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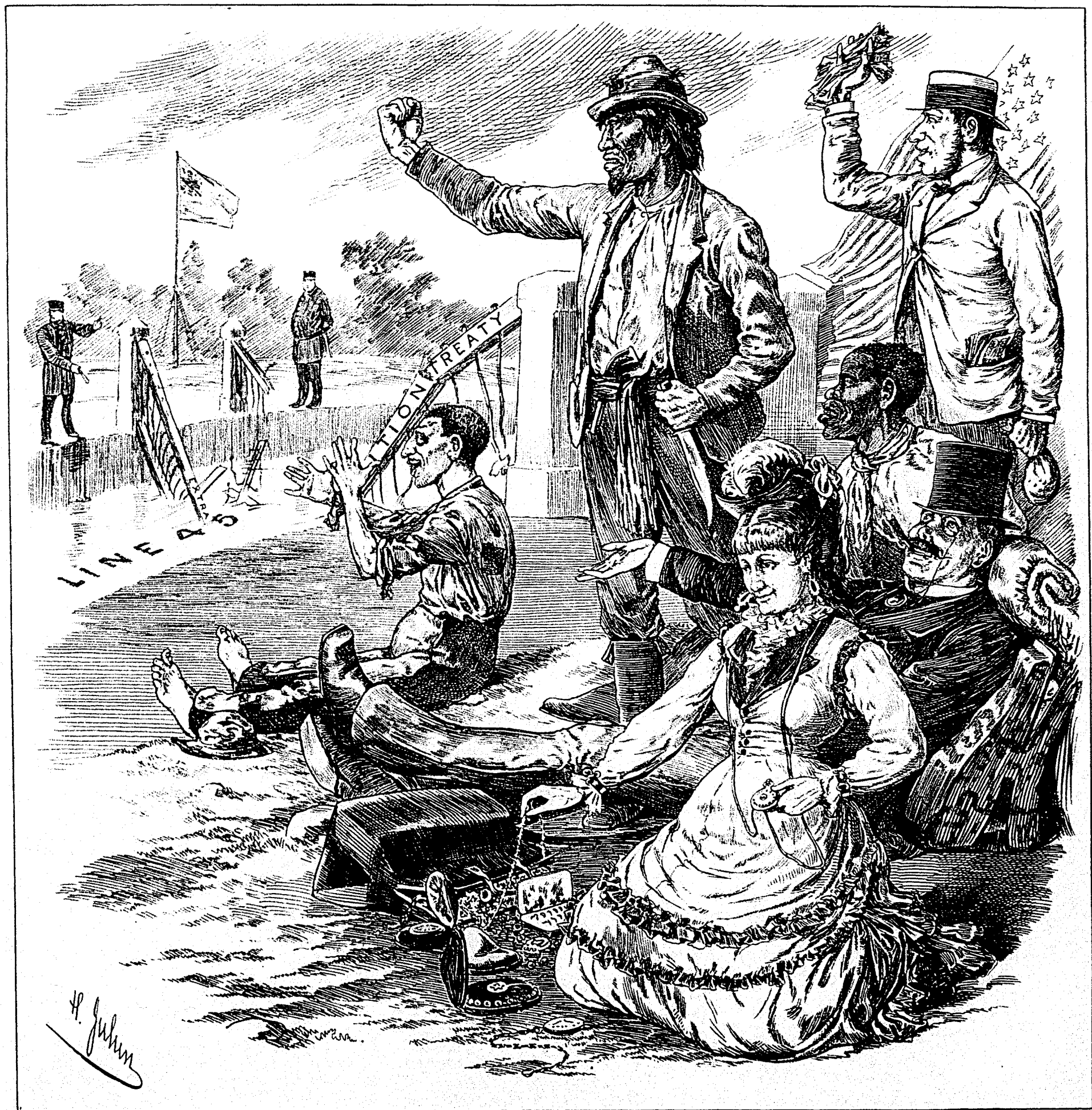
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# THE WEST-COAST NEWS

Vol. XIV.—No. 7.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1876.

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



THE CRIMINALS' MILLENNIUM.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions:—\$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance, \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and postmasters in advance.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

When an answer is required stamps for return postage must be enclosed.

