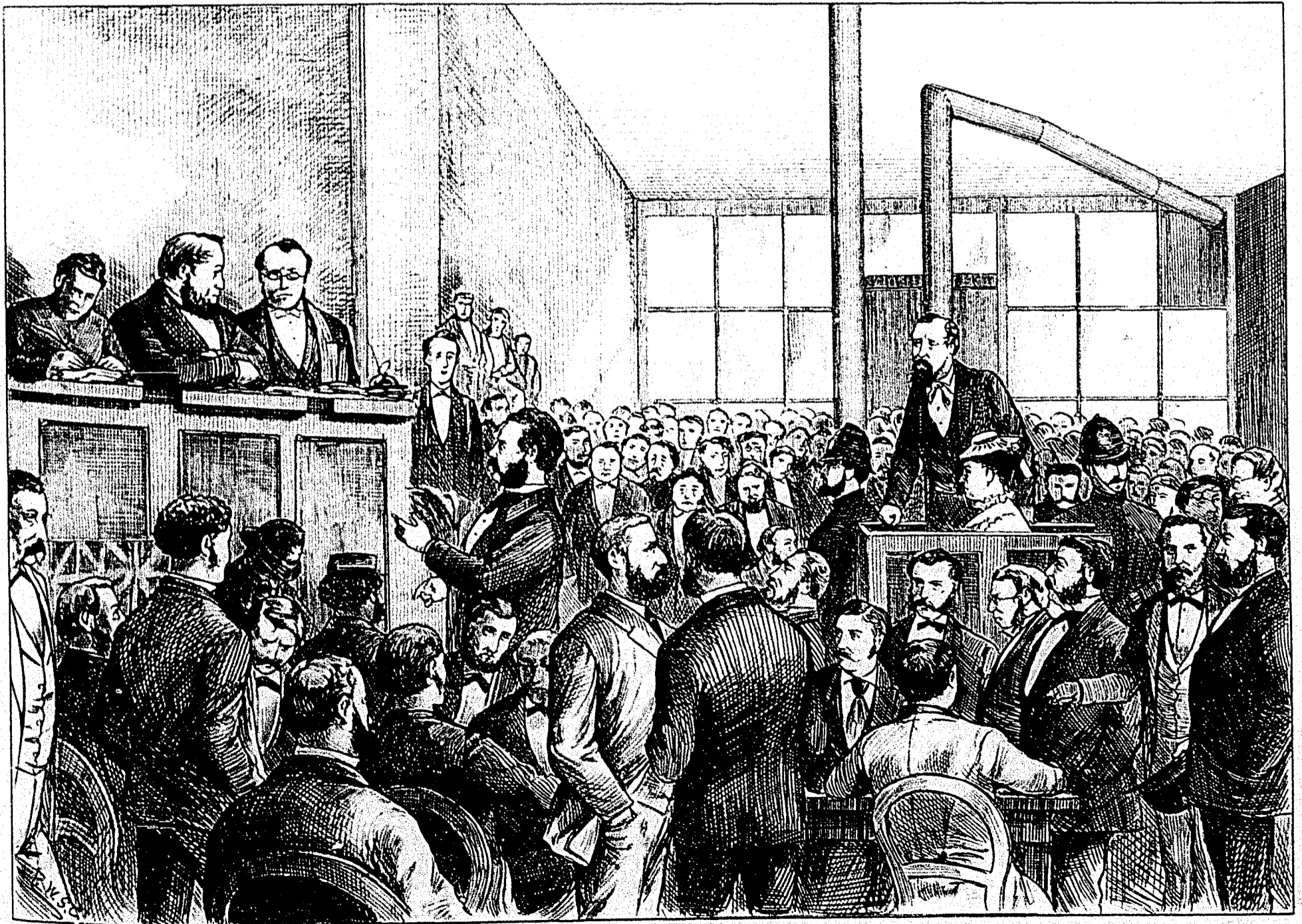


THE O'CONNELL CENTENNIAL IN OTTAWA: SCENE ON MAJORS HILL ON THE MORNING OF THE 6TH AUGUST.

TORONTO: THE DAVIS TRIAL.



RESIDENCE OF DR. A. DAVIS, SCOTT STREET.



SCENE IN THE POLICE COURT

THE NUN AND HARP.

What memory fired her pallid face?
 What passion stirred her blood?
 What tide of sorrow and desire
 Poured its forgotten flood
 Upon a heart that ceased to beat.
 Long since, with thought that life was sweet
 When nights were rich with starry dusk
 And the rose burst its bud?

Had not the western glory then
 Stolen through the latticed room,
 Her funeral raiment would have shed
 A more heart-breaking gloom,—
 Had not a dimpled convent maid
 Hung in the doorway, half afraid,
 And left the melancholy place
 Bright with her blush and bloom.

Beside the gilded harp she stood,
 And through the singing strings
 Wound those warm hands of folded prayer
 In murmurous preludings.
 Then, like a voice, the harp rang high
 Its melody, as climb the sky,
 Melting against the melting blue,
 Some bird's vibrating wings.

Ah, why of all the songs that grow
 Forever tenderer,
 Chose she that passionate refrain
 Where lovers, 'mid the stir
 Of wassailers that round them pass,
 Hide their sweet secret? Now, alas,
 In her nun's habit, coiled and veiled,
 What meant that song to her!

Slowly the western ray forsook
 The statue in its shrine,
 A sense of tears thrilled all the air
 Along that purpling line.
 Earth seemed a place of graves that rang
 To hollow footsteps, while she sang
 "Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine."

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, in September Atlantic.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

SCHOOL-PUNISHMENTS.

It is interesting to find our Teachers after thirty eventful centuries of Development and Reaction, come back to the conclusion that Solomon was wise. All our best schools may be said to "use the rod." But the rod plucked so un-sparingly from Olivet, has developed into the taws or raw-hide switch. The cane puts too seductive a temptation into the master's hand to let out any anger, malice or revenge that may inhere in his natural heart. Even a mild application of it, moreover, leaves on certain cuticles (and most provokingly sometimes on those of the worst boys in the school) such black wheals and marks as sometimes afford a serious handle against a blameless master.

But if occasions to use the birch will occur in the best regulated schools, in the very best they occur the least often. It should be reserved, says Goldwin Smith, speaking as President of the Ontario Teachers' Association, for wilful idleness or disobedience. In one fine Township Academy of 200 pupils, the cane has only been used 4 times in 4 years; in others, once in two years and so on. And there are no surer signs (as a rule) of a disorganised school than the incessant RUSTLING OF THE BIRCH.

Of course boarders must expect and inherit many times more punishment than day boys. In many of our smaller High and Model Schools, to give good marks, or good conduct cards, for good conduct and perfect lessons, publishing the results every month,—or even an occasional talking to, is found sufficient. Some call up an unruly big boy and say quietly, "You seem fidgetty. Perhaps you want a holiday. Would you like to go home?" They often pay for their schooling and do not like to lose it and a mere hint will help them to check the hot condition of their blood.

ODD PUNISHMENTS

are in vogue in some places. One of England's great exemplars was thought to be dying of consumption. Being poor, he wisely took to peddling. The open air cured him. He then taught, with a salary of £40 a year, and by his savings and personal influence endowed his school and built a church. His punishment was to swing up his boys in a small basket, head and legs protruding like a cow being swung a-board ship. This often caused vomiting and seems to have been effectual.

We have heard of a Wanderer from the West, said to have kept his quiet school in Bolton, who never punished and never scolded. If a boy misbehaved, lo! a Bowie knife dazzled his eyes with menacing gyrations and lodged between his hands or quivered in the wall behind his ear. A parent once entered his school with "Here's my two boys. Wollop 'em. Lick 'em. They want it. But, dang you, do n't you kill 'em."

A noble girl once had to break in a lot of spoiled children. One balked all her efforts, he was so incorrigibly restless, till she stood him on the floor, a book balanced on his head, with a penalty for its dropping off. That taught him to keep still and he soon fell into the scholastic traces.

In some places the scholars themselves give in the number of times they have transgressed the ordinary school rules of silence &c. This is supposed to breed "honour." But it is known to

FOSTER LYING.

The worst girls come out with the fewest demerits. One honest girl, too lazy to keep track of her crimes, gave in regularly twenty bad marks a week.

Statistics show that taws, ruler, or cane is used in about 70 per cent of our Provincial High and Model Schools. More or less keeping in is nearly universal. In one school noise chattering &c.,

is stopped as lucky people, say the Italians, have their meals, "at the ringing of a bell." A solitary school or two uses suspension, sending home, reporting to trustees or parents, standing out, or lines.

"Lines," spoil the hand-writing and often keep a boy in longer still, who broke rules at mere restlessness from being kept in too long already. But they are a mighty convenience both to the overworked and the indolent master. If any "lines" should be used, they should be round text copies.

For rank disobedience a boy should either kiss the rod or leave the school. For lying, thieving or cruelty, we prescribe a severe threshing or change of air and school-surroundings.

THE IDEAL PUNISHMENT;

is not yet found, not even in the pages of Wilhelm Meister. The Germans suggest "a form of muscular work not agreeable." "Drill," would be excellent but involves a good drilling master. When will the Scholastic Millennium come when delinquent school boys trot off repentantly to saw cord-wood?

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A WOMAN might let her head be cut off for her husband's sake, but not her hair.

A LOS'ANGELES woman has made her husband cut off his beard and give it to her for a switch.

If a lover finds a pleasant note from his sweetheart stuck into his keyhole, it is a key-note to his heart.

We must look for happiness in the world, not in the things of the world; but within ourselves; in our tempers, and in our hearts.

"MARRIAGE," said an infortunate husband, "is the churchyard of love."—"And you men," replied his wife, "are the grave-diggers."

VICTOR HUGO says that woman is the conundrum of the nineteenth century. We may not be able to guess her, but we won't give her up.

HE was a mean man who, when asked for his money or his wife, requested the burglar to take the life of his wife, as she could not possibly live if he died, but he would worry along without her.

WE should like to have the handling of that calumniator who said the ladies are the very reverse of their mirrors—the latter reflecting without talking, the former talking without reflecting.

No woman, however nervous she may be, has a right to wake her husband from a sound sleep only to tell him, on his inquiring what is the matter. "Nothing; only I wanted to know if you were awake."

A witty lady once said of a gentleman whose conversation was very entertaining but rather disconnected, "He's very clever, but he talks like a book in which there are leaves occasionally missing."

MR. GLADSTONE'S AWKWARD QUESTION.—There may be different answers to W. E. G.'s question, "Is the Church of England worth preserving?" but one thing is clear—the jars are ready.—*Punch.*

"Oh, I am so glad you said birds! What kind do you must admire?" said a young wife to her husband.—"Ahem! Well I think a good turkey, with plenty of seasoning," said the husband, "is as nice as any."

How often are you irresistibly drawn to a plain unassuming woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive. In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady. In the sanctuary of home, how such a voice soothes the fretful child and cheers the weary husband.

By nature every true woman inclines to think her husband the best man who walks earth, the most talented man, most amiable, most wise. She magnifies his small wit and dotes upon the self-satisfied look in his face as if it were a sign of wisdom. What a councillor that man would make! What a warrior he would be! In nine cases out of ten he more than half believes that he is what his wife tells him he is. She manages him as easily as the keeper does the elephant, with a bamboo wand, and a short spike at the end. Usually she flatters him, but she has the means of pricking him clear through his side on occasions. It is the greatest secret of her power to have him think that she thoroughly believes in him. So much for the tactics of female warriors.

THADDEUS KNEW.

Macready was playing an engagement in New Orleans, and at the same hotel where he stopped was boarding a family in which was a bright-faced, winsome boy of four years of age, named Thaddeus, who very soon became a favorite with the tragedian. One day, while sitting upon Macready's knee, Thaddy expressed a desire to go and see him act. He had never been to the theatre, and he wanted to see what it was like, and especially to see "Mr. Ceady" perform some of those wonderful things of which he had heard such rapturous accounts. "Do you think you would understand the play?" asked Macready. "Oh! yes!" Thaddy was sure he should understand. Mr. Macready promised him he should go, and on the following day he secured a box for the family. The evening came, and Thaddy went to the theatre. The play was "King Lear." The great tragedian was at his best. Macready's

forte—his strong point, as those will acknowledge who remember him—lay in his silent acting, in his pungent, pithy, telling gesticulations and facial changes; and in the storm scene of Lear, where the poor mad king is exposed to the fury of the tempest, he did this sort of dumb acting to wild perfection, as he certainly did on the occasion to which we refer; and not one in the vast audience seemed more interested in the scene than was our little Thaddy. His mother had feared that the roar of the mimic thunder and the flashing of the vivid lightning athwart the darkened stage might frighten him; but it did not. On the following day Macready took Thaddy upon his knee and asked him how he liked the play. "Oh, it was real nice, Mr. Ceady," answered the boy with enthusiasm. "And you think you understood it?" "Oh, yes, the whole of it." The tragedian cast a gratified look around. It was something so to act that even a child could understand. "What did you think, Thaddy, when you saw me in that storm, with the thunder and the lightning roaring and flashing and the rain pelting upon me?" "Oh, it was too bad, Mr. Ceady; but I knew you didn't care." "You saw me moving my arms about wildly in the dark. Did you know why I did that?" "Oh, certainly I did; and how I wished I was down there to help you." The great man was visibly affected by this childish sympathy. "And what, Thaddy, did you think I was doing? Why did you want to help me?" "Oh, I knew what you was doing. I've done it," cried the boy, with a burst of enthusiasm. "And what was it?" "Why, I could see just as easy as could be, Mr. Ceady. You was catching lightning bugs!"

CORRESPONDENCE.

FLOATING COFFINS.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR,—I think it only right to state through your columns that Mr. Sewell having been kind enough to send me by a private letter a fuller explanation of the construction of his proposed vessel, I feel fully convinced of its adaptation to meet the class of dangers to which I referred in my former letter. The iron coating, it seems, is not intended so much to resist concussion, as to secure general stability and cohesion in the fabric of the hull. I am aware that the sealing and other vessels constructed with a special view to ice-dangers are built simply of wood, and resist concussions which would shatter a mere iron plate like glass.

I shall not be sorry, however, at having expressed my ideas on the subject, should my remarks have tended in any degree towards promoting the ventilation of a question so important, and towards drawing forth a fuller elucidation of the plan proposed for its remedy.

F. I. B. ALLNATT.

Drummondville, 18th August 1875.

Levis, August 16th 1875.

REV. F. I. B. ALLNATT, the Rectory, Drummondville.

MY DEAR SIR.—I take the liberty of addressing you on a subject, which from your kind and practical letter, in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of the 4th inst., seems already to have enlisted your sympathy, and at the same time make a further explanation of the diagrams which appeared in the issue of the 4th inst.

The iron coating descending four feet below the load water line, is not intended as a protection against ice, but to secure a proper shifting, or lap, of the iron topside on to the wooden part of the hull. The iron topsides are suggested so as to secure longitudinal strength with greater capacity and stability. Iron is no longer used by sealing vessels as a protection against ice.

You are mistaken in supposing the frame to be thinner at the curve of the bilge, the frame being composed of angle iron of the same thickness and depth, throughout its whole length. The thick inside planking beginning at the floor heads, (which are a long way below the curve of the bilge) would I think make this part of the vessel sufficiently secure. Four or five strakes abreast of the curve of the bilge, might be made one inch thicker, and be composed of rock elm, or oak. Experience has taught me that this part of the vessel (under some circumstances) when navigating through ice, is quite as vulnerable, and quite as exposed as the topsides. When serving as carpenter on board of the barque "Ayrshire," we were several days and nights, in ice; there was hardly a breath of air, the sails loosely flapping; the ship without steerage way, and a heavy swell on, (the ice not being in sufficient quantities to keep down the sea,) it was impossible to keep her clear of the ice. As she rolled, she was struck several times down as low as the bilge. Had she been constructed of iron, any one of the hundred blows this ship received would have sent her to the bottom; as it was, the "Ayrshire" came out of the struggle with the lower part of the front quarter piece torn off, one of the butts of the topsides slightly stove, and the fore port channel plate split. There was not the slightest feeling of alarm at any time on board, and the vessel remained perfectly tight. Had she been constructed of iron, a feeling of terror would have pervaded the whole crew, and no human effort or skill could have saved the ship.

Thanking you for your encomiums on my feeble attempt to draw attention to a cruel abuse, I remain

Yours respectfully
 E. W. SEWELL.

HUMOROUS.

A PERSON looking at some skeletons asked a young doctor present where he got them. He replied, "We raised them."

THE second son of George II., it was said, had a very cold and ungenial manner. Lamb stammered out in his defence that it was very natural in "the Duke of Cumberland-land."

WHEN Arthur was a very small boy his mother reprimanded him one day for some misdemeanor. Not knowing it, his father began to talk to him on the same subject. Looking up in his face, Arthur said solemnly, "Mother has tended to me."

A GENTLEMAN, in addressing a lady who has just remarried in Paris for the third time, said, reproachfully, "You never come to London now!" "Indeed I do," she replied, in the most natural manner. "I always pass my widowhoods there."

THE deacon of one of the colored Baptist churches in Virginia, asked somebody "where they could find a first-rate new minister?" His friend replied; "I thought you had one." "So we have," was the answer, "but we have just sent him in his resignation."

A TAILOR of a melancholic temperament was observed recently sitting cross-legged on the Canada shore, gazing intently at the Horse Shoe Fall with its thick cloud of spray. A reporter stole up unobserved and heard him mutter, "What a place to sponge a coat."

NOT long ago an eminent lawyer was at the theatre, seeing the play of "Macbeth." In the scene where Macbeth questions the witches in the cavern, "What is't you do?" they answer, "A deed without a name." This phrase struck the sagacious lawyer, and he immediately remarked to a friend, "A deed without a name? Why, 'tis void."

ARTISTIC.

FRANK S. CHANFRAU has given to his wife, as a birthday present, the cottage in which they are living at Long Branch.

THE French Government has purchased, for the Luxembourg, Bonnat's portrait of Mdlle. Pasa, the most noted theatrical portrait in the Salon of 1875.

THE statue of Byron, it is proposed, shall be placed on the Thames Embankment. It is to be of bronze, which material alone can stand the corrosive action of the London atmosphere.

MR. MILLAIS is building himself a "lordly pleasant house" down in South Kensington, not far from the Duke of Bedford's new house. It will have cost him £20,000 before it is finished.

GRATTONI, the Italian engineer who aided in completing the Centis Tunnel, has been proposed by the Royal Academy at Rome as the recipient of the Albert medal of the London Society of Arts.

SIGNORA MARAINI, the Roman sculptor, is modelling a beautiful Sappho, which she intends exhibiting at the Centennial in Philadelphia. If Italy does not send any products this statue is to come with the Swiss representation.

MISS ROSINA VOKES, of the famous "Family," is as accomplished with her fingers as with her heels. She sketches like an artist, and a caricature of the famous picture of "The Roll Call" done by her has excited a great deal of attention in London of late.

THE endeavours to bring back to view Mac-lise's picture, "The parting of Wellington and Blucher after Waterloo," now in the Royal Gallery at Westminster, have been so far frustrated that the cloudy grey dimness has made its appearance on the surface of the work.

GENEVIEVE WARD, the actress, is described by a writer as "a tall, staturesque woman, with dark eyes and hair, who looked fateful and almost too intense for every-day life before you knew her, but proved gay and genial in social intercourse, with genius for small as well as great occasions."

IT is said that Miss Thompson, the painter of the "Roll Call," proposes visiting India, in order to be able to give a genuine local colouring to a series of subjects from the Indian Mutiny on which she is engaged. Two of these Earl Dudley has already purchased for large sums.

MISS JANE and ISABELLA BEWICK, of Gateshead, daughters of the famous English artist on wood, have signified their intention of bequeathing to the British Museum the whole of their large and probably complete collection of proofs, &c., of cuts prepared by their late father and uncle, besides many drawings by the former.

SOME old Roman pavement has been discovered in excavating the foundation for a new building in Bishopgate-street Within. The piece, which is a little more than a yard in length by about two-thirds of a yard in width, was in excellent preservation. The tesserae are in black and white only, and the pattern is plainer than any other pavement which has been discovered in the vicinity.

THE rumour of a portion of the marbles of the Parthenon still existing at the bottom of the sea is not without some foundation. It is true Lord Elgin believed that he had recovered all the boxes that went down in his vessel off the island of Cerigo, but so many shipwrecks have occurred off that dangerous spot, that it is still possible one or more of Lord Elgin's cases may be lurking at the bottom of the sea.

THE last productions of the late Wm. Henry Rinehart, Maryland's sculptor, arrived lately in Baltimore. They are the property of Mr. J. W. Garrett of that city, and the collection consists of the statue of Endymion, 14 busts, a medallion, and a number of bas-reliefs. Another work of Rinehart's, a statue of Atalanta, has also come into the possession of a Baltimore gentleman. Endymion and Atalanta are said to be rare specimens of the sculptor's art, and the fact that they are among the last by Rinehart attaches to them an additional interest.

A STATUE of Richard Baxter was unveiled at Kidderminster, England, on the 21st of July. It is of Sicilian marble, and of colossal size, being 22 feet in height from the foundation. On the pedestal of polished gray granite, the following legend is inscribed: "Between the years 1641 and 1660 this town was the scene of the labors of Richard Baxter, renowned equally for his Christian learning and his pastoral fidelity. In a stormy and divided age he advocated unity and comprehension, pointing the way to 'everlasting rest.' Churchmen and Nonconformists united to raise this memorial A.D. 1875."

MANY years ago a statue of Lord Byron was executed by Thorwaldsen, at the instance of some admirers of the poet, with the intention of placing it in Westminster Abbey. It is now in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, and the general character of the face is so like the familiar portraits of the poet as to leave no doubt of the faithfulness of the likeness in the ordinary sense of the term. But the sculptor has also succeeded in penetrating the character of the man, and has lighted up the marble with a force of expression startling in its vivid reality, revealing the soul in all its fierce scorn of the low and base and its noble imaginative power.

THE COASTING SERVICE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR.—The Gulf Ports Steamer Secret has been in danger for over 24 hours, in her last voyage to Quebec, by being caught in a dense fog on a Rockbound Coast.

The gratitude of the passengers elicited by the vigilance and seamanship of the Captain during this "trying period," as they truly designate it, was warmly expressed in an address to that worthy seaman.

To his unremitting attention to his duties, and to his watchfulness over the ship, under Providence, they reverently declared their belief that they owed their personal safety and adding their best wishes for his future happiness and success, those grateful passengers assured the fortunate navigator of their confidence that wherever his lot might be cast, he would always be found in the path of duty.

The Captain's name is J. C. Wilson, and he writes like a scholar and a gentleman; and the passengers numbered amongst them the excellent and philanthropic Mayor of Montreal, Cyrus Field of scientific fame, and several other distinguished names of Britain, the United States and Canada, with several Ladies. It would have been a sad shipload to lose!

The Captain responded in the tone of warm acknowledgment which so heartfelt a testimonial would be likely to call forth. And the address and reply have been published in the newspapers for the guidance and instruction of their fellow citizens and subjects.

We are not in the habit of criticising productions of this kindly class with any keenness, nor should we now do so, if profound human interests were not in the present case involved.

We can never undervalue good navigation and seamanship, nor steadiness of crew and passengers in the hour of peril.

A great deal will always depend upon the manifestation of these qualities; but, this admitted, intelligent souls are yet thrown into some confusion by the terms of the address and reply we are considering.

Compliments such as these, and the reply evoked by them, undoubtedly afford a pleasant testimony to the good-heartedness of the man they seek to honor, but if the future security and welfare of the travelling community are involved in the terms employed, we cannot bring ourselves to pass such utterances over with none but personal considerations before the mind.

The iron vessel Secret, in the address, was described as the "Good Ship," and a good ship she has often proved herself, with the actually sufficient sea-room she has so far been favored with. (One of her consorts was lost with all hands, no trace of her fate being ever discovered.) In the Secret's case we might find ourselves acquiescing, as so often before, in the full terms of the kindly verdict, had not Mr. Plimsoll and others nearer lately helped us to form some new ideas about essential "goodness" in ships, and to see that it must always consist in a special fitness to meet the contingencies of the particular voyage each vessel undertakes.

And as there are risks in all voyages, the new standard of "goodness" we are gradually forming in our minds may be described as "fitness" or, more particularly, one that shall assimilate the ship with the life-boat; and shall make her structural and internal arrangements of such an order as even to defy the contingency of stranding or collision, so far as the saving of human life is concerned.

We have no desire to suppose the Secret to be any worse than other Iron ships of her class on the Atlantic and St. Lawrence waters. But this ought not to prevent the enquiry, prompted by the faithfulness of our convictions: "What would have been the fate of the passengers, in the present instance, had the ship been actually cast upon those Rocks?" Would it have been any better than of those of the Atlantic, the Ville du Havre, the Schiller, the Cadiz, or the Vicksburg?

Perhaps, as to debarkation, it might have been. We join in the general feeling of thankfulness at the signal escape here recorded. We sympathize with the feelings that prompted the statement in the worthy captain's reply, though we are yet compelled to deny the assertion, that "such patience on the part of passengers, and caution on the part of officers is the only preventive against such distressing accidents as have of late years so terrified the travelling public."

If in the intensity of that supreme moment of joy and gratitude, the excellent captain had no clearer insight than here displayed, and could not take any merely structural ideas into his elevated consciousness, we can freely excuse the lapse of judgment on his part, as on that of the passengers by the circumstances by which their minds were overpowered; but in the coolness of subsequent reflection, we are satisfied they will know better than this, and that when they have thrown conduct and seamanship even of the highest order into the scale of safety, the desired adjustment will not have been secured until we have still further added the imperative element of structural sufficiency in the vessel itself, and this assurance, grounded on a study of the facts, and well imaged to the mind, opens a wider discussion than we have just now opportunity for,—one, indeed, that is now in progress in the columns of that Anglo-Saxon press, of which the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is an advanced member.

Yours &c.,

CANADENSIS.

FORAGING.

James Albert Harrison, in his work on "A Group of Poets and their Haunts," most felicitously calls Goethe "the great ice-artist."

The number of artists in Paris is over eight thousand, and the sales of paintings in that great city averages forty millions of francs a year.

Oliver Wendell Holmes writes in the Atlantic that "the translation of a poem from one language to another is in one sense an impossibility—as much as it is to get a ripe peach from New Jersey to Boston; to carry a full blooming rose from Boston to San Francisco; to waft the salt-sea odor of Nahant to St. Louis."

We have among us, just arrived by the last steamer, a notable man of letters, Lord Houghton, better known as Monckton Milnes. He is a sweet poet and a genial man of letters. He was the friend and biographer of poor Keats and the generous patron of David Gray. Let him not pass through the country without a salutation.

A writer in Scribner's calls Doré the "great wood draughtsman." Gustave will be thankful for so much. We are told also that he has "overlaid" rather than "illuminated" the text of the Four Gospels. We wonder how that could be put into the French so that the great wood-draughtsman could understand it and profit by it.

Captain, now Major Butler, in his lively work on "The Great Lone Land," gives a woodcut, along with a graphic description of a favorite prairie dog, which he calls Cerf-Vola. The Major evidently knows the French language, but he failed to catch in the rapid Metis pronunciation that cerf volant (kite), was the name given the dog on account of his fleetness.

Albert Rhodes knows a good deal about France and Frenchmen, and writes very pleasantly about both. But he trips queerly enough in his paper on French Plays in the last number of the Galaxy. Speaking of one of Molière's most celebrated characters, he calls him George Dindon (the turkey gobbler). Now Molière wrote Georges Dandin, and to this day the proverb is repeated in France, "Tu l'as voulu Georges Dandin."

Richard Grant White is a philologist, but not an economist. He tells us, in the Galaxy, that bad spelling costs the country \$15,000,000 a year, and yet he refuses to make away with it. Naturally enough. If the English language were reduced to proper elements of simplicity, Richard Grant would have nothing left to write about monthly, except, perhaps, something about the Music of the Future, as unintelligible as the music itself.

A very learned writer in the Daily Graphic of New York, who signs himself W. A. C., is writing some very fantastic letters from Detroit, descriptive of the proceedings of the American Scientific Congress just held in that city. He gives the derivation of Detroit as a corruption of Le droit, or the right bank. I don't know where our antiquary derived his information, but I always thought the name of the Michigan city means just what it is, le détroit, or the straits, referring to the narrowing of Lake St. Clair at that point.

It seems that Noah Webster, when he wrote his American Dictionary, had a navy's murderous intent. A panegyrist of his, in recording his failure, says "he had no conception of the enormous weight of the English language and literature when he undertook to shovel it out of the path of American civilization." What does this mean? Did Noah Webster have a high idea of American civilization when he wished to deprive it of the English language and literature, or did he simply have a low estimate of the English language and literature? FREE LANCE.

THE BEWICK COLLECTION.

The London Athenæum says: The Misses Jane and Isabella Bewick, of Gateshead, daughters of the famous English artist in wood, have signified their intention of bequeathing to the British Museum the whole of their large and probably complete collection of proofs, &c., of cuts prepared by their late father and uncle, besides many drawings by the former. It would be impossible to overestimate the importance of this collection to lovers of Bewick and his school. The cuts have been classified by the Misses Bewick in two large volumes chronologically with the greatest care, so that in their pages inquirers will find unquestionable standards for reference if they wish to distinguish the works of one brother from those of the other, and to divide these from the productions of the pupils of both. As at present arranged, the specimens begin with the date of Thomas Bewick's apprenticeship, October 1, 1767 and the series of examples comprises the first cut which attracted attention to the powers of the artist—i. e., "The George and the Dragon," and includes the numerous works of his graver in illustrating well-known books. Some specimens are unique, being headings for bills of itinerant circuses, theatre tickets, &c.; all are of remarkable merit and great rarity, the bills, tickets, and wood-blocks, except these impressions, having long ago disappeared. Every famous cut of Thomas Bewick is represented by a choice impression from the block; some of them, indeed, are inestimable in the eyes of students, and fetch

high prices. The collection of the work of John Bewick is hardly inferior in value to that which illustrates so perfectly the genius and skill of his brother Thomas. But a greater prize even than these large volumes is the collection of original drawings, many of them most exquisite little works, the tail-pieces and birds being especially beautiful; a small water-color drawing of a quail is charmingly delicate and precious beyond the common, and so are some of the original drawings for the famous feather-tail pieces. If Thomas Bewick had done nothing more than these tail-pieces his fame would have been established. The ladies who have, in honor of their father and uncle, collected, preserved, and arranged these treasures of English art, and intend to bestow them on the nation, deserve all thanks. They have erected the best possible monuments to the artists.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

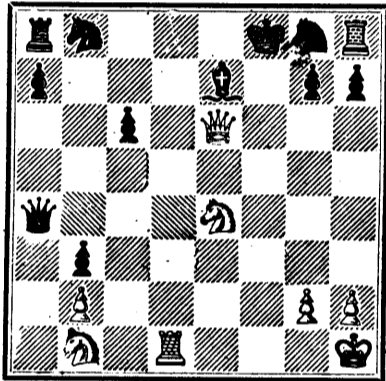
Fuchs, Quebec. The second problem for young players shall appear shortly. The first was rendered illegible by P. O. ink marks. Please send another copy. Shall be glad to hear from you again. Not having problem No. 31 at hand we cannot verify your solution. Shall not forget it in our next column.

The meeting of the Canadian Chess Association at Ottawa will take place this week, and we trust there will be a good gathering of Chess Players. We shall endeavour to obtain as many particulars as we can, and have no doubt everything pertaining to it will be acceptable to our readers.

PROBLEM No. 33.

By De La Bourdonnais

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play first, and checkmate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 32.

- WHITE. 1. B to K 4th 2. B takes Kt 3. Q checkmates. BLACK. 1. P to Kt 6th 2. Any move

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 31.

- WHITE 1. Kt to Q 6th [ch] 2. Q to Q R 6th [ch] 3. B mates. BLACK 1. Q takes Kt (best) 2. K takes Q

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 32.

- WHITE K at K Kt sq Q at Q R sq R at Q R 8th B at K 4th Kt at Q 7th Pawns at K Kt 2nd K B 3rd and Q Kt 2nd BLACK. K at Q Kt 4th Q at K 7th R at K 6th Kt at Q R 4th Pawns at K Kt 6th Q Kt 3rd and Q Kt 5th

GAME 37TH.

The annexed Game, which is chiefly remarkable for its pretty termination, was played some time ago, between two provincial amateurs in England.

[Gambit declined.]

- WHITE.—(Mr. T.) 1. P to K 4th 2. P to K B 4th 3. K Kt to B 3rd 4. P to Q B 3rd 5. P to Q 4th 6. P takes B 7. P takes P 8. B to Q 2nd 9. K to K 2nd 10. B takes B 11. Q to Q R 4th [ch] 12. P to Q 5th 13. P takes Kt 14. Kt to Q B 3rd 15. R to K Kt sq 16. Kt to Q 5th 17. Q R to Q sq 18. P to K B 4th 19. K to Q 2nd 20. R to K Kt 2nd 21. B to Q 3rd 22. K to B 2nd 23. R takes Kt 24. Kt to K 7th [ch] 25. Q R to K Kt 3rd 26. Kt to K B 5th 27. Q R to K Kt 4th 28. Q to Q Kt 3rd 29. Q to K R 3rd (b) 30. Kt to R 4th 31. Kt to K B 5th 32. Q takes R P [ch] And wins.

NOTES.

- [a] This mistake costs Black a piece. [b] Threatening, if Black take Kt with P, to mate by sacrificing the Queen.

A VICTIM OF THE VICKSBURG.

Among those who perished with the ill-fated "Vicksburg" was James Cameron, Chief Engineer. A friend has furnished us with a few biographical details about him. He was a native of Glasgow where he served his apprenticeship. He worked successively in Greenock and Liverpool whence he sailed for the West Indies, making several "runs" during the American blockade. During the Abyssinian expedition, he lay with his ship the great "Victoria" in Annerley Bay in the Red Sea. He also made several voyages to India, China and Australia.

When the "Vicksburg" struck, all the blades of her propeller were knocked off, but although she was making water fast he thought he could keep her up until day-light. He told Mr. McShane his boat was No. 3 and to be sure and come along with him. They had been playing cards together until 11:30 p.m., the previous night. In the morning he told Captain Bennett he could do nothing more. "Keep her afloat 10 or 15 minutes was the reply." John Cameron went down and died at his post, for he was not seen after. This brave fellow leaves a wife and four children to mourn his loss.

LATAKIA.

The best Latakia tobacco is cultivated in the districts of Diryoos and the Amamah, situated in the most northern and elevated parts of the Ansariyeh Mountains, nearest to Latakia, in Syria. Great care is bestowed upon its cultivation by the mountaineers, who up to a short time ago depended upon it for their chief support. The small strips of land near their houses are carefully prepared, and the earth well pulverized and manured and the seeds planted. The beds are afterward thinned, the young plants pricked out, and watered once when put into the ground. The tobacco harvest is in October in the mountains and earlier in the lower ranges. The leaves are gathered and strung upon strings of goat's hair, then left to dry in the shade, when they are hung to the rafters of the houses for fumigation or otherwise, and left thus till the tax-gatherer comes, when they are sold in loads of 100 or 150 strings. The best kind of tobacco is known by the name of "abow riah," or father of scent, and of which a small quantity only is cultivated. That raised in the lower mountains is less valuable, and is called "skek el bent." The plant is the species called "Nicotiana rustica," like that raised in China and most of Asia, and of which the leaves are shorter and broader than the "Nicotiana tabacum," or Virginia tobacco, and the flowers smaller, with rounded instead of pointed segments. It has a most pleasant perfume, and, like the Havana cigars, possesses probably but 2 per cent of the poisonous volatile alkali called nicotine, whereas the Virginia tobacco contains nearly 7 per cent. The greater part goes to Egypt and Turkey, and a small quantity to England. The cultivation of Latakia tobacco has, in common with that of other Syrian varieties, lately received a severe check by the imposition of an import duty of 20 piastres upon its entry into Egypt, and also by the establishment of the "Regie." The peasantry are relinquishing the cultivation of this article, and prefer sowing cereals in its place, rather than continue its production under the adverse circumstances which now attend it.

THREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call upon their family physicians, one with dyspepsia, another with palpitation, another with trouble of the breast, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and to their easy-going and indifferent doctors, separate and distinct diseases. Assuming them to be such, he prescribes his pills and potions; when, in reality, all these symptoms are caused by some uterine disorder. While they are thus only able perhaps to palliate the disease for a time, they are ignorant of the cause, and encourage their practice until large bills are made, when the suffering patients are no better in the end, but probably worse for the delay, treatment, and complications made, and which a proper medicine, directed to the cause, would have entirely removed, thereby instituting health and comfort instead of prolonged misery.

From Miss Lorinda E. St. Clair, Shade, Athens Co., O., Oct. 14th, 1872:

"Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.—Your Favorite Prescription is working almost like a miracle on me. I am better already than I have been for ever two years."

From Ella A. Schafer, Zanesville, Ind., Aug. 3, 1872:

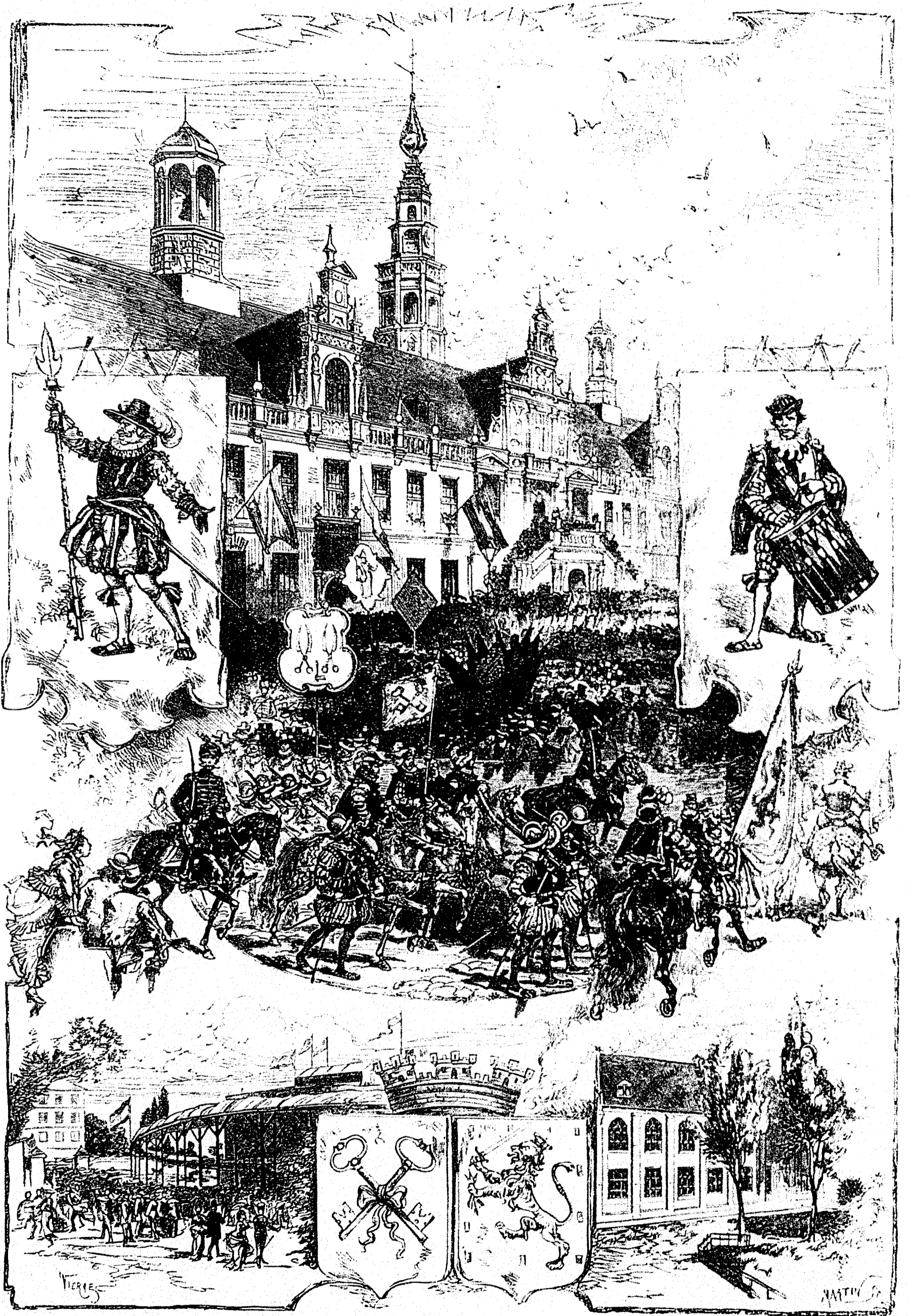
"Dr. Pierce,—I received the medicine you sent me, and began using it immediately. As a result of the treatment, I feel better than I have for three years."

From Mrs. John K. Hamlin, Odel, Ill., Mar. 19, 1872:

"Dr. Pierce,—The Favorite Prescription has done me good, which I am very thankful for."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is sold by Druggists.

The position of the individual members of a board of direction is an important element, in considering the standing of a Company. Still more is this the case where the very being and business of a Company depend upon its credit before the public. The selection made in every business centre by the "Stadacona" Fire Insurance Company, No. 17 Place d'Armes, Montreal, of a local board of directors among the men, the most prominent for their standing and wealth, recommends the Company to public patronage.



FETES ON THE 300TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEYDEN.



THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR IN PARIS: THE SACRIFICE OF FOWLS.

THE STORY OF A PEASANT (1789.)

OR

THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN,

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

PART THE SECOND.

THE COUNTRY IN DANGER.

1792.

IV.

Instead of things becoming quieter, the Royalist citizens increased their excesses. At Brie-Comte-Robert the Hainault Hussars dragged the patriots, even the women, from bed to put them in irons and insulted them shamefully. Our fury increased; the idea of being forced to fight was the more exasperating as the year promised well. In May everything was in flower at Baraques—trees, hedges, and woods. Margaret's great pear tree rose from behind their house like a great snowball. We used to say—

"What a happy thing if there could only be quiet now! Is it not enough for the poor to suffer cold and hunger in bad seasons? Are we to be threatened with seeing Prussians and Austrians come and destroy our crops, and traitors league with them, when we happen to have a year which promises well?"

Nevertheless, work continued, when one fine morning we heard that the king had decamped and all the National Guards in Champagne and the Messin country were scouring the roads to catch him; that couriers were hurrying everywhere, and he who could lay his hand on him would make his fortune. We had this information from three Alsatiens and their wives who were driving back from Sarrebourg. Their wives cried—"Jesus! Marie! Joseph! we are all lost!"

The men who were sitting in front in cocked hats and red waistcoats, beat their horses to get along. I cried out to them—

"What has happened?"

The one who was driving turned his head and said—

"The devil is unchained!"

He laughed; he had had too much to drink; but one of the women said—

"The king has escaped!"

A few moments later the same story was repeated by fifty people who were hurrying home with the news. Three or four who stopped at the inn said the queen and the dauphin were with the king.

Then for the first time I was enraged with that man, for till then I had believed in his oath. Simon Benerotte was astonished, for in my rage I flung my hammer against the wall, and cried—

"The coward! he has deceived us!"

But I soon grew calm, and as both men and women were disputing about it before the Three Pigeons, I called out to them that if the king went it was to rejoin our enemies at Coblenz, and that the Germans only waited for his presence to invade us; that William and Leopold did not dare to attack us before his arrival for fear of an accident at the Tuilleries, but that now there was nothing to hinder them.

If Maitre Jean had been at Baraques, he would certainly have had the rappel beaten; but he, Letumier, and the others were out in the fields. I was very unhappy then about it; but now I laugh at it, for thousands of other patriots watched the roads from Paris to Sarrebourg, which was not the road Louis XVI. was likely to take; it was a shorter road, either into Belgium or to Metz.

Under all circumstances every one agreed the king was on his road to join our enemies, and that we should be very shortly invaded. The nation was so convinced of it that the Assembly had no doubt whatever on that point, and the next day, June 25th, this decree was posted everywhere—on the church doors, town-halls, and even inside the inns, against the walls, so that all patriots might answer the rappel. Maitre Jean came himself from Plockholtz to post it up in the great room of the Three Pigeons abusing the king terribly, and calling him a hypocrite.

"21st June, 1790.

"The National Assembly decrees as follows:—

"Art. 1. The National Guard of the whole kingdom is called out.

"Art. 2. The department of the North, of the Pas de Calais, of the Jura, Upper and Lower Rhine, and all departments on the frontiers of Germany shall furnish as considerable a number of men as their position will allow.

"Art. 3. Other departments shall furnish from two to three thousand men each.

"Art. 4. Consequently, every citizen desirous of carrying arms will put his name down at his municipality.

"Art. 5. Enrolled National Guards will be formed into battalions of ten companies, each company to consist of fifty men.

"Art. 6. The companies to be commanded by a sub-lieutenant, a lieutenant, and a captain.

"Art. 7. The battalions will be commanded by two lieutenant-colonels and a colonel.

"Art. 8. The companies will appoint their own officers, and battalions their own staff.

"Art. 9. Every National Guard shall receive fifteen sous a day, the drummer shall have one day's pay and a half, the quartermaster two, the sub-lieutenant three, the lieutenant four, the captain five, the lieutenant-colonel six, the colonel seven.

"Art. 10. The instant their services are no longer required the National Guards shall receive no pay, and shall return without distinction to their former companies.

"Art. 11. Standing orders will be immediately drawn up for these troops."

I give you a copy of this decree, because it is the first model on which the levies en masse were based; it is the decree which gave birth to those great republican generals who for so many years vanquished the Generals of Frederick, Francis, Paul, William, and Alexander, not ten times or twenty times, but an extraordinary number of times, and they were most of them peasant's sons. The others were of noble blood, "the descendants of our proud conquerors," and "our republicans were the humble posterity of the conquered." How everything in this world changes!

This decree also shows what confidence the National Assembly had in the king, since it was not against our enemies that the country was called out, but against Louis XVI., who was on the road to join them. He thought he was sure to have us in his net again soon; but, God be thanked, events were contrary to his expectation. Here we may see the Supreme Being was with the people and the constitutional men, and not with the court and the nobles; here we must wonder at Providence, for in spite of all their deceit and precautions, and the treason of Bouillé, and so many other wretches who went over to the enemy when the plan miscarried, the son of a postmaster, the patriot Drouet, sufficed to upset these projects and compel the king's return to Paris. He was arrested by the municipal council at Varennes, a small village nine leagues from the frontier; and the hussars sent by Bouillé to escort his carriage were stopped by a cart full of furniture which was upset on a small bridge by Drouet and his friends.

Yes, the will of God discovers itself in these things, which I read in the gazettes of those days. Maitre Jean made me get on a table in the great room, which was so full of people one could hardly breathe; the windows were opened and the street was thronged; and I read out this news in the midst of exclamations of astonishment and "Vive la nation!" which spread all over the village.

What excited general indignation was Bouillé's insolent letter to the Assembly the moment the king was led back to Paris uninjured, in which he tried to frighten us by threatening us with invasion. Listen. I will not copy it all, but only where his treason is to be plainly seen:—

"Luxembourg, 26th June, 1791.

"The king has made an effort to burst his bonds; a blind destiny, to which empires are subjected, has decide otherwise."

So he begins. What does he mean? "A blind destiny to which empires are subjected," that must mean there is no God; that shows these nobles are no better than heathens, and treat us as slaves, because they did not believe in our Saviour's words, "You are brothers! You are equal! Love one another!" But I will not stop at that, I go on to his threats. After saying it was by his advice the king had set out for Montmédy to join his faithful Germans, declare the National Assembly dissolved and convolve another more to his liking, to re-establish the privileges of the nobility, he continues thus:—

"Believe me, all the princes in the world regard themselves as menaced by the monster you have brought into existence, and they will soon pour their forces into our unhappy country. I know our strength, hope is chimerical, and your chastisement will soon serve as a warning to posterity; those are the terms in which a man whom you once inspired with pity feels compelled to address you. You are answerable for the lives of the king and queen to all the kings in the universe; if one hair of their heads be injured, not one stone in Paris shall be left on another. I know the way, and I will lead the armies of the foreigners.

"This letter is but the forerunner of a manifesto from the sovereigns of Europe; they will give you notice more fully of the war you have to dread.

"Adieu, messieurs."

It was clear enough we were answerable for the lives of the king and queen to the kings of the universe, and he, Bouillé, knew our strength, he was to lead the enemy against us, into his own country, and destroy Paris from its foundations upwards!

V.

Now the preliminary meetings began for naming deputies to the Legislative Assembly; the list of "active" citizens had been posted up at the town-hall; and we passive citizens, who did not pay the value of three days' labour in direct taxes, had no right to vote, and in '89! Nevertheless, we were paying twenty times as much in indirect taxes on wine, spirits, beer, tobacco, &c.; we were the more active citizens, as far as work and expenditure were concerned, than the misers who invested all their savings in landed property. Why should there be this distinction? Maitre Jean himself said—

"That works badly! our deputies make

blunders; and many of the best patriots will end by insisting on equality in voting."

The elections took place all the same; rich people were chosen, who paid at least one hundred and fifty livres in direct taxes. Now money did everything; education, good sense, courage, and honesty had but the second place, and they could even be dispensed with altogether.

Some time after, during harvest, Chauvel wrote us word that the constitution was completed, that the king had just accepted it, and that they should return to Phalsbourg by the coach of the Rue Coq-Héron. A week after Maitre Jean and I went to meet them in the yard of the Bœuf-Rouge early in the morning; about eight the coach arrived, white with dust; I need not tell you how joyfully we embraced Chauvel and Margaret. Margaret had grown so tall! she was quite a woman, a pretty brunette with bright eyes and a lively air. She was indeed Chauvel's daughter; and when she sprang from the carriage, crying out, "Michel!" I hardly dared to take her in my great smith's hands and kiss her on both cheeks, I was so lost in admiration. Chauvel did not seem so glad at all; one might have said he had been on his rounds in Alsace or Lorraine to sell his little books; he laughed, and said—

"Well, Maitre Jean, here we are again. Michel, I am pleased with you—your letters gave me great satisfaction."

How glad I was to see them again, and how happy to carry Margaret's basket, and walk by her side home to Baraques; and then in the great room of the Three Pigeons to help her to unpack the presents she had brought us from Paris—a great cap with a cockade in it for Dame Catherine; some steel needles in a pretty case for Nicole, instead of her old worn wooden needles; and some pretty red trinkets for Michel's watch. of the latest fashion, which I take care of still in my secretaire. There they are in a box—they are old, turned yellow now, and never could have cost much; Margaret had too much judgment to bring me anything of value; she knew the smallest object from her would be of value in my eyes. Well, faded and worn as are those poor old trinkets now; it would require a strong man to deprive me of them; they are Margaret's first presents to me! She was then eighteen and I was twenty-one; we were in love—what can I say more?

VI.

It was in October, 1791, at the opening of the Legislative Assembly, that Chauvel showed what a man of business he was; in less than three weeks he had sold his house at Baraques to Letumier, who has about to marry his daughter Christine to a lad from Mittelbronn. He had hired the ground floor of old Baruch Aron, opposite the market of Phalsbourg; he had put up some shelves inside for his gazettes, books, and pamphlets; he used to receive great bales of books, which Margaret unpacked and set in order in their shop; his two travellers, Toubac and Marc Divès, went all over Alsace and Lorraine with their packs on their shoulders; everything went on flourishing; never had such a business been seen in the country.

Chauvel introduced those little tricoloured handkerchiefs on which the rights of man and the citizen were printed; all female patriots wore them. Then our opponents invented others with verses from the Apocalypse, and this inscription on the border: "If the buyers are not satisfied, their money would be returned when the nation paid off its assignats."

Chauvel sold everything; as many little books written by capucins as political catechisms; as many emigrés' newspapers as numbers of the *Ami du Peuple*, or others; and one day Maitre Jean took the liberty of telling him he was wrong; he answered him with cleverly—

"Let me alone, Maitre Jean; our princes and seigneurs, our bishops and abbés, do us a great service by printing their ideas; they enlighten the people; they do our work for us better than we do ourselves."

At the same time, in order to give the patriots the means of learning cheaply the latest news, he established a sort of reading-room next to his shop. in the Rue du Cour-Rouge, with a large table and benches in it; the table was covered with Gazettes which had come the same day, and one could go in and read as long as he liked for one sou daily.

What a good plan! It had been in existence in Paris for a long time, but it needed a clever man like Chauvel to start it in our little town.

All that did not hinder his getting our club along famously, for he had been named president instead of Raphael Manque; and three times a week, after seven, the market was full of people.

Chauvel arrived. He got up on the platform, sat down in the arm-chair, put his snuff-box and his handkerchief on his right hand; after taking a good pinch, he would cry out—

"Gentlemen the sitting has begun."

He then would open the *Moniteur* and begin to read the discussions in the Legislative Assembly, and sometimes those of the Jacobin Club, in the *Journal des Débats*. He would explain what many could not understand; and when the news had been read, he would cry—

"Well, gentlemen, that is our position at present; does any one wish to speak?"

Sometimes one, sometimes another, had something to say. They listened and answered. Not only were citizens, workmen, and municipal officers there, but even Colonel Bazelaire, sent by the National Assembly to replace Sergeant Ravette, who was not sufficiently acquainted with manoeuvres on a large scale. Every one said his say, and when ten struck, while the curfew was ringing at the town-hall, Chauvel would rise and say good-humouredly—

"Public affairs have been discussed; next Monday, Wednesday, or Saturday we meet again."

If I relate all this it is for your information; you may believe I had other ideas in my head. At that time I made my court to Margaret every Sunday, with my cocked hat, my boots cleaned with the white of eggs, and my great red trinkets hanging majestically from my fob. I was no longer that good Mische Bastien who thought he was clean if he shaved once a month. Since the arrival of Margaret I had seen it was not sufficient; many others thought her pretty, and liked to look at her large black eyes and beautiful hair, and I was not the only one who saw she was both witty and sensible. No, many others were of my opinion; not only workmen and peasants, but dandies, young officers of the Auvergne regiment, ci-devants in powdered wigs, who filled the shop with their scents, bought gazettes, laughed, and warbled to attract a smile. I saw that very soon. How I used to wash and shave! You should have seen me on Sunday morning, before my little looking-glass hanging in the garret window, shaving myself repeatedly; my cheeks shone like a new hatchet, and if I did not find myself smooth enough, I used to rub my chin with my hand; and as soon as nine had struck, and my mother was gone to hear mass, my father used to come gently upstairs and look at me from the top of the staircase, and cry—

"Michel, she is gone; shall I come and tie your tail for you?"

For it was he who arranged my tail for me; it was long and black, as thick as my arm, and during the week I was obliged to wear it inside my shirt, because it impeded my work at the forge. The excellent man used to plait it carefully for me; I see myself now sitting across a chair, and my good father combing my hair quite contented; he was proud of my back and shoulder; and used to say—

"I do not say it because I am your father, but all round the country there is not such a strong fellow as you are."

I felt it, and I should have liked to have talked to him about my love, but I dared not; I had too much respect for my father, and he knew very well I was in love with Margaret; I was sure of it. My mother, too, suspected it; she was preparing for action; and my father and I, without saying anything, were doing the same. It was likely to be a hard battle, but all the same we expected to win it. At least, in the little garret under the thatch, we dreamed about happy days. When I had finished shaving and dressing, and my good father had given me a brush down, he used to say—

"That will do; now you can go. Amuse yourself, my boy."

I used to embrace him and set off with a light heart, while he looked at me from the door with a smile on his face, and all the old women leaned out of their garret-windows covered with rime to see me go by. I would go to the Three Pigeons and dine as fast as I could, and make my escape across the little garden for fear of being detained, for when the frost first set in the carriers often wanted their horses shod, and then I must have taken off my best coat and tucked up my shirtsleeves.

In about a quarter of an hour I was in town, at the corner, by the house of the apothecary, Triboulin, who has been dead these sixty years; he would give me a nod as I passed, but I hardly looked at him; I could see Chauvel's shop at a distance, and the packets of pamphlets in the front windows. People go in and out with their newspapers—patriots, soldiers, ci-devants; and then I reach the door; Margaret, in a little white cap, active and lively, is behind the counter. She talks, and gives every one what he asks for.

"Here, sir, are the *Révolutions de Paris*—six liards. This gentleman wants the *Journal de la Cour et de la Ville*. I have just sold the last copies."

She is very busy selling; but as soon as she sees me, her faces changes, and she calls out joyfully—

"Go into the library, Michel; my father is there; I shall come soon."

I shake hands with her as I go by; she laughs, and says—

"Go on; I have no time to talk."

I go in and find Father Chauvel writing at his desk; he turns round—

"Ah, it is you, Michel; very good; sit down; I must finish these four lines."

As he writes, he asks after Maitre Jean, Dame Catherine, the forge, and all particulars. He goes on writing his four lines. At last I rise and say—

"I must go and read the news."

"Yes go; I am just in the middle of an account."

Father Chauvel used to laugh and call me "Muscadin" when he saw me so well shaved and dressed, and my tail so well plaited; and then I used to blush. He often used to offer me his snuff-box, and cry out—

"Take a pinch, citizen Michel."

But what would Margaret say if I daubed my nose with snuff? I told Chauvel that snuff gave me a headache, and then he would laugh and call me an aristocrat who was afraid to soil his shirt-frill. He used to laugh at me, but at bottom he liked me; and he knew very well that I did not stay there from one till six or seven on Sundays only for the sake of pretending to read, or of talking politics with him. He was too sharp not to see things clearly enough, and if he let me smile at Margaret it was because he thought me a good lad, or he would have turned me out without hesitation. So he used to see me with pleasure, and my ideas corresponded, too, with his, only when he saw me he recommended me to read useful books. He lent me whatever I liked in his library; he had none but serious works in it.

(To be continued.)

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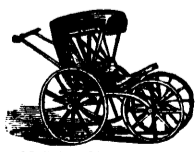
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THE FAIRBANKS' PLATFORM SCALE Stands side by side with the mower, the reaper, and the cotton gin, as tributary to the material progress of the world. 10-25-52-68

\$5 to \$20 PER DAY.—Agents Wanted All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Post card to States costs but one cent. Address J. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 10-18-52-20.


ASK FOR LEFEBVRE'S VINEGAR, specially recommended by the Medical Faculty as being free from adulteration and superior to any foreign importation. Wholesale & Retail. Bonded Montreal Vinegar Works, No. 41 Bonsecours Street. 11-23-96-159

PARLOR BOOT & SHOE STORE, 875 Notre Dame Street, One door East of John Aitken & Co. Have always on hand a choice selection of LADIES' WHITE GOODS, in Satin, Kid and Jean. 10-25-52-61 E. & A. PERRY.

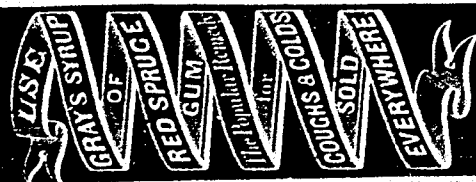


ARMY EQUIPMENTS. CANADIAN PATENT FOR SALE. Adopted by U. S. Army, used by Sportsmen, Travellers, Porters, &c.
 Lieut. G. H. PALMER, U. S. Army,
 12-8-10-193. Nashville, Tennessee.

"Berkeley, Sept. 1869.—Gentlemen, I feel it a duty I owe to you to express my gratitude for the great benefit I have derived by taking 'Norton's Camomile Pills.' I applied to your agent, Mr. Bell, Berkeley, for the above-named Pills, for wind in the stomach, from which I suffered excruciating pain for a length of time, having tried nearly every remedy prescribed, but without deriving any benefit at all. After taking two bottles of your valuable pills I was quite restored to my usual state of health. Please give this publicity for the benefit of those who may thus be afflicted.—I am, Sir, yours truly,
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 Fees contingent on success.

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JAS. K. POLLOCK,
 CARVER, GILDER,
 Looking Glass, Picture Frame
 AND
 PASSE-PARTOUT MANUFACTURER.
 No. 13 BLEURY ST., MONTREAL. 12-2-52-178.

NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.
 THE undersigned has this day admitted MR. ANDREW YOUNG AND MR. JAMES MATTINSON, JR., as co-partners in his business, which will be carried on under the style and firm of MATTINSON, YOUNG & CO. All outstanding accounts will be settled by the new firm.
 * JAMES MATTINSON.
 May 1st, 1875.

With reference to the above, the undersigned beg to state that they have fitted up the large and commodious premises, No. 577 CRAIG STREET, as a manufactory, where, with increased facilities, they will be prepared to meet all commands at the shortest notice.
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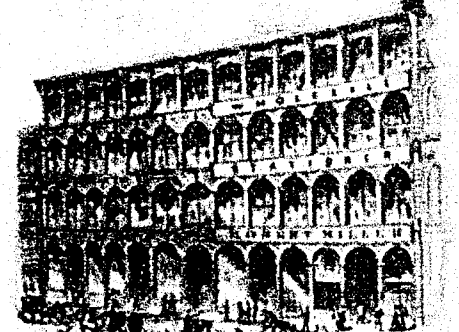
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