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Wholesale News

Vol. XII.—No. 6.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1875.

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

THE O'CONNELL CENTENNIAL.



DANIEL O'CONNELL.

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.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to "The General Manager, The Burland-Desbarats Company, Montreal."

All correspondence of the Papers, literary contributions, and sketches to be addressed to "The Editor, The Burland-Desbarats Company, Montreal."

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, August 7th, 1875.

O'CONNELL.

All persons of discernment are more or less infected with hero worship. Wealth may captivate the sordid, position may dazzle the feeble-minded, beauty may and does run away with the sensual or sensitive heart, but greatness dominates the masses. Greatness is power, and it is power that men adore and follow. You may not agree with a great man's principles, his religion may be abhorrent to you, his nationality may be profoundly antipathetic to yours, but still you willingly bow to a superiority which appears all the grander for contrast with your own conscious mediocrity. Thus it is that rabid Northerners admire LEE, that unforgiving Southerners esteem LINCOLN, that Protestants reverence PRO NONO and that even Frenchmen cannot conceal their wondering respect for BISMARCK. Thus it is that, within thirty years after his decease, when passion has died out and judgment is allowed a fair investigation, Englishmen vie with Irishmen, Protestants agree with Catholics, in saluting the memory of DANIEL O'CONNELL. Whether viewed as a statesman, an orator, a patriot, a citizen, or a man, O'CONNELL was great, and his race, creed and principles only added measure to his native stature. His Irish fellow citizens have the sympathy of the world in the zealous efforts they are making to celebrate the centennial anniversary of his birth. The old feuds are forgotten, the wild denunciations of forty years ago are silenced, the terrible hatreds of the days of agitation, which seemed destined to burn forever, are buried never to be revived, and O'CONNELL stands today on a pedestal of serene greatness which all men recognize and appreciate. One or two of his old adversaries—RUSSELL and DISRAELI, for instance—still live, but we are certain that, if called upon, they would be the first to pronounce words of admiration for the man, and sympathy with the honors of which he is the object.

The celebration to which we allude, and to which we wish to contribute our feeble share, is, therefore, only a spontaneous homage to true greatness, but we shall be pardoned for hoping that, in the case of our Irish fellow citizens, it will result in something more substantial for themselves. The present festivities would be long remembered if their effect proved to be the fulfilment of one of O'CONNELL's chief lessons—union and harmony among all classes of Irishmen. This was the great aim of the LIBERATOR's career. He preached it by his example, he inculcated it by his eloquence, he strove to enforce it every day of his life, and if it be not invidious to recall the circumstance, it is said that he died of a broken heart because his efforts in that direction proved abortive. At no time in the history of Ireland has there been more need of this patriotic union. The Ireland of to-day is not the Ireland of forty years ago when O'CONNELL thundered for admittance at the bar of the House of Commons. The fruit of his labor is everywhere manifest.

Much has been done for the conciliation of Erin. It is equally true that much remains to be accomplished, but for the security of future amelioration, it is absolutely necessary that Irishmen should unite in one grand and constant patriotic endeavor.

BYRON.

In the present fever of Centennials, there has been no fitter homage to a great man than the memorial to Lord BYRON now being prepared in England. The work is more than a remembrance; it is the reparation of a neglect and dishonor to the name of one of the most illustrious of modern Englishmen. When BYRON's remains arrived in London from Missolonghi, in July 1824, not only were they refused a place in Westminster Abbey, but even the erection of a tablet in Hucknell Parish Church was left to the pious offices of his sister, Mrs. Leigh, and his friend, Hobhouse. It has been said that an outraged public sentiment prompted this singular course of action. If the whole truth were told, we judge that the popular feeling had less to do with it than the influence of Lady BYRON's family, and the hostility of the Tory Government against a Liberal Lord who had unmercifully satirized them in his writings. But whatever the cause, the injury was committed and perpetuated without remonstrance for half a century. It is therefore singularly fitting that a Tory Prime Minister, himself a man of letters, and the object of much misrepresentation, should undertake to do away with the wrong and erect a monument of rehabilitation to the memory of the great poet. At a meeting of the Memorial Committee, Mr. DISRAELI, with his usual æsthetic insight and rare felicity of language, maintained that, after the lapse of half a century, private character should not enter into the estimate of literary genius and that, conceding BYRON's faults, as one must, it should be remembered that he lived amid exceptional temptations and died very young. When we recollect that BYRON was only thirty-six years of age, when he breathed his last, and that station, wealth, beauty of person and excess of flattery, consequent on his literary triumphs, always surrounded him as by an atmosphere of dangerous unreality, we shall more readily understand why his countrymen have at length opened their eyes to a more merciful view of his character. In more places than one of his writings, he seems to have foreseen that he would be harshly judged and unjustly treated after death, though he had the consciousness of genius that his works would keep his name from oblivion.

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain,
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish 'e'en in conquering pain;
But there is that within me which shall fire
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire;
Something unearthly which they deem not of,
Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre,
Shall on their softened spirits sink and move
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

And he was willing to leave it to time that due honor should be done him at last, and his apostrophe on this subject is invested with a melancholy grandeur when read in connection with recent events.

Oh Time! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter
And only healer when the heart has bled—
Time! the corrector where our judgments err.

Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift.

The gift has at length been granted. The "late remorse of love" has been awakened. Not a marble monument, not a brazen statue, so much as a recognition that, in Lord BYRON, England salutes one of the greatest of her sons, and regrets the neglect into which she allowed his name to lie so long. Thus the dead is avenged, genius is recognized, and national glory recovers its own.

THE LOSS OF THE VICKSBURG.

We are pleased to be able to inform our readers that an official investigation into the wreck of the steamer Vicksburg has been held in England without any unnecessary delay. Our latest telegraphic despatches furnish us with a summary of

the report made to the Board of Trade by the Court of Inquiry, and we hasten to place it before them. The Court is of opinion that if, when the ice was reported at night on both bows, the Master of the Vicksburg had hove to until daylight, according to the Company's instructions, the catastrophe would in all probability have been avoided. The evidence shows neglect of the practice of manning the boats which is prescribed in the Company's directions; had these been carried out, the boats would have been lowered earlier, and the Court is strongly of opinion that every life would have been saved. Further delay is attributed to the natural reluctance of the Captain to abandon his vessel while a hope of saving her remained. If we compare this triple decision with the three points of investigation laid down by us, in an article published on the 29th June last, in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, it will be found that the coincidence of reply to question is pretty remarkable. The three salient points suggested by us were:

I. The steaming at full, and later at half speed, through a field of ice on a dark night.

II. The order of the Captain countermanding the clearing of the boats at six o'clock on the morning of the 1st June, long after the ship had struck.

III. The reason why three boats only, out of seven, were launched.

Now, the Court of Inquiry has decided that when the ice was reported at night on both bows, if the ship had hove until daylight, instead of steaming on at full, and later at half speed, the catastrophe might have been averted. It is to be remarked that such a course would have been in compliance with the Company's instructions, and that, consequently, in this particular they are not to blame. In the next place, the Court has declared that there was neglect in the manning of the boats, and here again the regulations of the Company were violated. We stated at the time that the Vicksburg carrying seven boats, each of these boats could hold comfortably at least thirty persons, or a total of two hundred passengers. The ill-fated vessel had comparatively few souls on board—ninety-two all told. If the boats had been properly lowered in the interval from the first signal of extreme danger to the time she sank—a space of a full hour and a half—there is reasonable ground for supposition that every body would have been saved. Besides, the salvage had the inappreciable advantage of broad daylight. In the third place, the delay which took place at six o'clock on the morning of the 1st June, long after the ship had struck, is attributed by the Court to the natural reluctance of the Captain to abandon his vessel while a hope of saving her remained.

This last statement leads us to a consideration of the two principal obligations of a ship's Master—an obligation to his Company to bring their ship safely into port, and an obligation to the passengers to save them from all harm of life and limb. Both obligations are of the weightiest, but clearly, the latter must predominate over the former. This principle was distinctly laid down by the Court of Inquiry and is one that must never, in any instance, be overlooked. We are gratified to know that the Dominion Company are relieved of blame by the inquest, and we trust that the terrible example will lead to a more stringent observance of all their regulations.

The sources of much of the disease and mortality that afflict cities during the summer heats, are pretty generally recognized now—indeed, more generally recognized than remedied. But even where active steps have not been taken to abridge the noxious influences of malaria, by drainage properly trapped, and disinfectants, there is one ready means of mitigation—the evil in localities that happen to be favourably situated for a draft of air to be admitted to them. It is surprising how much air we shut out by high-walls and closed gates surrounding the precincts

of our dwellings. Get these gates open, as a first step and the house doors and windows likewise. You may be afraid of loafers intruding upon your privacy. Set somebody to watch from the windows, do anything rather than retain, with an apparently studious care, exhalations that may to a considerable extent be blown away by the life giving winds.

Of course you may send your families out into the public parks and gardens, or upon the river in steamboats. Do so, by all means, but the rooms of the dwelling may be purified, in addition, in the way we indicate.

The Agent-General for Canada has written a letter to our old enemy, the London Times, in which he says that trade in Canada, is so bad that there is now no opening there for "artisans, mechanics, clerks, and general labourers;" and unless they have "sufficient means to maintain themselves for a considerable time, they may find themselves forced to face a Canadian winter with no prospect of employment." Several of our contemporaries justify this step of Mr. JENKINS. We shall be pardoned for doing no such thing. What the writer says may be substantially true, but coming from him it will acquire exaggerated signification in the English papers hostile to emigration. The crisis here is not of such a character as to call for such a declaration, and Mr. JENKINS' wiser course would have been silence. We wonder if, before writing to the Times, he consulted Mr MACKENZIE, Sir FRANCIS HINCKS, Mr. BROWN and other leading Canadians now in London.

The colony of New Zealand in the Southern Ocean, consisting of two islands of a united area about equal to Great Britain and Ireland, has been running up a debt—on the strength of her goldfields perhaps—to British financiers, of twenty millions sterling, say one hundred millions of dollars. This large indebtedness must be supposed to have been expended by the little state in actual works of construction, which it may be hoped will prove remunerative. Of the Dominion of Canada, containing an industrious population more than twelve times as great as New-Zealand, with any numbers of times her territory—with far better wheat growing powers, if New-Zealand be any thing like Australia, and with a revenue expected to double itself in ten years,—the funded debt was but 17 millions of dollars in 1874. A comparison of the figures in the two cases would enable even heedless people, we should suppose, to draw their own conclusion.

There is one Canadian undertaking that at any rate has "urgent" inscribed upon the face of it, and that is the section of the Canadian Pacific Railway which is to connect the Manitoba settlements with the shores of the Lake of the Woods; for when this section of one hundred miles shall be completed, the people of Manitoba will be able to obtain the fuel and building and fencing timber they so greatly need, on comparatively easy terms.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CALEDONIAN GAMES.

Not the least interesting part of the late Caledonian celebration at Toronto, was that which took place on the 22nd ult., in the Cricket Ground. These games were witnessed by a large assemblage of people. The day opened by the Caledonians marching in procession from the Agricultural Hall to the Park avenue and the Cricket Ground. The procession was headed by the band of the Tenth Royals. The pipers followed, playing their bagpipes at intervals. These were followed by Mr. R. Malcolm in the costume peculiar to his clan, supported by two youthful Highlanders. Mr. Malcolm acted as marshal to the large body of Caledonians who followed him, about thirty of whom wore the kilts, and the Royal Stuart, Bob Roy, Cameron, McKenzie, and other plaids. Arriving at the Cricket Ground the Caledonians marched round the ring, led by the pipers, and then dispersed to carry out the programme of games. The most interesting of the races was the one mile race, for which there were five entries:—George Paton, S. Henry, A. McPherson, W. S. Allan, and—

Tobin. In this race betting was considerably in favour of Allan, who had previously won the hurdle race. At the start only three competitors made their appearance, Paton, Henry, and Allan, Tobin being engaged in changing his dress in another part of the ground. As soon the latter heard the pistol fired he made for the ring, and entered it just as the three who started had proceeded half way round the course. Public opinion appeared to be very much against his entering the race in this manner, in consequence of which several who were more interested in the match than others, stationed themselves at various points and endeavoured to stop him. After running round the course twice, however, he fell out. Allan appeared to be hanging behind, with the intention of making a spurt towards the close. In this, however, he failed, for before he had completed the sixth run round the ring, he was observed to be completely fagged out. S. Henry, therefore, won the race, running the mile in five minutes. In the standing high jump, E. W. Johnson jumped five feet four inches. James Fairbairn, who won the first prize in vaulting with the pole, jumped nine feet, six and a half inches.

DEATH OF THE MARQUIS D'HAUTPOUL.

We give another illustration of the disastrous floods in the South of France, if for no other reason than that of stimulating subscriptions in our midst. Our sketch represents the drowning of General, the Marquis d'Hautpoul, a resident of Toulouse, who went out in a frail bark to the rescue of his fellow citizens. It is said that on approaching the bank, the boatman refused him a passage, when he exclaimed heroically: "Do you not know that I am the Marquis d'Hautpoul?" as if his name, like Cæsar's, were proof against destiny. He leaped into the boat, went out into the seething tide, and while striving to help others, met with a watery grave. He was the son of the celebrated d'Hautpoul, commander of the heavy cavalry under Napoleon I.

THE GRAND BATTERY, QUEBEC.

Just outside the Parliamentary Buildings, and not far from the face of Laval University, stand on a green esplanade a number of long guns, which have long been known in Quebec, as the Grand Battery. The title is not precisely justified by the range and calibre of the cannon which are of the old style, but probably when they were first mounted, they surpassed everything which had yet been seen in Quebec. But the Grand Battery is all the same one of the historical curiosities of the ancient capital, and possibly every person of note visiting Quebec has leaned upon those long guns and enjoyed the magnificent panorama spread out before him.

THE NEW POST OFFICE GROUP.

This effective group is destined to crown the pediment of the splendid new Post Office now approaching completion in this city. Though not faultless in every particular, it reflects the highest credit on the well known artist Mr. Napoleon Bourassa, who designed the group, and on Mr. Hébert who did the modelling.

JOE VINCENT.

There be in this world other heroes besides the warrior, the sailor and the missionary martyr. Joe Vincent, although only an humble boatman, is a hero. As such he deserves, and has received the recognition of the public. As such he is entitled to a place in our illustrated gallery. He was born at Vercheres about 37 years ago. At the age of twelve, he came to Montreal and has ever since resided here. He was for a long time in the employ of the Grand Trunk where he distinguished himself as a bold waterman and a faithful servant. The number of lives that he has saved from a watery grave cannot easily be counted, but scarcely a year passes that he does not distinguish himself by some feat of daring in the rescue of the unfortunate. We may mention only a few of his exploits. In 1854, the last year of the building of Victoria Bridge, he saved ten persons. In 1855, a one-armed man, named Steward. In 1863, a soldier belonging to the infirmary corps and another individual. In 1864, an officer of the 30th Regiment, Captain McPherson, whom he dragged from the ice. In 1866, one of the sons of the late Mr. Furniss. In 1867, a child, named Lafrenière, whom its mother dropped into Jacques-Cartier basin. In 1869, the two Laflamme brothers. In 1871, Charles Lauzon, a confectioner, and another man. In 1872, Captain Turner, of the barque R. C. Cook. In 1873, three men hooked on to the pillars of Victoria Bridge. In 1875, on the 18th July, seven young men in boats which were about to perish, on their return from St. Helen's Island. Joe keeps a boat house on Jacques-Cartier pier where he hires boats, keeps a constant look out on the river, and is one of the curiosities of Montreal. Among the ornaments of his modest dwelling are a magnificent knife, a gold breast pin presented to him by Prince Arthur, and a photo bearing the autograph of his Royal Highness. Joe has more than once been entitled to the medal of the Royal Humane Society, but has not yet received it. His last exploit, on the 18th July, revives his claims, and we trust that influential citizens will take decided steps to secure for him this honorable and well deserved reward.

The "Stadacona" Fire Insurance Company, office: No. 13 Place d'Armes, Montreal, limits its operations to the Dominion.

Insurance of risks in a Company of which operations extend over foreign countries, far from affording that security division of risks seems to give, is on the contrary—for the Canadian insurer, a cause of uneasiness. He becomes interested in chances of loss entirely different from those against which he tries to protect himself, and the sharing in foreign risks has too often turned to his disadvantage.

BACON versus SHAKESPEARE.*

Our space in the last number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS allowed us only a few words to announce the publication of this work. We proceed to-day to give a fuller notice commensurate with its own merits and the importance of the subject. Our readers are aware that, for several years back, Shakespearian students, having seemingly exhausted their commentaries on the great dramatist himself, have resorted to a new sensation by directly attacking his claims to the authorship of the plays and poems which bear his name, and transferring the immortal privilege to Lord Bacon. The controversy which had previously been floating in fragments, was embodied into a whole by Nathaniel Holmes, formerly a Judge of the Court of Appeals in the State of Missouri, and at present Professor of Law in Harvard College. The first edition of his book appeared seven or eight years ago, and a second edition, with important epilogomena, was published this spring. It is as a direct and exhaustive reply to this work, that Mr. Thos. D. King, of Montreal, has issued the little book to which we beg to draw the attention of our readers to-day.

The qualifications of Mr. King for the task are of the highest. He has been not only a lifelong student of Shakespeare, but he is an enthusiastic devotee of the whole literature which attaches to the period at which Shakespeare wrote. We speak with deliberation when we affirm that there is perhaps no one in America more thoroughly conversant with this subject in all its phases, more deeply impregnated with the Shakespearian spirit, than our author. His library of works relating to the Elizabethan era is complete, while his editions of Shakespeare and his list of books immediately connected with the elucidation of Shakespeare's text is surpassed by no private collection on this continent.

Of the present work, it may be said in one word that it is a complete rehearsal of the whole controversy, based on internal and external evidence, founded on positive and negative proof, while it abounds with appreciations which appear to us, at least, as quite new and evolved from data furnished, for the first time, by Mr. King himself.

His first argument is chronological. He quotes the testimony of Heming and Condell, the friends and fellow theatrical proprietors and literary executors of Shakespeare; that of Ben Jonson, especially his verses written under the Droeshout print, facing the title page of the 1623 edition of Shakespeare's works; that of Milton, appended to the folio of 1632; that of Meres, a contemporary of Shakespeare who published a work called *Palladis Tamia*, in 1598; that of Weever in a bundle of Epigrammes, printed in 1599; that of John Windet, in 1594; and that of Lord Southampton who accepted from Shakespeare the dedication of the "Venus and Adonis," and "The Lucrece."

Mr. King next goes into a searching examination into Bacon's known poetical writings, and into his general claims as a poet, and this part of his subject is very learned and very conclusive. His analysis of the few translations of Psalms left us by Bacon, and his comparison of them with passages of Shakespeare which allude to Scriptural images or axioms is perhaps a trifle hypercritical, but the general impression left upon the mind is a substantial confirmation of his main argument. He shows also that neither Ellis in his *Early English Poets*, nor Warton in his *History of English Poetry* from the 11th to the 17th centuries, even mentions the name of Francis Bacon.

In treating of Shakespeare's almost preternatural insight into subjects of which he could have little or no knowledge from actual study or from books, Mr. King goes over well-worn ground, but he does it satisfactorily, as indeed was necessary for the completion of his argument. In this connection, he makes a citation from Hugh Miller which is new to us, and singularly fresh. "There has been much written on the learning of Shakespeare, but not much to the purpose; one of our old Scotch proverbs is worth all the dissertations on the subject I have yet seen: *God's bairns are eath to learn*, easily instructed." We are also aptly reminded of Johnson's shrewd saying that though the writings of Shakespeare exhibit much knowledge, it is such knowledge as books did not supply.

One of the most interesting portions of Mr. King's argument is an etymological one which, as a species of internal evidence, must carry much weight. It refers to the numerous words of Gloucestershire and Warwickshire dialects to be found in Shakespeare. Of these our author speaks with authority having been partially educated in Gloucestershire. Among these words, we may instance "deck," (111 Henry VI., Act V, Sc 1.) restricted in Warwickshire to a hand of cards, and singularly enough generally so used in New England, as contra-distinguished from the Western "pack." In the same passage we have the Warwickshire word "forecast," in the sense still maintained throughout the United States, of prevision. In the "Winter's Tale" (Act IV, Sc. 2) there is the word "pugging tooth" which commentators explain as a thieving tooth, whereas in Warwickshire it is the same as pegging or peg-tooth, that is the canine or dog-tooth. A peculiar use of the verb "quoth," as frequently used by Shakespeare, is very noticeable among the lower orders in Warwickshire, "jerk quoth the ploughshare," that is "the ploughshare went jerk." We cannot, of course, make any more

*Bacon versus Shakspeare: A Plea for the Defendant. By Thomas D. King. Montreal and Rousses Point. N. Y. Lovell Printing and Publishing Co., 1875. For sale at Dawsons & Hills. 12mo, cloth, pp. 127.

citations, and we must content ourselves with particularly recommending this portion of Mr. King's work to our readers. We think it would have been preferable for the sake of reference and annotation, if the author had divided his book into chapters and sections, with appropriate change of lettering to illustrate the various phases of his argument. As it is, the work runs on in one breath as if it had been written for a lecture, an impression further made by the rather warm and personal style of handling adversaries. But this drawback is as nothing compared to the substantial merits of the composition which is a credit to Canadian letters, and which we believe to be unanswerable in the ground over which it travels. We cannot do otherwise than highly recommend it to all our friends, convinced as we are that every Canadian student, and especially every admirer of Shakespeare, should make it a duty to acquire the book for use in his library.

LISZT'S HISTORY.

A correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* relates the following conversation he recently had concerning Liszt: "He is a strange character, and has led a romantic life," my friend said. "I have known him since he became famous. The story has not yet been written, and it is a very interesting one. When I first met him he was a mere boy. It was in Paris, and he rapidly earned considerable reputation. About the same time Thalberg appeared and introduced his school of playing, and soon became the popular favorite, overshadowing the reputation Liszt had made. Liszt retired to Switzerland, quietly studied and worked, was lost sight of and almost forgotten in the musical world for some years, when he reappeared, made a tour of the principal cities of Europe, and finally, at the Opera des Italiens in Paris, created, perhaps, the greatest furore ever made by one performer. He alone appeared for a large number of consecutive nights. He had four pianos upon the stage. "Four pianos! What for?" "Well, the instruments were not made then as they are now, and would not stand the thumping. He has been known to break the strings in all of them in one evening. At the end of the performance the ladies would beg for the broken strings, and would have bracelets made out of them. Paganini joined Liszt during this visit to Paris. The two men were great friends, and often played together. It was shortly after this that he met the Countess d'Aoult. Liszt was then in his prime, an Adonis in appearance, and the idol of the Paris beau monde. The Countess was separated from her husband, and Liszt and she lived together for several years. Two children were born during the time, a boy and a girl. The boy died, and the daughter, "Cosina," married Von Bulow, the famous pianist. She was afterwards divorced from him and married Richard Wagner. It is somewhat curious that the daughter of Liszt should have been the wife of Bulow and Wagner. For some years he travelled, went to all the large cities of Europe, and amassed a large fortune, then settled down at Weimar. It was there he met the Russian Princess Wittgenstein, and the events occurred which led to his becoming an abbé. He joined the Church to avoid marrying a princess, but she was neither young nor handsome, or the result might have been different. The lady pestered him with her attentions, she took up her abode in his house with her daughter a young, and beautiful girl. Liszt tolerated it, but it led to considerable scandal in Weimar, and although they were both received at the palace of the Grand Duke, it was understood that their visits were to be on different days. Finally Liszt left Weimar and went off to Rome, where he had an audience of the Pope and played before his Holiness. He remained in Rome some time, and played the organ in the Sistine Chapel. He was a great favorite of Pius IX., who is possessed of an exquisite taste in art, and at the request of the musician, the Pope made him an abbé, a dignity which does not involve an ecclesiastical duty, but entails upon the holder of the rank certain restrictions pertaining to the priesthood, among others that of celibacy. Since that time Liszt has retired from public life, although he appears once now and then, and his purse and his talents are always ready at the call of charity.

LITERARY NOTICES.

In the August number of the PENN MONTHLY, there is a remarkable article by E. D. Cope, on Consciousness in Evolution, being a lecture delivered before the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. There is another paper on Educational Reform and Reformers, a subject which this magazine has steadily kept in view ever since its establishment. Fusang which is supposed by some scholars to have been a part of Western America, probably Mexico, said to have been originally discovered by the Chinese, is the subject of an interesting article which will be read with entertainment. The review of New Books is always conscientiously and ably performed by the writers for this monthly, and the present number is no exception.

WARD OR WIFE is the title of a new romance by an anonymous writer, published as No. 446 of Harper's Library of Select Novels. The volume is slender and the work itself is slight, revealing a fair knowledge of French life, and furnishing some pleasant dialogue. The book is agreeable reading for the steamboat, the railway carriage, and the summer evening lounge under

the trees. There is a great deal of quiet fun in it, and that, in the absence of any more substantial merits, is justification enough for the Harpers in publishing it, and for the novel reader to purchase it. It is for sale by Dawson Bros., of this city.

When Miss Thackeray published her new novel MISS ANGEL, serially in the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine*, we were particularly attracted towards it by the atmosphere of art to which it introduced us, by its charming descriptions of Venetian life, and by the happy blending of fact and fiction which it weaved around the romantic story of Angelica Kauffmann. The second part of the story which treats of the fair painter's London experiences, is by no means so good as the first part, but the interest is sufficiently sustained to give the book the merit of meritorious construction. Miss Thackeray is a writer of limited range, but with years her style is maturing and her knowledge of life is condensing into a few principles of which she has the secret of forcible and picturesque expression. She stands deservedly high in her profession, and the present work will not detract from her fame. It is published in an extra volume, with all the original illustrations, by Harper and Brothers, New York, and is for sale by the enterprising firm of Dawson Bros., Montreal.

ROBERTSON THE DRAMATIST.

A writer in *Temple Bar* says, in speaking of Robertson, the dramatist: About the age of nineteen, the aunt who had brought him up died, and instead of succeeding to what he anticipated as an independence, he found himself suddenly thrown on his own resources. This disappointment had a keen effect on him; he took to the stage and to writing for a livelihood, and for the next fifteen years led a life of Bohemianism and poverty, almost of starvation; for with the improvidence of genius, he had further encumbered himself with a wife and family by marrying a Miss Taylor, an actress, endowed with great personal beauty. Hanging about the theatres like a moth round a candle, acting small parts, sometimes relegated even to the office of prompter, he parried the bayonet of starvation on something less than the wages of an able-bodied navy, meanwhile adapting and translating pieces to which he did not care to put his name or doing any other literary hack-work that offered. It is probable that Shakespeare once worked in as humble a capacity. During these years he constantly asserted those views as to acting and writing for the stage which he afterwards embodied. When he failed as an actor he said, with a mixture of conceit and consciousness of truth, that he lived too much before his time, and that the audience did not understand him. In playing *Lord Tinsel*, for instance, instead of coming on with a strut and a bellow, pointing and ranting, he spoke and moved as he said *Lord Tinsel* would really have done, and as he afterwards made his *Lord Parnigan* and *Lord Beaufoy* appear; but the audience did not see it, and hissed. They had been too much drugged with melodramas to taste human nature and poetry. He was, however, himself a bad actor, though able to appreciate and educate others; and, moreover, the old plays in which he acted, comedies of manners for the most part, are written in a certain conventional style which requires a certain conventional treatment. But this is the very gist of the revolution which he set himself to bring about. "My dear Tom," said his father, on reading over his comedy of "Society," "you must have your points." "My dear father," answered Tom "it's all points!" And he lived to prove it, and persuade his father and the public that human nature was more than convention, and truth greater than tradition. "When I am dead I shall be understood," he used bitterly to say. In appearance he was robust and vigorous; rather heavy in feature, with a ruddy complexion, light beard, and slightly Jewish features. A strong energy of expression, with a remarkably brilliant eye, would most have struck the physiognomist. He was somewhat violent in temper, cynical and brilliant in conversation; but full of romance and poetry. In company he had an assertive sceptical tone that gave an impression of conceit and arrogance, and sometimes he seemed to speak for effect. After his successes he became more prudent and business-like in money matters, and towards his own family he did not always show great generosity of disposition. But with congenial spirits he was a warm-hearted friend and a delightful companion.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

A duel is pending between Henri Rochefort and M. de Cassagnac, editor of *Le Pays*, but the terms are not yet settled.

The grand ball given by the Lord Mayor of London, is said to have been a most brilliant affair upwards of 3,500 persons being present.

A despatch from Melbourne, Australia, says the Government will in all probability be obliged to resign shortly, in consequence of the opposition presented to their Budget, which passed the preliminary stages by a majority of only one.

Monsieur Roncetti and suite sailed from New York in the China on Saturday.

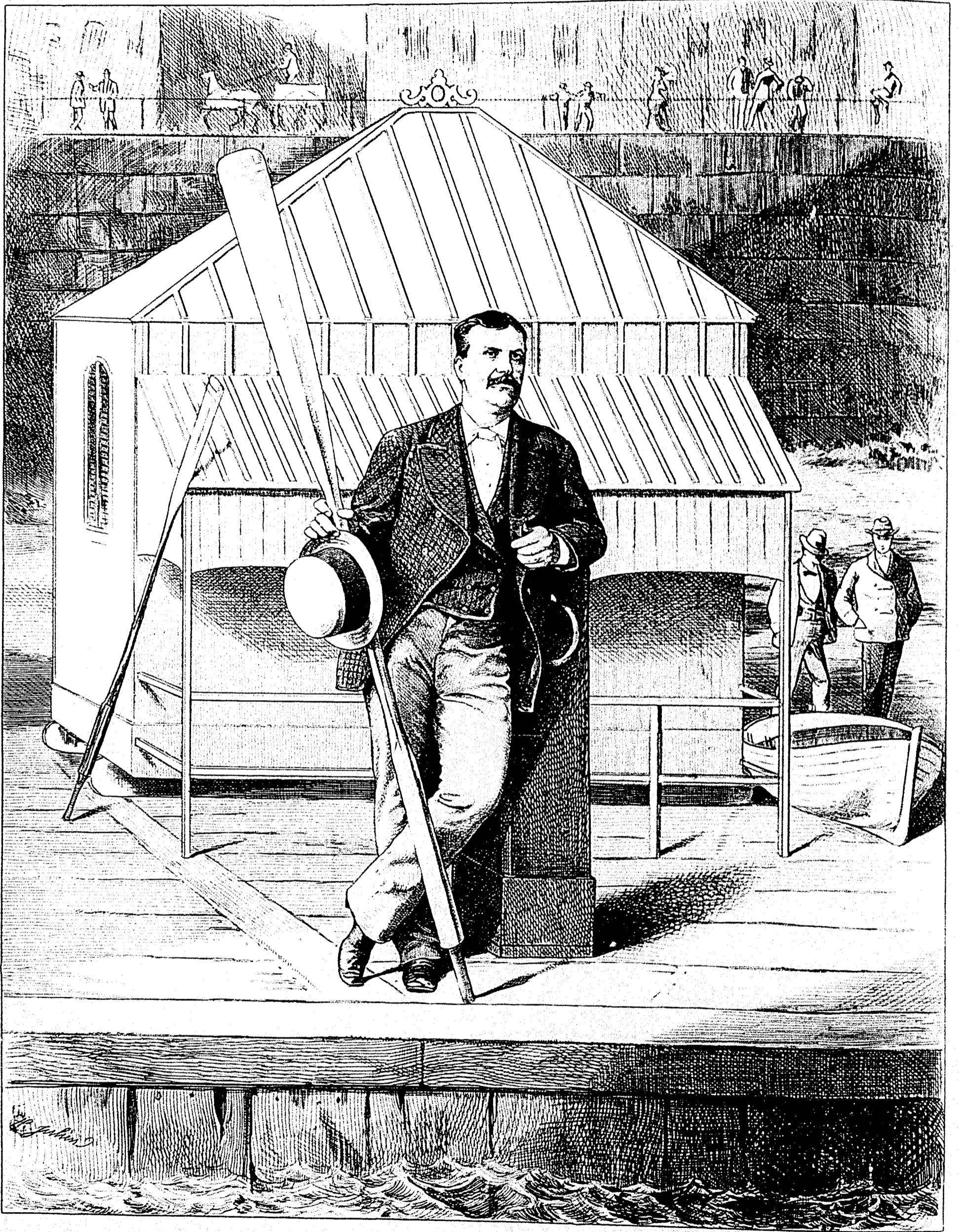
The French Assembly have appropriated 18,000,000 francs for supplementary war expenses.

Work has been resumed on the tunnel at St. Gothard, Switzerland, where there was a mutiny last Thursday.

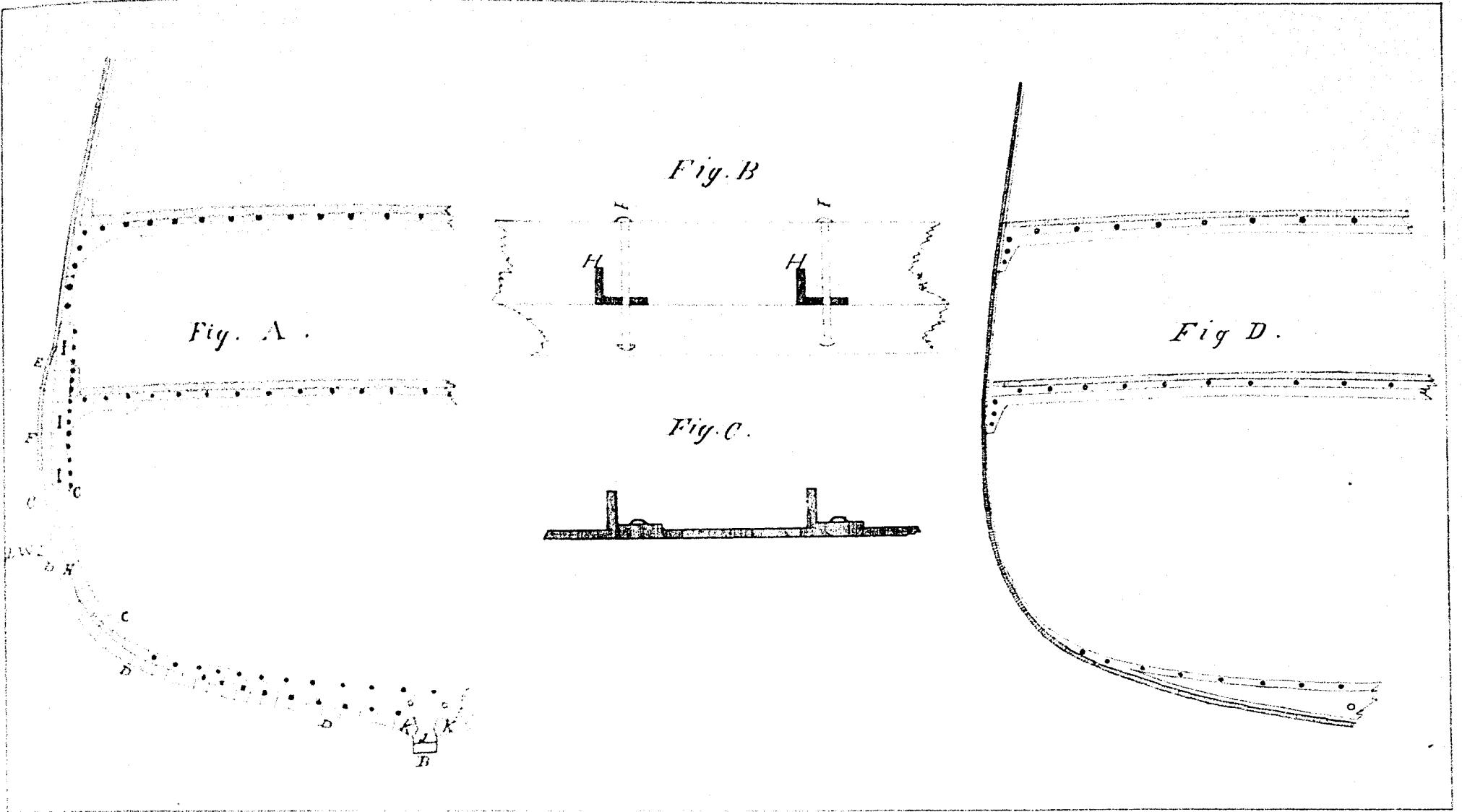
A despatch from Shanghai says there are renewed indications of a disposition on the part of China to open war on Kaohgar.

Some persons in St. Petersburg, charged with being implicated in a socialist movement, have been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

A meeting in favor of amnesty to the Fenians was held in Hyde Park, London, at which it was estimated that 100,000 persons were present.



MONTREAL :—JOE VINCENT, THE BOATMAN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.



PROPOSED IMPROVEMENTS IN SHIP BUILDING.—(SEE MR. SEWELL'S ARTICLE, PAGE 86.)



TORONTO:—THE CALEDONIAN GAMES ON THE 22ND JULY

ARIZONA PLAINS.

Thou white and dried-up sea! so old!
So strewn with wealth, so sown with gold?
Yes, thou art old and hoary white
With time, and ruin of all things;
And on thy lonesome borders night
Sits brooding o'er with drooping wings.

The wind that tossed thy waves and blew
Across thy breast thy blowing sail,
And cheered the hearts of cheering crew
From further seas, no more prevail.

Thy white-walled cities all lie prone,
With but a pyramid, a stone,
Set head and foot in sands to tell
The tired stranger where they fell.

The patient ox that bended low
His neck and drew slow up and down
Thy thousand freights through rock-built town
Is now the free-born buffalo.

No longer of the timid fold,
The mountain sheep leaps free and bold
His high-built summit, and looks down
From battlements of buried town.

Thine ancient steeds buried not the rein,
They lord the land, they come, they go
At will: they laugh at man, they bow
A cloud of black steeds on the plain.

Thy monuments lie buried now,
The ashes whiten on thy brow,
The winds the waves have drawn away,
The very wild man dreads to stay.

Oh! thou art very old, I lay,
Made dumb with awe and wondrousment,
Beneath a palm within my tent,
With idle and discouraged hands,
Not many days ago, on sands
Of awful, silent Africa.

Long gazing on her mighty shades,
I did recall a semblance there
Of thee, I mused where story faded
From her dark brow, and found her fair.

And yet my dried-up desert sea
Was populous with blowing-sail,
And set with city, white-walled town,
All manned with armies bright with mail,
Ere yet that awful Sphinx sat down
To gaze into eternity,
Or Egypt knew her natal hour,
Or Africa had name or power.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

THE HONEY TREE.

A TRUE STORY.

In one of the western counties of Ontario where the country is but partially cleared, there lived at the time the following incident occurred, and only a few years ago, a miserly old farmer named Fisher. He was not much liked by his neighbours for they noticed that he managed to get more than the full value of either his money or civility and was withal surly and disagreeable about it.

At the time I speak of there were, and probably still are, wild tracts of woodland at the back of and belonging to every farm. These the farmers cleared out by degrees, turning out their cattle to forage in the uncleared parts where, however, the farmer had often to set men to clear away the underbrush to render it available even for that purpose. Old Fisher had long contemplated doing this on his farm, so in the fall after a plentiful harvest was garnered, and there was a lull in the active lives of those about him, he determined to have the bush cleared out without any more delay. Sending a round robin to all his neighbours, for everything is done in "Bees" in the West, the work was begun the next morning. Fisher undertook to line out where the bush fences were to run and shouldering his axe he soon left his companions far behind. Scrambling through the tangled branches, over hills, through steep hollows and muddy streams, often tripping over the jagged roots of the old forest trees and clearing a path way with his axe as he walked, was hard work and the old man stopped often to wipe his forehead and wish the day was cooler—for though it was autumn the weather was still warm. Stopping thus towards evening, he noticed to his right a large tree round which thousands of bees were swarming. With a cry of delight he ran towards it. Yes, there was no mistake about it, it was a honey tree and apparently a very rich one. Thanking his lucky stars for the fortunate discovery and carefully marking its position and distance from the house, he turned towards his companions, wondering what excuse he could give for stopping the work until he had secured his prize, as, did they know of its existence, by an understood woodland law it would be considered common property, but if he kept it to himself it would be very profitable. Bees are not kept in western Canada to the extent they are in the East; consequently honey is very dear, and in this tree were probably over a hundred pounds. Turning all this over in his mind the farmer, although he knew he would be thought meaner than ever, came to the conclusion that the plea of expense was the only one he could advance so as to accomplish his end.

As he anticipated, the astonishment and annoyance were great, but knowing his miserly nature, most of them forgot it after the first few moments; one alone of his work-men suspected there was something beyond. This was Wilson, a tall, dark-eyed, sunburnt youth of about twenty, possessed of a good deal of penetration as well as a dash of mischief-loving devilry. Knowing by experience all the petty meannesses of Fisher's nature, and what worrying there was needed to get money from him for the necessary farming expenses, what family jars and squabbles there were when Jimma wanted a new bonnet (Jimma not liking to go to church again in the old one when Miss Brown, whose father's farm was n't half as big as theirs had a new one two Sundays

ago—Wilson knowing all this and his curiosity being roused, thought:

"I wonder what the old fox is after now? There's a deal more greed in his eyes than there was a while back; may-be he's found a pot o' gold in the forest. I guess I'll watch him any way."

Six o'clock! The fact is proclaimed by a long-legged, short-petticoated damsel on the top of the fence, ringing a big bell. I must not stop to describe the tea of which apple pies and slices of cheese were the principal features, nor the arrangements for the night when the lumbermen slept in the room tenanted the next morning by the Rural Dean of the district, nor how Fisher thinking them all asleep, noiselessly, but not so noiselessly but that Wilson heard and followed, crept out into the bright moonlight and away to the wood to gloat over his hidden treasure. All this I will leave and go on to the end.

About a week after the discovery of the honey, old Fisher getting most of the men out of the way, carried to the foot of his precious tree all the necessary appliances for cutting it down and securing the honey, then went to bed to wait until the moon rose.

Alas, for human expectations! Worn out with his nocturnal trips, he slept longer and more soundly than he intended, and waking, hurried on his clothes and sped away to the bush as silently and speedily as he could.

But why does he stop and listen? Why hold his breath? Why strain his eyes in the vain effort to see and then push on more hurriedly than before? He has heard the well known ring of the axe, the sound of chopping and seen the flicker of the blazing fire. Yes, his secret, his treasure has been discovered. But by whom? Who is the wretch who is robbing him of his property? He'd have him know that it is robbery, that there is no law to justify such, nothing but a tradition to go upon, worth nothing in a court of justice. Frantically he rushes on, and reaching the tree, sees, amid a number of blazing torches, about twenty men, their faces concealed under black masks, some chopping, some holding lights and others standing idly by. With a cry of rage and despair, old Fisher bursts into the midst of them, but with shrieks of laughter he is driven back. Vainly he tries to expostulate; each piteous appeal, each angry reproach is met by louder shouts of mirth; offers to divide the spoil are derided; protestations of previous good intentions jeered at, each burst well emphasized by uplifted clubs threatening the retreating or advancing figure of the poor old man. Fisher, thinking discretion the better part of valour, retired to the house to muster forces, determined, in the endeavour to save his property, to oppose force to force, but unfortunately he had reckoned without his host, for one old man almost past his work and only kept because his wages were small, two half grown lads and an old Irishman were all that remained of his numerous hands. However, nothing daunted, he made several sallies against the marauders, but his novel force and determined appearance merely excited fresh mirth and driven, back again and again to the house, the poor old fellow could only heap maledictions and threats of fierce revenge upon them. As day dawned some of them carried away the last of the honey, while the rest escorted or rather drove Farmer Fisher home leaving a sentinel on guard to prevent his following and discovering their names or homes. About a week after, there was a pot of strained honey left at the post-office addressed to Farmer Fisher with the compliments and thanks of the Black M.—Roused into fresh rage the farmer went to L.—, the largest market town near, and consulted a lawyer as to the best means of obtaining his revenge, but the lawyer advised him to let it alone, as he would lose more in such a lawsuit than he had by the loss of the honey. So he came back as wrathful as he went, for, though he had his suspicions, he had small hope of finding out who had really been the perpetrators of the lawless deed. He never did find out who they were, though from time to time for long there were other pots of honey sent as the first, and it was a noticeable fact that on the day on which they arrived the farmer's wife and daughters almost invariably took tea with a neighbour.

"OTTAWA."

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

OUR FLOATING COFFINS.

The present age is called the age of progress, and the truth of this assertion is daily impressed upon us by the triumphs of mind over matter we are so constantly witnessing. We are carried over the land at lightning speed by the locomotive, the steam ship spans ocean's space with a velocity and regularity astonishing even to ourselves, and that which in another shape scatters ruin, and terror is made amenable by science, in the electric telegraph, which is constantly flashing messages of kindness, and congratulation between the nations of the earth, securing to them a better neighbourhood. In the struggle for the commercial supremacy of the sea, science has contributed largely towards securing speed, cheapness, and comfort; but we have neglected to call her to our aid in securing safety. Man in his greed has lost sight of his own safety, and to-day chuckles over the fact of having secured a comparatively cheap ship, carrying a large cargo on a small displacement. Indeed as far as safety is concerned, we have made a retrograde movement. By way of example in support of this assertion, take the old Cunard boats, with their close frames, and thick planking, of good English oak, and teak, join-

ing a side of twenty inches (in thickness), and compare the safety of a steamer so constructed, with the floating coffins now constantly hurrying to and fro across an area of Ocean obscured by fogs, and infested by icebergs, carrying thousands of human beings, with but one inch of iron between them and eternity. Such a state of things is too terrible to contemplate, without making some effort towards doing away with a class of vessels totally unfit (as far as safety is concerned) for the "North American" trade. In humbly suggesting the following description of vessel as being in every respect adapted for the North American trade, I do so with the hope that the abler and more influential supporters may be found eager to render their aid and support towards the cause of humanity.

The diagram A represents the midship section of a steamer of 2780 tons, builder's measurement, as suggested by the writer. Such a vessel could be built at little or no additional cost as compared with that of the ordinary iron steamer. The keel B and bottom planking D are composed of rock elm, the planking being 5 inches thick. C represents the planking from the light water line up to two feet above the line of greatest immersion. It is composed of 5 inch teak, the upper strakes tapering so as to bring the upper strake E to a feather edge. The iron plating of the topsides F is wrought over the wooden planking, reaching four feet below the line of greatest immersion. The white pine ceiling or inner planking G is 8 ins thick being equal to twice the depth of the angle iron frame H. This ceiling, as will be seen by referring to the diagrams A and B, is scored over the angle iron frames H, so as to meet the outside planking and is fastened thereto by the bolts of Muntzes' metal marked I, the whole of this ceiling to be well caulked. The bulkheads, forming the watertight compartments, should be composed of 6 inch pine connected to the sides by angle iron. Compare this vessel with the iron ship of to-day represented by the diagram D and C. In A, no matter how chafed or worn the outside planking may be, by coming in contact with ice, the ship will remain tight: from the fact of the inner skin or ceiling being caulked, should the vessel get ashore, the safety keel J can be slivered, and bruised by rocks, up to the seam of the guardboards K without taking water, and the tough elm planking of the bottom can stand when the iron plates forming the bottom of D would be ripped and torn like so much paper. Great monied interests have to be fought; and the prejudices interwoven with the present mode of building iron ships to be overcome. I therefore most earnestly entreat every one reading this to give five minutes thought, as to how he or she may assist in doing away with the present floating coffin, and secure to the world a safer class of vessel. Remember the moments of anguish caused by the detention of the *Polynesian* eight days in the grip of the inexorable ice; and before the silent footfall of time obliterates from our minds the loss of the *Vicksburg*, let us take warning and be up and doing; before we forget her brave Captain's fate who appealed in vain to the wretches who refused to save him, O! the hardly to be realised agony of that moment when he saw that he appealed in vain, and that in their cruelty they left him to die; he who worked so nobly in his efforts to keep that sham of a ship from cracking her egg-shell sides against the rolling ice. Think of that young mother described as being awakened while she lay with a child of four months at her breast, to be told that the ship was sinking. O! the agonising despair of those moments, when clasping her arms round her infant, they went down through those cruel waters into the valley of the shadow of death; with her babe clasped to her breast she sleeps within the iron sides of the *Vicksburg*, down in the fathom less depths of Ocean; another victim to iron ship building.

E. W. SEWELL.

Levis, P. O. Quebec, July 14 1875.

FORTUNES AND SINGERS.

Mme. Parepa-Rosa is said to have died worth some \$250,000. She was a very thrifty woman, and looked well after the pennies. Mme. Nilsson-Rozeand has certainly not squandered her means, and is reported to have \$500,000 invested in stocks and real estate. Miss Kellogg is worth probably \$200,000 well invested, and would be worth more if she were not so generous. She, or her mother, who acts for her, is close at a bargain, but liberal with money after she once gets it. Adelina Patti is extravagant and avaricious too. She makes a great deal of money, and spends a great deal as well. But she has saved a fortune. Mlle. Albani is just beginning to make money; so she has not saved any so far. Mr. Gye, however, will see that she does not lose anything. Lucca is more like the old-fashioned prima donna. She does not save a penny, though she makes a great many. De Murska, also, is improvident. Adelaide Phillips is poor, through her generosity to her relatives, I am told. Miss Annie Louise Cary would save if she could get only a little ahead. But she is so kind-hearted. Mme. Anna Bishop belongs to the improvident, or rather, unfortunate generation. She has made fortunes, but only to lose them, and is a poor woman to-day. Carl Formes, Mario, Tamberlick, neither have anything left, not even their voices. Of the present generation, Wachtel is well off; so are Santley, Sims, Reeves, Faure, and Niomann. Campanini, Maud nor Brignoli, and the tenors and baritones of the second class are poorer than church mice.

A PRIMA DONNA AT HOME.

A correspondent writes: I spent my Fourth at Miss Clara Louise Kellogg's lovely home on the Hudson opposite West Point, the prettiest spot on all that beautiful river. The man who built Miss Kellogg's house must have known by intuition that it would eventually pass into her hands, for had it been built at her direction it could not have suited her better. The site is on the side of a mountain directly opposite West Point. On the right is a notch formed by the mountains Cro'nest and Storm King. In this notch the sun sets with a bang every evening. The bang is made by the cannon at West Point, but to the uninitiated it sounds as though the sun was going down with a thud. To the left there is a beautiful view of the river and the islands that make it so picturesque at that point. From the lodge-gate to the house there is a wide sweep of well-kept lawn, on which stood a number of hay-ricks on the busy of which I write, and these, together with the duty laborers at work, made a truly rural scene. Around the house a grove of sturdy trees stand sentry, admitting or excluding the sunlight at their own fitful will. The house is built somewhat in the style of a Swiss chalet, and is completely studded with balconies and piazzas. The roof, which is pointed and overhanging, adds to the pictorial aspect of the place. The house is painted in a cool gray color, and the brackets and trimmings are painted a pure white. The effect is one of airy comfort. Inside everything is as it should be, and the rooms are so arranged that they can always catch a breeze and a little sunshine at least once a day.

The greatest taste is displayed in the interior furnishing and decoration. A number of choice paintings and sketches adorn the walls, some of the former by the brush of Mrs. Kellogg, who is no mean artist. Miss Kellogg is the perfection of hostesses. She consults her guests' pleasure in everything, from the food they eat to the carriage they ride in. The butter at "Clarehurst" is one of its strong points, and its making is superintended always by the *prima donna* herself, who often bears a hand at the churn with as much grace as she plays the piano. Churning day came during my visit, and a jolly time we had. Each one had five minutes at the handle, and the time was enlivened by the others—the gentlemen whistling, and the ladies singing, playing the tambourine, piccolo, and other instruments. What butter could be long coming under such circumstances? And when it came, it was a poem. Then the buttermilk had to be drunk, of course. Miss Kellogg has had to be carried to suit every taste. Of the lot, I prefer the low carriage, with old January between the shafts. In that four can jog around the country, up hill and down dale, the wise horse stopping at all the cherry trees, flag-root ponds, and the best places for winter-green. One of the pleasantest drives is that to Garrison's, and then across the ferry to West Point. The span, Faust and Mephistopheles, are generally brought out for this occasion, and they trot over the ground as though they were well aware of the honor conferred upon them. One meets any number of distinguished people in these drives, for so many have their summer homes in the neighborhood.

DOMESTIC.

HAM TOAST.—Mince a very little a pound of cooked ham with an anchovy, a finely little cayenne, and caked; beat up two eggs, mix with the ham, add enough cream to keep it moist; heat to boiling point, serve very hot on toast.

TO MAKE UNFERMENTED CAKES.—Soak one pound of oatmeal for ten or twelve hours in one pint of sour buttermilk. Then rub one quarter of an ounce of carbonate of soda, and a little salt, into one pound of flour, and mix with the oatmeal. Roll it out to any thickness required, and bake in a moderate oven.

EXCELLENT MINCEMEAT.—Take a pound of lean beef, and boil it an hour, then chop it as fine as possible; add, raisins, currants, and apples, one pound of each; two ounces of candied lemon. Two ounces of candied citron, a quarter of a pound of almonds. Chop each separately until you cannot distinguish what they are, then mix the whole well, and add one pound of sugar and a gill of brandy.

MUFFINS.—Flour, one quart; warm milk and water, one pint and a half; yeast, a quarter of a pint; salt, two ounces; mix for fifteen minutes; then further add flour, a quarter of a peck, make a dough, let it rise one hour, roll it up, pull it into pieces, make them into balls, put them into a warm place, and when the whole dough is made into balls, shape them into muffins, and bake them on tins; turn them when half done, dip them into warm milk, and bake into a pale brown.

CRUMPETS.—Mix a quart of good milk, with water to make a batter, and a little salt, an egg, and a tablespoonful of good yeast, beat well, cover it up, and let it stand in a warm place to rise. Clean the muffin plate, or not having this, a frying-pan, white warm over the fire, and rub it with a greased cloth, or a little butter tied up in a piece of muslin, pour a cupful of the batter into the pan or on the plate; as it begins to bake, raise the edge all round with a sharp knife. When one side is done, turn and bake the other side. Crumpets are generally now poured into proper sized rings of tin, which makes them all of a size and thickness. A little rye-flour is an improvement.

INDIGESTION IN CHILDREN.—The following may be useful to nurses and parents:—Slight derangement of the digestive or other functions is often sufficient to occasion temporary delirium in children, beginning during sleep, and prolonged after waking. The suffering is great, and the condition an alarming one to parents and friends. The mental excitement is so intense as to resist impressions from the association of an extraordinary degree. It is here that the notions of small can be used more effectively than any other to break up the morbid train. A good whiff of cologne almost always brings the little sufferer back to its ordinary world, or a little ammonia may be used. But an odour which is agreeable is probably more effective than one which is merely pungent. It is a common observation that mental associations are awakened by odours more than by the impressions of any other sense. In the case of nightmare the strong familiar smell seems to break up the train of abnormal mental excitement.

THE GLEANER.

THE *Financier* states that the coin and bullion in the Bank of England now stand at the highest point ever known.

It is stated that Mr. Disraeli has been ordered by his medical advisers to go for a time to one of the German watering-places.

THE Highland costume appears to be a judicious mixture of knives and nothing with the knives predominating.

It is believed that the total loss of life as the result of the floods in the south of France does not exceed 300.

NEWSPAPERS wrapped around ice in a refrigerator, several thicknesses, will help to keep and preserve it.

HEREAFTER the Prussian Government will levy a tax on beer and on stock operations, in order to meet a deficit of \$5,000,000 in the annual budget.

GAMBETTA has been elected a member of the Cobden Club of London, and returned thanks in a letter highly eulogistic of Albion as the friend of France.

SIXTY railroads, with thirteen hundred cars, were supplied with more than three thousand Bibles by the American Bible Society during the past year.

HORSE is eaten openly and without reserve in Sweden, generally in September, or after the summer heats are over. Various preparations of colt and filly, *fillet de cheval* included, of course, may be seen entered without disguise upon all bills of fare about the fall of the year.

A MEDICAL correspondent of an English journal says that the advantages of asparagus are not sufficiently appreciated. Those who suffer with rheumatism are cured in a few days by feeding on this delicious esculent; and more chronic cases are much relieved, especially if the patient avoids all acids, whether in food or beverage.

SOME interest was recently excited in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, by the appearance every morning between 7 and 9 o'clock, of a woman with a black velvet mask concealing her features, and mounted on a fine chestnut horse. The fair unknown is tall, and judging from her rounded figure, she must be young.

No two sides of any human face are precisely alike. It is the same with every limb: no pair of limbs are fashioned alike. One hand is almost always larger than the other; so with the foot the leg, and the arm. But the greatest of all marvels is this; never were two human faces alike.

A NEW London man has a fine dog which he is educating by throwing sticks into the water and making the dog bring them out. The other day the dog mistook the buoy of a lobster pot for the missile and, as no persuasion could induce him to let go of it, a boat was put out for him and rescued him just as he was sinking exhausted.

THE fever of centenaries is spreading; that of Bœteldieu, the most French of French musicians, has hardly been concluded, when the idea is started and making way to *fete* the centenary of Voltaire in May, 1878, and as that of Rousseau would arrive on the 3rd of July of the same year, it is proposed to include in a common ceremony the two grand adversaries, and the precursors of the French Revolution.

THERE are 2,500 miles of streets in London! The metropolitan houses at the present time amount to nearly half a million; they are consequently sufficient, with an average frontage of five yards, to form one continuous row of buildings right round the Island of Great Britain, from the Land's End to John O'Groat's (600 miles), from John O'Groat's to the North Foreland (540 miles), and from the North Foreland back again to the Land's End (320 miles), equal to 1,460 miles altogether.

It is proposed to acclimatise the canary in a wild state in England, both climate and food being favourable to the project. Though the bright yellow canary is the favourite colour, and supposed by many to be the natural one of the bird in its wild state, yet such is not the case. On the contrary, it is of a dappled olive green, black and yellow, either colour predominating; and in proof of this it is a noticeable fact that when two yellow birds are mated together there will be almost always a green or green and yellow one among the progeny.

A TRAVELLER, who has just returned from the Aures Mountains, in Algeria, thinks that region has the most multitudinous wild flowers, the most wonderful ruins, and the most beautiful women in the world. He says: "I never saw such beautiful women, with perfectly classic features, showing unmistakably their Roman descent. Is it not curious that they have nearly the same names for the months as we have? And they keep the 25th of December, and call it 'the birth,' though they do not know of whom."

A FRENCH newspaper gives a quotation which, though not new, has never yet been published. It was written under rather peculiar circumstances during the siege, when a tolerably-sized joint of horse was a luxury. Victor Hugo asked the daughter and son-in-law of Theophile Gauthier (M. and Madame Catulle Mendès) to dine with him. The lady could not accept the invitation, whereon the author of *Les Misérables* sent her next morning the following gentle reproach:—

"Si vous étiez venue, ô beauté que j'admire, Je vous aurais fait faire un festin sans rival; J'aurais tué Pégnase et j'aurais fait cuire Afin de vous offrir une aile de cheval."

ROUND THE DOMINION.

Fort Henry, at Kingston, is to be further repaired, and rifled guns mounted on it.

The Canadian soldiers to be sent to Manitoba, this month, will go by the Dawson route.

Arrangements are being made to get up a good collection of New-Brunswick products for exhibition at the Philadelphia Centennial.

It is reported that the hunters in the Northwest Territory have seized and confiscated property and set up a government of their own.

It is probable that Hon. Mr. Laird, Minister of the Interior, will be the first Lieut.-Governor of the new Province in the Northwest.

The Belleville *Intelligencer* says:—A seine on the beach near Wellington brought in 4,100 whitefish at a single haul one day last week, and 3,000 at another.

The Intercolonial railway from Campbellton to Monckton will be open for traffic, it is understood, on the 1st of November, and the rails will be laid through to Rivière du Loup by the end of the year.

It is strongly urged that the sewage improvement of Winnipeg be proceeded with this year, as on account of the grasshopper plague the work can be done cheaply, besides relieving the embarrassment of many.

His Honour Lieut.-Governor Morris was recently made the recipient of a handsome (speaking from an Indian stand point) Indian suit, by a chief of the Qu'Appelle tribes, with whom the treaties were made last summer.

It seems now that Winnipeg has negotiated and sold its bonds for \$250,000, and has realized therefrom some \$200,000, and has, as we suppose, —after paying its floating debt incurred in making streets, side-walks, and other improvements, with provisions against fire—a balance of \$170,000 or \$180,000 on hand.

HEARTH AND HOME.

VICES AND UNHAPPINESS.—You can lay it down as a sacred maxim that every man is wretched in proportion to his vices.

RELIGION.—Religion begins in the family. One of the holiest sanctuaries on earth is home. The family altar is more venerable than any altar in the cathedral. The education of the soul for eternity begins at the fireside. The principle of love, which is to be carried through the universe, is first unfolded in the family.

SORROW.—There are many fruits which never turn sweet until the frost has lain upon them. There are many nuts that never fall from the boughs of the forest tree till the frost has opened and ripened them. And there are many elements of life that never grow sweet and beautiful until sorrow comes.

AMBITION.—Give a man the necessities of life and he wants the conveniences. Give him the conveniences, and he craves for the luxuries. Grant him the luxuries, and he sighs for elegances. Let him have the elegances, and he yearns for the follies. Give him all together, and he complains that he has been cheated both in price and quality of the articles.

TRUE GENTLENESS.—Gentleness, which belongs to virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from the mean spirit of cowards and the fawning assent of sycophants. It renounces no just right from fear; it gives up no important truth from flattery; it is, indeed, not only consistent with a firm mind, but it necessarily requires a manly spirit and a fixed principle, in order to give it any real value.

MARRIAGE.—There is no graver event in a man's life than marriage. It may prove an inestimable blessing, the subtle influences of which will permeate every hour of the day, strengthen every fibre of his moral being, and by its satisfying repose to the affections give its intellect a calmer and more continuous sweep. It may also prove a desolating evil, numbing the sympathies, irritating and scattering the intellectual energies, distracting the life.

NEEDLESS DELAYS.—Steadfastly set your face against needless delays in doing any work for the good of your fellow men, or for your own edification. A dilatory spirit is one of the most delusive of all the temptations of the great destroyer. It purposes merely to postpone, perhaps for an hour or a day. It would shudder at the thought of final and utter neglect of what it thus defers. Do this very day and hour the duties this hour and day demand.

A GOOD MAN.—There is an expression in the face of a good married man, who has a good wife, that a bachelor cannot have. It is indescribable. He is a little nearer the angels than the prettiest young fellow living. You can see that his broad breast is a pillow for somebody's head; and that little fingers pull his whiskers. No one ever mistakes the good married man. It is only the erratic one who leaves you in doubt. The good one can protect all the unprotected females, and make himself generally agreeable to the ladies, and yet never leave a doubt on any mind that there is a precious little woman at home worth all the world to him.

FAMILY TIES.—In the passing of human life there frequently comes a time when the mutual duties of child and parent are reversed. Advancing years bring a childhood to the one and the care of childhood to the other. To the aged father and mother the days of labour are over, the work of life has been done. Now attentive tenderness becomes the duty of those who once received it all themselves, while those are depen-

dent upon it who once gave it all. Now the parent is the child and the child is the parent. The watchfulness and care of many years ago are to be repeated over again; only that the giver then is the receiver now. To a true-hearted child here is a return of love which it is good to make. There is a deep satisfaction in being able to repay by words and looks the lavished love of the bygone time.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

CHARLES NODIER somewhere observes, "that of all animals, cats, flies, and ladies are those that lose most time over their toilettes."

"MOST PROVOKING." "He provoked me into loving him!" was a pretty girl's excuse for engaging herself to a man whom she had always professed to hate.

Two rival belles met at a fancy ball last winter. "How well you look under candle-light!" exclaimed one. "And how charming you are in the dark!" said the other.

"LIZZIE," aren't you going to church this morning?" "No, dear, the pews are so narrow, you know, and I couldn't think of going without my bustle," and she did—not go.

JUST think of it! It costs one million two hundred and fifty thousand five hundred and eighty nine dollars and ten cents to keep the women of America in imported corsets for one year.

ALL bachelors are not entirely lost to the refinement of sentiment: for the following toast was lately given by one of them at a public dinner—"The ladies—sweetbriars in the garden of life!"

"SIRE" said Madame de Stael to the great Emperor Napoleon, "can you tell me what is the most curious thing in the world?" The Emperor hated the celebrated blue-stocking, and so he replied, "Yes, madame, it is a woman who is not curious."

"JESSIE, what was Joe's arm doing round your waist when you were at the front gate last night?" asked a precocious Lebanon boy of his sister. "His arm wasn't round my waist; I won a belt from him, and he was taking my measure," replied the indignant young lady.

A rustic couple, newly married, marched into a drug store and called for soda water. The obliging clerk inquired what syrup they would have in it, when the swain, deliberately leaning over the counter, replied, "Stranger, money is no object to me; put sugar in it."

THE Indianapolis *News* has found out how the sex of that man in Europe who went about in woman's clothes was discovered. He inadvertently said "Thank you," when a gentleman gave up his seat in a street car.

This sweet to wait, but oh how bitter. To wait for a girl and then not git'er."

In an English Sunday school, the vicar's daughter, who was very proud of her Bible class on inquiring of one of her pupils how Queen Sheba came to Solomon, received the reply, "By railway, Miss." On asking for an explanation she received the answer: "Because, Miss, the bible says she came to Jerusalem with a very heavy train."

A blind man had been sitting one day and pleasantly chatting with some visitors for an hour, when one of them wished the company good morning and left the room. "What white teeth that lady has," said the sarcastic blind man. "How can you possibly tell that?" said a friend. "Because," was the ready answer, "for the last half hour she has done nothing but laugh."

A CASE of mistaken identity took place as the cars left the Newark depot. A pretty girl, with her handkerchief up to her eyes, had seen her lover seat himself in the last seat of a car, but while she was bathed in tears, she did not see that the train had backed, and a different car stood in front of her; but presently she looked up and with a sweet smile said "good-bye darling" to an astonished and bashful young man who was sitting there, in the place where the other fellow should have been.

LORENZO DAY having married Miss Martha Week, a local paper comments:

A Day is made, a Week is lost.

But time should not complain—

There'll soon be little Days enough

To make the Week again.

"Oh, yes, gimme ten cents worth of hair pins," added an up-river farmer as he was about to leave a store, and while they were being handed down he continued: "It's hair pins today and ribbons to-morrow and a toothbrush the next day. The gal is always wanting some flim-flam thing, and I shouldn't be surprised if she'd some day get up and want me to bring home one of them combs with a brass back."

SCENE in Eldridge Park: "Oh, do be mine," he said, attempting to draw her a little nearer to his end of the seat. She made herself rigid and heaved a sigh. "I'll be a good man and give up all my bad habits," he urged. No reply. "I'll never drink another drop," he continued. "And give up chewing?" No response. "And smoking?" Cold as ever. "And join the church—" She only shook her head. "And give you a diamond engagement ring," he added in desperation. Then the maiden lifted her drooping eyes to his, and leaning her curls on his shoulder, trembling, murmured into his ravished ear: "Oh, Edward, you—you are so good!"—And there they sat and sat until the soft arms of night—that dusky nurse of the world—had folded them from sight, pondering, planning, thinking—she of the diamond ring, and he of how on earth he was to get it.

LITERARY.

TENNYSON and Walt Whitman are close friends and frequent correspondents.

IT is said that the Marquis of Bute will shortly have ready a book on "Archeology."

MR. JOHN FORSTER is said to be engaged on a *Life of Swift*, and a new edition of his works.

THE English journals are urging their Government to grant a pension to the widow of Mr. Shirley Brooks.

IT is said that the late Lord Lytton has left a large quantity of MSS. which will serve as notes for a biographical memoir.

MR. SMILES has nearly ready a work to be entitled *Thrift*, which will form a companion volume to his popular illustrations of character and self-help.

GEORGE ELLIOT is said to have another novel, in scope not inferior to "Middlemarch," nearly ready for publication.

TENNYSON'S "Queen Mary," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, would add to almost any reputation save that of its author.

"DID you say," asked one of Miller's admirers of Tennyson, "that Joaquin Miller was the greatest poet living?" "No," replied the Laureate; "but I said he would be if he worked as hard as I do."

THE report that an edition of Shakespeare was to be brought out with illustrations by Gustave Doré (price \$50,000) is joyfully contradicted by *The Athenæum* which thinks that Shakespeare illustrated by Gustave Doré would be "an ineffable tragedy."

A STORY is going round that Mr. Disraeli, having been asked what he thought of the paper of Mr. Gladstone in the *Contemporary Review*, replied that its writer should be appointed Judge of the Court created by the Public Worship Act of last year.

FATHER PROUT'S unpublished writings are being collected, and will shortly be published under the title of "The Final Reliques of Father Prout." It appears that the family of the late Rev. Mr. Mahoney possess several MSS. which will form the chief item in the forthcoming volume.

BARON DE LESSEPS is about to publish a history of the Suez Canal. It ought to be an interesting work, for it will contain a history of his negotiations with the different European States to whom he applied for aid. He will give the letters which he received from many distinguished persons.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL told M. Alphonse Karr, on the latter apologizing for appearing in the royal presence in travelling costume, that so far as he was concerned he might come in his shirt-sleeves if it should suit him on his next visit. And affability could no more when his Majesty added: "We French and Italians will always remain friends."

MISS JERROLD, daughter of the late Douglass Jerrold, has been given, by order of the Court of Chancery, absolute possession of the £2,000 which was raised after the death of her father for the benefit of his widow and unmarried daughter. The proceedings which have resulted in this decision arose from a brother who in this country claimed to be entitled to a share in the capital.

LADY ANNE NOEL BLUNT has written to Mr. Disraeli, as President of the Byron Memorial Committee, to protest against the proposal to place a table in Hucknall Torkard Church in memory of the poet. The family of Lord Byron have not, says Lady Blunt, forgotten that when Lord Byron's remains were brought back to England they were refused a resting-place in Westminster Abbey, and that it was left to his sister, Mrs. Leigh, and his friend, Mr. Hobhouse, to bury him, and that together they placed a tablet to his memory. What their affection then deemed suitable, Lady Blunt and those in whose name she writes, still hold to be enough.

"MR. TENNYSON," says one who has had the pleasure of listening to the poet's criticism of himself, "proceeded to discuss the possible reception of his new play when it is represented on the boards of the Lyceum. He very frankly admitted its dramatic defects. 'It is,' he said, 'an epic poem—and I am well aware of it—in a dramatic shape. I feel as much as any of my critics can, and probably a good deal more, the absence in it of edifying episodes of interest. There are not enough rocks, so to speak, in the bed of the torrent for the water to circle round. All is too even—too continuous. Nevertheless, I am sanguine. I believe that it will stir the public; and with Mr. Irving as my probationer—and without Mr. Irving I should not have consented to its production upon the stage—I am convinced that you will be surprised, and that I myself will be surprised at what it does.'"

ARTISTIC.

TOJETTI, an artist, is said to have fooled San Francisco into enthusiasm over an oil-painted copy of a drawing by Doré, representing it as an original picture.

THE Marchioness of Lorne is executing a bust of the Countess of Percy, sister to the Marquis of Lorne, to be placed in Alnwick Castle, Northumberland.

AN allegorical statue in white marble has just been placed in the Tuileries garden, representing comedy. This work is of life-size, by Julien Roux, a young sculptor of promise.

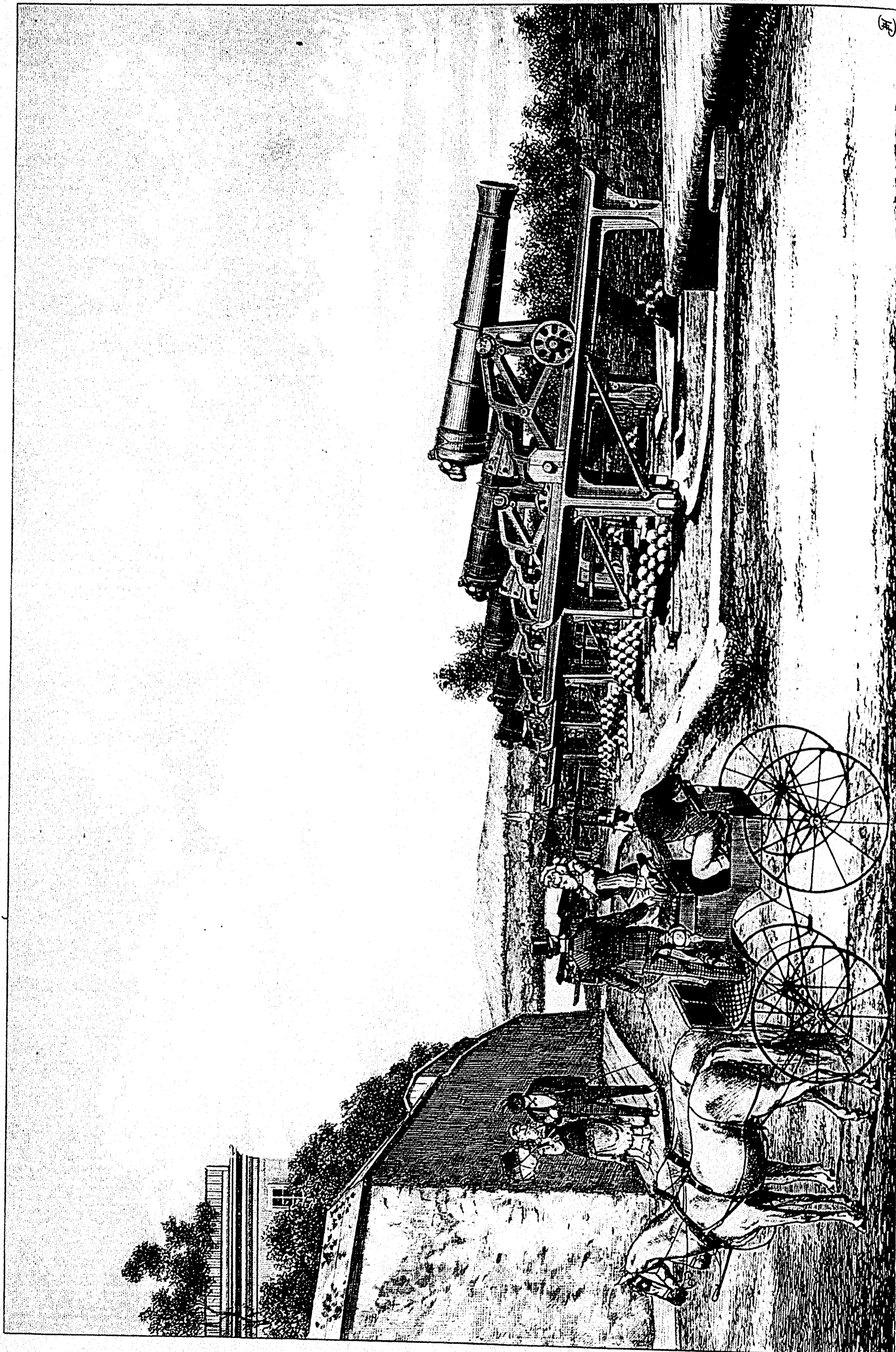
EX-GOV. MORGAN of New York has received from Rome a marble statue, of heroic size, in illustration of Longfellow's "Hiawatha." It is the production of Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, a native of New York, and is pronounced an excellent piece of work.

A NUMBER of tablets, written upon and carefully arranged in an ivory box, have been discovered in the ruins of Pompeii. They contain receipts for payments of money, and bear the consular date, with the name of the day and the month, and the amount paid. The tablets are evidently accounts, and from the way in which they are kept there can be no doubt that the spot where they were found was the site of a Roman banker's house.

THE house of Michael Angelo, which was bequeathed by his descendants to the City of Florence is undergoing decoration by Florentine artists, who contribute their designs and services. The exterior has been transformed into a modern Florentine habitation, and the plaster is ready for the artists. But the latter have got into a quarrel about their designs and are unable to agree sufficiently to do any work.

A PICTURE by Broughton in the British Royal Academy, called "The Bearers of the Burden," represents a big, brawny fellow sauntering with his hands in his pockets, and behind him three weary women are overlaid with his household property. Two men were looking at the picture, and one of them said, without any intention of joking, "That's the way the poor workingman is burdened with women."

DRAKE'S statue of Humboldt has been exhibited recently at the artist's studio in Berlin, previous to being sent to America to be cast in bronze and set up for exhibition at the Centennial in Philadelphia next year. The statue represents Humboldt at about 60 years of age, dressed in the costume of the time, but with a cloak falling in large folds thrown across his shoulders. He is standing, holding in one hand a roll of paper against his breast, and resting the other lightly on a large globe. The figure is more than three meters in height.



QUEBEC:—THE GRAND BATTERY, LOOKING TOWARDS THE NORTH SHORE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

THE O'CONNELL CENTENNIAL.

With the view of contributing our mite to the celebration of the O'Connell Centennial, we publish in the present number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, a large portrait of the Liberator, pronounced by those best able to judge to be a life-like resemblance. We publish also an autograph letter written by him in 1833, to Colonel Connell James Baldwin, of York, now Toronto. This gentleman was a cousin of O'Connell. For the interesting relic we are indebted to the zealous courtesy of Mr. Connell J. Higgins, of Ottawa, a nephew of Colonel Baldwin, and a second cousin of the Liberator, through his mother who was a first cousin and ward of O'Connell. As will be seen from the letter, O'Connell took great interest in the affairs of this country and was a sincere friend of Canada in the Imperial Parliament. It is, therefore, from a Canadian point of view, if from no other, that his countrymen in the Dominion do well to unite, as they are doing, in celebrating his memory. While all our cities have distinguished themselves in this respect, it is only fair to say that Ottawa takes the lead and that this success is in great measure due to the active exertions of Mr. Connell J. Higgins. This union of all Irishmen we are glad to see because it was the great aim and purpose of all O'Connell's life. As the Ottawa Citizen eloquently expresses it: "If there was one principle dear to the heart of O'Connell; if there was one feature which stood out grandly throughout a prolonged career, it was his earnest heart to come to the aid of the people to be always united; he told them there lay their strength, there rested the main opportunity for accomplishing the advancement of their race. He warned and denigrated against using Ireland and the Irish for the mere purpose of compassing personal advancement, and warned his co-nationalists against being deluded by pretenders who stood by them in the hey-day of prosperity, but deserted so soon as gloom and depression shrouded their homesteads."

THE MONTREAL PRESS.

Within the past few months a perceptible improvement has taken place in all the Montreal papers, morning and evening. Our papers cannot be so full of miscellaneous reading as they otherwise might be, because this is, before every thing else, a commercial city, and the immense advertising patronage must perforce find a place in the publisher's column, to the mutual advantage of advertiser and printer. The Montreal papers are fully alive to this commercial quality of their issues, and they all very properly devote a considerable space to trade, finance and shipping. Without such reports a Montreal daily would be lifeless. We are pleased to note, however, as a decided amelioration, that, in this department, conciseness, clearness and reliability are much more sought after than they were formerly. Commercial and financial news interest every one, and are sure to be read by every body, except babies, with profit, if presented without the hackneyed lingo of the "Street," and made intelligible to all. If politicians only knew it, there is more information to be derived from the commercial column of a newspaper, than from many a public speech, or a Parliamentary report.

In regard to material progress, we are pleased to see that it is perceptible in all the Montreal papers. The Star entered upon a new era with the introduction of the Prestonian Press, and now it has donned a new suit of type which not only gives it a beautiful appearance, but increases the reading matter so much that the wonder is it can supply so much reading for one cent. We learn that the Witness is also about to increase its press facilities so as to keep pace with its steadily augmenting circulation. It is not long since that it assumed a complete new dress, and the composition of the matter is as well done that the headed brevier always catches the eye. We know of no paper that has succeeded so well from the start as the Star. It was founded for a purpose and that purpose it has admirably fulfilled. The experience and ability of the editor steered him clear of breakers which so many believed would wreck his vessel in the initial stages of her voyage. We are glad to hear that the Star is about to be enlarged, and that a weekly edition will be issued—two improvements which the popularity of the paper justifies.

The Herald is about to be placed into the hands of a joint-stock company, but pending this change, which will give it a decided impulse in advance, it has increased its page to ten columns, thus making room for more advertisements and increasing the amount of reading. A feature in the Herald, of late, is its attractive mode of presenting telegraphic intelligence. The editorial columns have likewise been perceptibly fortified, and, altogether, this important journal is worthy of its position as organ of the government for Quebec. The new type which the Gazette adopted a few weeks ago makes it a very attractive paper, and the press work is uncommonly well done. The matter is likewise skillfully arranged, and generally maintained in the same relative positions, so that one can find at once what he looks for. This is a rare advantage for the hasty reader. The editorial department of the Gazette is maintained at its former high standard. Taking all things into consideration, Montreal has reason to be proud of the activity and enterprise of her press, while its habitual tone of moderation and gentlemanly discussion is a matter for special congratulation.

London
11th April 1833

My dear Connell

Give your particular attention to the letter. Don't send attention as you know I would pray to a similar one from you. — It will be handed to you by

Mr. Edward Jacec — + + + + +

I allude in this letter only to our word of politics — It is to express my entire concurrence in your views of Canadian Politics — and to my entire conviction that Justice can not be expected by the Canadian until the Legislative Council is elected by the people instead of being nominated by the Crown. The paper now thus constituted should I think be selected over only for every twice the paper of assembly was elected. In other words your Legislative Council should be elected for you — or

by you — your views of a paper — My — for two — or three —

Yours most sincerely
Connell Baldwin & Co. Deaultonett

York
Upper Canada

AUTOGRAPH LETTER FROM DANIEL O'CONNELL TO COL. CONNELL JAMES BALDWIN.

DIANA.

She had a bow of yellow horn,
Like the old moon at early morn.
She had three arrows, strong and good,
Steel set in feathered cornel-wood.
Like purest pearl her left breast shone
Above her kirtle's emerald zone;
Her right was bound in silk well knit,
Lest her bowstring should sever it.
Ripe lips she had, and clear gray eyes,
And hair, pure gold, blown hoiden-wise
Across her face like shining mist
That with dawn's flush is faintly kissed.
Her limbs, how matched and round and fine,
How free, like song! How strong, like wine!
And, timed to music wild and sweet,
How swift her silver-sandalled feet!
Single of heart and strong of hand,
Wind-like she wandered through the land.
No man, or king, or lord, or churl—
Dared whisper love to that fair girl,
And woe to him who came upon
Her nude, at bath, like Actæon!
So dire his fate, that one who heard
The flutter of a bathing bird—
What time he crossed a breezy wood—
Felt sudden quickening of his blood,
Cast one shy look, then ran away
Far through the green, thick groves of May,
Afeared lest down the wind of spring,
He'd hear an arrow whispering.

JOAQUIN MILLER AND LONGFELLOW.

Our readers will thank us for preserving the following from the N. Y., Sun:

The poet of the Pacific coast was sitting on the balcony of a Long Branch Hotel last evening looking at the children dancing. There was nothing of the traditional poet about him, and still less of the newspaper Joaquin Miller. Nothing uncommon in either dress or manner; no mane of yellow hair rolling over his shoulders; no red shirt; no big boots. He looked simply like a quiet gentleman, like a decidedly American gentleman. There would be no mistaking his nationality whether you met him in Corea or in Colorado, for his face is the refined type of a large class of American faces that are found mainly in the West. He has prominent cheek bones, a large nose, neither Roman nor Grecian, but American and strong. The lower face is hidden beneath a full, lightish beard. Blue eyes, almost small blue eyes, look kindly, and above them is a high, narrow forehead, made still higher by just the least bit of baldness. The thin, light hair was cut short. On his hands, which are small and white, he wore three costly rings. On the forefinger of the left hand was an immense solitary diamond. On the third finger an antique amethyst, and a smaller diamond glowed alone on his right hand. There were diamonds on his bosom, and a massive chain of yellow gold stretched across his vest.

Such is the man to whom I said, as I handed him my card:

"Mr. Miller, I have been looking for you for two weeks, and am right glad to find you at last."

"Why, my dear boy! is it possible? I am very sorry to have put you to all that trouble. What I can do for you?" was the poet's hearty reply; and before his question could be answered he hurried on: "I left Newburyport two or three weeks ago, intending to be gone ten days. I went to Newport for a day or two; did not like it. Then I came here and stayed one day, and liked it less. I then went into the Alleghany Mountains with a party of Englishmen to hunt; but it rained, and the woods were not in good leaf, and I didn't like it. I came back here to get my letters, and have liked it so well that I have stayed. The longer I stay, the better I like it. But what can I do for you?" he repeated.

"You can give me your opinion of Longfellow's last poem, 'Morituri Salutamus.'" That is my object in coming here to see you."

"You want my opinion of Longfellow. You want me to criticise his poem. Good God, boy, I can't do that; I would not if I could. The idea of a man of my age, position, and ability sitting in judgment upon Longfellow—one of the grand old Gods. It's impossible. Why do you come to me?"

"Because, Mr. Miller, the author of 'Poems of the Sierras' is recognized as an original thinker, a man who is not trammelled by convention a lities of style or of thought; and there are those who think his opinion worth more than that of the critics who have agreed to disagree about this poem."

"Well, that's a compliment, and I am glad if any one thinks in that way about me; but, my dear boy, I can't criticise that poem. In the first place, I have not the ability. Do you know, I think I am the most overrated man in the world—by some. I know there are different opinions, but I agree with the majority that I am overrated. Of course I know what pleases me, but my judgment is just as likely to be bad as good. I have not the experience, nor age, nor culture. I have no culture. I've had very little, very little. I don't own a single book—not even a dictionary. Here's my whole kit." And he took from his pocket an old envelope full of papers, a rather dilapidated note book, and a quill pen.

"There are my tools," he continued, "and there is my workshop," pointing to the sky and the sea and the sand.

"To be sure, I know something of Longfellow. I dined with him once, and spent part of the day with him. He treated me very pleasantly indeed. And when I was in England I helped to get up a 'Longfellow Club.' We used to meet every Sunday evening, and after reading a chapter in the Bible, spend the rest of the evening reading Longfellow. In that way we got through Hiawatha and read Evangeline twice. I think Evangeline the finest poem of this age. How breezy, and woody, and watery it is, with all those big trees, and the rivers and lakes; and then it's got all those pretty names in it. I like pretty names—and this country is full of them. What is the use of going back to those old Grecian and Roman names when we can use our own Indian names? 'Mississippi.' How soft and liquid that is! And 'Omaha.' That's a pretty name. A gentleman said to me, 'Why, it's only the name of a railroad station.' 'Wait said I, and I'll make something more than a railroad name of it. I've got it in my new poem, 'The Ship in the Desert,' that's coming out pretty soon. I have some of the proofs in my pocket now.' But there's another reason why I can't criticise Longfellow's poem. The best reason of all—I have not read it."

"Not read it! Why, it was printed in the same magazine that contained your 'Sunrise in Venice.'"

"I have not seen the magazine. The poem was only a fragment of a poem I wrote on Venice, and was sent to the Harpers nearly two years ago. I have written very few short poems. I'll tell you how I do. I write a poem—a long poem—and when I get the proofs I chop them up, take out an incident here, a description there, name them, and send them to be published. Thus many fragments of 'The Ship in the Desert' have been already published. But I never read them after they are published. To be sure, I have written some short poems. 'Kit Carson's Ride' was one. The publishers of the Oxford magazine, *The Dark Blue*, sent me 50 guineas to write them a poem. I took the money, for young men commencing to write are generally poor (they often are after they have written), and wrote the poem at the point of the sword. No, I have not read 'Morituri Salutamus.' The fact is, I've been afraid to—afraid that it would not be up to Longfellow's mark. I have felt the same way about Tennyson's 'Queen Mary,' but I have read extracts from it, and I believe it is a good thing. I don't see any reason why these old men could not produce something better than they have ever done—something grand. But I don't want to criticise them. They have been working for the last half century, and they have done their work well. Thank God, I have not the sublime audacity to sit in judgment upon their work. With the Rossetis and Swinburne I feel at home. Swinburne is the coming man, I think. He is writing well, and purely, too. He hurt himself at first by the impurity of his writing, but he's out of that now."

"I wish you would read this poem of Longfellow's, Mr. Miller."

"Have you it with you? Let me see it. Come into the reading room." He commenced:

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

As the young poet of nature read the old poet's salutation to nature, to

Earth and air and sea and sky,
And the Imperial Sun that scatters down
His sovereign splendors upon grove and town,
his eyes flashed.

"It has the ring of bugles," said he. "It is grand, grand."

He read on. Joaquin Miller is not a good elocutionist. He is indistinct. He almost sings at times, but he brought out the beauties of the poem. It was easy to see what he liked or disliked as he read. The common place and the personal he slurred over. Classical allusions had no charms for him, and classical names he stumbled over, mispronounced, or omitted entirely. But when the poet turned to nature, in apostrophe or simile, the reader's whole manner changed, sometimes tears filled his eyes, and his lips trembled, again his eyes burned, and his voice rang. At these lines:

The teachers who in earlier days
Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze—
"learning's maze," he repeated, "bad, bad."

Again:

Whose simple lives complete and without flaw
"That's bad—'without flaw.' Swinburne has such an expression somewhere. It's very bad. But these things are trifles; it's almost profane to speak of them." He gave no reason why they were bad. The apostrophe to youth pleased him, especially the lines:

And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!

"That's the old fire," said Miller. "It's just like Longfellow—roomy, spacious, boundless. It recalls that line of his:

"The unfenced fields of Paradise."

When he read the lines:

The horologe of Time
Strikes the half century with a solemn chime,

he exclaimed with almost childlike enthusiasm: "Oh, what a pretty word—'horologe!' Isn't that a pretty word? Why, it is the Italian word adapted. I never saw it so used before. Isn't it pretty?" He read on, and when he reached the lines:

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

He said, "Ah, that's a lesson we in this country have yet to learn. It is the curse of America, this everlasting gold getting. We need more teachers like Longfellow. I'm learning something," he said, as he read how:

Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand *Edipus*, and Simonides
Bore off the prize from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than four-score years
And Theophrastus, at four score and ten,
Had but begun his characters of men,
Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the *Canterbury Tales*,
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed *Faust* when eighty years were past.

"I am learning something. Facts from poetry." There were tears in his eyes at these lines:

Whatever poet, orator, or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age.
It is the waning, not the crescent moon;
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon:
It is not strength, but weakness.

And he exclaimed, "Ah, dear old fellow, you are not weak—not you." "It is a great big melancholy piece of work," he said, as he finished the poem. "It is sad, sad. But all great things are sad. Great music is sad; the sea is sad; extreme joy is akin to sadness. The partition between joy and sorrow is so thin that one can whisper through. This is a grand poem. It is worthy of Longfellow. It is surpassed only by Longfellow. It is as great a poem as could be written on such a theme."

"And now," said Mr. Miller, "you have my opinion of Longfellow; but I do not pretend to criticise the poem. You've no idea how he is liked abroad. I found him translated in every country that I visited. In Italy he is well known. In the poorest homes of England you will find a copy of Longfellow. I had a little servant in London—a little girl who kept my room in order. One day I heard her singing as she brought up some coals. She was singing:

"Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close—
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose."

"The little thing was singing Longfellow's 'Village Blacksmith.'"

The story was told with infinite grace and feeling.

"What, must you go," said he, as I bade the poet good night. "Why, it's only 12 o'clock. I do not like to go to bed early, but the people here turn in early, and I find I'm getting in the habit. But come up and sleep with me. Come on. There's lots of room. No? Well, good night. I shall be in New York in September, and I shall see you then."

KNOW THYSELF.

That great educator, profound thinker, and vigorous writer, Herbert Spencer, has wisely said: "As vigorous health and its accompanying high spirits are larger elements of happiness than any other things whatever, the teaching how to maintain them, is a teaching that yields to no other whatever." This is sound sentiment, and one great want of the present age is the popularization of Physiological, Hygienic, and Medical science. No subject is more practical,—none comes nearer home to every man and woman than this. "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in Plain English, or, Medicine Simplified," by R. V. Pierce, M. D., is a book well calculated to supply a manifest want, and will prove eminently useful to the masses. It contains about nine hundred pages, is illustrated with over two hundred and fifty wood-cuts and fine colored plates, is printed on good paper, and well bound. It is a complete compendium of anatomical, physiological, hygienic and medical science, and embodies the latest discoveries and improvements in each department. It has been the author's aim to make the work instructive to the masses, and hence the use of technical terms has been, so far as possible, avoided, and every subject brought within the easy comprehension of all. An elevated moral tone pervades the entire book. While it freely discusses, in a scientific manner, the origin, reproduction, and development of man, it does not pander to depraved tastes, perverted passions, or idle curiosity, but treats in a chaste, and thorough manner of all those delicate physiological subjects, a proper knowledge of which acquaints us with the means for preserving health, and furnishes incentives to a higher and nobler life. The author who is also the publisher of the work, anticipating a very large sale for it, has issued twenty-thousand copies for the first edition, and is thus enabled to offer it (post-paid) at one dollar and fifty cents per copy,—a price less than the actual cost of so large a book, if published in only ordinary-sized editions. Those desiring a copy should address the author, at Buffalo, N. Y., without delay.

MORALITY OF THE STAGE.

The Rev. R. B. Drummond writes in the *Victoria Magazine*: There is no institution which is so entirely under the public eye, so wholly dependent on public approval, as the theatre, and if it is not all that it ought to be, it is very largely the public themselves that are to blame. The stage, while no doubt it reacts powerfully on the audience, must still take its tone very largely from the manners of the time, must adapt itself to the feelings and expectations of the spectators. Instead, then, of denouncing the theatre, would it not be far wiser in those who assume to be the guardians of public virtue, to recognize it as a great moral influence, and to take care that, as far as in them lies, its influence

shall be good? Let them, by their occasional presence, endeavor to give a right tone to the performances, and so make the theatre not merely a place of innocent amusement, but a school of virtue, a noble means of education and culture. And this, in truth, is what the theatre ought to be. I am by no means satisfied to regard it as a mere place of amusement, however far from wishing to discourage any kind of innocent relaxation. But the theatre, though it may be this, should also be much more. It ought to be a moral and educational influence co-operating with the Church in the instruction and education of the people, exhibiting before their eyes the noblest examples of virtue; teaching them that in the long run virtue will receive its reward, and vice be overtaken by its fitting punishment; that Justice rules beneath the seeming inequalities of life, and a retributive Providence presides over the affairs of men.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SALVINI is reported to have made £4,000 by his campaign in London this season.

MME. ARABELLA GODDARD will probably, it is stated, appear in conjunction with Mme. Titiens in concert.

A PARIS letter says that a daughter of Offenbach, never witnessed the performance of one of his operas until the other day, when she went as a married woman.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI goes to Dieppe, and returns in September to sing at Brighton, Birmingham and Manchester. Madame Patti sings gratuitously in Paris, on October 1st, for the benefit of the sufferers by the floods.

MADAME JULLIEN, the wife of the celebrated conductor, has died suddenly. She was a woman of remarkable ability and excellent critical judgment; not the least proof of it was her advising Mr. Lumley to fetch Mlle. Titiens for London, where she has ever since reigned triumphantly.

Mlle. MARGUERITE CHAPUY, who has been singing in "La Traviata" at Her Majesty's Opera House, London, is said to resemble in her general delineation of *Violetta* the late Mme. Busio. That is, their version is not absolutely correct, and yet "correct," because in no wise suggestive.

THOSE who know the Parisians theatres know that the *sapeurs-pompiers* play a great part in them. Their buckets, their water-pipes, their uniforms, are at all times everywhere. The safety their presence guarantees is not purchased at a small cost, and the sum charged by the town for their attendance has just been increased.

Mlle. SCHNEIDER took up a subscription among the audience at the recent benefit in Paris for the sufferers by the floods, and finding that her escarcelle was too small to contain all the offerings, received the showers of gold pieces in a hat which she whisked off the head of an astonished gentleman. She treated the men as capriciously as ever did Her Majesty of Gerolstein when she disposed of Prince Paul, for when they took out their pocket-books to search for a napoleon she coolly appropriated the entire contents.

A COMPOSER sent his card to Rossini. The *maestro* received him very kindly, and requested him to play one of his own compositions. The visitor, seating himself at the piano, played for some time, ceasing at last, entirely exhausted. "What is that?" inquired Rossini. "A funeral march which I composed on the death of Meyerbeer. How do you like it, *maestro*?" Rossini replied, "Not so bad, only I should think that it would have been infinitely better if you had died, and Meyerbeer then would have composed a march to your memory."

THE *Arcadian* of New York writes:—"A great deal has been said about the progress Wagner's music has made with the people, but the truth is, it has not yet been accepted by the people at all in this country. The so-called popularity of the Wagner entertainments will not bear scrutiny. The music is called intellectual music, and it has come to be a fashionable expedient with a certain weak-minded set to affect an intense admiration for it, in order to establish their intellectualty. *Lohengrin* was not as great a success here as the much-abused Verdi's *Aida*, and the march from the *Prophet* still outranks the 'Tannhauser' march with emotional creatures."

VARIETIES.

M. THIERS has declined to become a candidate for a Senatorship.

A movement has been begun in St. Louis to erect a monument to Gen. Blair.

A NUMBER of Franciscan monks, refugees from Germany, have settled at Quincy Ill.

ALL the Germans invited to the Lord Mayor of London's international banquet have declined.

DEAN STANLEY has refused a small space on a wall required for a memorial tablet to Balfe in Westminster Abbey.

HENRY VON HALSFEELD, a broken-down Prussian baron, is leader of the orchestra at the Rondout Opera House.

JULES SIMON, formerly a professor at the University of Paris, has been granted a pension of 6,000 francs a year by the French Government.

THE Duke d'Amale has proclaimed that if France wishes sincerely to become a republic he, for his part, is perfectly willing to bow down to that kind of sovereignty.

IN France the economists set down the afflictions of the United States as due to three causes: an excess of railroads (over 100,000 miles), paper money, and a protective tariff.

FEW young journalists, however clever, attain such worldly success as has befallen Hans Forcell, the Swedish writer on politics and philosophy, who has just, in his thirty-second year, been called to take seat at the Council of State, as Minister of Finance.

THE marriage of the Princess Girenti, sister of King Alfonso, with the son of Prince Frederick Charles is talked about as probable; and it is supposed that the event would lead to German intervention in Spanish affairs. It is denied that King Alfonso is going to marry the daughter of Prince Frederick Charles.

NAPOLEON's court drank up the pay of ninety thousand soldiers in the year 1869, in addition to their regular incomes and extras. The pay for these ninety thousand was a fictitious draw, a nice way of putting it on paper to the Corps Legislatif. If such things were, Worth and Sedan could be.

RECIPE FOR JAMS.

FRUIT for preserving should be gathered in very dry weather, and should be as free from dust as possible.

GOOSEBERRY GREEN.—Allow 1lb. of loaf sugar to every pound of picked fruit.

GOOSEBERRY RED.—Take the rough, hairy gooseberries, and to every pound of picked fruit allow 1/2 lb. of loaf sugar.

STRAWBERRY OR BARBERRY.—Take ripe, not over ripe, strawberries, pick them, and to every pound allow 1lb. of loaf sugar.

STRAWBERRIES PRESERVED WHOLE.—Allow 1 1/2 lb. of sugar, and the same proportion of currant juice to every pound of fruit.

RASPBERRY.—To every pound of picked raspberries allow 1lb. of sugar and one pint of currant juice.

CURRENT (Red, Black, or White).—Take ripe currents, strip off the stalks, and to each pound allow 3/4 lb. of loaf sugar.

CHERRY.—Take picked and carefully sorted cherries, and to every lb. allow from 3/4 lb. to 1 lb. of sugar.

APRICOT, PEACH, OR PLUM.—Take equal quantities of fruit and sugar, pound the sugar, pare and cut up with a silver knife some ripe apricots, peaches, or magnums.

BLACKBERRY.—To every lb. of picked fruit allow 1lb. of loaf sugar, and 3/4 lb. of apples peeled and cored.

GRAPE (Green).—Pick them carefully, and reject any that are injured; wash them, and to every pound of grapes allow 1lb. of sugar.

GRAPE.—Boil the grapes (ripe) to a soft pulp about one hour and half, and strain them through a sieve.

APPLE.—Peel and core the apples, cut them in thin slices, and put them into a preserving pan, with 3/4 lb. of white sugar.

MULBERRY JAM.—Take ripe mulberries, and allow 1lb. of sugar and one pint of mulberry juice to every pound of picked fruit.

PRINCELY HUMBUG IN GERMANY.

Nine out of ten intelligent Americans speak of Prince Fritz and Prince Frederick Charles, his cousin, as "great generals."

POPULAR SHAKESPEARE.

The New Shakespearean Dictionary of Quotations, by G. Somers Bellamy, dedicated, by permission, to Sir Alexander Cockburn, Bart., the Lord Chief Justice of England.

A KISS FOR CHARITY.

A charitable fete held recently in Paris had for its heroine a certain well-known princess. The lady, who was selling flowers or cigars, was accosted by a Russian nobleman famous for the eccentric uses he made of his colossal fortune.

How easy it is to work when we are happy! How delightful, when we are happy, to work for those we love! A life of constant toil, merely for subsistence, is very hard and sad.

SOMETHING ABOUT NOSES.

A writer says: The author of "Notes on Noses" awards precedence to the aquiline, royal, or Roman nose as being a sure indication of an energetic, resolute, ruling mind.

DESTINY AND DICKENS.

"When I was about twenty," wrote Charles Dickens, "and knew three or four successive years of Mathews's 'At Homes,' for sitting in the pit to hear them, I wrote to Bartley, who was stage manager at Covent Garden, and told him how young I was, and exactly what I thought I could do."

HUMOUROUS.

"WHY," said a country clergyman to one of his flock, "do you always sleep in your pew when I am in the pulpit, while you are all attention to every stranger I invite?"

THERE is in the French political world a man of considerable importance, but who is not remarkable for quickness of thought or perception.

"As an evidence of the scarcity of money among young men," said a leading confectioner, "let me point you to the fact that a great many young girls come to this saloon without beaux, who a year ago always had an escort."

A colored man, employed as a deck-hand on a propeller, was rushing around town yesterday and inquiring where the polls were.

"Polls? polls?" repeated a citizen, "why, there's no election going on now."

The man stood for a moment looking greatly disappointed, and then turned for the river with the remark: "And now de programme is to find that sleek young man who said dey was paying six dollars apiece for votes."

A boy tried his first pipe the other day. When his father came home to dinner, he found him braced against a barrel, with his legs spread apart, his hands and lower jaw drooping listlessly, and a deathly pallor overspreading his face.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

We insert in our column to-day one of the three games of which we made mention in connection with Philidor in our last issue.

The present one was played between Philidor and Court Bruhl, who had the first move.

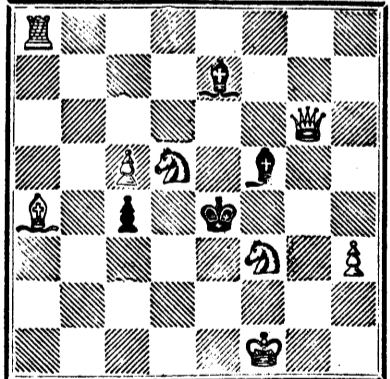
GAME 34TH.

- WHITE—(Count B.) 1. P to K 4 2. K B to Q B 4 3. Q to K 2nd 4. P to Q B 3rd 5. P to Q 3rd 6. K P takes P (a) 7. P to Q 4th 8. Q B to K Kt 5th 9. K B to Q Kt 3rd 10. Q Kt to Q 2nd 11. P to K R 3rd 12. Q B to K 3rd 13. P to K B 4th 14. P to Q B 4th 15. Q B P takes P 16. Q to K B 2nd 17. K Kt to K 2nd 18. Castles on K side 19. K Kt to Kt 3rd 20. Q R to Q B sq 21. K Kt takes B 22. Q to K Kt 3rd (ch) 23. Q takes Q (ch) 24. K B takes Kt 25. P to K Kt 3rd 26. P to Q Kt 3rd 27. Q R to B 2nd 28. P takes P 29. Q R takes R 30. R to Q R sq 31. R takes P 32. K to B 2nd 33. R to Q B 2nd 34. R takes B 35. R to Q B 2nd 36. R to Q B 6th (ch) 37. P takes P 38. R to Q 7th (d) 39. B takes Kt 40. K to Kt 2nd 41. R takes P 42. R to Q 8th 43. P to Q 5th 44. P to Q 6th 45. K to B sq 46. P to K R 5th 47. P to K R 6th

- NOTES ON THE GAME. [a] This is not cleverly played; since it enabled Philidor to effect his favourite manoeuvre of establishing the Pawn in the middle of the chess-board. [b] The beauty and precision of these moves would excite admiration if exhibited in an ordinary game; under the circumstances in which Philidor played, they are absolutely marvellous. [c] The sacrifice of the Pawn afforded Philidor a commanding station for his Knight. [d] White might perhaps have drawn the game from this position by checking with the Rook at Queen's Bishop's sixth &c. [e] To the student emulative of the skill of a great player, all the moves of this game should be familiar as household words.

PROBLEM No. 31.

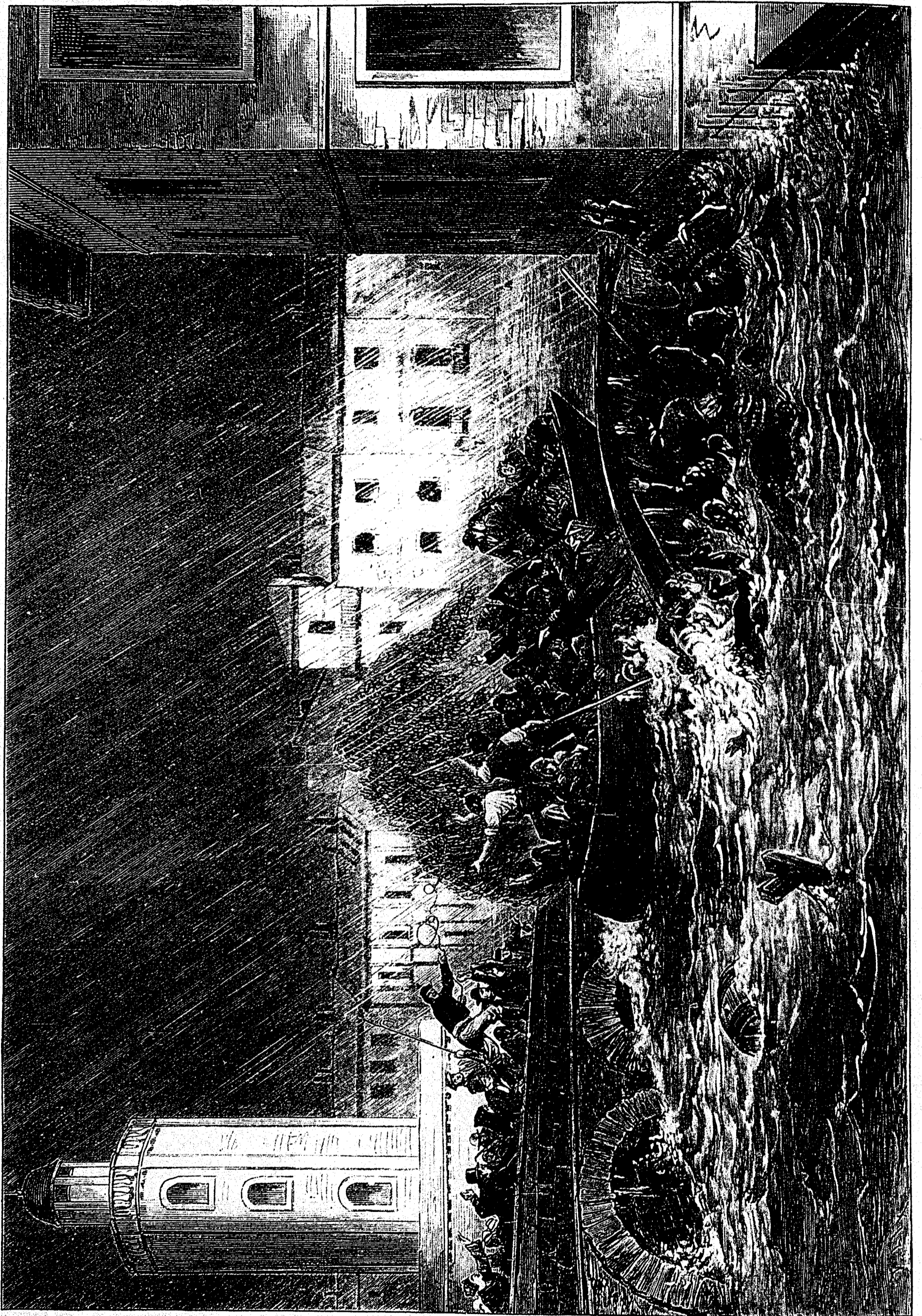
From L'Illustration. By M. L. KARNER. BLACK.



- WHITE. White to mate in three moves. Solution of Problem No. 29. WHITE. 1. R takes Q B P (ch) 2. Q takes Kt (ch) 3. Kt to Q B 6th (ch) 4. R to Q Kt 8 (ch) 5. R takes Q Kt P (mate)

- Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 28. WHITE. 1. Q to Q 8th (ch) 2. B to Q Kt 4th (ch) 3. Kt to Q B 7th (ch) 4. Q to Q 5 (mate) [a] If he move his King, or interpose the King's Rook, mate may be given in three moves.

- PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. No. 29. WHITE. K at Q R 2nd Q at Q 5th R at K B 7th Kt at K 4th Pawns at Q R 3rd, Q B 2nd, and K B 4th. BLACK. Kt takes R (best) Kt takes Q Kt to Q Kt 2nd K takes Kt R to Q 2th [a] R at K 3rd Kt at K 7th Pawn at K Kt 3rd, and K Kt 4th. White to play, and mate in three moves.



FRANCE :—THE INUNDATION AT TOULOUSE. DEATH OF THE MARQUIS OF HAUTOULL.



MONTREAL :—GROUP, REPRESENTING COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY, ERECTED ABOVE THE PEDIMENT OF THE NEW POST OFFICE.



A SEA SIDE SKETCH : A BREEZE AFTER THE BATH.

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.

II

But as half our people were still behind, the commandant let us fall out while waiting for them, and we had time to drink a glass of wine under the linen awnings in front of the wine shops. The bell-towers were filled with curious people with spy-glasses, and those who came down called out as they passed.—

"The fighting is at the Faubourg Saint-Pierre," or, "The smoke comes from the Porte Stainville," and so on.

In about half-an-hour all our stragglers had come up, and we set out for Nancy; we soon heard the firing; about six it was very hot. The noise of the cannon had ceased. We began to make out the town, and at the same time the first runaways came near us. They were wretches indeed, nearly all in blouses, barefooted, with neither hats or caps—in fact it was misery, the great misery of the towns in those days; entire troops of these poor creatures were running away; farther on we met three or four wounded sitting by the side of the road, some with their heads, some with their legs covered with blood; they looked hard at us, but said nothing. I thought perhaps they did not see us, or took us for enemies.

But as we met these poor people the firing which we had at first heard on the right spread all over the town; and then it was, as we heard afterwards, that the soldiers of Château-Vieux and the people fell back; and the massacre began. As we came into a long street of lofty houses, all closed from top to bottom, we saw a number of people retreating towards us before five or six hussars, who were cutting them down without mercy; horses reared, sabres flashed, and screams resounded, screams which made your flesh creep. It was horrible!

These people had only to turn round and fall on the brigands who pursued them; they might have taken them by the leg and unhorsed them easily, instead of which they allowed themselves to be cut down. Fear makes ones stupid. Our commandant ordered us to keep to the left, close to the houses, to allow these people to pass, and to halt. Maitre Jean, Letumier, and the other officers drew their swords, and ordered us to load. Every one of us then bit his first cartridge. The crowd came up to us, and passed like a flock of sheep pursued by wolves; when the hussars saw our bayonets they turned their horses' heads round; they must have expected our fire, for at the first turning they disappeared; in an instant the street was empty, and the flyers had hidden themselves; some remained lying with their faces to the ground. The din in the town broke out again and the firing, and we heard the tinkling of a little bell in the midst of the slaughter. What dismal thoughts occur to you when you recall these horrors, and how you pity the poor, who are sure to be the sufferers, even when only asking for justice! When the confusion was over our commandant ordered us to march, and we advanced to the grey square gate of Saint-Nicholas, when the cry of "Ver da?" warned us that the Germans were masters of Nancy.

M. de Bouillé had only brought these fellows with him; Frenchmen would have stopped short of his aim; he wanted to make a frightful example.

Then the grey moustache of the commandant curled as he advanced alone and answered, "France! citizen guard of Phalsbourg." Some moments later a placket of these Germans in blue coats, like our invalids now, came out accompanied by an officer to reconnoitre us; they evidently distrusted us, for we had a long time to wait with grounded arms before receiving orders from head-quarters, for the fatigue of the two forced marches had exhausted us, and it was only about nine that a lieutenant ordered us to relieve the Germans on guard at the gate. There were about fifteen of them in the guard-house; the beggars were glad to be relieved, to be able to go and plunder like their comrades.

We passed the night under the Porte Saint-Nicholas, stretched on the ground, with our heads on our knapsacks, along the walls. We slept by the side of one another. Two guns and some baggage-waggons blocked up the gate, and the pavement had been taken up; the sentries who were relieved every hour, had their beat towards the town and the faubourg; that is all I can recollect, for luckily it was not my turn for duty before morning.

I was awake two or three times by cries and disputes; it was our patrols bringing in their prisoners; they were thrust into the guard-house and the door closed, in spite of the cries of the poor creatures inside, who could hardly breathe. I recollect that as I should a dream.

When sleep has once possession of a man he hears and sees nothing. I know that night hundreds of wretches were massacred, and the brutality of the nobles showed itself in all its rage against the people; but I saw nothing of it myself.

The next day, September 1, it was something else!

I was early on my legs, and what I saw that

day, notwithstanding the years which have gone, remains to this moment as if painted before my eyes.

The beat of the drum woke us at four; raising myself on my elbow, still half asleep, I saw in the dawn, at ten paces from me, a German officer with the commandant Gerard talking together; behind them was a civil officer with a sash round his waist, and his hand in his large white waistcoat; they looked towards the dark gate, where we were getting up one after the other, shaking the dust from our clothes, picking up our muskets, and buckling on our knapsacks.

After the rappel came the roll-call; many of our comrades had come in during the night; we were about a hundred and twenty or thirty strong without the sentries and patrols.

Roll-call over, the commandant said—

"Comrades, you have to escort the prisoners to the town prisons."

Three waggons with straw in them drew up at the same time, and they began by letting out the poor creatures who had been thrust into them the evening before. They came out; it would hardly be credited; women, soldiers, populace, citizens, the street was crowded with them! so pale, in such disorder, it made you sick; many of them, covered with blood, were unable to walk; they had to be supported under the arms. When they came out into the air they struggled and gasped as if they were choking, and called for water, which was given them in a can, and then they were put into the waggons.

This took up twenty minutes, and then we marched them off; the carts with the wounded in front, the prisoners in the rear, two by two, between us. I have seen these convoys since—yes, indeed, I have seen them, and, much more considerable, thirty and forty carts one after the other. But this was the first, and the horror it inspired me with was most lasting; one need be buried to forget such dreadful sights. Later it was the wounded who were conveyed to the ambulances the evening after some great battle or aristocrats to the guillotine; this time it was the populace and soldiers who were to the gallows, for not satisfied with having exterminated three thousand poor wretches, four hundred of whom were women and children, that very day Bouillé hanged twenty-eight soldiers of the Château-Vieux, condemned by a court martial; one was broken alive on the wheel, notwithstanding the abolition of torture decreed by the National Assembly, and forty-one were sent to the king's galleys. We were already on our march to Phalsbourg when we heard the news of these abominations. People have cried out with reason against the September massacres, and the convoys of victims of '93; they were indeed most unnatural. But the nobles had set the example. It is a great misfortune! when you ask for pity on yourself and your people, you should have had been cruel in the hour of victory.

Well, the line of prisoners advanced between our two files of bayonets. We marched in the greatest silence, for all the houses were closed like prisons except those that had been pillaged, the doors and shutters of which were lying about in splinters. Maitre Jean commanded us; two or three times he looked at me, and I saw in his eyes how he pitied them; but what was to be done? Bouillé was master, and must be obeyed.

The wretches we were escorting—some coatless, some shirtless, their arms in slings, or their heads bandaged—looked straight before them; their eyes were dim, and we could hear occasionally their sighs, caused by dread at being taken; to know there is no hope, and that one has left behind an old mother, or a wife and children, to perish of want—that is what causes sighs like these, gently and in jerks, and shuddering internally. Those who hear you understand you, and, if they could, would willingly let you escape.

Every one must see that I did not pay much attention to the streets, the less so that we often met soldiers and other wretches, men and women, lying in pools of blood. We had to march over them—it made us all shiver—some of our prisoners, the bravest, looked round as they went by with their eyes half shut, to recognise and salute a friend or a comrade.

In one little place we saw horses with their bridles off, eating hay, and some of Louzun's hussars sleeping on straw by them. That is all I recollect of the route, except, however, the great town-hall; the early morning making the panes of glass in the windows glitter, officers going and coming under a magnificent gateway, and estafettes below, waiting for orders. Two battalions of Liègeois were bivouacked on the place—the sky was clear and the stars still bright.

At the moment we passed under a sort of triumphal arch, we heard—

"Ver da?"

It was a dragoon on guard before the prisons, which were surrounded by ditches. The major who followed with the municipal officer, immediately stepped forward, and passed us on to another place with three rows of trees in it. The waggons stopped before a sort of hospital, with bars before the windows, like the baskets men carry on their backs; and while they were

passing under the archway I noticed this prison was guarded by a post of the Royal Allemand. Fancy my dismay at knowing that Nicolas was at Nancy! I recollected his letter, and the idea occurred to me that the poor devil had cut down every one for the love of discipline, as he did at Paris. I was in hopes of not meeting him; but while we were getting out the wounded, I began to reflect he might be wounded too; that made me feel we were still brothers, and he had always taken my part in days gone by; besides if my father and mother knew we had been so near without seeing or speaking to one another, it would sorely grieve them. So I forgot everything else, and I went up to the nearest sentry and asked him if he knew Nicolas Bastien, corporal in the 3rd squadron of the Royal Allemand. When I told this man I was his brother he said he knew him well; I need only go down a little street facing me, at the Porte Neuve, where the Royal Allemand had charged the evening before, and that any one of his troop would take me to him.

Maitre Jean was not pleased that I wanted to go and see Nicolas.

"What a misfortune for us to come and mix ourselves up with these brigands!" said he. "People will begin to believe that the citizen guards have supported the Germans against the patriots; they will put it in all their gazettes; what a misfortune!"

He did not prevent my going to see Nicolas, but told me to hurry, for we should not remain long at Nancy; every one had had enough of it. I set off directly, with my musket on my shoulder, and stepped out to the Porte Neuve. Now if I tried to describe the horrors of the massacre in this quarter, you could not believe me. No, they could not have been men, only savage beasts could have perpetrated such brutalities. The populace and the Swiss must have offered a desperate resistance in these holes and corners, for everything was torn down, broken, destroyed—doors, windows, gutters, everything!

Heaps of bricks and tiles filled the street, just like after a fire; bedding which had been thrown out for the wounded trodden on and soaked in blood; some horses were lying and struggling there also. Two or three times in passing before some of the half-destroyed houses, I heard dreadful cries; they were the poor Swiss who had hidden themselves after the battle, and who were killed without mercy, for Bouillé had ordered his Germans to kill every soldier belonging to the Château-Vieux regiment.

The monsters! Cursed be they who could commit such crimes! Yes, cursed be they! And may God avenge the unhappy victims!

I was thinking of these things, and I felt indignant.

I then came into a larger street and a mountain of paving-stones, and behind these stones was the Porte Neuve, pierced through and through by cannon-balls, with a long line of carts, where the dead were piled up like heaps of rags—men, women, and—I must say it, as it is true—poor little children! Some of the common people were moving away the paving-stones to open a road for the dead to pass out to be buried. Some hussars were directing the work, women standing by cried unceasingly; they wanted to see their relations once more; but it had been so hot the last two days that they could not delay. All along the street the Royal Allemand, quartered on the citizens, were looking out of the windows; others, below, were standing round the carts to help the hussars if necessary, for the crowd was very great. An old woman, whose neighbours were carrying her away by force, cried—

"I want to be killed too! Let these brigands kill me too! They have killed my boy, let me go! You are all brigands!"

That made me sick. I was sorry I had come, when among those standing by the carts I saw big Jerome of Quatre-Vents, with the scar on his face. He was still a sergeant, and laughed while he smoked his pipe. I knew him well, but I did not speak to him; but other Royal Allemands of whom I inquired where Corporal Bastien was quartered, pointed out the windows of the inn opposite, where I recognised Nicolas, in spite of his uniform. He, too, was smoking his pipe and looking on at the horrid spectacle; and I crossed the street all the same very well pleased to see my brother again. It is very natural after all, though I knew very well we could never agree. When I came to the door under his window and called, "Nicolas!" he flew downstairs crying out—

"What! is it you? Have you come from Phalsbourg? Well done! I am so glad!"

He looked at me. I could see he was pleased. We went upstairs, and when we got to the top he pushed open the door of a large room where five or six Royal Allemands were drinking round a table, and three or four others looking out of the windows.

"Look here," cried he, "look at this young fellow; he's my brother; look at his shoulders!"

I was very glad to see him. All these Royal Allemands had their bearskin caps and their sabres hanging against the walls. They seemed very good fellows. They gave me some wine. Nicolas kept on repeating—

"Ah, if you had been here yesterday at five to see the dance; we cut them down in style."

He whispered to me that the sergeant of his troop had been killed, and that Captain Mendel would allow no one but Corporal Bastien to replace him, on account of his good conduct.

Fancy how all this disgusted me after the horrors I had already seen, but before the others I had nothing to say—I affected to be pleased.

Soon after the trumpets sounded to stables, and they all got up. Nicolas was going down also, but one of his comrades told him to stay, as he would tell the officer and do his duty for him. He sat down again, and then at last, when the others were all gone, he recollected his father and mother, and said

"And the old people, are they all well?"

I told him every one was in good health—father, was now earning thirty livres a month, and that I allowed them to want for nothing. He was very pleased to hear it, and shook my hand, saying—

"Michel, you are a good fellow. You must let them want for nothing, the poor old people! I ought to have gone and seen them—yes, so I ought! But when I thought of beans and pulse, and of that nest of vermin where we endured such wretchedness, I changed my mind every time. A Royal Allemand must keep up his position. You earn more than I do, it is true, but to wear a sword by your side and to serve the king makes a great difference. One must respect oneself, and old relations with ragged gowns and breeches, you see, Michel, that will not do for a corporal!"

"Yes," said I, "I understand, but now they are not so ragged. I have paid Robin's debt, and father has no more corvées to do, and mother has two goats, which give butter and milk, and fowls which lay eggs. Mathurine does day-work at Maitre Jean's; she is house-keeper; and little Etienne knows how to read. I teach him myself in the evening. The cottage is also improved. I have had it thatched, and I have put up a wooden staircase instead of the ladder. The room above has a new floor; we have two beds with four pair of sheets, instead of our old boxes full of heather. The glazier Regal, of Phalsbourg, has put in the panes of glass which had been wanting for the last twenty years; the mason Krom has put two steps before the door."

"Ah!" said he, "since everything is in such good order, and there is something to eat, I can come, and I will come and see the poor old people. I shall ask for a week's leave; you tell them so Michel!"

He had a good heart, but not the shadow of common sense; he could only admire epaulettes, sword-cuts, and gun-shots. Now such men are few, education has spread so much among the people; but at that time they were common enough, because of the ignorance in which they had been held by the seigneurs and the nobles, to make them work and rob them at their leisure.

As I was talking to him about the massacre, and he listened while smoking his pipe, with his elbow on the table, all of a sudden he called out, puffing out great clouds of smoke—

"Ah! that's all politics. What do you Baraquins know about politics?"

"Politics!" said I; "but these poor Swiss only wanted their money!"

"Their money!" said he, shrugging his shoulders. "Look here! I did not the Mestre-de-Champ regiment get theirs? did not the commune pay every man in the regiment of the king three louis to get them to go to their barracks before the fighting began? These Swiss were rascals—they sided with the patriots. We massacred them because they held the busts of their muskets in the air instead of firing on the caualle on the attack of the Bastille. Do you see that, Michel?"

And while I was quite surprised at all this, after a moment's pause he continued—

"And this is only the beginning—the king must have his rights again; the talkers of the National Assembly will get the same. Be easy, General Bouillé has planned it all right; one of these mornings we shall march upon Paris, and then look out!"

He laughed, and showed his teeth under his moustaches. The courage and joy of a beast of prey when about to fall on a tempting bit, and seeming to have it already in its grasp, were painted in his face. I was disgusted. I said to myself, "Is it possible such an animal as this can be your brother?" But as to talking sense to him, or trying to get one good idea into his head, what was the use? He would not understand it, and would, perhaps, have quarrelled with me, so I thought I had better go.

"Well, Nicolas," said I, "I am very glad I have seen you, but at half-past eight the detachment returns to Phalsbourg."

"Are you going?"

"Yes, Nicolas; let us shake hands."

"But I thought you were going to breakfast with me; my comrades will be back directly. I have got plenty of money. General Bouillé gave every man twelve livres bounty money."

He slapped his pocket where the money was.

"No, it is not possible; duty first. If I did not answer to the roll-call it would be a serious matter."

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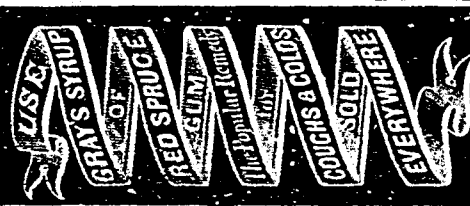
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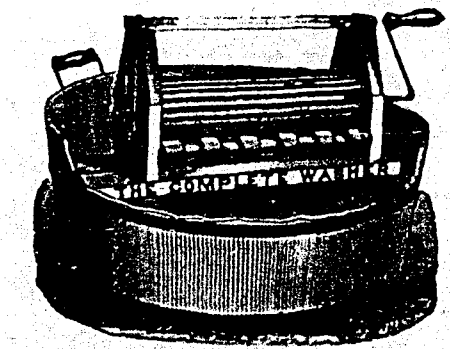
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