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, 26th August, 1876.

### TO OUR READERS.

The most of our friends and subscribers throughout the country have heard of the misfortune by fire which befell us on the morning of Sunday, the 6th inst. The fire took place in the third, or lithographic flat of our establishment, and the large lithographic press which was ready to begin the printing of the pictorial side of the NEWS was precisely the one which suffered the most injury. The loss was likewise severe in other portions of that story. At first we had thought that the loss was not so great as to interfere much with the publication of the paper, but a closer examination revealed the fact that the publication of the NEWS would necessarily be postponed. We have made all diligence in repairing and replacing the injured material, and our readers may rest assured that not an hour was lost in bringing out the NEWS, as soon as it was possible to do so. We anticipate no further cause for delay and hereafter we shall publish the paper at the proper intervals. We may take the present occasion to say that, owing to the large sums we have outstanding in small amounts, and the difficulty and heavy expense of employing collectors, we think it only right that our friends should remit to us the amount of their arrearages or annual subscriptions by return mail, or at the earliest possible day. We hope and believe that they desire to see the only illustrated paper in Canada carried on; but if subscribers neglect to pay their subscription, we cannot be expected to bear the sole burden of publication unaided. Please, therefore, help us in this enterprise (which is really a national one), and not only promptly remit us your own subscriptions, but send us one or two new names to be added to our list. It should also be borne in mind that the subscription is only \$4 when paid in advance, and \$4.50 when not so paid.

### THE WEALTH OF NATIONS.

"I take the first," says the king. "Give me first fruits," say the nobles. "Give me tithes," says the priest. "Pay me wages," says the soldier. "Give me profits," says the Jew. "Pay us," say the lawyer and the leech. "Give! Give!" whines the beggar. "Heaven help me," prays the yeoman, "for I have to help you seven."

This bit of mediæval folk-lore is not

without its point and application in the Canada of to-day.

There is obviously only one way in which a family or nation can get poor;—by consuming more than it produces.

Now the producers of wealth in a nation may be conveniently divided into two classes—those who produce it directly, and those who produce it indirectly. Among the former class are farmers, miners, fishers. Under the latter head will come teachers, preachers, doctors, mechanics, storekeepers and agents.

Now, unfortunately, the "Indirect Producers of Wealth" have, in these latter days, been indirectly secure in undue percentage of profit. From this have flowed naturally two results. Firstly, they have increased unduly in numbers. Secondly, having made unduly large profits they have become unduly large consumers. When we consider the comparatively small numbers of the "direct producers of wealth" in Canada, the little band of our farmers and miners, and the most of storekeepers, furniture-makers, peddlers of moribund Yankee fruit-trees, agents for sewing machines and harmoniums (forcing goods on the farmer at four times their prime cost) to say nothing of lawyers, doctors, insurance men, etc., etc. which these farmers support, how can we wonder at hard times?

The farmer wears coarse clothes, and those patched like Joseph's coat; he is early to bed to save his home-made tallow candle; we know one, in North Sutton, who economized the very suds in which he washed his hands by feeding them to his pigs. The vendor of patent medicines dressed in broad-cloth, smokes imported cigars; lives at hotels, where one-third of all consumed goes to waste. Look on this picture and on that! Heaven help the land where agents flourish and the agriculturist decays.

But farmers are themselves greatly to blame for this, by introducing a second great cause of national distress—a vast system of credit. No farmer can afford to be trusted. A farmer's investment is comparatively safe, and he, therefore, is not calculated to make more than five or seven per cent. on his capital, in addition to being paid so much for his labour. The most modest trader, on the other hand, expects to make 10 per cent. on his principal. The trader then must, somehow, charge the farmer 10 per cent. on all store debts. Hence the farmer loses 3 per cent per annum to begin with. And again, when the trader has money owed him by so many, he is sure to lose on some. He has to increase his rate of profit to pay for this loss, and so the honest pay for the dishonest; the economical atone for the extravagant, and the penurious, without knowing it, is supporting the spendthrift.

Again, when a man buys "on tick" he is apt to buy more things than he can absolutely get along with, and more of each article. This again tends to end in loss both to himself and the trader, which loss those who are more prudent have in the end to make good.

Let the farmer mortgage his farm at 9 per cent per annum, and get a discount of 10 per cent for three months, for cash; or if buying a mowing machine, sewing machine or organ, offer the agent little more than half "that fixed price which he never reduces!"

Were there a few stores in a country place, each doing a large business and all paid in cash, they could turn over their capital three or four times in the year. Buyers could get goods at an advance of ten per cent. As it now is, they never pay less than 33 per cent advance on cost, on stationery they pay 50 per cent, and on some fancy goods 250 per cent.

The Quakers of Prince Edward county were the best customers the Belleville merchants ever had. They were known to pay cash. They asked the prices of things at two or three shops. They never beat the trader down. Hence the salesman lost no time over them, and to secure their cash, sold goods to them at 20 per cent less than to the Hastings farmers.

Round Inverness, the farmers are so poor that, although they live in hovels, they have to run in debt each spring for their seed corn. Just imagine what a percentage of profit they have to pay to the traders. All we could suggest them would be to use oxen (the cost of whose keep is recouped in beef) instead of horses, or to sell their farms and hire out, till they have a little money put by.

There is one invaluable counsel both for the rich and poor agriculturist. Never go to law. Do not let the lawyer build palaces "out of the sweat of thy face," which barely then suffices to keep yourself in bread. Shame your foe into submitting things to friendly arbitration. Endure wrong. There is six miles of road in Abbotsford, vis-a-vis its whole length by very wealthy farmers and a peace-loving clergyman. There has not been a law-suit on that road for twenty years.

The cure for hard times will, we hope, work itself out. Co-operative stores may help. One has been started in Waterloo, and is doing well. It needs further organisation which is, we hear, to be effected next month. But the main thing is for the ranks of our direct producers to swell and our general consumption of foreign luxuries to decrease. Those who are most adept at the "pursuits of indirect production" will manage, by going without such thing as stores, cigars, drinks, &c., &c., to hold on. The rest will have to fall (or rather to "rise") to the ranks of the farmers or farm labourers, if not maintained, through mistaken kindness, in idleness. Nearly every farmer in the Townships, nearly every farmer in Ontario, will, we are credibly informed, gladly give any able bodied man employment, and even small wages during the winter. Many can find housework for their wives. Arrangements can be made to transport them cheaply to their destination by rail or road. Let the cities care tenderly for children and for the sick, but let them beware lest they break the Gospel law, "If any will not work neither shall he eat."

### REBELS OR PATRIOTS.

In order better to understand the state of things in the East it is well to have before us the geography and condition of the countries in revolt against Turkey. The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS furnished its readers, lately, with a very excellent map of the insurgent provinces. We will supplement that map by the best information procurable, meagre though it be.

The united population of Servia, Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Bulgaria, Albania and Roumania is about thirteen million, or threefold that of Canada; their square miles of territory number about 200,000, or four times that of Great Britain. Of these, the most active in revolt are Servia and Montenegro, with a total population of a million and a half; an area of 20,000 square miles, and annual revenue of 36,000,000 piastres.

But the insurrection of these places is rendered the less insignificant by the fact that every Serb is trained to the use of arms, and the national guard of the country can be raised to the enormous proportion of one tenth of the population. Servia and Montenegro belong almost entirely to the Greek Church. The rest of the provinces said to be in revolt may be very roughly described as half Mahometans, three-eighth Greek Christians, and one-eighth Roman Catholic, Protestants, Jews, Gipsies, and what not?

These countries are as blessed by nature as they have been cursed by mis-rule, and both to an extent hard to over-estimate. In Servia, we read of forests of pear trees, and of one mine which yields £13,000 worth of copper annually to an English company. In Bosnia, even the imperfect mining economy of the natives cannot prevent mines of copper, lead, iron, marble and mercury from being worked to a profit, and the whole valley of one river (the Bosna) is believed to be one vast underlying coal-bed. In Servia cereals abound,

even so as to overflow into being articles of export; and wine, figs, rice, tobacco, and even cotton grow in the lowlands of most of the provinces, while timber is floated down from the hills and mountains. The latter are enough to tempt a member of the Alpine Club. In Bosnia, they rise from the height of 4000 feet (or the altitude of the very loftiest amongst us) to 8000 feet, or twice that height. The very capital of Montenegro is reached by a mountain path, or rather by shattered irregular steps. It is a veritable Nephelococcygia.

In Servia is the famous Iron Gate, where the mightiest river in Europe, the Danube, breaks through the towering barrier of the rugged Carpathians.

So dark did the wooded hills of Montenegro seem to the sailors of the Adriatic that in all nations its name is the same in meaning—Czernagora, Karadagh, Montenegro, Black Mountain. Here are fantastic caverns, in which the mountain streams plunge, and like Arethusa of old, re-appear again after a mysterious subterranean trip. One writer compares the whole country to a petrified sea, another to an enormous cake of wax perforated by a thousand holes.

But, while every prospect pleases, man is comparatively vile. The state of civilization among nations may be gauged by the ever increasing scale on which "pleonexia" (or the natural impulse to "grab") must be carried on, in order to seem praiseworthy.

Thus among the Highlanders the cattle-lifter was a gentleman; among the early Greeks piracy was no disgrace; among the English of the seventeenth century the highwayman was a "gentleman of the road"; among the Russians and the (non-British) Americans, "grab" is honourable if it be of Mexico, Alaska, Indian Reserves or Canada; and murder meritorious if it be of a Turk, or a Sioux.

The civilization of Bulgaria and Montenegro is of the old Highland, or young Henry V. type. The Montenegrin shepherd leads his tender flock armed to the teeth, and the "Balkan gentleman," *Balkan tchelebis*, removes your purse with the well-practised ease and courtesy of Robin Hood, or Little John. In Montenegro, as among the Indians, a schoolboy's revenge is still a virtue. In Bosnia, cruelty has hardly ceased to be a vice.

The happiness of a people depends upon the prevalence of primary education in it. In Herzegovina not one in a hundred knows how to read; in its capital, a town of 50,000 inhabitants, there is not a single bookseller's shop, and in Servia female education is unknown.

The march of civilization is stepping into private families, punishing the father for grossly maltreating his children, and forcing him to educate them. Cannot the common sense of most of the nations hold these fretful realms in awe, free them from the oppression of the Turks, on condition of the establishment of an efficient police, of protection afforded to life, and foreign capital, and of a rough but ready network of schools? Alas! we fear not.

### INSANITY AND THE PRESS.

In our last, we published an article on the momentous subject of the increase of insanity, in connection with a lecture recently delivered on that topic, by Dr. HENRY HOWARD, of this city. This week, we deem it altogether worth our while to supplement the discussion by adverting to the views of such an authority as Dr. JOSEPH WORKMAN, of Toronto, on the terrible effect which a sensational press produces towards the increase of criminal insanity. Dr. WORKMAN says, that long ago, they were instructed by the most able conductor of a newspaper in Canada that journalism was simply a commercial enterprise, and with that view the news must be made as attractive as possible to the heterogeneous mass of readers. The great prominence given to the details of terrible crimes in the public press is undoubtedly

a fruitful source of crime in this and other countries. There was also in every city a numerous class of persons of questionable moral sense eager to seize hold of any excuse for the commission of great offences against persons and property. That class was more or less affected by the publication of the details of murderers or other criminals; to them such particulars were dangerously suggestive. It had been shown that the idea of poisoning his wife was suggested to Dove by hearing in a public bar-room the evidence in the case of Palmer. The Doctor proceeded to give instances of crimes committed under the influence of the imitative faculty, which was perhaps the most powerful in our nature, and was more potent in the insane than in the sane in cases of homicide and suicide. About fifteen years ago two women, resident in the same ward of the Toronto Asylum, committed suicide within a short time of each other by exactly similar means. In 1860, a suicidal epidemic seemed to prevail all over the Province, and in the Asylum one man succeeded in hanging himself. Dr. Workman became alarmed, and took the precaution of allowing no newspapers to be sent to the wards until all reports of suicides or other violent acts had been cut out of them. In consequence either of this precaution or of the attendants' care, no other cases occurred. He had written to the editor of a city paper, expressing the view that the reports by the city press were largely contributing to the spread of acts of violence. The notice awarded to his communication was a negation of his assertion, and an allegation that giving publicity to these crimes was the best means of preventing their recurrence. He counted no further correspondence with a journal which was capable of giving public expression to such an idea. It was asserted by the press that there was an epidemic of crime. Reporters were always on the look-out for sensational news, and their services were appreciated by their employers according to the quantity and sensational quality of their matter. If a case of sore throat or ambiguous measles occurred in the family of an editor or reporter, they read of an epidemic of diphtheria or small-pox in the city.

QUEBEC RESTORED.

The preservation and restoration, where they have been allowed to decay, of the monuments of Quebec, have been pet subjects with us especially in this exceptional year of Centennial reminiscences, and our columns will testify how often we have of late recurred to the theme. In this, we feel that we have been doing a patriotic duty, and it is some satisfaction to see that there is a general feeling of sympathy springing up throughout the country responsive to the appeal. Lately, the London *Times* fairly surprised us all by a magnificent article, remarkable no less for the brilliancy of its style than for the heartiness of its commendation, in which Lord DUFFERIN'S plans for the preservation of the old walls and gates are warmly approved. We learn also from an English correspondent that the Queen has already sent to the Governor-General her munificent subscription for the building of Kent Gate. Furthermore, we take pleasure in making our readers acquainted with the following lines from such a representative of the best British opinion as the *Pall Mall Gazette*. That paper says:—While the people of the United States are celebrating the foundation of their Republic and are reviving memories of the wars which ushered in its birth, the Canadians, in a more humble way, are taking steps to preserve the records of the less stormy period, of a slightly earlier date, when the armies of France and Britain met in conflict beneath the walls of Quebec. By the exertions of the Governor-General and the patriotic efforts of its citizens, plans have been agreed on by which the historical and picturesque ramparts of this ancient city will be preserved, while, at the same time, they are adapted to the requirements of modern life. At a

recent banquet, Lord DUFFERIN was able to announce that Her Majesty had been pleased to present a gate to the city in memory of her father, the late Duke of Kent, who had served so long in Canada, and that the Secretary of State for War, with the sanction of Parliament, had agreed to place on the ramparts some memorial of the two rival generals—Wolfe and Montcalm—who fought for Canada, although on opposite sides, and who sealed their devotion by the sacrifice of their lives. As the enthusiastic reception at Philadelphia of the British Commissioner indicate a cessation of those feelings which endured for so long a time after the wars of the revolution, so does the unity of sentiment which raises a memorial to the greatest of the French and British commanders in Canada afford strong evidence that the Canadian people, while guarding with affection the memories of the past, are one in feeling and one in nationality. The public spirit which induces the citizens of Quebec, after the many losses they have recently incurred by fires, to expend money in the embellishment of their beautiful city, will, we can assure them, be thoroughly appreciated in Great Britain.

GOSSIP ABOUT LONDON ARTISTS.

Americans who love their country feel an innate pride, especially in a foreign land, to witness the works of their compatriots winning name and fame, if not fortune. Louis R. Mignot a native of Charleston, S. C., died in England almost six years ago, at the early age of thirty-nine, leaving behind him a small family who have been unceasing in their efforts to collect his numerous pictures and exhibit them. In this they succeeded admirably, and have a beautiful exposition now before the London public of at least one hundred, most of them rich landscapes and pictures of rural life, some of the latter grand in their simplicity and truthfulness. I can scarcely reconcile myself to believe there was any of our native artists but Church and Bierstadt who could have given such grandeur to nature, but poor Mignot has indeed a vein of Corot in his pictures that will cause America to be proud of him. His "Niagara Falls," "Twilight in the Tropics," "Scenes of the Hudson and Ohio" are enough to make him immortal. Many of the best works are in America, while Tom Taylor, the dramatic author, has a few valuable ones. Mignot was elected a member of the New York Academy of Design at the early age of twenty-five.

Adelaide Neilson has just closed a most successful engagement. When she played six nights her pay was £50; when she played five it was £62 per night. She has now left for Paris to consult her physician, Dr. Johnston, one of the leading medical men of America, as to where she shall spend her vacation. She is as beautiful as ever, and has made such improvement in her reading and acting that the critics here were unanimous in their praise of her this spring. She is to play 100 nights in London and 100 more in America under Strakosch. Her residence is situated in one of the prettiest parts of London, No. 9 Hyde Park place. Her monthly rent is \$700. She keeps seven servants, three carriages and several horses. Her house is said to be furnished in a most luxurious manner, and wines equal to Victoria's are plentifully drunk.

Miss Ada Cavendish who is soon to visit America, has been playing to good houses at the Globe in Wilkie Collins's play of "Miss Gwilt." She is an excellent actress, and one of the most popular on the London stage. She lives in modest style on Sackville street. Her apartments are furnished a la Française, in exquisite taste; everything therein bespeaks the artist—musical instruments, flowers in profusion, choice *objets d'art*, and needle-work from fairy fingers adorn the divans. Dumas's "Etrangere" has been well translated and produced in London with an excellent cast and considerable expense—so far good houses. Rossi, the great tragedian, has closed a summer engagement with a French manager to make a tour of the French provinces during the months of July and August. He will appear in two roles only—*Othello* and *Hamlet*, his latest and greatest triumphs. Miss Jennie Lee, a great favorite in America, is meeting with success here in a piece called "Little Joe." Miss Ward, the modern Siddons, is playing in Ireland, while Kate Field is still joyous over her success in the role of *Volante* in the "Honeymoon." Miss Ward was *Juliana*. Kate is not "fat, fair, and forty," but fair, thin, and forty, and no doubt with her brilliant talents can assume juvenile roles with ease and grace. The critics have been very lenient with Kate, so she can afford to defy the drivelling comments of the "American press" on her artistic ability. England appreciates Kate, and some distant day Americans will be proud to claim the coming actress, "Miss Mary Keeble or Kemble," as Kate calls herself professionally. We are all surprised out here that Kate has not given the subject of cremation a brief treatise. It is never too late to mend, and no one knows that better than the brilliant writer, Miss Field. Miss Rosavella, the last new *debutante*, has

recovered from her severe illness, and only sings in concert now. She is pale and thin, which gives new beauty to her girlish figure. I called on her to inquire her intentions, and was pleased to hear she thought of coming to America. She said the climate in London was intolerable in winter, and all the leading physicians advised her not to remain in the metropolis during the cold weather. She regretted this, and spoke very kindly of Mr. Gye, who she hoped would release her from her contract. Speaking of her *debut*, she said, "Although I studied very hard last year in Milan, I had no dramatic training, and felt very uneasy to play "Traviata" without a careful knowledge of stage business, but imagine my delight when Joe Jefferson offered to teach me. He taught me stage business that was quite new to those who had seen the opera many times, and while the critics did not rave over my voice, one and all were astonished at my acting, and pronounced it wonderful for a novice. I never shall forget the kindness of Mr. Jefferson. He was busy playing at the time, but he named hours in which I went to his house. He said it was the first time in his life he had given a lesson in dramatic art, and he was proud of my success. Patti, too, offered to teach me all of "Sonnambula" and give the privilege of playing it in London, but my health is so poor I require a little rest now, and shall only sing in concert."

Patti, the Diva, who fully does honor to the title of "Marchioness de Caux," is as fascinating and as youthful as ten years ago. Time has been gentle to Patti. Her married life is a cloudless one, and her peerless voice still retains all the freshness and flexibility that characterized it in her early career. Her receptions on Sunday are not only patronized by the artistic and musical world, but by the *élite* of foreigners who are passing the season in London. There is the arrogant Russian conversing with the American merchant, the haughty prince with some humble songstress, the aristocratic Frenchman with some good-natured son of Albion—all, all to be met at the "Marquise de Caux" on Sunday. The Swedish nightingale, Nilsson, "Madame Rouzeaud," has lost much of her maiden grace since her marriage, and her voice has little of its former beauty. She has a visible tendency to *embourgeois* that makes her look coarse. Various were the reports that Albani was secretly married to Gye, the elder, by the way she managed matters at Covent Garden, but now the truth has leaked out, and Miss La Jennesse will at the close of the present season be married to Ernest Gye *filis*. Mlle. Albani was not a success in America, but begins to be in England, and no doubt would have few equals in certain roles, but she unfortunately is ambitious, and endeavors to sing such pieces as the "Casta Diva" of the immortal Bellini, and insists in spite of friendly advice to ape the great Parepa and Titiens, whose renditions of "Norma" are pleasantly vivid.

Miss Abbott, whose numerous friends thought would be the best edition known of Patti, are now saddened over her non-success in opera and grieved to learn she was a married lady all the time and lived on their bounty. How the Baroness Rothschild "feels after the great interest she has lavished on the innocent Emma" remains to be known. The diva is Mrs. Wetherell at least. That is the name of the gentleman whom she willingly acknowledges to be her *pucc*. Gye, the manager, did not even know it. So *on dit* there is a general row in camp. He engaged Miss Abbott at a large salary. Miss Abbott is a faithful member of "Beecher's Church," and reads her daily chapter of prayers, so she may be forgiven for pretending to be a maiden when she was a wife, but unfortunately some worthy girl who needs assistance in her musical studies may suffer for the actions of Miss Abbott and be denied aid. If the husband, who has resided with her merely as a friend, is capable of maintaining her she need not care—since like all Emma's life it is love and romance. Even though it be so it reflects very poor credit on her as an American girl to accept aid to pursue her studies and all the time have a husband in the background.

Mrs. E. M. Knox is engaged to Gye, and sings a good deal in concert, but for some indefinite reason her operatic *debut* has been postponed. Miss Nannie Hart, a Cleveland girl, who has a fine voice and a beautiful presence, is here singing in concert. Among the pleasant musical receptions given here is Mlle. Titiens's, who, since her American tour, has added to her former popularity. She holds, as a lady, an enviable position in good society, and speaks of her reception in American with grateful remembrances—something unusual for artists in general. Mrs. Rigold, wife of the *beau roi Henry V.*, is at her villa in Kensington, passing the summer.

Mrs. Pierce—a charming widow from New York, has, through the death of an aunt whom she never saw, fallen heiress to £60,000, or \$300,000 and is here to claim it. Mrs. L. L. Tucker, author of "Hathorn Dale," has a charming house at Hyde Park, and gives very pleasant receptions. Her two daughters are with her. Miss Rosavella, who made her *debut* at Covent Garden a few months since, is the eldest of her daughters.

REVIEW.

Belford Brothers, of Toronto, have just added to their list of publications "Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain, and "Mummies and Moslems," by Charles Dudley Warner. Of the works themselves we can only say that they are quite worthy of their authors. As a mere story, "Tom

Sawyer," may be deficient in construction, but as a character study it is exquisite, and much of the humor is delicious. We hope the book will sell by the thousands in Canada. Dudley Warner's travels in Egypt are highly interesting and deserve to be preserved. The two books, especially Mark Twain's, are put forth in fine style, maintaining the reputation of our young Canadian publishers for enterprise, judgment, and patriotic devotion to the cause of letters. We trust that Belford Brothers will go on in the cause which they have undertaken, and that they may meet with sufficient encouragement from the Canadian people, to place them on a level of competition with the best American houses.

DOMESTIC.

SWISS SOUP.—Boil well six mealy potatoes, mash finely and add four quarts strong beef broth; add parsley, thyme, sage, mint and lemons, all chopped finely; boil five minutes, then add pepper and salt to the taste. Just before removing from the fire, stir in two well-beaten eggs.

FRIED POTATOES.—The French method of cooking potatoes affords a most agreeable dish. The potatoes are peeled, wiped and cut into thin slices, and thrown into a frying-pan containing an abundance of hot lard. As soon as they become brown and crispy, they are thrown into a colander, to drain them, then sprinkle with salt, and serve hot.

FRISSAGEE CHICKEN.—Dress, cut up, and well wash two chickens, trimming off all the fat. Put them in just water enough to cover them, with a little salt and pepper. Boil slowly till tender, and remove from the gravy, into which stir the beaten yolks of four eggs, one-quarter pound of butter, a little nutmeg, a glass of wine, two spoonfuls of flour, and one cup of cream. Let it just come to a boil, and pour over the chicken. This will be found a most delicious dish.

VEGETABLE SALAD.—Take of red beets, carrots, potatoes, string beans, one-half pint each, after being boiled and chopped about the size of peas. Then add two pickled cucumbers and two stalks of celery, cut up the same size, one onion chopped very fine, and one pint can green peas. Mix all these ingredients well without breaking, add nearly a teaspoonful of salt, moisten all with salad oil one-half, and best vinegar one-half in which half a teaspoonful of mustard has been dissolved. Pile in nice form in a salad bowl and garnish with parsley.

PLAIN OMELET.—Beat up three or four eggs with one desert-spoonful of parsley very finely minced, and pepper and salt to taste. Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into a frying-pan; as soon as it is melted pour in the omelet mixture, and, holding the handle of the pan with one hand, stir the omelet with the other by means of a spoon. The moment it begins to set, cease stirring, but keep on shaking the pan for a minute or so; then with the spoon double up the omelet, and shaking the pan until the under side of the omelet has become of a golden colour. Serve on a hot dish.

LAMB AND RICE.—Half roast a neck of lamb, take it up, and cut into steaks. Take half a pound of rice boiled ten minutes in a quart of water, put it into a quart of good gravy, with two or three blades of mace, and a little nutmeg; do it over a stove or slow fire till the rice begins to be thick; then take it off, stir in a pound of butter, and when this is quite melted, stir in the yolks of six eggs well beaten. Then take a dish, and butter it all over; take the steaks, and put a little pepper and salt all over them; dip them in a little melted butter, lay them into the dish, pour the gravy that comes out of them over them, and then the rice. Beat the yolks of three eggs, and pour all over. Send it to the oven, and bake it better than half an hour.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Notwithstanding his engagement at Baireuth, Wagner is working at his new opera, *Pereceval*.

CAPOLI, the tenor, is so ill in London of congestion of the larynx that he cannot sing.

MBLE, CHAPPEY, who is now reported to be convalescent, is about definitely to leave the stage on account of a marriage engagement.

MAURICE STRAKOSCH is to build an opera house in San Francisco, the money being promised by men who can afford to risk an unremunerative investment.

THE management of the Palais Royal Theatre, in Paris, has entered an action for \$10,000 damages against M. Sardou, the dramatist, for not having delivered, last winter, a piece which he had engaged to write for that house.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS, on her way to Australia, stopped with her husband at one of the South Pacific islands, and so enchanted one of the ebony natives with her beauty that he followed her from place to place, and at length offered her husband a large bunch of bananas for her.

ACCORDING to the *Echo de Paris*, M. Escudier recedes from no sacrifice, when by making it he has a chance of raising the Theatre Italien up to its ancient level, that of the first theatre in the world. He wishes during the coming winter to gather a company which will, so to speak, be composed of nothing but stars, and he is pretty certain of carrying out his project.

BRET HARTE'S new play, "Two men of Sandy Bar," has been produced in Chicago, and has met with moderate success. The work shows Mr. Harte's well-known literary skill, but it is defective in dramatic tact. The character painting is good, but the play lacks unity, and tells little when finished. The characters introduced are Spanish men and women, a Virginia gentleman, a Chinaman, a Pike county man, a Yankee, and a cosmopolitan gambler. It will be brought out in New York, in the autumn by the Union Square company.

KATE STANTLEY, who brought over an opera bouffe troupe, is appearing in Offenbach's pieces in the large English cities. Frank Frayne, whose shooting of an apple off his wife's head is familiar has made a great hit in Liverpool. Maggie More and J. C. Williamson are playing "Struck Oil" at the London Adelphi. Adelaide Neilson is playing at the Haymarket, but will soon start for New York. Mrs. Rousby is idle. Carlotta Le Clerq is making a farewell tour previous to her return to America. Edith Challis is disengaged. Dion Boucicault is on his way to this country, to appear in Philadelphia in September, Boston in October, and later at Wallack's. J. L. Toole is playing in Birmingham. The Vokes family are to appear in Irish cities in September, in Scotland in October, and in England in November. Lydia Thompson is travelling, under Alexander Henderson's management. Henderson is soon to manage the Charing Cross Theatre. Robert and Bella Pateman, formerly of Booth's company, have just returned from California to London, their old home. George H. Merrinott is appearing at three London music halls every evening. His wife, Milly Cook, is in Birmingham. