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Wholesale News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1874.

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OWEN MURPHY, ESQ.,
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Canadian Illustrated News.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1874.

THE RECIPROCITY TREATY.

Mr. Mackenzie has seized the first opportunity, offered by a banquet given at Quebec, to declare his unqualified adhesion to the proposed Reciprocity Treaty. Applying his remarks directly to the audience which listened to him, he took the credit of this treaty to his government and declared that it will do more to build up the trade of Quebec than any act which any government of this country ever performed. He added that doubtless there are many persons who will think that we have not got all that we are entitled to, but reminded his hearers that it is impossible to have everything our own way, as all treaties are more or less a matter of compromise. Hitherto, the press have been content to discuss the treaty lightly, reserving their comments on its details, until the subject should be more fully considered in Congress and in Parliament. But, after this utterance of the Premier we may expect a more lively warfare, the Ministerial papers being emboldened to defend that which will now be regarded as a government measure, and the Opposition papers, for precisely the same reason, deeming it their duty to denounce it. We shall regret this warfare, because the treaty is a national one and has nothing whatever to do with the narrow demands of party. If we are to have one side crying up the treaty, and the other crying it down, for no other reason than that it was negotiated by Mr. Brown, and is endorsed by Mr. Mackenzie, the public will not be properly instructed as to its merits and the measure will be driven through Parliament by the brute force of an overwhelming majority.

Some papers derive much amusement from the fact that prominent Canadians deny the treaty, on the ground that it will smother many branches of Canadian manufactures, while prominent Americans—chief among them being Mr. Blaine, Speaker of the House of Representatives and prospective candidate for the Presidency—oppose it through fear that it will prove the ruin of several American industries. But the inference drawn from this simultaneous opposition is paradoxical. It does not establish the excellence of the Treaty; it only confirms the principle enunciated by Mr. Mackenzie that no treaty is possible without mutual concessions and even sacrifices. Our view of the measure must be taken on higher ground. It must be considered from the stand-point of necessity. Geography has had and ought to have irresistible influence on the destinies of coterminous nations. It is physically impossible that two free countries, like the United States and Canada, which are divided by a narrow water line for a small part, and an imaginary air line for the greater part of their extent, should be prevented from having unreserved intercourse with each other. Military reasons, or exceptional political reasons, may set up between them a Chinese wall, in the shape of continuous custom houses, but when both return to a normal condition of peace, the necessities of their existence require the destruction of these unnatural barriers. There is no doubt whatever that some Canadian manufactures and some American trades will suffer from the Treaty. Otherwise that instrument would be what the world has never yet seen—a perfect human contrivance. But the question is, will the Treaty benefit the two countries at large? The answer to this must be an unhesitating affirmative. In stating these elementary truths, it is not to be imagined that we endorse the present draft in all its details, or that we are as sanguine about its success as Mr. Mackenzie professes to be. But it is precisely because we expect important modifications

that we call upon the public to raise the issue out of the domain of party warfare. As the Government stands to-day, it can pass the measure by a large majority, and if goaded to do so, will make no scruple about it. Whereas, if reasonable objections only are made to details, the Government may gracefully bow to the popular will.

DEAF MUTES.

It is a matter for congratulation that the Annual Convention of American and Canadian Instructors of the Deaf and Dumb takes place in this country, where so much has been done for the furtherance of the charity. The convention opened its sittings, at Belleville, on Wednesday, the 15th inst., and, in our next issue, we shall give sketches of the same, from the pencil of our artist, who was sent thither on that special mission. The general public would be surprised to know the importance of these meetings, and how varied are the topics discussed thereat. The utility and practical bearing of the discussions may be gathered from the fact that searching inquiries are to be made—

As to the best means of securing to congenital deaf mutes of average capacity an understanding of, and an idiomatic use of, the English language.

As to the best means of teaching articulation and reading on the lips.

As to the limits of the number that should be taught in one class by a single teacher.

As to the effect upon the character and reputation of deaf mutes, of assembling together in conventions, &c., after they have been educated.

A system of word-signs calculated to be a substitute for writing and spelling in the expression of the English language.

The necessity of illustrative apparatus in the education of the deaf and dumb.

The extent of the responsibility of the teacher in regard to the moral and religious character of his pupils.

As to whether the instruction of the deaf and dumb is entitled to rank as a profession, and the rights and responsibilities which are consequent upon a decision of this question.

As to the limits to success in the education of the mass of deaf mutes growing out of the fact of early or congenital deafness.

As to the advisability of separate institutions for the deaf and dumb, and the blind.

Sign writing and symbolic representation.

Special efforts to furnish deaf mutes with books and periodicals adapted to their needs.

The bibliography of deaf mute education.

As to the legislation desirable to settle the degree of criminal responsibility of uneducated and partly-educated deaf mutes.

As to the advantages and disadvantages of teaching both sexes in the same class.

Whether deaf mutes should be encouraged to marry, and under what limitations. This involves the question how far deafness may be expected to prove hereditary.

Canada has taken quite a lead in the difficult matter of deaf-mute articulation, and we are pleased to know that the subject will come up prominently before the Convention.

At the close of the annual session of the Canadian Chess Association, held in this city last week, and of which we give an illustration in the present issue of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS, the following officers for the ensuing year were chosen: President, Professor Cherriman, of Toronto; Vice-Presidents, Dr. H. Aspinwall Howe, Montreal; Dr. Hurlburt, Ottawa; Mr. Geo. E. Jackson, Seaforth; Mr. Alfred Mills, St. John, N.B. Secretary-Treasurer, Rev. T. D. Phillips, Ottawa. Committee of Management: Messrs. J. Henderson, St. Liboire; John G. Ascher, Montreal; J. T. Wyld, Halifax; Godfrey Baker, Ottawa; J. G. Gordon, Toronto; Kerr, St. John. Judges of Problems, Professor Cherriman, and Messrs. Northcote and Jones, Toronto. Votes of thanks were given to the Montreal Chess Club for the cordial reception accorded to the delegates from other Clubs, and to the President and the retiring Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. John White, Montreal, for the efficient manner in which each discharged his duties during the past year. It was resolved that the games of the last and present tournament should be published. The President then declared the meeting adjourned until the third Tuesday in August, 1875.

The Canadian team has distinguished itself more than ever this year, at Wimbledon. Up to the time of our going to press the shooting of the first stage of the Queen's prize had been completed, and among the first sixty who were qualified to compete in the second stage

were the following members of the Canadian team: Lieut. Whitman, 60th Battalion, Que.; Private T. Mitchell, 13th Battalion, Ont.; Capt. J. P. Macpherson, Governor-General's Foot Guards, Ont.; Colour-Sergeant Baillie, 47th Battalion, Ont.; Major Gibson, 13th Battalion, Ont.; and — Hancock. All of the above are entitled to a prize of £12, and to wear the National Rifle Association's badge. Sergeant Vail was the only Canadian who got into the second stage last year. In the contest for the Alexandra Prize, the following have been returned winners: Captain Layton, 7th Battalion, N.S.; Captain Macpherson, Lieut. MacNaughton, Cobourg Artillery, Ont.; Private Disher, 19th Battalion, Ontario; and Capt. Morgan, 8th Battalion, Que.

It will be remembered what a furore was caused a few years ago by the velocipede in Canada. The excitement lasted several months, and everybody seemed to be provided with the skeleton two-wheeler. Suddenly, however, the machines disappeared from street and turnpike, and since then literally not one has been seen. In Europe the passion for this rapid mode of locomotion has by no means died out. The velocipede is used extensively on the mail routes of France, and a few months ago a great race took place between a bicycle and a horse, all the way from Paris to Lyons. Oxford and Cambridge have also just had a bicycle race. The start was from Oxford and the finish was at Trumpington, outside of Cambridge, a distance of eighty-four miles. The race began at 9.30 a.m., and was over by a little after 6 p.m., Cambridge being the winner.

Sending workmen from America to Europe looks like carrying coals to New Castle. Yet the thing is being done. Owing to lack of employment and low steerage rates, a heavy exodus of workmen from New York has commenced. Out-going steamers for Europe leave with their steerages crammed, and tickets are sold for several weeks ahead. There is no use moralizing about this, but it is one of the most remarkable and significant facts which have come under our notice for years. In view of the circumstance, the boast of the Englishman who declared, some weeks ago, on the occasion of the agricultural look out in Britain, that he could get fifty thousand men from Canada to take the place of the farm hands who emigrated under Mr. Arch, does not appear so chimerical after all. It is hard to say whether this repatriation will continue for any length of time. If it does, the effect for or against immigration will be curious to note.

Washington despatches say that the increase of issue of postage stamps, envelopes and postal cards during the past fiscal year was over \$3,000,000, or 14.40 per cent. over the previous year, and that more than half of the increased revenues of the Post Office Department in the past year is owing to the abolition of the franking privilege. As Mr. Cartwright is labouring in anxiety of spirit for additional sources of revenue to fill up that famous deficit of his, it would be well for him to take up the hint thus thrown out to him by the American authorities. True, this is a small country, and the franking privilege has not yet reached among us to that point of unblushing abuse which made it a positive plague among our cousins, but it might be proper to take warning in time, and check the evil in its infancy. As it is, the frank is put to strange uses already in Canada.

The Beecher scandal is to be investigated after all. Better late than never. At the demand of Beecher himself, a committee of Plymouth Church is to conduct the inquiry. The case is a painful one all round. If Beecher's silence has subjected him to suspicion, so have Tilton's inuendoes and half charges brought down upon him the accusation of cowardice. Let us hope that the investigation will be thorough, no matter what the consequences may be.

AT MRS. TIMMYNS'.

The following beautiful lines will possibly appear familiar to the refined memory of some of my readers.

MRS. TIMMYNS requests the pleasure of MR. BARKINS' Company, on Thursday evening next, at 9 o'clock.

MUSIC AND DANCING.

Portwaca Villa.....R. S. V. P.

When I mention that on the announcement in the public prints, of the marriage of Mrs. Timmyns, (*née* Smithers) it transpired that that lady was not only her own father's daughter, but was also a great-grand-niece of Sir Michael Mizenhead, Admiral of the Blue in 1736, the aristocratic descent of our hostess will be readily admitted. When too we add that he

present name was spelt "Timmyns," I hope I have sufficiently indicated the elevated respectability of the family with which the great-grand-niece of the lamented Admiral had, in these latter days, allied herself.

I am Barkins, the honoured recipient of the card to Portulaca Villa. My medical adviser has been good enough to inform me lately that I am ruining my nervous system by too close application and that I ought, what he calls, to "go out" a little more. So, as a matter of duty to my nerves, by an immense effort of resolution, I determine, on receipt of Mrs. Timmyns' card, to "go out," or perish in the attempt.

At Portulaca Villa, then, I find gathered the beauty and chivalry of the pretty nest of England town near which lies the scene of my trials. The conventional "brave men" are "looking love to eyes which speak again." All too goes "merry as a marriage-bell," when, in an evil moment, as I am gazing philosophically on the festive scene, Mrs. Timmyns espies me and proposes to introduce me forthwith to Miss Chattington. Before then, I am able to brace my nerves to the occasion, I find myself involved in a quadrille with that doubtless fascinating but somewhat loquacious young lady.

"Isn't this a charming party, Mr. Barkins? Don't you think though that the room is too warm? I have been dancing ever so much this evening. Have you? Don't you like dancing? I think it's awfully nice."

Now, I admit, I am just a little disconcerted by the rapidity of these successive questions, but am, however, on the point of expressing an opinion touching dancing in the abstract, when Miss Chattington continues:

"Oh, do you know our *vis-à-vis*? She is Miss Lawrence, you know, from the Priory, and is going up to London with her sister. They say she is half-engaged to Capt. Dangle. But I don't believe it. It must, too, I should fancy be so uncomfortable to be only half-engaged. Do you think her pretty?"

I am of course about to disavow any special admiration for our *vis-à-vis*, when I find that, in our capacity of "Sides," we have to perform certain evolutions, and so am again obliged to postpone my own observations for the present. But, in the next figure, Miss Chattington, who of herself might truthfully use the language of Tennyson's Brook,—

"For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever, for ever,"

thus resumes her strain:—

"There, now, I know you are admiring her eyes. Every one talks so much about Miss Lawrence's eyes, and I see you've fallen under their spell already. I should have thought you had more strength of mind, but I'm afraid you're a dreadful flirt. Do you think though that, after all, flirting is so very wrong, Mr. Barkins?"

Now, I clearly find myself at a considerable disadvantage with Miss Chattington. There are two or three lines of serious conversation, suggested by recent studies, into which I could wish to lead that vivacious young lady. But she won't give me an opportunity. Before, too, I can do justice to myself, in response even to her own suggestions, her quickness of thought and speech outstrips mine, and thus I feel uncomfortable. My poor nerves are certainly not obtaining that tonic treatment which they so sadly need. I endeavour during the remainder of the set, to attune my mind to hers, but with indifferent success, and, as I make my bow to her on its close, am conscious of not having left on the young lady the favourable impression to which, of course, my real merits would entitle me. A feeling of this sort is always depressing.

I have, however, retreated to the conservatory, in view to a brief repose to my shattered nerves, when I again encounter Mrs. Timmyns, who is good enough to say she particularly wishes to introduce me to Miss Lawrence, my late *vis-à-vis*, a stranger in the county and who, I'm assured, I'll be certain to like. Thus, here again, without preparation, am I exposed to the ordeal of a sudden introduction, finding moreover, in this young lady, even a severer tax on my nervous system than under her predecessor. I hate sudden introductions.

As an opening remark, I venture to draw Miss Lawrence's attention to some of the choice flowers which surround us, and am rewarded by a soft smile and by an upward glance from certainly two very beautiful eyes, pensive eyes, the sort of eyes the poets tell of and we all dream of. But her lips say nothing.

I make an observation touching the excellence of the music. Another smile of sweet melancholy; another look from the lovely eyes. "Only this, and nothing more." Evidently I haven't yet touched the right chord. My position is becoming uncomfortable again. I endeavour to conjure in my mind some other topic for conversation. I think of the County races, women's rights, and of love. But I don't see my way, at the moment, to the natural introduction of any of these topics. Why doesn't she say something herself? Shall I ask her, as an experiment, whether she is fond of cheese?

Finally, recollecting the horticultural show of yesterday, I ask whether she had attended it?

With another look of marvellous sweetness, she simply says "yes."

"Were there many present?"

"No."

This really is very tantalizing. I am at my wits' end. At this juncture, however, an extraordinary incident occurs. Some lace, belonging to Miss Lawrence's berth, has, through a curious complication, caught and twisted itself around the little hook of my kid glove. Our mutual confusion, whilst endeavouring to effect an extrication, is distressing. In order to relieve our embarrassment and also as a neat *jeu de mots*, I say, "This is certainly a very sudden attachment of ours, is it not, Miss Lawrence?" She, however, failing to perceive the delicacy of my wit, looks at me, as though she saw in my words some expression of true and tender sentiment. Finally some one claims this beautiful but delusive maiden for a waltz and so I part from her. Bless her memory.

Kind Fortune soon after finds for me still another partner. A certain mill-owner of Rouen is visiting the English cotton marts, and has brought over with him his young and

pretty wife. Timmyns,—a zealously attentive host—has, in the twinkling of an eye, introduced me to MADAME DE BEAUPRÉ, just as the Lancers are forming, and we therefore take our places in them. But the awkward truth soon reveals itself that our knowledge of each other's language is painfully limited.

I recollect having had it impressed on me, in early life, that one should be prepared for every description of emergency. I thus now mentally ask myself what really is the proper course of action under the existing trying circumstances? What would any of the great men of history do, if similarly placed? Julius Cæsar,—Hannibal—or Themistocles, for instance? Pantomime naturally first suggests itself? Shall I place one hand on my heart and, with the other, sweep the air gracefully, to signify that I hope her visit to England has proved pleasant? Or,—would it be permissible, in such a dilemma, to gently, but eloquently, press a partner's hand as the only means available for expressing that friendly feeling towards her which you are debarred from conveying by word of mouth?

I had, however, in my school-days, gone through a good many pages of the late lamented Mr. Ollendorff, and I now try to recall some of the interesting phrases and speeches with which his notable grammar abounds. Thus, for instance,

"What's the matter with the cook?"
"Le cuisinier qu'a-t-il?"
"Vous n'avez ni froid ni chaud"
"Aimez-vous votre boulanger?"
"Do you love your baker?"

And so on.

These are all very well in their way, but Madame De Beaupré might possibly find a want of à-propos, if I were to ply her with such phrases taken promiscuously.

These and such like thoughts having rushed through my mind like lightning, I finally manage to say, with a melancholy shake of the head,—*"Je regrette parler pas beaucoup Français, Madame."* In response to this attempt, Madame De Beaupré says quite a good deal in French. I, on my side, try to look as if I understood it all, which I don't. I have a consciousness too that the adjoining couples in our quadrille, attracted by the sound of Madame De Beaupré's French have their eyes on me, and that they detect the weakness of my position.

It's my turn though now to say something, and I feel that not only Madame De Beaupré, but those near us await to see whether I prove equal to the occasion. Shall I ask her, in an easy manner, if she is going back to France soon? This seems a simple enough question, and I am confident that, if quietly alone, I would be equal to it, but at the moment, the way of putting "going back" into French quite escapes me. I am inclined to say, *"Allez-vous arrière en France bientôt?"* but have a vague feeling there would be something dreadfully wrong in that phrasing. Madame De Beaupré looks encouragingly at me, as much as to say,—*"Don't mind a few trifling mistakes, but out with it."*

At this moment, however, I am inspired by the simplicity of the translation involved to ask, with rather a self-satisfied air, *"Aimez-vous musique, Madame?"* but instantly have a consciousness that, after all, my question wasn't somehow or other, rendered quite as correctly as would be desirable. Madame, however, descants at once very charmingly in reply and thus gives me another opportunity of appearing much impressed with the general truthfulness of her views, whatever they may be. The interpolation of an occasional, *"Ah! oui, Madame,"* helps me amazingly in this respect. Thus again am I kept in an anxious and nervous tone of mind during these Lancers. Moreover, I am considerably taken aback by the exceedingly magnificent and stately curtseys elaborated by Madame De Beaupré during the progress of the dance. Curtseys which seem to belong rather to the age of Louis XIV than to our own. Ought I not, on my side, to render equally as profound bows? Believing such to be my duty, I try accordingly, but feel that my attempts are failures.

On the close of the dance, I reconduct Madame to another room, mumble something or other, in a confused way, and seek escape from further nervous experiences by precipitate flight from Portulaca Villa.

I have, however, yet to call on Mrs. Timmyns after her delightful party. Possibly some of my readers will volunteer to accompany me? If so, I will esteem it an act of great kindness.

E. F. K.

CARICATURE AND THE CARICATURABLE.

The first of the amusing caricature cases in Dublin this week ended in a verdict which certainly seems to English eyes somewhat monstrous. Sir William Carroll,—a respectable Dublin apothecary, who was knighted for entertaining the Prince and the Princess of Wales when he was Lord Mayor of Dublin, and was again elected to that office of dignity in the following year, and who quite recently had a distinguished attack of gout, but who, none the less, does unquestionably seem to have something intrinsically caricaturable about him, and to have transmitted that something in an even higher degree to his son,—was caricatured at the end of last year by a gentleman of the name of Michael Angelo Hayes, in a comic paper, as a clown, with an enormously swollen and gouty leg and foot, and "a leering and ridiculous" expression of countenance, stretching out his hand and saying, "Is there anything I can go for to fetch for to carry for to get? A Lord Mayor, a Collector-General, a City Marshal, an Apothecary-General, a City Treasurer, a Town Councillor?" The occasion of this attack was, that after retiring from his town-councillorship last year, in consequence of the great attack of gout we referred to, he had on his recovery again come forward as a candidate for a new vacancy; and the caricature representing him as a gouty clown, eagerly soliciting anything there was the least chance of his getting, appeared on the morning of the election. His son, John was afterwards caricatured in the costume of a City Marshal, a post he had gained when the artist, Mr. Hayes, who had once been City Marshal, failed to secure a re-election. And it was imputed that this unsuccessful rivalry with Mr. John Carroll had instilled malice into the artist's mind against the Carrolls, father and son, who had formerly been his friends and supporters. Mr. John Carroll was caricatured in the "tunic"

appropriate to a City Marshal, "his lower dorsal proportions," to use the language of Sir W. Carroll's advocate, "being of the most ridiculous and humanly impossible dimensions," and an inscription being set beneath the figure of Mr. John Carroll to the effect that he was "the imitation article," Sir William Carroll, it was implied, being the genuine type. The counsel for the defendant, on the other hand, maintained that there was nothing about the "fundamental proportions" of Mr. John Carroll in the caricature that was much exaggerated. "If the Marshal's tunic," he said, "did not cover an important part of Mr. John Carroll's person, that was the fault of Sir Bernard Burke," who, it appears, devised the dress of a City Marshal. Indeed the picture, it was suggested in the second trial, might have fairly gained for Mr. Carroll, the epithet "kallipygoes," applied to a celebrated Neapolitan Venus. The latter caricature, that of the younger gentleman, was made more amusing by a short quotation, running merely, "Johnny, I hardly knew you!" from a vulgar song, in which a soldier called "Johnny" is reproached with running away from his wife and child, and twitted with the strangeness of his appearance in a military costume which did not seem to suit his naturally mild expression. The verse to which the quotation refers appears to have been this:

"Oh, darling dear, you look so queer!
Hurroo, hurroo!
Where are your eyes that looked so mild?
Why did you skeddaddle from me and the child?
Oh, Johnny, I hardly knew you!
With drums and guns and guns and drums,
The enemy nearly slew you.
Oh, darling dear, you look so clear!
Faith, Johnny, I hardly knew you!"

Now, caricatures of this kind, founded on the peculiarities of public men's persons, and intimating that they are too fond of office, and make themselves ridiculous in office, have always been regarded as almost matters of popular right. Nor does there seem to have been anything to distinguish this case from that of the caricatures which appear every week in Punch, except that the caricature of Sir W. Carroll, at least, was not original,—the idea of the clown asking for anything he could get was borrowed from an old caricature of Lord Brougham,—that Mr. Hayes, the artist, had had some sort of cause for hostility to the Carrolls,—and that when asked to apologize he declined, as it was stated, on the ground that an action for libel, by advertising his publication, would do it nothing but good, and that accordingly it was not his interest to apologize and prevent the action. Nothing worse was imputed to either of the Carrolls in the caricatures than that they were rather specially capable of being made ridiculous, and that the father was somewhat greedy of office. But the Lord Chief Justice laid it down very confidently that to bring any one into ridicule and contempt is to libel him, and while he recommended the jury to act on the rule, "Let your moderation be known unto all men" in assessing damages, his charge leaned heavily to the side of giving damages, though not the absurd amount, £500, claimed by the plaintiff. The damages actually given by the jury in the first case were apparently quite in harm any with the drift of the Lord Chief Justice's charge; in the second they gave only a farthing, evidently against the Lord Chief Justice's implied advice.

It is all but certain, we think, that if a similar action had been brought in England, before the Lord Chief Justice of England, the direction to the jury would have been in a very different sense. They would have been told that public men ought to look for treatment that cannot always be very gentle; that it is for the public interest, as well as amusement, that there should be freedom even for moderate satire; and that unless the satire exceeded such satire as a manly and moderately thick-skinned man would bear without undue vexation, the damages might well be assessed at a purely nominal amount.

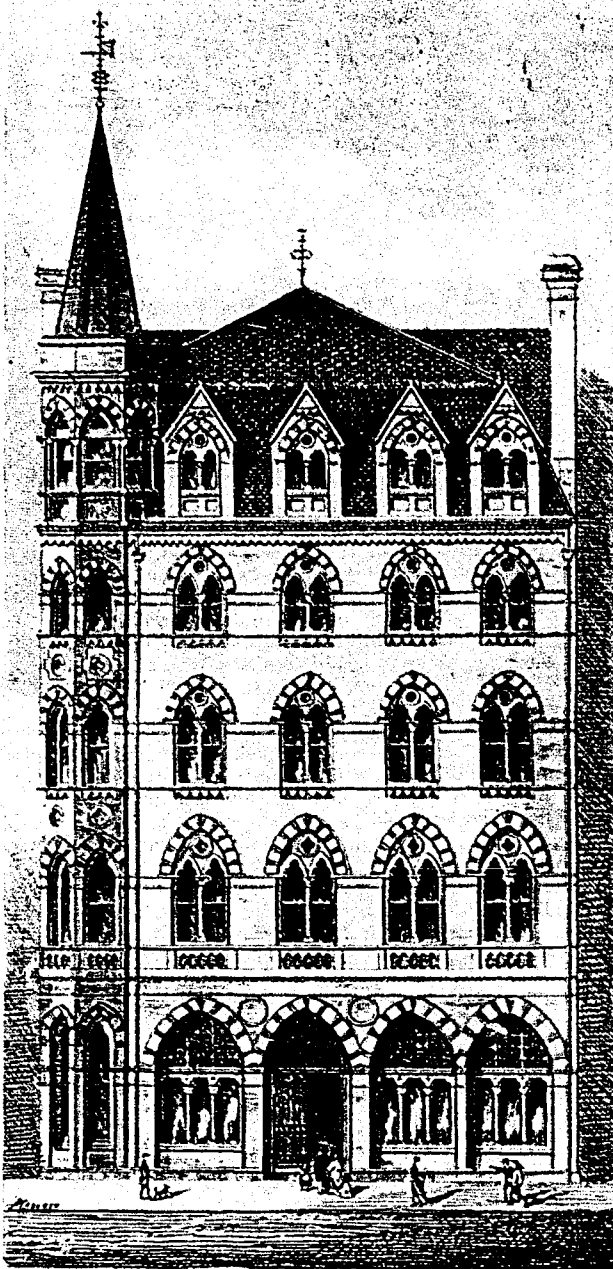
AUTHORS' PROFITS.

I have spoken of Washington Irving as the best paid American author, and it is evident that he was the most successful in obtaining foreign patronage. Although John Murray at first declined issuing the Sketch Book, he was afterwards glad to publish all of Irving's works, and the entire sum realized by the author in England was £12,517—equal to nearly \$60,000. All of this came from Murray except £1,000, which was paid by Bentley for the *Alhambra*. The highest sale was for the *Life of Columbus*. This work is now but little read, and yet such was the interest in the subject that when published, Irving received £3,150 from Murray, and \$9,000 from American publishers, in all about \$25,000. No American author has ever received so much for any work, except Mrs. Stowe, who has, as it is said, cleared \$40,000 on *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Irving's popularity increased rapidly during his latter days. Up to 1843 he had received \$63,000, and had been before the public nearly forty years. During the last eleven years of his life his publisher, Mr. Putnam, paid him \$88,000. The demand has continued since the author's death, and the commission received by his heirs for five years were \$34,000. Bayard Taylor has made a new fortune out of the sale of his works and at one time G. P. Putnam devoted himself exclusively to Taylor and Irving, but he afterwards enlarged his publishing operations. J. T. Headley has also done well, and is said to possess a respectable competence.

Clemens the humorist, better known as Mark Twain, has done better than any man of his term of labour. He has been seven years before the public, and during that time has become rich enough to live on his income. Mrs. Stowe has made more by her pen than any other American woman, and has probably cleared \$100,000. This may seem like a large sum but when it is spread through a quarter of a century it is not such an immense thing as at first it appears to be. Marian Harlan (Mrs. Tereune), who has written industriously for twenty years, has probably made \$15,000 by a dozen novels. (Perhaps Mary J. Holmes has done equal well. Gail Hamilton (Miss Dodge) enjoyed a good sale for her books for three years, but her vanity got the better of her judgment, and she quarrelled with her publishers. Her next book was devoted to the quarrel, and it at once impaired her popularity.

THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT OFFICES, WESTMINSTER.

At the time when the baths and washhouses in Orange-street were completed, *Punch* enraptured by the simplicity and beauty of their architecture, exclaimed, "Away with the screen!" and called loudly for the demolition of the National Gallery, that the wayfarers through Trafalgar-square might obtain a view of the façade he himself so much admired. That cry we most cordially re-echo in respect to the remaining portion of the west side of Parliament-street, which for the present completely shuts out from view the London offices of the Dominion Government, which are situated in King-street, Westminster, within a few yards of the Broad Sanctuary. Unfortunately, the thoroughfare is at the present moment so narrow that the eye cannot take in the whole of the elevation at one glance and as one picture, but must pass from one feature to another, examining each with minute attention. Hence it is we ask to have the screen removed, that we may have a full and comprehensive view of the building from Palace-yard and Bridge-street, Westminster, and experience that particular joy which the contemplation of "a thing of beauty" always inspires. When a building is so observed small blemishes are lost sight of in the general contour, whereas, when the eye has to be brought close to it every inequality and roughness becomes conspicuous. The finest building ever erected by human hands could not pass uncensured through a scrutiny of that kind, and therefore it is not to be wondered at that this building should be found upon close inspection liable to two or three objections; but these are blemishes which distance will mellow down so as to render the *total ensemble* at once beautiful, effective, and pleasing. The screen of condemned houses between Charles-street and the Broad Sanctuary, which at present shuts the building out from public view, must soon, in the abatement of an æsthetical nuisance, be removed, and then this building of the Dominion Government will form one of the most pleasing objects to be seen between Charing-cross and Westminster Abbey. It is built in the Gothic-Venetian style of architecture, the material used being dark red brick relieved with black in the coigns and arches. The windows, which are of the perpendicular, or early English style, are divided into compartments by handsome iron mullions, and are faced by a balustrade of Caen stone, which is in its character purely Italian; and in order to make this characteristic more striking, the southern

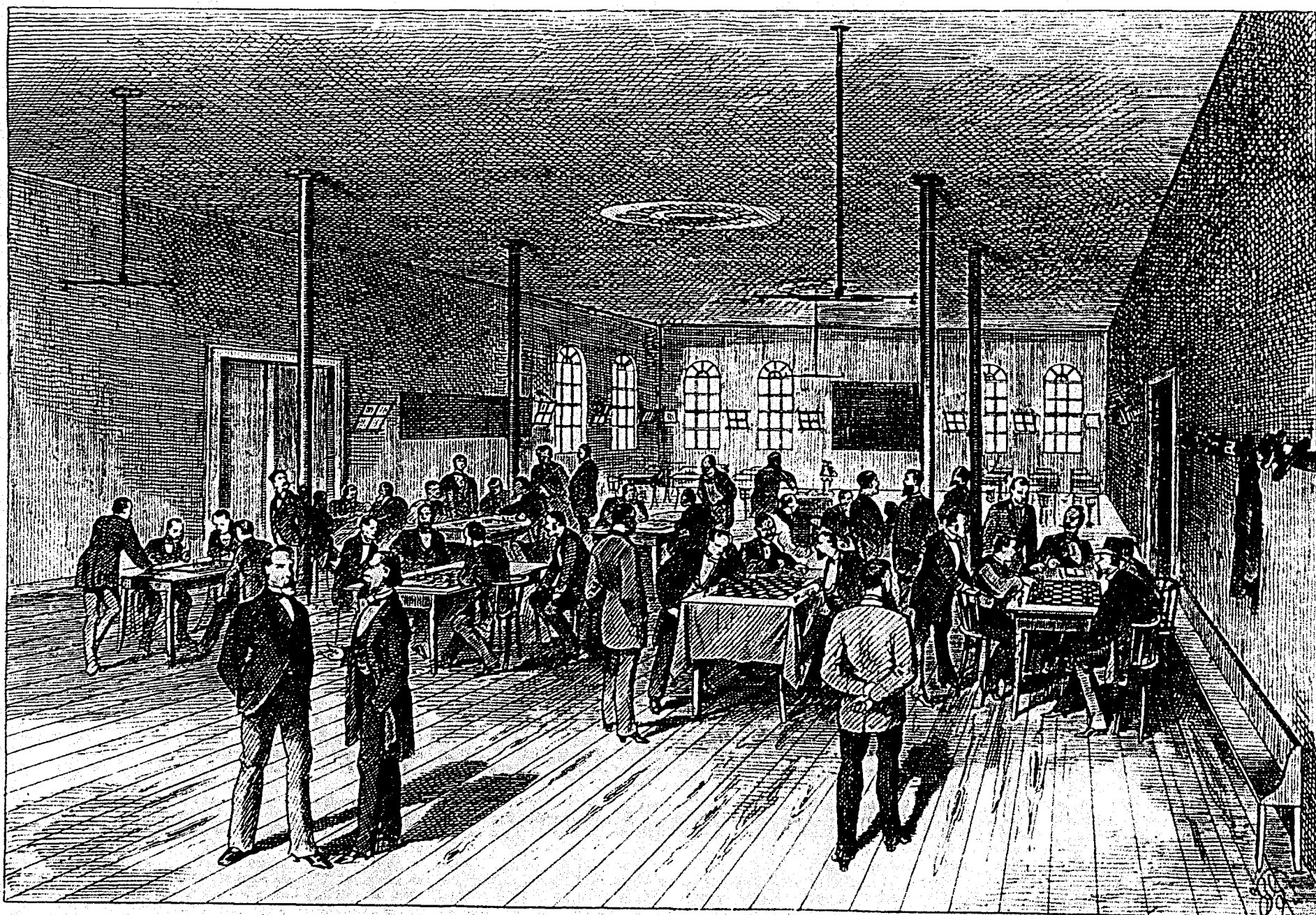


THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT BUILDING, LONDON, ENGLAND.

extremity of the façade is bevelled off and rounded into a bell-tower, which is crowned with a graceful campanile. An iron gate of elegant design opens into a spacious hall, on either side of which are the offices in which the business of the Canadian Agency will be for the future transacted. The doors and the surbases are all of stained pine, and harmonize with the architecture of the building. The walls are painted in slate-colour distemper throughout, with the exception of a broad belt of pink or pale salmon colour, which runs above the surbases, and is separated from the upper part of the wall by a broad ribbon embroidered with the rose and the portcullis, the latter being an heraldic device intimately connected with the locality of Westminster. The staircase is wide and well lighted, and terminates in spacious lobbies leading to the different rooms and offices. Here all the agency business of the Dominion Government will be transacted. Here intending emigrants may be congregated, and receive all the instruction which they require to enable them to pass to the country of their adoption. Here, too, such colonists as may be in London will assemble, and in a reading-room provided for their use, cherish and keep up the associations of their Canadian home, so that it will be to them something like what Grindley's used to be to the officers, civil and military, of the old East India Company. The architect of this very handsome structure is Mr. Norton, of Bond-street, and the builder, Mr. Garrod, of Spitalfields, and both are to be congratulated upon the result of their combined labours—the one on the good taste and skill which pervade the design, and the other upon the sound substantial manner in which that design has been carried out.—*Canadian News.*

A CASE OF FLORAL "OFFERINGS."

The *Gartenlaube* publishes an amusing article on the theatrical *claque* in Berlin, in which the following is related about Mlle. Vestvali, the female *Hamlet*: "She wanted to have bouquets and wreaths thrown to her. I demanded twenty dollars for it, which she said was too much for one night. 'Madame,' I said, 'the twenty dollars are sufficient for two nights. To-day I and my men will throw the bouquets to you from the first tier. After the performance is over I shall take the flowers home in a basket, put them in water all night and next day. To-morrow night no one in the audience will find out that the bouquets have been used before.' Thereupon she paid me the sum I had demanded."



THE CHESS TOURNAMENT AT MONTREAL

SIR ROBERT HODGSON,

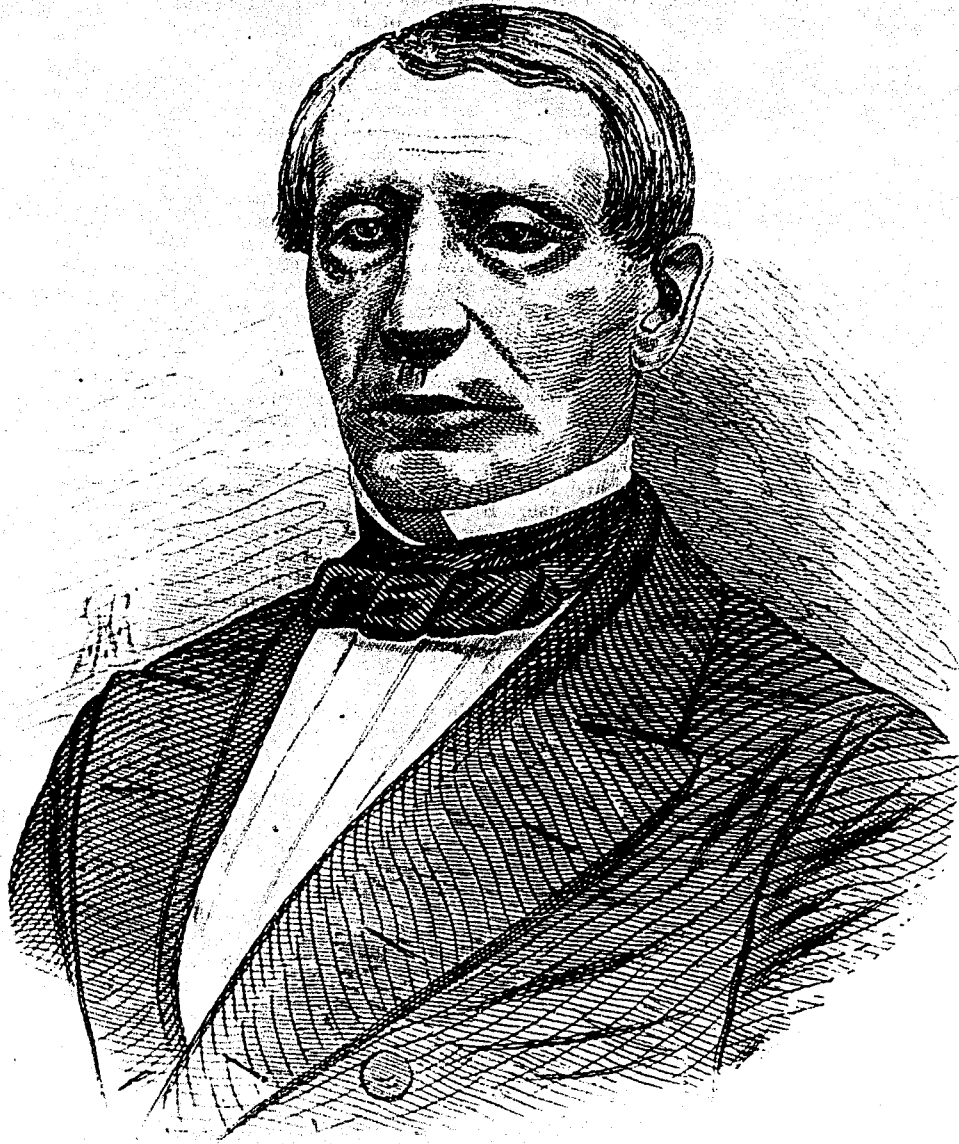
LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF P. E. ISLAND.

This gentleman, who has recently been appointed to the Lieut.-Governorship of Prince Edward Island, is now in his seventy-seventh year and during the greater part of his long career he has occupied a prominent position in public life in the colony. His father was Robt. Hodgson, Esq., formerly Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Prince Edward Island. The younger Robert was educated at the Collegiate School, Windsor, U. S.; was called to the Nova Scotian Bar in 1819; and to the Bar of Prince Edward Island later on in the same year. In 1828 he was appointed Surrogate and Judge of Probate for Prince Edward Island, and further Attorney-General and Advocate-General. In 1840 he was raised to the Presidency of the Legislative Council, and the following year was appointed Acting Chief Justice. On the introduction of responsible government into the colony in 1851, he resigned all his offices with the exception of those of Surrogate and Judge of Probate. In 1852 he was raised to the Chief-Justiceship, and in 1853 was appointed Judge of the Court of Vice-Admiralty. He administered the Government of the colony in 1865, 1868, and 1873, and has now resigned the Chief-Justiceship on being appointed Lieut.-Governor of the new Province of the Dominion.

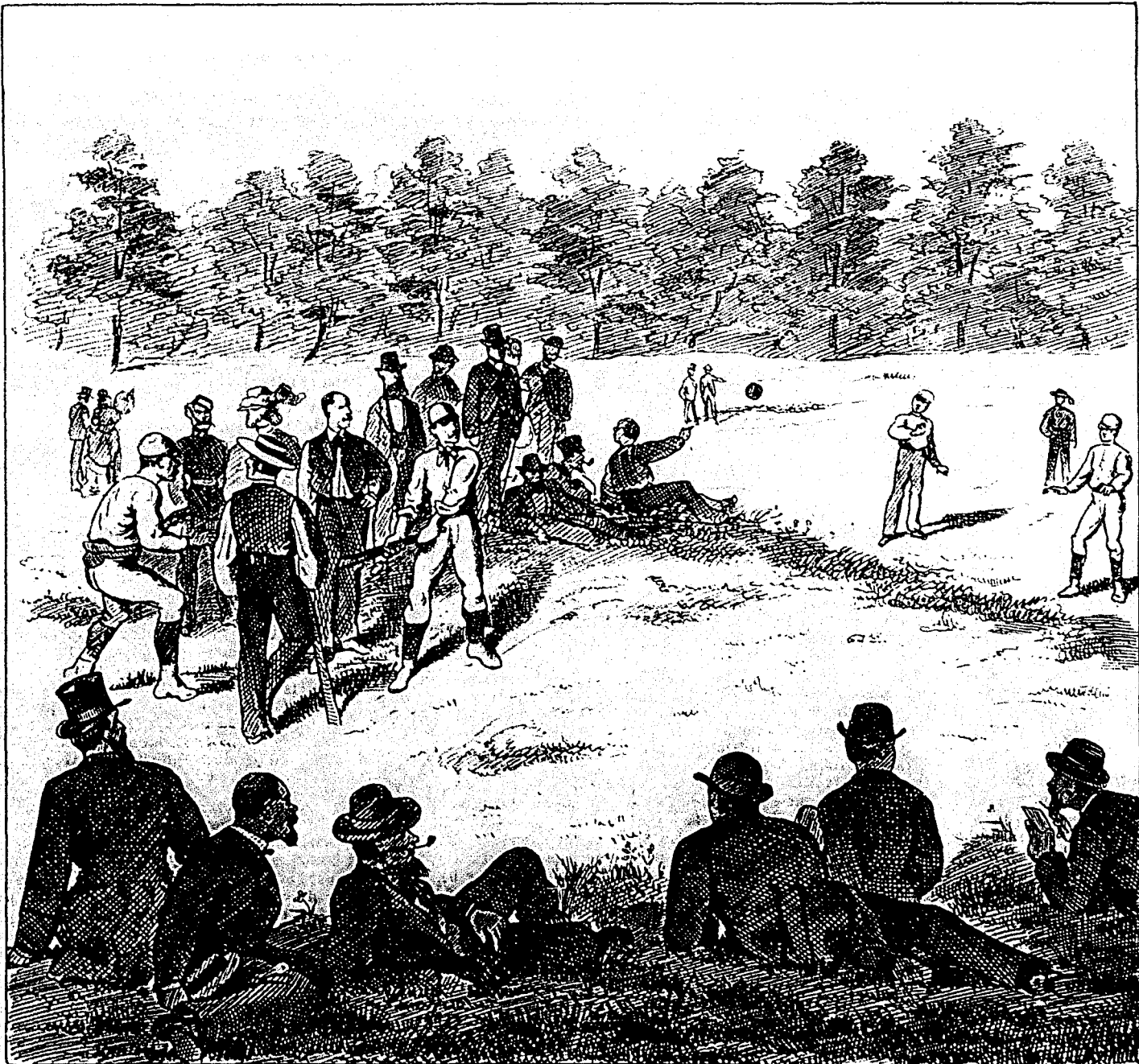
HORSE-FLESH.

In an article contributed to the *Economiste Français* M. Husson, of the Institute, furnishes much curious information respecting the trade in horse-flesh, which has not only attained considerable dimensions in Paris, but, as he tells us, is actually more profitable than the ordinary butcher's business. He informs us that the slaughtering of horses for food began at Munich so long ago as 1859. Between that year and 1870 there were slaughtered in that city 3,905 horses, being at the rate of 325 per annum. At Berlin horse-flesh did not appear to have come into use until 1865, but from that date to 1872 the number of horses killed for food amounted to 25,873, or at the rate of 3,234 per annum. At Berlin, however, only about a quarter of the flesh actually yielded is eaten. Indeed, according to M. Husson's estimate, the quantity consumed annually does not quite reach 16 tons. In 1867 there were in Vienna two horse butchers, and five shops where horse-flesh was sold. In 1870 the number of butchers had increased to eight, and the retail shops to 13. In France the meat is

dressed in as many different ways as beef—roast, baked, hashed, stewed, and fried as steak. But it is in the form of sausage that it is most largely consumed, and in this shape its use is by no means confined to Paris. Indeed, one of the largest factories for the making of sausages from horse-flesh is situated at Beauchamp, in the Gard. During last year no fewer than 500 horses were manufactured into sausages at that establishment. Beside the flesh, the tongue, brain and liver of horses are sold as delicacies, and even the fat we are told, is converted into a kind of butter. Of course it must not be said that it is only horses which are past work that are slaughtered for the butcher's shop. At the same time, however, M. Husson assures us that every precaution is taken to prevent unsound beasts from being used as food. In Paris the horses must be slaughtered either at the municipal abattoir in the Boulevard de l'Hôpital or at a private abattoir at Pantin, and each of them is inspected by a veterinary surgeon before being slaughtered, and again before the flesh is allowed to be offered for sale. Mules and asses are also eaten, and their flesh, though firmer than that of the horse, is said to be more delicate. On the first day of the present year there were in Paris 42 shops open for the sale of the flesh of horses, mules, and asses. The customers of these shops, according to M. Husson, belong neither to the well-to-do nor to the indigent classes. Generally speaking, they are either clerks with small salaries, or workpeople with families. As a rule, the price of the meat is about half the price of beef. M. Husson finds that in the latter half of 1866 the number of horses consumed in Paris was 230. In the following year this number was about trebled, and during 1868 and 1869 the consumption remained nearly stationary. In the first nine months of 1870, however, there was a considerable increase, the number of horses, mules, and asses eaten reaching 3,668, or nearly a thousand more than during the whole of the previous year. But in the following nine months, the period, that is, of the two sieges, the consumption was multiplied eleven times. The number of these animals then eaten reached 44,648. The number of these animals consumed in 1872 was more than double the number of 1869; while the number last year, 8,977, was not far short of treble the consumption of the year before the war. Altogether, the number of horses, mules, and asses consumed in Paris in the seven years and a half for which M. Husson gives statistics amounts to 73,655. The net weight of meat furnished by these animals amounts to 13,278 tons.



SIR ROBT. HODGSON,
LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND.



MONTREAL.—BASE BALL ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

A "HAUNTED" MANSION.

A Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, writing of the Meade house, on F street, Washington, where the Howard Court of Inquiry was lately held, says: "This house was occupied during the war by the Government, who at the close of the trouble put it in thorough and complete repair, and it was offered for rent at a very moderate sum, but it had a bad name—it was haunted, and strange stories of queer sounds and curious sights were whispered, first by the *gamins* on the street, and then people old enough to have had more sense took up the wondrous tale until no one even applied to go through it. After dusk the negroes employed as servants in the neighbourhood, if sent on an errand, would go a square out of the way rather than see 'Massa Richard peering through de window, a-swarin' as only fo' God he could swar!' Nervous old ladies going out to tea fights crossed over to the other side, and were flustered until the house was passed. Months and years went by until one morning there were painters and paper-hangers, scrubbers and whitewashers, all gathered on the terrace, and we knew some one without fear had rented the Ghost House, and that somebody was the Government. After it was all made as sweet and fresh as soap and water, whitewash, paint, and new paper could make it, we went over one bright, sunny evening in April to see 'the ghost at the window.' The man placed in charge by the Government received us with smiling politeness, and invited us into the parlor to see the pane of glass on which the face had appeared. We found grand old rooms, with lofty ceilings, and broad, open fire-places, while the main hall was at least twelve feet wide. We looked at the 'glass,' and as we remarked, saw nothing; it was clear, and without speck or flaw. Inviting us to follow him, he led the way to the garden; reaching the door we paused on its threshold to take in the scene before us. A generous, spacious portico runs at the back of the house, from which steps lead to the immense garden, where the rank, luxurious growth of vines, roses, and bushes, told of long years of neglect. Over all the shrubbery and the trees around us was that tender mist of green which assures us of the foliage to come. Before us was the Potomac, and on its tranquil waters were at least twenty craft 'sailing by, to their haven under the hill.' The canvas on the sailboats was all spread, and they drifted by us, as we stood, so swiftly and noiselessly that we felt truly that we were in the presence of 'ghosts;' then there were large helpless vessels being towed along by fussy little tugs, which in their noise and blowing reminded us of many people in the world. Off in the distance wrapped in a delicate haze of blue were the Virginia hills; way down we could just see the spires and chimneys of Alexandria; while to our right—here our guide, who had grown weary of our long stand, and whose patience was doubtless worn threadbare by our 'mooning,' asked if we wanted to see the ghost. We apologized and tripped down the steps and stood under the window. 'Now find the ghost,' he said. It required no great effort, for on one pane and nearly covering it was a black spot which, as we looked, assumed features until the face stood out like a silhouette. It was the three-quarter face of a man in the prime of life, with broad forehead, aquiline nose and full flowing beard. At the suggestion of Jones (we'll call him Jones, though his name is not Jones, but not knowing his baptized name we feel obliged to christen him Jones), it was the profile of Captain Meade, United States Navy, generally known as 'Swearing Dick.' 'How strange,' I murmured to my companion, who was in an agony of fear lest 'You know Catharine,' she said, turning to me, 'he might begin to swear, and then I should die.' 'Strange? Oh, no,' answered Jones, 'it is only a flaw in the glass. Ladies who are very imaginative come here with minds made up to see a ghost, and so, you see, they see one, and are satisfied.' He is an unbeliever; hears queer rattling sounds at night, groans and moans echo through the old halls, heavy footfalls go up and down the stairway, but this unbeliever explains them all. Notwithstanding his assertion, the house is still held in the same cherished dread, and people are just as wary in passing it after nightfall."

"TABARIN."

A correspondent of the London *Times* says: "Tabarin is a well-known name in France, but it may need a line of explanation to English readers. Tabarin was the Jack-pudding to a quack, and was at the head of his profession in the reign of Louis XIII. There is a rare medal in the Paris National Library executed by Marin, and showing the head and bust of the celebrated buffoon, with one shoulder higher than the other, and the strange-looking soft felt hat, which formed an important part of his stock in trade; for he used to put it into many shapes, about each of which he had some quaint jest or facetious anecdotes to tell. Learned archaeologists have taken much pains and written numerous pages to ascertain the history of this famous low comedian, by whose talent Dr. Montdor obtained a great sale for his marvellous elixirs, orvietans, and pomades. M. Paul Ferrier, a young dramatist already favourably known, has taken him for a hero of a two-act comedy, which has been performed on the stage of the first theatre in the world—the Comédie Française. So powerful is the prestige of the Théâtre Français and so keen is the appetite of the Parisian public for theatrical novelties that there was a great demand for places for the first performance of "Tabarin" as if it had been a five-act play by the most eminent living French dramatist, instead of a small comedy in two acts by a young playwright, whose second attempt only I believe this is. The theatre was as full as the theatre at Versailles when a row is expected, the audience being of the usual mixed character—*grand monde* and *demi monde*. The play was received with much favour. The first act passed over very quietly, and perhaps one or two of the speeches would bear some curtailing, but the second went off briskly and was listened to in breathless silence. Loud applause from the audience, and not alone from the *claque*, which prevents many people from applauding when they otherwise would, burst forth at the close of the piece. The curtain rose and Coquelin announced the author's name. It had again to be drawn up in consequence of the cry for the actors, and the two Coquelines and Mlle. Lloyd received a warm greeting. The actual time of performance, allowing for *entr'actes* was but an hour and a half—nearly as much as even an eager play-goer cares for in the month of June in a densely crowded house."

THE BALLET AT ST. PETERSBURG.

The second act is one of the prettiest spectacles imaginable—a ball given by the Polish commander-in-chief. The orchestra plays the proud, pacing music of the *polonaise* we have so often heard of late, and the Polish cavaliers, in bronze boots, red breeches, blue and red tunics, and tall plumed caps, led on ladies in smart short blue dresses and boots, and white—must we call them "tights?" The costumes of these dancers are exceedingly pretty, their dancing is admirable, and there is a peculiar and inimitable air and pride and grace in their carriage. The winding procession and resounding march of the *polonaise* over, eight couples dance the *cracoveck*, to the clinking of the cavaliers' spurs, and with a thousand graceful and coquettish turns and whirls. Then comes the mazurka, the real, true Polish mazurka. Who shall describe it? Who can describe a dance, and this least of all? Imagine everything that is most graceful and most pretty of step and attitude; imagine brief waltzes and short promenades, broken by the continually recurring mazurka step, and by a dainty stamp of the dancer's foot, and lifting now of one arm and now of another. But you never will imagine it; you must come to St. Petersburg and see it. It was especially beautiful to watch the skill and lightness of one male dancer named Ceschinski, and the perfect ease and elegance of an old man who waved a handkerchief in his hand as he made his steps, and called down loud applause. He always ended his figure by dropping on one knee and kissing the hem of his partner's blue dress. I was told, says the writer, and ought to have been glad to hear it, that the very prettiest and most perfect of the female dancers is the mother of seven children, but possibly my informant may merely have practised a gratuitous piece of cruelty. When at last the dancers passed off the stage there was thundering applause, and loud cries of "Bis! Bis!" They showed themselves and went again, but still the call continued louder than ever. "Will they come?" "No, they won't." "Yes! here they are!" and on they came again, and gave us a second pleasure. In no capital of Europe will you hear and see such trained choruses and *corps-de-ballet* as in St. Petersburg, where they are all carefully trained in the Imperial school which educate at one time three hundred ballet girls. Can one imagine an English government conducting the education of ballet dancers! Yet Russia is a country with tenfold more religious observance in it than England. Truly, extremes meet here, and not in this only.

ARTISTIC SATIRE.

M. Gérôme's new picture "Rex Tibicien," is thus described: "All must admire the intensity of the design, and the humour of the artist, who has shown King Frederick of Prussia in his cabinet, working away at a flute, for the love of which he has thrown aside fatigue as well as business. He stands, with bent knees, before an *escritoire*, on which he has propped the music-sheet, and clutching the magic tube with the finger-tips of both hands, he set his meager lips to the orifice, to produce, one would imagine, a harsh, unmelodious music, for he will blow, it seems, too hard, and his lean cheeks try to compel the sweetness they cannot utter; as it is up go his eyebrows, and the eyeballs are uncovered in his eagerness, while the *quise* of his wig quaintly rises on the stiff collar of his coat. So thirsty for melody is the soul of the king that he has not stayed to take off his dirty boots. Just returned from hunting he has stepped into the cabinet followed by the dogs, whose muddy feet have left marks on the polished floors and rich carpets; but before each weary animal could throw himself down to rest, one in the King's own chair the others on the ground, Frederick has torn open, read, and crumpled up the despatches that waited his coming, cast them on the floor and grasped the intractable instrument. What will Mr. Carlyle, whose soul enters not with zest into the enjoyment of such frivolity as flute music, say to M. Gérôme for thus mocking his model conqueror? Above the desk is perched a smirking bust of Voltaire. The ridicule of the picture is not the less pungent because it is keen enough to penetrate the thickest skin without giving an excuse for blustering. The irritable captor of Silesia himself could hardly have made this jest an excuse for war. The execution of the picture is, as usual, rather metallic, but the lighting of the interior is exquisitely true, and the modelling of every part is perfect; still the painting lacks concentration of his elements. As a design it is perfect: as a satire, one of the best modern examples."

WHO ARE "ROYAL."

A writer in the London *Spectator* says: "Nothing is more common than for a visit from a subject to be called a 'royal' visit, for the marriage of two subjects to be called a 'royal' marriage. This means of course that the persons spoken of are sons or daughters or other near kinsfolk of a king or queen. But that does not make their doings 'royal.' They are members of a royal family because they are members of a family which exclusively supplies kings, but they are not 'royal' themselves. No one would call a visit from a duke's son or daughter a 'ducal visit,' or the marriage of a duke's son or daughter a 'ducal marriage.' But he might quite rightly speak of a 'ducal family,' that is, a family which supplies dukes, a family one member of which at a time is always a duke. Why is there this difference of usage? To call a visit from a person who is not a king or queen a 'royal visit' is of course a vulgarism which ought to be left to the penny-almshouses. But the fact that any people at all talk about a 'royal visit,' when they would not in the analogous case speak of a 'ducal visit,' has causes which are worth thinking of. The cause is just this, that, exalted as dukes may be, they and their children do not form a class which is absolutely cut off from the rest of the world. There are others whose rank comes so near to theirs that they do not stand by themselves as an absolutely distinct class, but at most as a class within a class. They freely intermarry with other people; they need not be spoken to with bated breath; they are not necessarily 'attended' by some one wherever they go; they are not said to 'honour' people by dining with them; their doings, public and private, are subject to free discussion. In short, they are still ordinary human beings, though they may hold the first

place among ordinary human beings. But the 'royal' personages are really, in popular belief, something more than ordinary human beings. They are 'royal;' that is, in fact, they are treated as if they were themselves kings and not subjects."

THE LITERARY WORLD.

Mark Twain is writing a book on his English experiences. Dr. Livingstone is to be the theme of the prize poem of the Académie Française for 1875.

Dr. Birch is writing a small popular history of Egypt for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The funeral of Mr. J. C. M. Bellew took place in the Roman Catholic portion of the Kensal Green Cemetery.

The lectures on the art of cookery, as delivered by Mr. Buckmaster at the International Exhibition, will be published shortly in a collected form.

Mr. George Smith gave an account of his travels in Assyria, and operations at the mounds of Kouyunjik, before the Society of Biblical Archaeology, on the 7th of July.

The Academy believes Mr. Beavington Atkison has in preparation another volume of art criticism of a popular kind. It will probably be called "Among the Painters."

The first volume of the "Cabinet Edition" of Tennyson's works has been published by Messrs. H. S. King & Co. The edition will be completed in ten monthly volumes.

Mr. Murray has in preparation "The Ecclesiastical and Secular Architecture of Scotland: the Abbeys, Churches, Castles, and Mansions," by Thomas Arnold, M. R. I. B. A.

A correspondent of the *Daily News* writes that the Comte de Paris will appear in the next number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* as the author of the first of a series of articles to be signed with his name.

A curious relic of John Stow, the author of the "Survey of London," has been discovered. It is a manuscript copy of "John Lydgate's Chronicles," comprising 570 pages, transcribed by Stow himself.

A memoir of Mr. Wm. Smith, the author of "Thorndale," written by his widow, has been "printed for private circulation," accompanied by some essays, chiefly republished from the pages of the *Contemporary Review*.

Messrs. Blackwood and Sons are about to publish a volume entitled "Searchers for Summer," by Mr. C. Home Douglas, giving descriptions of the various places of health resort, including Algiers, Malaga, &c., which the writer has visited.

The Rev. S. J. Perry, the head of the expedition sent out by the Admiralty to observe the transit of Venus, together with Lieutenant Coke, R.N., Paymaster Brown, R.N., and the Rev. W. Sidgreaves, were among the passengers by the steamer "Windsor Castle," which left Dartmouth recently for the Cape of Good Hope.

By the death of the Baroness Emilie von Gleichen-Russwurm, Schiller's last surviving daughter, the interesting and hitherto unpublished correspondence of the poet and his sister Christophine and her husband Reinwald, has passed into the hands of Herr Wendolin von Maltzahn, under whose directions it will be published in the course of the present year.

A fresh cargo of antiquities from Ephesus has arrived at the British Museum, and they are now unpacked. Among them are—a lion's head, from the cornice of the last Temple; two lions' heads, more ancient, from former Temples; a boar's head; more fragments of the archaic frieze; a large fragment of one of the large acroteria from one of the pediments; one or two more fragments of sculptured drums and columns, &c.

Money appears still to be needed for the completion of the great Wagnerian theatre at Bayreuth. One of the most zealous patrons and supporters of the undertaking is said to be the Baroness Schleinitz, wife of the German Minister of the Imperial Household, who has arranged a sale of paintings in aid of the theatre, for which pictures of some value, including two small marine sketches by Acherbach, have been placed at her disposal.

Verdi's Requiem for Manzoni was given for the third time within a week at the Paris Opéra Comique. The building was crowded. The performance made a deep impression. After "Agnus Dei" by the two cantatrices, Mesdames Stoltz and Waldmann, an address in honour of Verdi was delivered. A lyre and crown were offered him by the audience, and another lyre by the orchestra and choristers. Mesdames Stoltz and Waldmann had a perfect shower of bouquets. This was to have been the final performance, but Signor Verdi yielded to the entreaties of the public to give one more performance.

An international congress of persons interested in geographical science is announced to be held in Paris early next year. All the French ambassadors and consuls have been directed to promote its objects, and endeavour to secure the attendance of as many foreign geographers as possible. The congress is to be divided into six sections, as follows:—1. Mathematical Geography, Hydrography, and Maritime Geography; 2. Physical Geography; 3. Historical Geography and History of Geography; 4. Economic and Physical Geography; 5. Instruction in, and Diffusion of, Geography; Exploration and Travels.

The unveiling of the monument erected in honour of Hans Sachs, the renowned German master-singer, who was also a zealous champion of the Reformation, and therefore greatly honoured by Luther and Melancthon, took place on the 24th inst., St. John the Baptist's Day, "Hans" being the Germanized form of Johannes. Considerable preparations had been made to render the commemoration a popular festivity. An appeal of the committee laid stress on the importance of Hans Sachs as a poet, as a citizen, as a representative of national aspirations, and as an ardent defender of Protestantism. His anti-Romanist lays exercised great influence at his time. He was, moreover, in a great measure the founder of the secular drama in Germany. One of his quaint comedies was performed on the 24th at Nuremberg, on a large square, in the open air. In the evening there was an illumination of the city.

LOVE ME, DARLING.

BY A. A. PARKS.

Love me, darling, love me; for my wild and wayward heart,
Like Noah's dove in search of rest, will hover where thou art
Will linger round thee like a spell, till, by thy hand caressed,
It folds its weary, careworn wings to nestle on thy breast.

Love me, darling, love me! When my soul was sick with strife
Thy soothing words have been the sun that warmed it into
life;

Thy breath called forth the passion-flowers that slumbered
neath the ice
Of self distrust, and now their balm makes earth a paradise.

Love me, darling, love me! Let thy dreams be all of me;
Let waking thoughts be round my path as mine will cling to
thee!

But if—O God! it cannot be—but if thou shouldst grow cold
And weary of my jealous love, or think it overbold;

Or if perchance some fairer form should charm thy truant eye,
Thou'lt find me woman, proud and calm; so leave me—let me
die.

I'd not reclaim a wavering heart whose pulse has once grown
cold,
To write my name in princely halls with diamonds and gold.

So love me, only love me; for I have no world but thee,
And darksome clouds are in my sky—'tis woman's destiny!
But let them frown, I heed them not—no fear can they impart
If thou art near, with smiles, to bind hope's rainbow round my
heart.

FOR EVERYBODY.

Tu for Tat.

Talleyrand and Madame de Stael cordially hated each other,
and the latter was constantly attacking the former. In her
story of "Delphine," the authoress was supposed to have painted
herself in the person of her heroine, and Talleyrand in that
of a garrulous old woman. On their first meeting, after the
book came out, the great wit genially remarked, "They tell
me that both of us are in your novel, in the disguise of women!"

Parliamentary Electors.

A Parliamentary Return just issued, obtained on the motion
of Sir Charles Dilke, shows, that the total number of Parliam-
entary electors in the United Kingdom on the register now
in force is 2,764,285. In counties in England and Wales there
are 823,364 electors; in the boroughs, 1,409,745; and in the
universities, 11,999; total, 2,245,108. In the Irish counties
the number of electors is 172,009; in the boroughs, 49,860;
and in the universities, 17,000; total, 238,869. In Scotland
the number of voters in counties is 82,807; in boroughs, 187,
991; in universities, 9,510; total, 280,308.

Drinking Blood.

Long ago Dr. de Pascale recommended fresh blood as a re-
medy in phthisis and anæmia. His views were copied into
many journals, and seem to have borne fruit in America to an
extent that ought to delight him. At Brighton, Massachusetts,
a hundred patients may be seen in the morning at the abattoir
taking their turns to swallow a tumbler of the freshly-
drawn blood. A later paper of Dr. de Pascale's, stated that
he had adopted the plan of drying and powdering the blood so
that it could be taken in small quantity, and in a form which,
while equally efficacious, was much less repulsive. In fact,
patients took it without knowing of what the powder was com-
posed.

The Saratoga Monument.

The *Saratogian* says of the monument for which New York
State has appropriated \$50,000, to be erected at Saratoga in
commemoration of Burgoyne's surrender: "The plinth is 75
feet square; the shaft at the base is 40 feet square, exclusive
of the buttresses, and at the apex 8 feet. The gable niches
will have representations of the three generals, Schuyler,
Gates, and Morgan with their accessories, the fourth being
vacant, with the word Arnold inscribed underneath. Within
the monument, the first story is one room 25 feet square, the
second story 17 feet, the third 15 feet. These will have his-
toric tablets, memorials, cases, &c. On the four corners of the
platform are to be mounted four bronze guns taken from the
English at the surrender.

Filial Frenchmen.

Nobody in France is placed on so high a pedestal as the mo-
ther. Veneration for her has survived all the revolutionary
levellings. Frenchmen believe from infancy to old age in the
goodness of their mothers. Frenchwomen are not judicious in
the treatment of infants. But as sons or daughters grow up,
maternal instincts, which seem to have lain dormant whilst the
children were in the nursery, become active. The French
woman at this stage rises at dawn to see that lessons are pre-
pared, walks with her girl to the lecture room or academy, is
present while the professor is instructing her, takes her to
mass, to walk, to confession, to parties, and slaves and pinches
herself to give her a handsome outfit after she has deprived
herself of half her income to secure to her and advantageous
match. This exemplary parent develops into a delicious grand-
mamma.

Cure For Diphtheria.

A remedy for diphtheria has been brought prominently before
the public in Victoria, Australia, by Mr. R. Greathead. In the
first instance Mr. Greathead offered to communicate to the go-
vernment a sovereign remedy for diphtheria for the consideration
of a reward of £5,000. The matter was referred to the chief
medical officer, Dr. McCree, but there were manifest some diffi-
culties in the way of testing Mr. Greathead's method and the
government, of course, declined to enter into the speculation
which he had invited. Thereupon Mr. Greathead made public
his remedy, which consists simply of the administration of four
drops of pure sulphuric acid in a tumbler of water. Cases have
since been reported in which the supposed specific is alleged
to have operated successfully, but the cures have not been
authenticated by medical men and the value of the remedy is
still a matter of doubt among laymen.

Unexpected Result Of An "Affair Of Honour."

A singular duel has just been fought at Tulle. The comba-
tants were both officers. One had been wounded in the wrist
during the late war, and it was consequently decided that the
battle should take place with pistols, and not swords, as
originally intended. The usual preliminaries having been
gone through, the handkerchief was dropped, both fired, and
one was wounded, not by his opponent, but by the recoil of
his own weapon, which was so strong as to fracture his jaw.
Fighting a duel and wounding yourself is certainly the last
way out of "satisfying honour."

A Daring Girl.

A girl's heroism saved a number of lives near Louisville,
Ky., a few days ago. A portion of a pic-nic party went to the
pic-nic grounds in a covered furniture waggon, and the driver
having left his seat to fix something about the waggon, taking
the precaution to unhitch the horse on the side next a steep
bluff along which the road ran, the horses becoming frightened
started off, and the waggon was rapidly nearing the bluff when
Nellie Johnson, a girl fourteen years of age, climbed to the
driver's seat, reached down over the dashboard and secured the
reins, and by the exertion of all her strength brought the
team to a standstill. The affair is described as a most thrill-
ing escape from a terrible catastrophe, and the little miss is
the recipient of praise from all sides in the vicinity of her
home.

Glue As A Healing Agent.

Mr. E. P., a correspondent of the *Scientific American*, adds
his testimony to that of Mr. J. A. Field, as to the value of
using glue for healing cuts, bruises, &c. He says, "I have
used glue for this purpose for the last twenty-two years, most-
ly in the cabinet shop, and never employ anything else. I
have received many severe cuts and bruises, and never lost
any time to speak of. Often a piece of thin cloth is sufficient
after gluing over the wound. I use the best imported glue. I
never took cold in a wound yet, and it is the most speedy
healing agent I ever employed. Last autumn an acquaint-
ance of mine came in the shop with his hand all banded up.
He had received a severe bruise on the back of his hand, and
took cold in it, and it was badly inflamed. I spread a glue
plaster over the wound, and bound a moistened cloth over to
keep the glue from becoming dry. In one week his hand was
entirely well.

The Chinese Idea Of Death.

A writer on the Chinese says: "Death in China is re-
garded as the punishment for the most trivial offences, and
frequently for none at all, except being in somebody's way. A
story was told to me for a fact that, during the visit of one of
the royal princes, a theft was committed of a chain or watch
belonging to the royal guests. The unfortunate attendant was
caught with the property upon him, and, without further ce-
remony, his head was chopped off. The mandarin in atten-
dance immediately announced the tidings to the prince as a
delicate attention, showing how devoted he was in his service.
To his astonishment the prince expressed his great regret that
the man's head had been taken off. 'Your highness,' cried the
obsequious mandarin, bowing to the ground, 'it shall im-
mediately be put on again!' so little did he understand that
the regret was for the life taken, and not the severed head."

Death Of Jules Janin.

Jules Gabriel Janin, the celebrated French critic, died on
the 19th ult., at his villa at Passy. He was born at St.
Etienne on the 24th December, 1804, and was consequently in
his 70th year. He had for some time been ailing. M. Jules
Janin was partly educated in his native town and partly in
Paris. In the latter city he commenced his career in a very
humble manner, when his studies were completed, by giving
lessons. A taste for journalism soon, however, manifested it-
self. He wrote at first for the theatrical papers, but soon be-
came a contributor to the *Figaro* and the *Quotidienn*, and at-
tracted considerable attention by his articles. He afterwards
founded the *Revue de Paris* and the *Journal des Enfants*, and at
the same time published his first work, "*L'Âne Mort et la
Femme guillotinée*." This was in 1829. In 1836 he became
the dramatic critic of the *Journal des Débats*, and continued to
fill that post until quite recently.

Rienzi Relics.

A Rome correspondent says: "At one end of the Ghetto is
the house of Rienzi-Rienzi, the last of the Roman Tribunes,
whose life was spent in devising and planning for his country's
good, whose one desire was to restore Rome to her former
glory, who had not a thought of personal ambition, who de-
fended so nobly the rights of the people against the nobles, or
rather robbers—the Colonnas and Orsinis—who pardoned
them so generously their attempt against his life, and who
finally fell a victim to an ungrateful people. In the centre of
the Square of the Capital is the equestrian statue of Marcus
Aurelius—when Rienzi was elected Tribune, all day long there
ran from the nostrils of this horse a constant stream of wine.
In the Museum we saw the 'Lex Regia,' from which he demon-
strated to the robber-barons of the day that the people had
rights. In the baptistry of the Lateran is the vase of porphyry
in which the great Constantine was baptized, and in which
Rienzi took a bath before receiving the order of knighthood."

Misfortunes Of A Single Man.

Bottlebury will never dive to save another woman from
drowning. He saw a red-haired girl tumble off a boat, and
instantly plunged in after her, caught her by the dress, and
swam to the shore with her. She gave a hysterical scream,
flung her arms about Bottlebury's neck, and fainted. Just
then the father came up, with the rest of the family, and per-
ceiving the situation, he dashed up to Bottlebury, grasped his
hand, and said—"Take her, my boy! It is hard to give her
up; it wrenches her old father's heart; but she is yours.
Bless you, my children—bless you!" Bottlebury, amazed and
indignant, tore himself away, and fled. He was tried for
breach of promise, and on the trial the jury gave the broken-
hearted maiden two hundred dollars damages. Bottlebury has
intimated to his confidential friends that if any other woman
intends to fall overboard near him, she will find it to her ad-
vantage to learn to swim.

Those Akkas.

The Rome correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* writes of
the Egyptian dwarfs: "They visited the King in company
with the Egyptian Sergeant Hussein, who translates for them.
He is a remarkably intelligent looking man, tall and black as
ebony; a fine type of the inhabitants of Sudan. He once de-
fended the Akkas in a fight with savages, receiving three
wounds. The King presented him with a medal on which was
an inscription describing his valourous conduct and the care
with which he had brought the manuscripts of Miani to the
Geographical Society. He also gave him a watch ornamented
with diamonds and two pistols. The pigmies were very jealous
about the watch, and thought they should each have received
one. They afterwards visited Prince Humbert, who gave the
sergeant a magnificent ring, while the Princess Margaret gave
the Akkas sugar-plums and a toy mouse which ran about the
room and amused them very much. Before leaving for Lake
Maggiore their photographs were taken, wearing long brown
dresses with gold ornaments and the red fez on the head.
They stand before a small table on which are placed all the
presents they have received."

The Law Of The Beard.

The following is from a report of the proceedings of a recent
Conference of "Dunkers" at Girard, Illinois: "Then came a
question with reference to the manner in which the beard
should be worn, which elicited a lengthy discussion, and it was
decided that wearing the beard in fashionable style was con-
trary to the doctrines of the Church, and that the brotherhood
should be very careful not to imitate the ways of the world in
this respect. It has ever been the order of the Church to
wear a full beard; but to wear a moustache only is not per-
missible, and renders the offending brother liable to church
discipline. It was recommended that the brethren should
trim the moustache shorter than the lip, that the mouth might
be clean to receive the kiss of brotherly love." An American
paper says: "The Dunkers, or Dunkards, or more properly
Tunkards, are an ascetic branch of Baptists, originating in
Germany in 1708. Before this conference it was necessary
for the Dunkards to greet each other with a holy kiss, but as
the inevitable negro had found his way in, the Virginia
churches demurred, and kissing has been left to be settled by
each church for itself."

Asphyxiating Burglars.

The manufactures of vaults and safes for the preservation of
valuables, and also those who e profession it is to enter them
for the purpose of plunder, continue to develop a vast amount
of ingenuity. Almost as soon as we have the triumphant an-
nouncement of absolute security as the result of some combi-
nation or construction, we find that the device has been suc-
cessfully evaded. All the arrangements of chilled iron and
other modes of protection seems to be of no value against the
efforts of experienced "cracksmen," and attention now appears
to be directed towards the addition of defensive weapons that
shall maim or otherwise injure the intruder. One of the most
recent devices of this kind consists in what is called the Che-
mical Armour for Bank Vaults, which is so adjusted that
should the interior of the safe be penetrated by violence, sun-
dry glass vials filled with sulphuric acid are necessarily broken
and their contents discharged into powdered carbonate of lime,
resulting in the instantaneous production of carbonic acid gas
enough to asphyxiate a regiment. What mode of defence will
be adopted by the opposite side should this device be carried
out to any extent, remains to be seen.

The Paris Cabmen And The Bonapartists.

The judge who sentenced M. Gambetta's assailant, the
Count de Sainte Croix, to six months' imprisonment, has re-
ceived the following letter from a cabman: "Mon Juge,—In
the course of the trial of M. de Sainte Croix you remarked
that he had conducted himself like a coachman. My *confrères*
who are on the same stand as myself and I beg respectfully to
protest against that remark. We humbly submit that our pro-
fession does not necessarily imply the ill-bred and brutal
habits so properly censured by you, and they feel themselves
deeply humiliated at being compared to Bonapartist mercenar-
ies. In our opinion nothing could hurt our feelings more
than being placed on the same footing as the bravi of Im-
perialism. We are convinced that it was very far from your
intention to lower a numerous and interesting class of citizens
to such a degrading level. We think rather that you merely
employed a figure of speech without attaching any importance
to it, and it seems to us beyond doubt that you did not for a
moment intend to abase the corporation of cabmen to such a
degree as would put them on a level with the gladiators of
Bonapartism and the Cassagnacs.—I am, Monsieur le Juge,
your very humble servant, JULES DE CABBIN."

George Eliot's Work.

A writer, speaking of George Eliot, says: "George Eliot's
mode of composition, spontaneous as she is in expression, is
supremely painstaking. She always endeavours to do her
best, and is never satisfied when she feels that she has not
done it. Sometimes she writes pages upon pages; goes over
them carefully, corrects, prunes, polishes, and then, destroy-
ing every line of the laborious composition, sets herself reso-
lutely to doing the whole work again. At other times, she
writes for an entire day, hardly making an erasure, and lets
her copy stand as her happiest expression. She believes in
felicitous moods, and yet she toils at her MSS. on an average
fully six hours a day. One day she may do three or four
thousand words; another she will not do four hundred. But
much or little she is satisfied with her achievement, convinced
that it is the best possible under the circumstances. She says
that frequently the things that cost her the most efforts attract
the least attention, and that the converse of this is equally
true. Clearly comprehending her genius, she knows that
genius will accomplish nothing without work, and she works
as hard as if she were devoid of every particle of inspiration.
I have been told that during some weeks, embracing forty
hours of the severest labour, she does not produce more than
3,000 words which she intends shall go to the printer. She is
as much amused as most conscientious writers are at the pop-
ular ideal of authors dashing off great thoughts and faultless
expression. Genius, she avers, is unflinching toil. He or
she who cannot afford to toil for an ideal is devoid of ideals,
and has nothing to say that the world cares to hear."



THE LITTLE PIGEON DEALER.—FROM A PAINTING BY BOUCHARD.



BUGABOO'S BASKET (LE BAGAGE DE CROQUEMITAINE).—By LOBUCHON.

AN EPICENE CLUB.

One would think we had clubs enough already, with all those that are afloat, but still more are projected to supply what is vaguely called a pressing social need. The shouting, singing, free-and-easy club of artists and Bohemians; the grave dialectical club of politicians and scholars; the silent business-like club, where whist is treated as one of the important occupations of life, and substantial sums of money change hands over the rubber as methodically as on settling-day in the House; the bustling, noisy, betting club where turfites discuss the merits of the favourite in language of strange construction, and where each member is in exclusive possession of the "straight tip" which will "bring him home" and warrant his "putting on the pot;" the mere club which is nothing but a club—a place for convenient dinners, for the newspapers and magazines, a good address for the miserable bachelor, and a safe retreat for the harassed Benedict—all these are as nothing compared to the last new thing proposed, namely, the epicene club, where men and women may meet and receive their private letters, make appointments of which no one knows but themselves, eat their mutton-chops, and discuss the affairs of Europe together without fear of Mrs. Grundy or submission to the ordinary restraints of the drawing-room. The proposers of this new fusion are about to make a bold experiment—if, indeed, they get a sufficiently large following to be able to make it at all, for we fancy that more besides ourselves are doubtful of its success; and it may be that those who desire it most are just those whose support is least desired by the promoters. It is of course possible that it may succeed when put into working order, and experience alone can determine how much vitality and feasibility it possesses. But, viewing it from a distance, and as impartial spectators weighing dangers and measuring chances, it seems to us a matter bristling with difficulties of all kinds. At the very outset the details of membership will be hard to arrange, and the work of the committee will be, we should think, as pleasant as walking over burning ploughshares or dancing among eggs; for the conditions of ineligibility must either be so elastic as to include many doubtful elements, or so rigid as to peril the commercial success of the scheme by exclusiveness. In either case will the majority of women care to submit themselves to the chances of rejection, with the slur that will be assumed to be implied in that rejection? Men are accustomed to this kind of thing, and are not hurt by it, but women are not accustomed to it, and are sensitive; and it is scarcely probable that the lady candidate for admission into the epicene club who has been blackballed by an overwhelming majority will accept her denial with as good a grace as the ordinary man in the same position. She will feel that it is somehow a disgrace, an imputation, a slight, and her friends will feel so too, and will resent her rejection as an insult. The explanation that she is not considered a clubbable sort of person will carry no weight with it, and no one will be able to fall back on the impersonal objection of her profession and its already redundant representation in the club. And this being so, we question whether the nicest women will care to subject themselves to the various processes of canvassing, discussion, enquiry, and possible rejection incident to club membership. Those who are not so nice are not so desirable. Then, are unmarried women to be admitted? If so, what is to be the lowest age of membership? It seems scarcely fair to allow the married coquette of nineteen a right which she is sure to abuse, and forbid the staid spinster of twice her age a privilege which she would have neither the wish nor the temptation to turn to evil uses. But if unmarried women are to be members at all we cannot see how it would work to make a distinction between them and the wives, either in age or personal appearance. Yet again, if girls of twenty-one or so, young, pretty, and engaging, are to be members there will be little peace left in the homes of those lady members who own light-minded lords, also members; and the door which will be opened to jealousy, prying, scandal, and suspicion will be very wide indeed. Even if a definite age, sounding safe enough, is to be set, we still do not quite see that absolute security which of itself would disarm all suspicion and put an end to doubt. The mature siren is as dangerous, all things considered, as the youthful one; and a handsome, clever, well-constituted woman of forty might do even more damage than a girl of eighteen, because knowing better the weight of her metal and how far it carries. It would scarcely do, however, to make the qualification for spinster membership consist in confessed homeliness for the sake of keeping the peace among the wives, or to enact that part of the ceremony of admission should be a solemn oath taken against flirting. Yet where pretty women and pleasant men are mixed up together in the *sans façon* of a club there will be flirting as surely as there is flirting now under more difficult conditions. Sex is a great fact, let the new school which wants to create a third gender say what it will; and we cannot believe that an epicene club, where Don Juan may meet Dona Julia without the trouble of arranging an assignation beforehand, and lively spinsters may have unrestricted association with discursive Benedicts, will be the safest kind of thing, looked at all round. It would be very pleasant, no doubt; it would save the expenditure of both wits and falsehood; the old trick of calling at the pastry-cook's for letters would be rendered unnecessary; and meeting, that came, as it were, of themselves, and in the natural order of events, would excite less suspicion and afford more freedom than if they had to be planned for and precautions taken against discovery. Still, other interests have to be considered besides these, and perhaps those are the interests which would be most endangered under the proposed arrangement. Setting aside the obvious uses to which an epicene club might be turned, and to which there is no kind of doubt it would be turned in many instances, the question remains, are women for the most part clubbable? We think not. Nervous and irritable, full of strange fancies, given to unfounded dislikes and rootless friendships, impatient of small annoyances, most women have little real command over themselves, and are apt to show their feelings with what would be a savage simplicity and directness but for the finery of mind and body to which they are given. When they dislike each other—and where there are a dozen women there will be a dozen enmities—they have an infinite variety of ways of manifesting their spite; ways unknown to men, and impossible in a society of men, but which would destroy the peace of a community where there was no recognized head to keep order and settle difficulties. Even in boarding-houses, family hotels, and the like, the feminine warfare, always more or less raging, makes quiet

walking a service of doubt and danger, and in an epicene club enmities and rivalries would be as certain to exist on one side of the corridor as flirting and jealousy on the other. The very dress of women is a non-clubbable element. Men may have the ugliest clothing in the world, but their costume is so far democratic that it brings us all on the same level, and prevents the frantic rivalry which distracts the other sex. With them the badly-dressed are despised by the well-dressed as poor creatures without taste, sense, or soul; and the well-dressed are either passionately envied or set down as sinners very little better than they should be by those who have a desire for fine clothes but have no money to buy them with, or who have no taste in millinery and no respect for ornament. If one woman thinks a proper disposition of lace and silk next door to be cardinal virtues, another holds her highest self degraded if she is anything less than a fright tied up in a bundle anyhow and throwing the graces to the winds. The two sects never have agreed and never will; while the poor and envious stand on one side lamenting, either aggrieved by the sight of a splendour which they cannot imitate, or spending strength and means in the vain endeavour to reach a mark set too high for them. There have been more friendships broken by the weaver's shuttle than by any other simply material cause, and the millinery of the epicene club would be a lion in the way formidable to the peace of all concerned. Two classes of ladies are said to need this institution—namely, ladies who live in the country and want to come up to town for a day's shopping or an evening's amusement, and who therefore want a place where they can dine, rest, dress, and have their parcels sent; and unmarried ladies who live in London—single women with no home rightly so called, who are alone and want companionship, who are poor and want better accommodation than they can afford without the co-operation of a society. And as it has been proved by experience that a woman's club—or something like it—where the male element was excluded, was horribly dull and unsatisfactory and the very hot-bed of strife, they wish now to try one which will admit men, and so give the homeless fair ones society without the need of *chaperons* or drawing-room observances. As for the ladies living in the country who want a place for their parcels their case is simple enough. Whether it is worth while to try such an experiment as an epicene club in order to supply their demand and fulfil their need is another matter. These, then, are the two classes of women for whose advantage the new club is mainly proposed. It seems hard to say a word of denial to either, and yet we would be cruel enough to deny both. If women want a club and a club-house let them arrange the matter for themselves as men have done. But a place where flirting can be carried on under cover of "going to my club" is not a thing that we wish to see established as among the recognized conditions of modern society. It is the thin edge of the wedge; and the wedge when driven home will destroy all that we hold to be valuable and beautiful in our English life. The truth is, this desire for an epicene club is only one among many manifestations showing the revolt against privacy and domesticity in which some of our women are engaged. For some reason, the economic root of which is at present hidden, many modern women find home the most tiresome place, and home duties the most irksome occupations in the world. They prefer almost anything to domestic life as it used to be in simpler times—that life so full of tender associations, of strong affections, of powerful ties, of honourable activities. After having helped to ruin the old-fashioned servant and to destroy the old-fashioned system, they turn round on their own work and plead the servants and the tradespeople as the reason why they hate housekeeping and why they prefer club life, hotel life, any kind of life that can be named to home life. But it is neither the cook nor the grocer that makes home life unpleasant to the discontented woman; it is her own failing in domestic qualities and domestic affections; it is the love of dress, the passion for amusement, the frenzy for notoriety, for excitement, for change, which have possessed her of late. This proposed epicene club is only a further development of the new phase under which she is passing, a further and stronger protest against the natural order of her being. We cannot say that we wish it success: for we regard it as a dangerous experiment in which more is involved than appears on the surface.—*Saturday Review*.

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

The *Nation* condenses from an English scientific periodical some interesting speculations of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace of the probable antiquity of the human species. They may well startle, it says, even those who have long since come to the conclusion that 6,000 years carry us but a small way back to the original home. In fact Dr. Wallace's 6,000 years are but as a day. He reviews the various attempts to determine the antiquity of human remains or works of art, and finds the bronze age in Europe to have been pretty accurately fixed at 3,000 or 4,000 years ago, the stone age of the Swiss lake dwellings at 5,000 to 7,000 years, "and an indefinite anterior period." The burnt brick found sixty feet deep in the flint alluvium indicates an antiquity of 20,000 years; another fragment at seventy-two feet gives 30,000 years. "A human skeleton found at the depth of sixteen feet below four hundred buried forests superposed upon each other has been calculated by Dr. Dowler to have an antiquity of 50,000 years." But all these estimates pale before those which Kent's Cavern at Torquay legitimates. Here the drip of the stalagmite is the chief factor of our computations, giving us an upper floor which divides the relics of the last two or three thousand years from a deposit full of the bones of an extinct mammalia and glutton indicating an arctic climate. Names cut in the stalagmite more than 2,000 years ago are legible—in other words, where the stalagmite is twelve inches thick and the drip still very copious, not more than a hundredth of a foot has been deposited in two centuries—a rate of five feet in 10,000 years. Below this, however, we have a thick, much older, and crystalline (i.e., more slowly formed) stalagmite, beneath which again, "in a solid breccia very different from the cave-earth, undoubted works of art have been found." Mr. Wallace assumes only 100,000 years for the upper floor, and 250,000 for the lower, and adds 150,000 for the immediate cave-earth, by which he arrives at the "sum of half a million years that have probably elapsed since human workmanship were buried in the depths of Kent's Cavern."

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

A London critic calls for a visit from Theodore Thomas and his band.

Death scenes à la *Croizette* are the latest in London stage achievements.

Madame Theo is to appear at the Princess's, London, in "La Jolie Parfumeuse."

Monsieur Scholl's *New Mysteries of Paris* has been dramatised for the Théâtre Cluny.

Gounod, the composer, is so ill that he has been removed from London to his native country.

Mrs. Fairfax has made her *début* in London, and is said to have acquitted herself with ease and elegance.

Miss Susan E. Dickinson, a sister of the famous lecturer, is about to try her fortunes on the lecture platform.

Miss Minnie Walton has arrived in San Francisco to support Sothorn during his approaching engagement.

Miss Bessie Darling has played *Julia* in Newark, and it appears from the papers that her success was complete.

A very fascinating actress has appeared at the French plays, Madame Pasca, who made her *début* there in *La Fiammina*.

Louise Henderson, who is engaged for next season at the Union Square Theatre, N. Y., is acting in "Lady Jane Grey" in London.

A new tenor, named Emmanuel, has been announced to appear in Paris. He sings à la Capoul, and has created a *furor* among the ladies in the provinces.

Mme. Titlens puts up with playing *Edith Plantagenet* in the "Talismano" throughout the provinces, while Nilsson carries all before her in the rôle in London.

Campanini has, as *Sir Kenneth* in Balfe's "Il Talismano," the prettiest and certainly the favourite air in the opera. But the great hit has been made by Nilsson.

The Emperor of Austria has directed a sum of 600 florins to be devoted to the erection of a monument to Beethoven in the garden opposite the Gymnasium at Vienna.

Miss Violetta Colville, the "coming" *prima donna*, has arrived from England. An English paper says that in appearance she is a charming blonde with a *petite* figure.

"To the Green Isles Direct" is the title of a successful adaptation of that hazardous piece "Les Cent Vierge" which has just been brought out at the Britannia, London.

A German correspondent pronounces the opera of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" "the most enchanting thing ever put on the stage," and suggests that Miss Kellogg study *Puck* and appear in it.

A Cleveland paper says that no small share of the honours of the Saengerfest matinee was carried off by Mr. A. Sohst, "a manly young German singer from the Old Trinity Church choir of New York."

F. C. Burnand has written a slight but lively sketch illustrative of the humours of a country railway station, where, through some mistake, the Prince of Wales is momentarily expected. It is entitled "He's Coming."

All the unmarried *artistes* wish to sing Ophelia, for it is remarked that the only three *artistes* who have sung the rôle of Ophelia in Thomas's *Hamlet* at the Paris Opéra—Miles, Nilsson, Sessi, and Devries—have got married.

Mrs. Fairfax, the recent London *débütante*, is described as a married gentlewoman, moving in very good society, whose "at homes" are attended by poets, baronets and others, and whose husband is a well-known authority on Indian affairs.

Robert Buchanan's poetical play is called "The Madcap Prince," deals with adventures of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester, and will employ Mr. and Mrs. Kendal (Madge Robertson) in the leading rôles upon its approaching production at the Haymarket, London.

An Indiana person has recently published "a dramatic composition," in three acts, entitled "Argo and Irene." It breathes that freedom of sentiment and grammar which is in consonance with the broad prairies of the West. The story is full of pathos. Irene, the heroine, is forced by circumstances and her family to marry an objectionable old man, remarking:

Why were I not a boy
That I might tease the pretty girls, nor mate,
With rheumatis and wrinkles, gout and age,
Due at the graveyard any day 'n the week!

The lover, Argo, is of course disgusted with her conduct, and determined upon suicide, to be preceded by an effort to rid himself of all love for Irene. This plan ought to attract the attention of all believers in phrenology. Calling to the servants:

Bring me a chisel and a mallet, quick!
That I may pummel off these amorous bumps,
The bane of all my life.

Before he has time to carry out this plan, however, Irene, now the *Widow Magoon*, enters to tell him that her husband is dead and that she still loves him. Whereupon he leaves his bumps alone, and decides to live happily with his own Irene Magoon. The head physician of the Oshkosh lunatic asylum is anxiously waiting for the author's death. He thinks that by examining his brain with a microscope he can determine the origin and nature of his disease.

WATCHING FOR A VOICE—A writer in the *Galaxy* says: "One night last winter, in Paris, I went to hear a light opera which had been running six months. The prima donna of the evening was a young woman who, when the piece began its run, was one of the chorus singers in that very opera and on that very stage. There is more earnest search after singing voices than there is for pearls and oysters. In every nook and cranny of every land the prima donna hunt is going on; for while a singer may do without an impresario, the latter cannot possibly do without singers. The Strakosch brothers and their agents attend divine service in churches of every denomination, on the look-out for promising vocalists; they visit theatres and meeting-rooms where public speaking is going on, with ears sharpened to detect musical possibilities in a speaking organ whose owner has not suspected them; they haunt low singing halls where beer is sold and tobacco smoked, ready, if a voice be found, to transport it to the Italian opera or cultivate it at their own expense until it is fit to warble the world of music-lovers to its feet?"

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ODDITIES.

JULY 8.—Many fatal cases of yellow fever and small-pox have occurred in Havana.

From Fort Garry we learn that Mr. Clarke's Government has resigned.

Hon. Messrs. Geoffrion and Fournier have been sworn in as Ministers.

Brown, of Halifax, beat Scharff, the American, in the sculler's race at Springfield.

The French Ministry have tendered their resignations, which President MacMahon refused to accept.

A bill has been introduced and read a first time in the Imperial Parliament for amending International Law.

It is rumoured that Isabella, formerly Queen of Spain, intends to revoke her abdication of the throne of that country.

According to latest telegrams it is a matter of uncertainty whether the French Government can remain in power or not.

The cable ship "Faraday" arrived at Portsmouth, N.H., yesterday.

JULY 9.—A New York tax collector has forfeited a \$25,000 ball and absconded.

A Reciprocity Treaty between the United States and Honolulu is talked of.

The message of President MacMahon was read before the Assembly yesterday.

The Honolulu Assembly have voted \$150,000 to build the King of Honolulu a palace.

Great distress is reported from St. Paul's, Tenn., where the locusts have stripped the country for miles round.

Ex-Postmaster-General Cresswell is going to engage in the banking business in Washington.

A party sent after the degrading Sioux attacked them and killed some 50 of them, and captured over 400 horses.

A mail express car on the Atlantic, Mississippi, and Ohio Railway, and all mail and express matter, was entirely destroyed.

A burglar yesterday morning stole \$2,300 of jewelry in Hartford, Conn., was arrested at 8 a.m., and by 3 p.m. was in the State Prison for seven years.

The Honolulu Gazette calls attention to the fact of several members of the National Assembly having been seen in public, helplessly drunk.

It is said the Vermont and Canada Railroad is about to change hands and become the property of the Vermont Central, for the sum of \$3,000,000.

JULY 10.—A new invention in telegraphy, by which four messages can be sent at the same time, on one wire, has been successfully tested at Brooklyn.

The yacht "A. B. Thompson" capsized Friday last while crossing the bar opposite Atlantic City, N.J., and five persons were drowned.

The Canadian Volunteers at Wimbledon have presented an address to Sir Garnet Wolseley, congratulating him on his Ashantee achievements.

Hon. Mr. Schenck, U. S. Minister to England, laid the cornerstone of the Lincoln Tower, an international memorial of the abolition of slavery.

An urgent appeal is made from Minnesota on behalf of those who are in great strait through falling crops. Utter and widespread destitution is said to exist.

A Paris despatch says it is officially stated that citizens of the United States will be allowed to enter France without passports, but must be prepared to prove their nationality.

M. Fourtou, before the Committee of Thirty, stated that the Government were willing to accept the Bill drawn up by the Committee, providing for the continuance of the title of President of the Republic.

A settlement has been arrived at between China and Japan with regard to the Island of Formosa; China pays the expenses of the expedition and guarantees the safety of foreigners, and Japan accepts the arrangement and retires.

JULY 11.—The French newspaper *Figaro* has been suspended by the Government.

Tilton has been summoned to appear before the investigating committee of the Beecher scandal.

The Left Centre anticipate a majority of 15 for M. Perier's bill for the organization of a definitive Republic.

Governor Dix's secretary has served upon Mayor Havemeyer a copy of the charge against him laid before the Governor by the committee who waited on him last Wednesday.

Outgoing steamers from New York, for Europe, leave with their steerages crammed, and tickets are sold for several weeks ahead. This is said to be owing to low steerage rate, and the great lack of employment in the United States.

Latest Yokohama advices deny the report of the assassination of Minister Kido. A son of the Belgian Ambassador accidentally shot himself on the 15th of June. Twelve hundred persons died of small-pox during the month of April at Kitao.

JUNE 13.—The death is announced of the Archbishop of Mitylene, Private Chaplain of the Pope.

The Argentine Republic proposes to settle the Straits of Magellan difficulty by declaring them neutral.

The Beecher Scandal Committee promise that the investigation will be thorough, and no favour shown to anyone.

German correspondents are withdrawing from the Carlist lines, as some of them have been shot by the Carlists as spies.

Tilton notifies the Investigating Committee of Plymouth Church that he accepts Beecher's challenge, and will be prepared with his evidence in a week or ten days.

Another reservoir disaster is reported from Middlefield, Mass., but definite information cannot be obtained at present, the telegraph wires being down. The Boston & Albany Railroad, however, will be heavy losers.

A despatch from Havana says Dockray has been sentenced to death by the Court-martial, but hopes are entertained that, as the decision of the Court must be confirmed by the Governor-General, the sentence may be commuted.

An attempt was made yesterday to assassinate Prince Bismarck while driving out in the country. The ball grazed his wrist. It was with great difficulty the populace could be restrained from lynching the would-be assassin, who had been promptly arrested.

The Bishop of Merida, exiled for opposing the establishment of civil marriages, by President Guzman Blanco of Venezuela, died before he could embark. His successor, refusing to obey any other orders but those emanating from the Holy See, was also banished.

The Emperor William arrived at Munich, to-day. He was received by the King of Bavaria, and escorted to the Royal Palace. The King will accompany the Emperor part of the way to Salzburg. The Bavarian Princes and members of the Bavarian Ministry have received decorations from the Emperor.

It is reported that the British delegate to the Brussels Congress will not take part in the proceedings until the reservations made by Lord Derby are considered.

THE MAYOR OF QUEBEC.—Owen Murphy, Esq., the recently elected Mayor of Quebec, whose portrait we give in the present number, was born at Stoneham, in the County of Quebec, in the year 1829, and is therefore now forty-five years of age. In early years he received his training and education from Robert H. Scott, of Edinburgh, a gentleman of high culture and reputation as a teacher. The family is of Irish extraction, and were known as the Murphys of Ballinoulart, in the County of Wexford, where they resided for over three centuries. The father of the subject of our notice was the only member of the family who settled in Canada, to which place he removed over sixty years ago. He was well known in Quebec as a man of high attainments, of cultivated mind, and of generous and liberal sympathies. Four of his brothers were eminent divines, and one of them was for many years Bishop of Ferns, in Ireland, showing that Mr. Murphy is sprung from a good old Irish stock. The present Mayor received his early commercial training in the well-known establishments of Ross, Shuter & Co. and H. J. Noad & Co., in their day two of the largest and most important firms in the timber shipowning, grain, produce, and milling trade. Here Mr. Murphy, with aptness and ability, acquired that business education and knowledge which now distinguish him, and which no doubt is one of the chief causes that has led to his elevation to the high position he occupies to-day as chief magistrate of the City of Quebec.

In religion Mr. Murphy is a Roman Catholic, and has the good fortune to enjoy a well-deserved popularity amongst Irishmen of all creeds. He was unanimously elected, in 1872, President of the St. Patrick's Society of Quebec, an institution composed of the most influential and leading Irishmen of the Ancient City, both Protestant and Catholic; and his co-religionists of St. Patrick's Church, as a mark of their esteem and confidence, elected him a life member of the committee of management by the largest vote ever given to any gentleman named to that office.

Mr. Murphy has for several years represented St. Peter's Ward, which is composed almost exclusively of the mercantile element, in the City Council; and as a proof of the confidence reposed in his ability and judgment, the Council quite recently elected him to the high and responsible office of Mayor, a position which he is sure to fill with energy, fairness, and integrity, and, let us hope, with much benefit to the City of Quebec.

THE CHESS CONGRESS.—The third annual Congress of Canadian chess players was formally opened by Vice-President Prof. H. Aspinwall Howe, LL.D., on the eve of Tuesday last, the 7th inst., in the Montreal High School Hall. The President, Prof. J. B. Cherriman, of Toronto, did not arrive until Wednesday morning.

The attendance of visitors was not large, but comprised several of the leading experts, among whom we may mention Messrs. Geo. E. Jackson and Dr. Coleman, of Seaforth, Rev. T. D. Phillips, Dr. Hurlburt, and J. V. de Boucherville, of Ottawa; Messrs. J. H. Graham, of Prescott; J. Henderson, St. Liboire, and J. White, of Stanstead.

The Montreal veterans mustered in force. We noticed among them Professors Howe and Hicks, H. Von Bokum, J. G. Ascher, T. Workman, J. Barry, and others. The first three entered in tourney.

Several well-contested and interesting games were played during the meetings, which lasted all week, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., with an interval for lunch, and from 8 p.m. to 11 p.m.

The visitors expressed themselves highly pleased with the hospitalities of the Montreal Chess Club.

The games are to be published in pamphlet form shortly, and will doubtless be perused with interest by amateurs generally.

Fifty-seven problems have been entered, the majority from our leading composers, and a few from the United States, all to be submitted to judges appointed by the Congress. The result of the present tourney is not decided as we go to press, as several games have yet to be played.

The next Congress, which is appointed to be held in Ottawa on the third Tuesday in August, 1875, promises to be numerously attended and highly successful also.

The officers elected for next year are as follows: President, Prof. J. B. Cherriman, Toronto; Vice-Presidents, Prof. H. Aspinwall Howe, Montreal, Mr. Geo. E. Jackson, Seaforth, Dr. Hurlburt, Ottawa, Mr. Alfred Mills, St. Johns, N. B.; Rev. T. D. Phillips, Ottawa, Secretary-Treasurer.

ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.—This has now, thanks to the liberality of the Dominion Government, become one of the most favourite resorts for pleasure seekers in the neighbourhood of Montreal. Our artist profited by the occasion of the recent picnic of the Typographical Union to make a little drawing of the kind of sport that is most in vogue in this delightful spot.

THE LITTLE PIGEON DEALER and BUGABOO'S BASKET are two charming productions from the annual Salon at Paris. The latter is especially amusing. The artist has paced half a dozen children in the basket of the much dreaded Bugaboo, who may be supposed to have carried them off. One of the children has entirely given himself up to despair; a second is hesitating between rage and repentance, while a third, a little boy, seems to be encouraging his companions in misfortune.

CAPTURE OF A PIRATE JUNK IN THE CHINESE SEAS.—This is a common scene enough in the seas of the far East. The English and French men-of-war and cruisers in that locality exercise the utmost vigilance and energy in exterminating these pests of the sea, who are gradually and surely dwindling in number and diminishing in audacity.

THE WINNER OF THE FRENCH DERBY, "Trent," is an English horse, the property of a Mr. Marshall, one of the luckiest of the English turfites. This is the eleventh year since the institution of the race for the Grand Prix de Paris, and hitherto the honours have been pretty equally divided, France bearing off the crown six, and England five times. The following is the record: France in 1864, "Vermouth;" 1865, "Gladiateur;" 1867, "Fervacques;" 1869, "Glaneur;" 1870, "Sornette;" 1873, "Bolard;" England—1868, "Ranger;" 1866, "Ceylon; 1868, "Earl;" 1872, "Cremorne;" 1874, "Trent."

VERDI'S REQUIEM.—It was at Paris that Verdi first sketched his requiem mass. He had a collection of the most celebrated masses of Palestrina, Mozart, Cherubini and others brought to him. Projecting an entirely original work, he wished to make sure of not treading on old ground. He terminated the work at Buseto, his Italian domain, having worked at it a whole year. Verdi is proprietor of nearly the whole of his native commune of Buseto. His numerous farms bear the names of his most famous operas, such as *Traviata*, *Rigoletto*, *Ernani* &c. He is a modest, almost a timid man, and in conducting his mass, at the Opera Comique, displayed none of that nervous temperament which characterizes his compositions. He used the baton sparingly.

A red-hided cow, with a long rope attached to her horns, and a red-headed, red-faced, red-shirted boy at the end of the rope, dashed up Main-street the other day. If it was not for a red-eyed dog that darted into the road and tugged at the boy by the seat of his pantaloons, that cow might have landed up at Brewster's with nothing but a jacket-sleeve and a finger-nail dangling at the end of that rope.

Walt Whitman has broken out in an epithalamium, whatever that is, on Nellie Grant. It is said by his admirers to be his masterpiece. It begins, as near as we can recollect—

"Nellie, the neitherless, Nell of the Nodules,
Gnouringly gnashing the nooks from the Noles,
Grant that grim gables gash gashingly Globules,
Grim the grum Grauger that Grouches the Ghoses."

The West is noted for its admiration of the fair sex. An Iowa Justice of the peace recently refused to fine a man arraigned before him for kissing a girl against her will, "Because," as he remarked, "the plaintiff is so temptingly pretty that nothing but an overwhelming sense of dignity, and the responsibility of its oath, has prevented the Court from kissing her itself."

A Californian poet has bought a mule, and a brother poet chronicles it as a remarkable instance of self-possession.

"Cry-baby Polka" is the latest. Nurse says she don't think they ought to do that to the little dear, "paregoric is so much soothinger."

TOUCHING.—A girl wrote to her lover, who had become insane, that though he had gone out of his own mind he had never gone out of hers.

"I'm dying for love," said a melancholy young man, pointing to his coloured moustache.

BASHFUL.—The most bashful girl we ever heard of was the young lady who blushed when she was asked if she had not been courting sleep.

The monthly nurse presenting two little strangers (twins) to a father for the first time, "Is it," said he, blushing, "to make a choice, madam?"

A young lady wants to know whether a girl may be sure a man loves her unutterably when he sits in her presence for an hour without speaking.

At a Paris hotel a lady, rather excited, hastened down to the "counting-house," and asked hurriedly of one of those small, tight-clad boys who are on duty in that precinct, "Have you the small-pox in the house?" The boy, who "perfectly understood English," replied, "No, but we expect it every minute, and when it arrives I will send it up."

An anecdote illustrative of the condition of Scottish prisons thirty-four years ago is given by Lord Cockburn in his "Journal":—"We have had good specimens of the present condition of some prisons. One man was tried at Inverness for prison-breaking, and the defence was that he was ill-fed, and that the prison was so weak that he had sent a message to the gaoler that if he did not get more meat he would not stay another hour, and he went out accordingly.

A touching incident is reported from Chattanooga. An utter stranger called on a respectable farmer, and asked him if his house had not been robbed during the war. The farmer replied that it had. "I," said the stranger, "was one of the marauding party that did it. I took a little silver locket"—"That locket," observed the farmer, "had been worn by my dear dead child." "He's it is," said the stranger, visibly affected. "I am rich, let me make some restitution; here are twenty dollars for your little son." He gave the farmer a fifty-dollar bill, and received thirty dollars in change. He then wrung the farmer's hand warmly and left. The farmer has since dried his tears and loaded his shot-gun. The fifty-dollar bill was bad.

MARITAL COMMITTEES.—A Western paper chronicles a marriage in this suggestive style—"The party resolved themselves into a committee of two, with power to add to their number."

"So you take lessons in drawing, Sallie?" "Yes, and the teacher says I'm an apt pupil, as I draw more inferences, insinuations, and admirers than any girl in the academy."

Chignons are really of service to the wearers in Virginia. It was only the other day that an eagle pounced down upon a young lady there, and fixed his talons on her head. All the noble bird got was hair.

The editor of the Panama *Star* apologizes for the non-appearance of his paper by saying that he had to haul off to dig buck-shot out of his legs.

A man named Howard, of Delaware, has been sent to State prison for five years for stealing a flat-boat loaded with tar. A blacker crime was never committed.

The mayor of a Portuguese city once enumerated, among the marks by which the body of a drowned man might be identified, "a marked impediment in his speech."

A Wisconsin clergyman has been found guilty by a church council of "not always handling the truth with sufficient carefulness to meet the demands of veracity."

A Bowery merchant who had declined to advertise in the *Commercial Advertiser*, because "nobody would see it," came round a few days after to offer \$25 to have his name kept out of the police reports.

A Cincinnati reporter says that there is something grand in a pair of runaway horses, but we believe that a good deal depends on whether a man is on a fence or trying to climb over the end-board of the waggon.

A drunken Chinaman feeling rich and elated at his progress in American civilization, went through the streets of San Francisco crying, "Hoop-la, hoop-la! Me all same as Melican man. Hair cut short and drunk like hell!"

Just as the minister was immersing a coloured convert near Bangor, lately, the choir broke out:

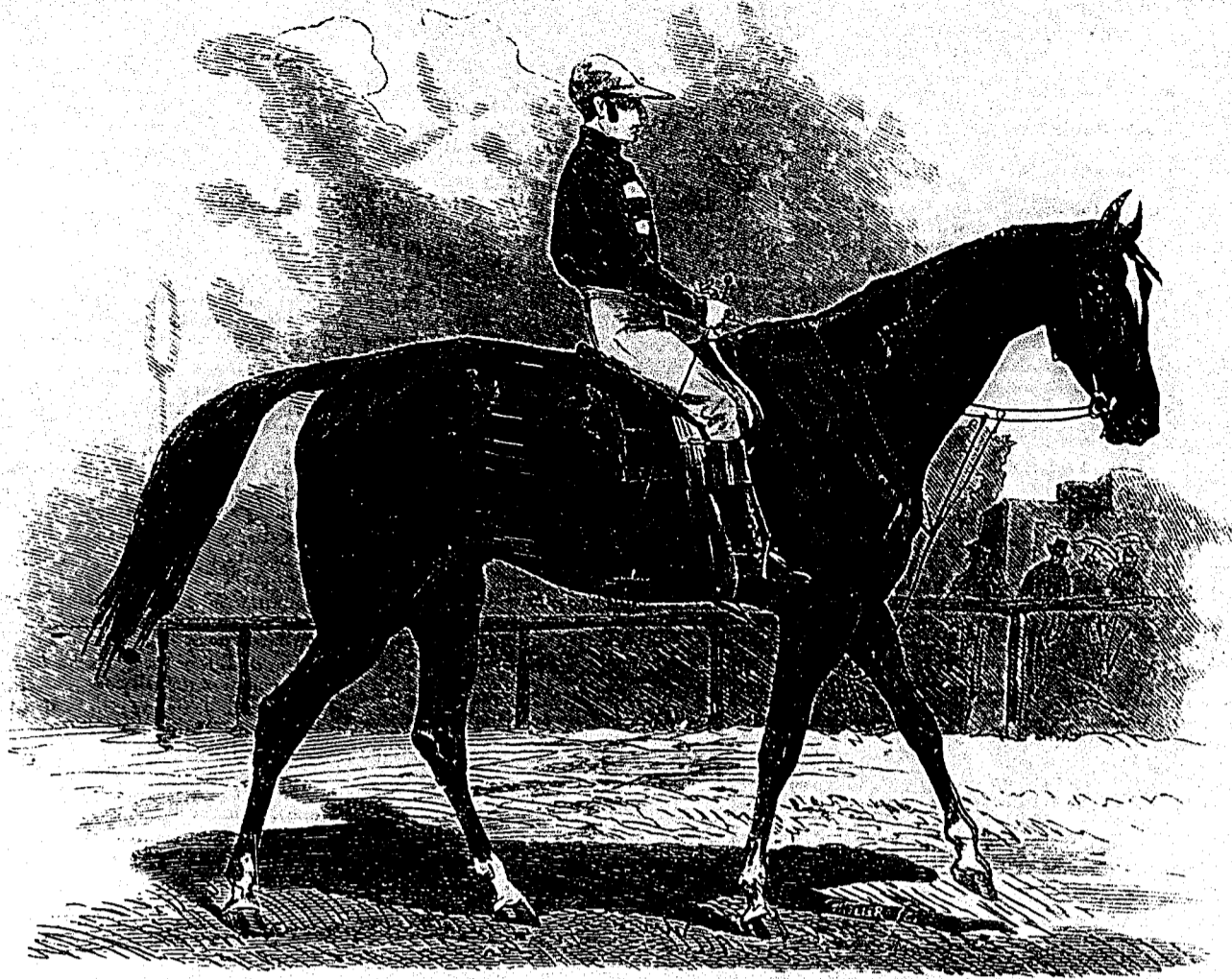
"The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears."

TURNING THE TABLES.—While some coloured people were being baptized recently in the river at Nashville, one became unmanageable, and seizing the minister, who was a small man, threw him over head, almost drowning him.

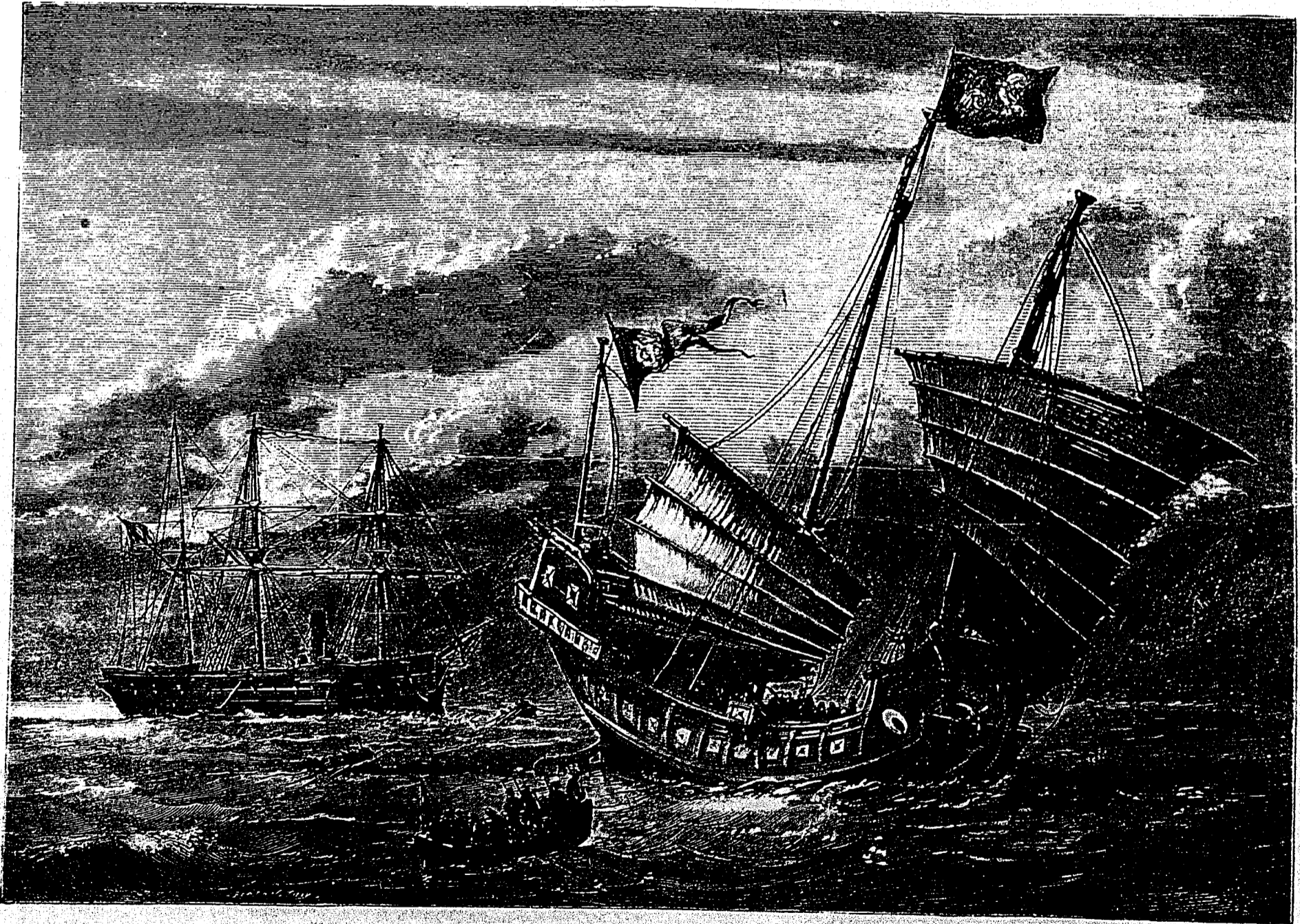
Nashua furnished some beautiful moral lessons the other morning. A little boy ran away from school and was fatally injured while playing on the railroad, and a barrel of beer exploded and almost killed the man who was carrying it.

The young married man who found himself at the theatre the other evening, with feet encased in steel-coloured boots, from a liberal application of stove blacking in the dark, wants to know "how long the house-cleaning business is going to last, any way."

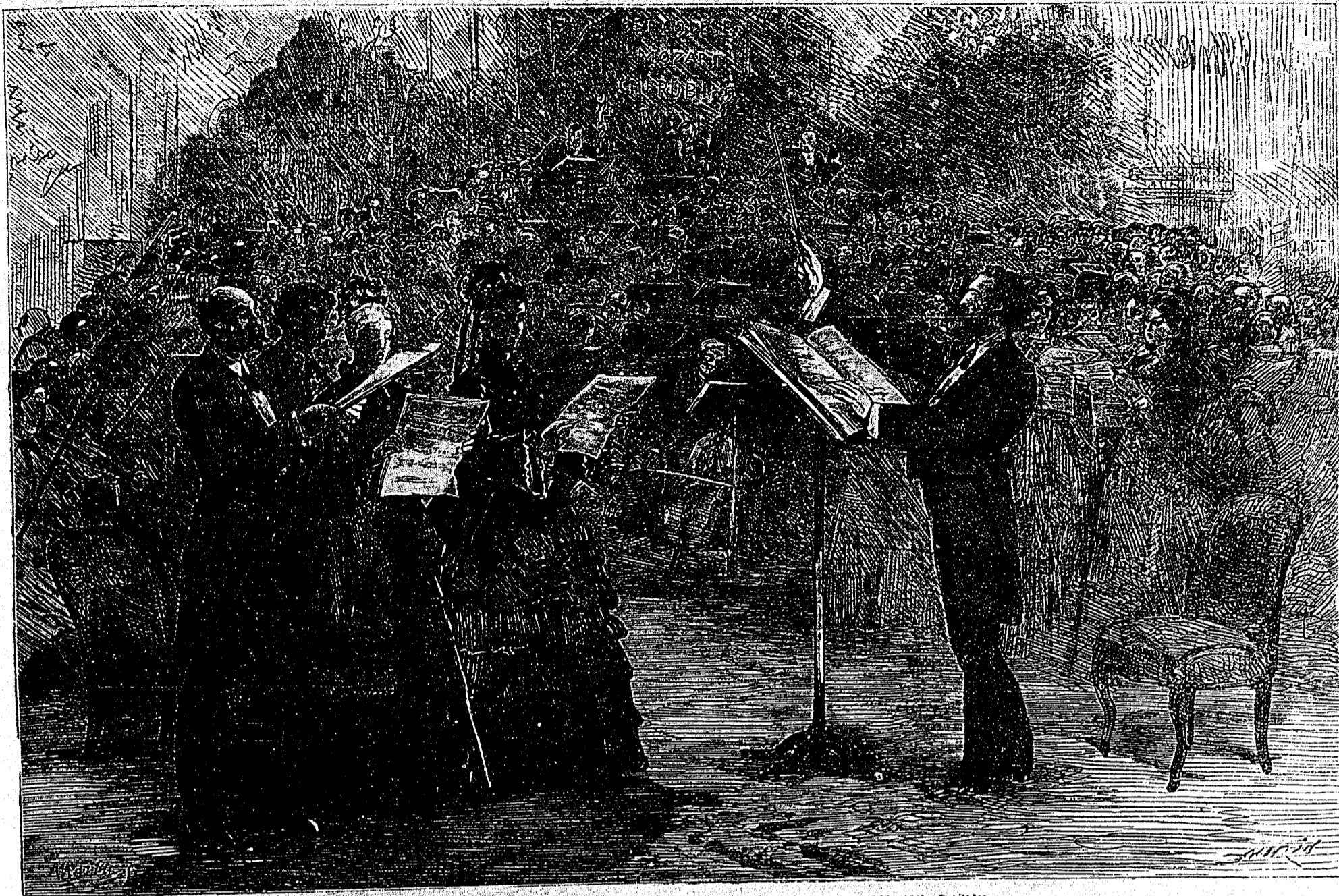
Gunnybags dunned Smith for the amount due on account, and Smith wrote, saying Gunnybags must let the account stand awhile longer. Gunnybags wrathfully replied that he wouldn't. "Then let it run," retorted Smith, and Gunnybags was madder than ever.



"TRENT"—WINNER OF THE GRAND PRIX DE PARIS.



CAPTURE OF A CHINESE PIRATE BY THE FRENCH MAN-OF-WAR *MONTCALM*.



VERDI REHEARSING HIS REQUIEM MASS AT THE OPERA COMIQUE, PARIS.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE, PARIS SALON 1874.

THE VOICE IN THE PINES.

BY P. H. HAYNE.

What voice is this? what low and solemn tone,
Which, though all wings of all the winds seem furl'd,
Nor even the zephyr's fairy flute is blown,
Makes thus for ever its mysterious moan
From out the whispering Pine-tops' shadowy world?

Ah, can it be the antique tales are true?
Doth some lone Dryad haunt the breezeless air,
Fronting you bright immittigable blue,
And wildly breathing all her wild soul through
That strange unearthly music of despair?

Or, can it be that ages since, storm-tossed,
And driven far inland from the roaring lea,
Some baffled ocean-spirit, worn and lost,
Here, through dry summer's dearth and winter's frost,
Yearns for the sharp sweet kisses of the sea?

Whate'er the spell, I hearken and am dumb,
Dream-touched, and musing in the tranquil morn;
All woodland sounds—the pheasant's gusty drum,
The mock bird's fuge, the droning insects hum—
Scarce heard for that weird sorrowful voice forlorn!

Beneath the drowsed sense, from deep to deep
Of spiritual life, its mournful minor flows,
Streamlike, with pensive tide, whose currents keep
Low murmuring 'twixt the bounds of grief and sleep,
Yet locked for aye from sleep's divine repose!

NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

PART THE SECOND.

IN PARIS.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CIMOURDAIN.

This speech created the Evêché. Certain men—and, as we have just said, they were men of all nations—felt the need of gathering themselves close about Paris. Cimourdain joined this club.

The society contained reactionists. It was born out of that public necessity for violence which is the formidable and mysterious side of revolutions. Strong with this strength, the Evêché at once began its work. In the commotions of Paris it was the Commune that fired the cannon; it was the Evêché that sounded the tocsin.

In his implacable ingenuousness, Cimourdain believed that everything in the service of truth is justice, which rendered him fit to dominate the extremists on either side. Scoundrels felt that he was honest and were satisfied. Crime is flattered by having virtue to preside over it. It is at once troublesome and pleasant. Palloy, the architect who had turned to account the demolition of the Bastille, selling its stone to his own profit, and who, appointed to whitewash the cell of Louis XVI, in his zeal covered the wall with bars, chains, and iron rings; Gouchon, the suspected orator of the Faubourg Saint Antoine, whose quitances were afterwards found; Fournier, the American, who on the 17th of July fired at Lafayette a pistol-shot, paid for, it was said, by Lafayette himself; Henriot who had come out of Bicêtre, and who had been valet, mountebank, robber, and spy, before being a general and turning the guns on the Convention; La Régnée, formerly grand-vicar of Chartres, who had replaced his breviary by *The Père Duchêne*;—all these men were held in respect by Cimourdain, and at certain moments, to keep the worst of them from stumbling, it was sufficient to feel his redoubtable and believing candour as a judgment before them. It was thus that Saint-Just terrified Schneider. At the same time, the majority of the Evêché, composed principally as it was of poor and violent men who were honest, believed in Cimourdain and followed him. He had for curate or aide-de-camp, as you please that other republican priest, Danjou, whom the people loved on account of his height, and had christened Abbé Six-Foot. Cimourdain could have led where he would that intrepid chief called General la Pique, and that bold Truchon named the Great Nicholas, who had tried to save Madame de Lamballe, and had given her his arm, and made her spring over the corpses; an attempt which would have succeeded, had it not been for the ferocious pleasantry of the barber Charlot.

The Commune watched the Convention; the Evêché watched the Commune. Cimourdain, naturally upright and detesting intrigue, had broken more than one mysterious thread in the hand of Pache, whom Buernonville called "the black man." Cimourdain at the Evêché was on confidential terms with all. He was consulted by Dotsent and Mormoro. He spoke Spanish with Gusman, Italian with Pio, English with Arthur, Flemish with Pereyra, German with the Austrian Proby, the bastard of a prince. He created a harmony between these discordances. Hence his position was obscure and strong. Hebert feared him.

In these times and among these tragic groups, Cimourdain possessed the power of inexorable. He was an impeccable, who believed himself infallible. No person had ever seen him weep. He was Virtue inaccessible and glacial. He was the terrible offspring of Justice.

There is no halfway position to a priest in a revolution. A priest can only give himself up to this wild and prodigious chance either from the highest or the lowest motive; he must be infamous or he must be sublime. Cimourdain was sublime but in isolation, in rugged inaccessibility, in inhospitable secretiveness; sublime amid a circle of precipices. Lofty mountains possess this sinister freshness.

Cimourdain had the appearance of an ordinary man; dressed in every-day garments, poor in aspect. When young, he had been tonsured; as an old man he was bald. What little hair he had left was grey. His forehead was broad, and to the acute observer it revealed his character. Cimourdain had an abrupt way of speaking, which was passionate and solemn; his voice was quick, his accent peremptory; his mouth bitter

and sad; his eye clear and profound; and over his whole countenance an indescribable indignant expression.

Such was Cimourdain.

No one to-day knows his name. History has many of these great Unknowns.

III.—A PART NOT DIPPED IN STYX.

Was such a man indeed a man? Could the servant of the human race know fondness? Was he not too entirely a soul to possess a heart? This wide-spread embrace, which included everything and everybody, could it narrow itself down to one? Could Cimourdain love? We answer—Yes.

When young, and tutor in an almost princely family, he had had a pupil whom he loved—the son and heir of the house. It is so easy to love a child. What can one not pardon a child? One forgives him for being a lord, a prince, a king. The innocence of his age makes one forget the crime of race; the feebleness of the creature causes one to overlook the exaggeration of rank. He is so little that one forgives him for being great. The slave forgives him for being his master. The old negro idolises the white nursing. Cimourdain had conceived a passion for his pupil. Childhood is so ineffable that one may unite all affections upon it. Cimourdain's whole power of loving prostrated itself, so to speak, before this boy; that sweet, innocent being became a sort of prey for that heart condemned to solitude. He loved with a mingling of all tenderness: as father, as brother, as friend, as maker. The child was his son, not of his flesh, but of his mind. He was not the father, and this was not his work; but he was the master, and this his masterpiece. Of this little lord he had made a man. Who knows? Perhaps a great man. Such are dreams. Has one need of the permission of a family to create an intelligence, a will, an upright character? He had communicated to the young viscount, his scholar, all the advanced ideas which he held himself; he had inoculated him with the redoubtable virus of his virtue; he had infused into his veins his own convictions, his own conscience and ideal; into this brain of an aristocrat he had poured the soul of the people.

The spirit suckles; the intelligence is a breast. There is analogy between the nurse who gives her milk and the preceptor who gives his thought. Sometimes the tutor is more father than is the father, just as often the nurse is more mother than the mother.

This deep spiritual paternity bound Cimourdain to his pupil. The very sight of the child softened him.

Let us add this: to replace the father was easy; the boy no longer had one. He was an orphan; his father and mother were both dead. To keep watch over him he had only a blind grandmother and an absent great-uncle. The grandmother died; the great-uncle, head of the family, a soldier and a man of high rank, provided with appointments at court, avoided the old family dungeon, lived at Versailles, went forth with the army, and left the orphan alone in the solitary castle. So the preceptor was master in every sense of the word.

Let us add still further. Cimourdain had seen the child born. The boy, while very little, was seized with a severe illness. In this peril of death, Cimourdain watched day and night. It is the physician who prescribes, it is the nurse who saves, and Cimourdain saved the child. Not only did his pupil owe to him education, instruction, science, but he owed him also convalescence and health; not only did his pupil owe him the development of his mind, he owed him life itself. We worship those who owe us all; Cimourdain adored this child.

The natural separation came about at length. The education completed, Cimourdain was obliged to quit the boy, grown to a young man. With what cold and unconscionable cruelty these separations are insisted upon! How tranquilly families dismiss the preceptor, who leaves his spirit in a child, and the nurse, who leaves her heart's blood!

Cimourdain, paid and put aside, went out of the grand world and returned to the sphere below. The partition between the great and the little closed again; the young lord, an officer of birth, and made captain at the outset, departed for some garrison; the humble tutor (already at the bottom of his heart an unsubmitive priest) hastened to go down again into that obscure ground-floor of the Church occupied by the under clergy, and Cimourdain lost sight of his pupil.

The revolution came on; the recollection of that being whom he had made a man brooded within him, hidden but not extinguished by the immensity of public affairs.

It is a beautiful thing to model a status and give it life; to mould an intelligence and instil truth therein is still more beautiful. Cimourdain was the Pygmalion of a soul.

The spirit may own a child.

This pupil, this boy, this orphan, was the sole being on earth whom he loved.

But even in such an affection would a man like this prove vulnerable?

We shall see.

BOOK THE SECOND.

THE PUBLIC-HOUSE OF THE RUE DU PAON.

I.—MINOS, MÆCUS, AND READAMANTHUS.

There was a public house in the Rue du Paon which was called a café. This café had a back room, which is to-day historical. It was there that often, almost secretly, met certain men, so powerful and so constantly watched that they hesitated to speak with one another in public.

It was there that on the 23rd of October 1792, the Mountain and the Gironde exchanged their famous kiss. It was there that Garat, although he does not admit it in his Memoirs, came for information on that lugubrious night when, after having put Clavières in safety in the Rue de Beaune, he stopped his carriage on the Pont Royal to listen to the tocsin.

On the 28th of June 1793, three men were seated about a table in this back-chamber. Their chairs did not touch; they were placed one on either of the three sides of the table, leaving the fourth vacant. It was about eight o'clock in the evening; it was still light in the street, but dark in the back room, and a lamp, hung from a hook in the ceiling—a luxury there—lighted the table.

The first of these three men was pale, young, grave, with thin lips and a cold glance. He had a nervous movement in his cheek, which must have made it difficult for him to smile. He wore his hair powdered; he was gloved; his light-blue

coat, well brushed, was without a wrinkle, carefully buttoned. He wore nankeen breeches, white stockings, a high cravat, a plaited shirt-frill, and shoes with silver buckles.

Of the other two men, one was a species of giant, the other a sort of dwarf. The tall one was untidily dressed in a coat of scarlet cloth, his neck bare, his unknotted cravat falling down over his shirt-frill, his vest gaping from lack of buttons. He wore top-boots; his hair stood stiffly up and was disarranged, though it still showed traces of powder; his very peruke was like a mane. His face was marked with small-pox; there was a power betokening a choleric temperament between his brows; a wrinkle that signified kindness at the corner of his mouth; his lips were thick, the teeth large; he had the fist of a porter and eyes that blazed. The little one was a yellow man, who looked deformed when seated. He carried his head thrown back, the eyes were injected with blood, there were livid blotches on his face; he had a handkerchief knotted about his greasy, straight hair; he had no forehead; the mouth was enormous and horrible. He wore pantaloons instead of knee-breeches, slippers, a waistcoat which seemed originally to have been of white satin, and over this a loose jacket, under whose folds a hard straight line showed that a poignard was hidden. The first of these men was named Robespierre; the second, Danton; the third, Marat.

They were alone in the room. Before Danton was set a glass and a dusty wine-bottle, reminding one of Luther's half-pint of beer; before Marat a cup of coffee; before Robespierre only papers.

Near the papers stood one of those heavy, round, ridged leaden inkstands which will be remembered by men who were schoolboys at the beginning of this century. A pen was thrown carelessly by the side of the inkstand. On the papers lay a great brass seal, on which could be read *palloy fecit*, and which was a perfect miniature model of the Bastille.

A map of France was spread in the middle of the table. Outside the door was stationed Marat's "watch-dog," a certain Laurent Basse, ticket-porter, of No. 18, Rue des Cordeliers, who some fifteen days after this 28th of June, say the 13th of July, was to deal a blow with a chair on the head of a woman, named Charlotte Corday, at this moment vaguely dreaming in Caen. Laurent Basse was the proof carrier of the *Friend of the People*. Brought this evening by his master to the café of the Rue du Paon, he had been ordered to keep the room closed when Marat, Danton, and Robespierre were seated and to allow no person to enter unless it might be some member of the Committee of Public Safety, the Commune, or the Evêché.

Robespierre did not wish to shut the door against Saint-Just; Danton did not want it closed against Pache; Marat would not shut it against Gusman.

The conference had already lasted a long time. It was in reference to papers spread on the table, which Robespierre had read. The voices began to grow louder. Symptoms of anger arose between these three men. From without eager words could be caught at moments. At that period the example of the public tribunals seemed to have created the right to listen at doors. It was the time when the copying-clerk Fabricius Paris looked through the keyhole at the proceedings of the Committee of Public Safety; a feat which, be it said by the way, was not without its use, for it was this Paris who warned Danton on the night before the 31st of March 1799. Laurent Basse had his ear to the door of the back-room where Danton, Marat, and Robespierre were. Laurent Basse served Marat, but he belonged to the Evêché.

II.—MAGNA TESTANTUR VOCE PER UMBRAS.

Danton had just risen and pushed his chair hastily back. "Listen!" he cried. "There is only one thing imminent—the peril of the Republic. I only know one thing—to deliver France from the enemy. To accomplish that all means are fair. All! All! All! When I have to deal with a combination of dangers, I have recourse to every or any expedient; when I fear all, I have all. My thought is a lioness. No half-measures. No squeamishness in resolution. Nemesis is not a conceited prude. Let us be terrible and useful. Does the elephant stop to look where he sets his foot? We must crush the enemy!"

Robespierre replied mildly: "I shall be very glad." And he added—"The question is to know where the enemy is."

"It is outside, and I have chased it there," said Danton.

"And I will continue to pursue it," resumed Danton.

"One does not drive away an internal enemy."

"What then do you do?"

"Exterminate it."

"I agree to that," said Danton in his turn. Then he continued: "I tell you, Robespierre, it is without."

"Danton, I tell you it is within."

"Robespierre, it is on the frontier."

"Danton, it is in Vendée."

"Calm yourselves," said a third voice. "It is everywhere, and you are lost." It was Marat who spoke.

Robespierre looked at him and answered tranquilly—"Truce to generalities. I particularise. Here are facts."

"Pedant!" grumbled Marat.

Robespierre laid his hand on the papers spread before him and continued: "I have just read you the despatches from Prieur of the Marne. I have just communicated to you the information given by that Gélambre. Danton listen! The foreign war is nothing; the civil war is all. The foreign war is a scratch that one gets on the elbow; civil war is the ulcer which eats up the liver. This is the result of what I have been reading; the Vendée, up to this day divided between several chiefs, is concentrating herself. Henceforth she will have one sole captain."

"A central brigand," murmured Danton.

"Who is," pursued Robespierre, "the man that landed near Pontorson on the 2nd of June. You have seen who he was. Remember this landing coincides with the arrest of the acting representatives, Prieur of the Côte-d'Or, and Romme of Bayeux, by the traitorous district of Calvados, the 2nd of June—the same day."

"And their transfer to the castle of Caen," said Danton.

Robespierre resumed; "I continue my summing up of the despatches. The war of the Woods is organizing on a vast scale. At the same time, an English invasion is preparing; Vendéans and English—it is Britain with Breton. The Hurons of Finistère speak the same language as the Topinambes of Cornwall. I have shown you an intercepted letter from Puisage, in which it is said that 'twenty thousand red-coats distributed among the insurgents will be the means of raising

a hundred thousand more.' When the peasant insurrection is prepared, the English descent will be made. Look at the plan—follow it on the map."

Robespierre put his finger on the chart and went on: "The English have the choice of landing-place from Cancale to Paimpol. Craig would prefer the Bay of Saint Brieuc; Cornwallis, the Bay of Saint Cast. That is mere detail. The left bank of the Loire is guarded by the rebel Vendean army, and as to the twenty-eight leagues of open country between Ancenis and Pontorson, forty Norman parishes have promised their aid. The descent will be made at three points—Plérin, Ifiniac, and Pléneuf. From Plérin they can go to Saint Brieuc, and from Pléneuf to Lamballe. The second day they will reach Dinan, where there are nine hundred English prisoners, and at the same time they will occupy Saint Jouan and Saint Méen; they will leave cavalry there. On the third day two columns will march, the one from Jouan on Bedée, the other from Dinan on Becheral, which is a natural fortress, and where they will establish two batteries. The fourth day they will reach Rennes. Rennes is the key of Brittany. Whoever has Rennes has the whole. Rennes captured, Châteaufort and Saint Malo will fall. There are at Rennes a million cartridges and fifty artillery field pieces"—

"Which they will sweep off," murmured Danton.

Robespierre continued: "I conclude. From Rennes three columns will fall, the one on Fougères, the other on Vitré, the third on Redon. As the bridges are cut, the enemy will furnish themselves—you have seen this fact particularly stated—with pontoons and planks, and they will have guides for the points fordable by the cavalry. From Fougères they will radiate to Avranches; from Redon to Ancenis; from Vitré to Laval. Nantes will capitulate. Brest will yield. Redon opens the whole extent of the Vilaine; Fougères gives them the route of Normandy; Vitré opens the route to Paris. In fifteen days they will have an army of brigands numbering three hundred thousand men, and all Brittany will belong to the King of France."

"That is to say to the King of England," said Danton.

"No, to the King of France."

And Robespierre added—"The King of France is worse. It needs fifteen days to expel the stranger, and eighteen hundred years to eliminate monarchy."

Danton, who had reseated himself, leaned his elbows on the table and rested his head in his hands in a thoughtful attitude.

"You see the peril," said Robespierre. "Vitré lays open to the English the road to Paris."

Danton raised his head and struck his two great clenched hands on the map as on an anvil.

"Robespierre, did not Verdun open the route to Paris to the Prussians?"

"Very well!"

"Very well, we will expel the English as we expelled the Prussians." And Danton rose again.

Robespierre laid his cold hand on the feverish fist of the other.

"Danton, Champagne was not for the Prussians, and Brittany is for the English. To retake Verdun was a foreign war; to retake Vitré will be civil war."

And Robespierre murmured in a chill, deep tone, "A serious difference." He added aloud—

"Sit down again, Danton, and look at the map instead of knocking it with your fist."

But Danton was wholly given up to his own idea.

"That is madness!" cried he. "To look for the catastrophe in the west when it is in the east. Robespierre, I grant you that England is rising on the ocean; but Spain is rising among the Pyrenees; but Italy is rising among the Alps; but Germany is rising on the Rhine. And the great Russian bear is at the bottom. Robespierre, the danger is a circle, and we are within it. On the exterior, coalition; in the interior, treason. In the south, Lervaut half opens the door of France to the King of Spain. At the north, Dumouriez passes over to the enemy. For that matter he always menaced Holland less than Paris. Nerwinde blots out Jemmappes and Valmy. The philosopher Rebut Saint Etienne, a traitor like the Protestant he is, corresponds with the courtier Montesquieu. The army is destroyed. There is not a battalion that has more than four hundred men remaining; the brave regiment of Deux-Ponts is reduced to a hundred and fifty men; the camp of Pamars has capitulated; there are only five hundred sacks of flour left at Givet; we are falling back on Landau; Wurmsers presses Kleber; Mayence succumbs bravely; Condé, like a coward, Valenciennes also. But all that does not prevent Chancel, who defends Valenciennes, and old Féraud, who defends Condé, being heroes, as well as Meunier, who defended Mayence. But all the rest are betraying us. Dharville betrayed us at Aix-la-Chapelle; Mouton at Brussels; Valence at Bréda; Neully at Limbourg; Miranda at Maestricht; Stengel, traitor; Lanvue, traitor; Ligonnier, traitor; Menon, traitor; Dillon, traitor, hideous coin of Dumouriez. We must make examples. Custine's counter-marches look suspicious to me; I suspect Custine of preferring the lucrative prize of Frankfurt to the useful capture of Coblenz. Frankfurt can pay for your millions of war tribute; so be it. What would that be in comparison with crushing that nest of refugees? Treason, I say. Meunier died on the 13th of June. Kleber is alone. In the meantime, Brunswick strengthens and advances. He plants the German flag on every French place that he takes. The Margrave of Brandenburg is to-day the arbiter of Europe; he pockets our provinces; he will adjudge Belgium to himself—you will see. One would say that we were working for Berlin. If this continues, and we do not put things in order, the French revolution will have been made for the benefit of Potsdam; it will have accomplished for unique result the aggrandisement of the little state of Frederick II., and we shall have killed the King of France for the King of Prussia's sake."

And Danton burst into a terrible laugh. Danton's laugh made Marat smile.

"You have each one your hobby," said he. "Danton, yours is Prussia; Robespierre, yours is the Vendée. I am going to state facts in my turn. You do not perceive the real peril; it is this—the cafés and the gaming-houses. The Café Choiseul is Jacobin; the Café Pitou is Royalist; the Café Rendez-Vous attacks the National Guard; the Café of the Porte Saint Martin defends it; the Café Régence is against Brissot; the Café Coratza is for him; the Café Procope swears by Diderot; the Café of the Théâtre Français swears by Voltaire; at the Rotonde they tear up the assignats; the Cafés Saint Marceau are in a fury; the Café Manouri debates the question of flour; at the Café Foy uproars and fist-cuffs; at the Perron the hor-

nets of the finance buzz. These are the matters which are serious."

Danton laughed no longer. Marat continued to smile. The smile of a dwarf is worse than the laugh of a giant.

"Do you sneer at yourself, Marat?" growled Danton.

Marat gave that convulsive movement of his hip which was celebrated. His smile died.

"Ah, I recognize you, Citizen Danton! It is indeed you who in full Convention called me 'the individual Marat.' Listen; I forgive you. We are playing the fool! Ah! I mock at myself! See what I have done. I denounced Chazot; I denounced Pétion; I denounced Kersaint; I denounced Mouton; I denounced Dufliche Velazé; I denounced Ligonnier; I denounced Menou; I denounced Banneville; I denounced Gensonné; I denounced Biron; I denounced Lidon and Chambon. Was I mistaken? I smell treason in the traitor, and I find it best to denounce the criminal before he can commit his crime. I have the habit of saying in the evening, that which you and others say on the following day. I am the man who proposed to the Assembly a perfect plan of criminal legislation. What have I done up to the present? I have asked for the instruction of the sections in order to discipline them for the Revolution; I have broken the seals of thirty-two boxes; I have reclaimed the diamonds deposited in the hands of Roland; I proved that the Brissotins gave to the Committee of the General Safety blank warrants; I noted the omissions in the report of Lindal upon the crimes of Capet; I voted the torture of the tyrant during the twenty-four hours; I defended the battalions of Manconseil and the Republican; I prevented the reading of the letter of Narbonne and of Malouet; I made a motion in favour of the wounded soldiers; I caused the suppression of the Commission of Six; I foresaw the treason of Dumouriez in the affair of Mons; I demanded the taking of a hundred thousand relatives of the refugees as hostages for the commissioners delivered to the enemy; I proposed to declare traitor any representative who should pass the barriers; I unmasked the Roland faction in the troubles at Marsilles; I insisted that a price should be set on the head of Egalité's son; I defended Bonchotte; I called for a nominal appeal in order to chase Isnard from the chair; I caused it to be declared that the Parisians had deserved well of the country. That is why I am called a dancing-puppet by Louvet; that is why Finisterre demands my expulsion; why the city of London desires that I should be exiled, the city of Amiens that I should be muzzled; why Coburg wishes me to be arrested, and Lecentre Puiraveau proposes to the Convention to decree me mad. Ah there! Citizen Danton, why did you ask me to come to your conventicle if it was not to have my opinion? Did I ask to belong to it? Far from that. I have no taste for dialogues with counter-revolutionists like Robespierre and you. For that matter I ought to have known that you would not understand me; you no more than Robespierre—Robespierre no more than you. So there is not a statesman here? You need to be taught to spell at politics; you must have the dot put over the i. What I said to you meant this: you both deceive yourselves. The danger is not in London, as Robespierre believes; nor in Berlin, as Danton believes; it is in Paris. It consists in the absence of unity; in the right of each one to pull on his own side, commencing with you two; in the blinding of minds; in the anarchy of wills."

"Anarchy!" interrupted Danton. "Who causes that, if not you?"

Marat did not pause. "Robespierre, Danton, the danger is in this heap of cafés, in this mass of gaming-houses, this crowd of clubs—clubs of the Blacks, the Federals, the Women—the club of the Imperialists, which dates from Clermont-Tonnerre, and which was the Monarchical Club of 1790, a social circle conceived by the priest Claude Fauchet; Club of the Woollen Caps, founded by the gazetteer Prudhomme, &c., without counting your club of the Jacobins, Robespierre, and your club of the Cordeliers, Danton. The danger comes from the famine which caused the sack-porter Blin to hang up to the lamp of the Hôtel de Ville the baker of the Market Palu, François Denis, and in the justice which hung the sack-porter Blin for having hanged the baker Denis. The danger is in the paper money which the people depreciate. In the Rue du Temple an assignat of a hundred francs fell to the ground, and a passer-by, a man of the people, said, 'It is not worth the pains of picking it up.' The stockbrokers and the monopolists—there is the danger. To have nailed the black flag to the Hôtel de Ville—a fine advance! You arrest Baron Trencq; that is not sufficient. I want this old prison intriguer's neck wrung. You believe that you have got out of the difficulty because the President of the Convention puts a civic crown on the head of Labertiche, who received forty-one sabre-cuts at Jemmappes, and of whom Chenier makes himself the elephant driver? Comedies and juggling! Ah, you will not look at Paris! You seek the danger at a distance when it is close at hand. What is the use of your police, Robespierre? For you have your spies—Pazan at the Commune; Coffinal at the Revolutionary Tribunal; David at the Committee of General Safety; Couthon at the Committee of Public Well-being. You see that I know all about it. Very well, learn this: the danger is over your heads—the danger is under your feet—conspiracies, conspiracies! The people in the streets read the newspapers to one another and exchange nods; six thousand men, without civic papers, returned emigrants, Muscadins and Mathéons are hidden in cellars and garrets and the wooden galleries of the Palais Royal. People stand in a row at the bakers' shops; the women stand in the doorways and clasp their hands, crying, 'When shall we have peace?' You may shut yourselves up as close as you please in the hall of the Executive Council, in order to be alone; every word you speak is known, and as a proof, Robespierre, here are the words you spoke last night to Saint-Just—'Barbaroux begins to show a fat paunch; it will be a trouble to him in his flight.' Yes, the danger is everywhere, and above all in the centre. In Paris the 'Retrogrades' plot while patrols go barefooted; the aristocrats arrested on the 9th of March are already set at liberty; the high-bred horses which ought to be harnessed to the frontier cannon spatter mud on us in the streets; a loaf of bread weighing four pounds costs three francs twelve sous; the theatres play indecent pieces, and Robespierre will presently have Danton guillotined."

"Oh, there, there!" said Danton.

Robespierre attentively studied the map.

"What is needed," cried Marat abruptly, "is a dictator. Robespierre, you know that I want a dictator."

Robespierre raised his head. "I know, Marat—you or me?"

"Me or you," said Marat.

Danton grumbled between his teeth—"The dictatorship; only try it."

Marat caught Danton's frown. "Hold!" he began again: "One last effort. Let us get some agreement. The situation is worth the trouble. Did we not come to an agreement for the day of the 31st of May? The entire question is a more serious one than that of Girondism, which was a question of detail. There is truth in what you say, but the truth, the whole truth, the real truth, is what I say. In the south Federalism; in the west, Federalism; in Paris, the duel of the Convention and the Commune; on the frontiers, the retreat of Custine and the treason of Dumouriez. What does all this signify? Dismemberment. What is necessary to us? Unity. There is safety, but we must hasten to reach it. Paris must assume the government of the Revolution. If we lose an hour tomorrow the Vendéans may be at Orleans, and the Prussians in Paris. I grant you this, Danton; I accord you that, Robespierre. So be it. Well, the conclusion is—a dictatorship. Let us seize the dictatorship, we three who represent the Revolution. We are the three heads of Cerberus. Of these three heads one talks, that is you, Robespierre; one roars, that is you, Danton."

"The other bites," said Danton—"that is you, Marat."

"All three bite," said Robespierre.

There was silence. Then the dialogue, full of dark threats, recommenced.

"Listen, Marat; before entering into a marriage people must know each other. How did you learn what I said yesterday to Saint-Just?"

"That is my affair, Robespierre."

"Marat!"

"It is my duty to enlighten myself, and my business to inform myself."

"Marat!"

"I like to know things."

"Marat!"

"Robespierre, I know what you say to Saint-Just, as I know what Danton says to Lacroix; as I know what passes on the Quay of the Theatins, at the Hôtel Labriffe, the den where the nymphs of the emigration meet; as I know what happens in the house of the Thilles, near Gonesse, which belongs to Valmerange, former administrator of the ports, where since Maurzand Cazalis went, where, since then, Siyès and Vergniaud went, and where now some another goes once a week." In saying "another" Marat looked significantly at Danton.

Danton cried—"If I had two farthings' worth of power this would be terrible."

Marat continued—"I know what I am saying to you, Robespierre, just as I knew what was going on in the Temple tower when they fattened Louis XVI. there so well that the he-wolf, the she-wolf, and the cubs ate up eighty-six baskets of peaches in the month of September alone. During that time the people were starving. I know that as I know that Roland was hidden in a lodging looking on a back-court in the Rue de la Harpe—as I know that 600 of the pikes of July 14th were manufactured by Faure, the Duke of Orleans's locksmith—as I know what they do in the house of the Saint-Hilaire, the mistress of Siyery; on the days when there is to be a ball it is old Sillery himself who chalks the floor of the yellow saloon of the Rue Neuve des Mathurins; Buzot and Kersaint dined there. Saladin dined there on the 27th, and with whom, Robespierre? With your friend Lasource."

"Mere words," muttered Robespierre. "Lasource is not my friend."

And he added, thoughtfully, "In the meanwhile there are in London eighteen manufactories of false assignats."

Marat went on in a voice still tranquil, though it had a slight tremulousness that was threatening: "You are the faction of the All-Importants! Yes; I know everything, in spite of what Saint-Just calls 'the silence of State'."

Marat emphasised these last words, looked at Robespierre, and continued:

"I know what is said at your table the days when Lebas invites David to come and eat the dinner cooked by his betrothed, Elizabeth Duplay—your future sister-in-law, Robespierre. I am the far-seeing eye of the people, and from the bottom of my cave I watch. Yes, I see; yes, I hear; yes, I know! Little things content you. You admire yourselves. Robespierre poses to be contemplated by his Madame de Chalabre, the daughter of that Marquis de Chalabre who played whist with Louis XV. the evening Damiens was executed. Yes, yes; heads are carried high. Saint-Just lives in a cravat. Legendre's dress is scrupulously correct; new frockcoat and white waistcoat, and a shirtfrill to make people for get his apron. Robespierre imagines that history will be interested to know that he wore an olive-coloured frockcoat à la Constituante, and a sky-blue dresscoat à la Convention. He had his portrait hanging on all the walls of his chamber"

Robespierre interrupted him in a voice even more composed than Marat's own: "And you, Marat, have yours in all the sewers."

They continued this style of conversation, in which the slowness of their voices emphasised the violence of the attacks and retorts, and added a certain irony to menace.

"Robespierre, you have called those who desire the overthrow of thrones 'the Don Quixotes of the human race.'"

"And you, Marat, after the 4th of August, in No. 559 of the *Friend of the People* (ah, I have remembered the number; it may be useful!), you demanded that the titles of the nobility should be restored to them. You said, 'A duke is always a duke.'"

"Robespierre, in the sitting of December 7th, you defied the woman Roland against Viard."

"Just as my brother defended you, Marat, when you were attacked at the Jacobin Club. What does that prove? Nothing!"

"Robespierre, we know that cabinet of the Tuilleries where you said to Garat, 'I am tired of the Revolution!'"

"Marat, it was here, in this public-house, that, on the 29th of October, you embraced Barbaroux."

"Robespierre, you said to Buzot, 'The Republic! what is that?'"

"Marat, it was also in this public-house that you invited three Marseilles suspects to keep you company."

"Robespierre, you have yourself escorted by a stout fellow from the market, armed with a club."

"And you, Marat, on the eve of the 19th of August, you asked Buzot to help you flee to Marseilles disguised as a jockey."

(To be continued.)

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7-21 tf

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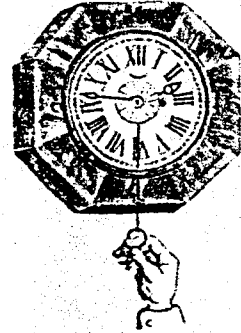
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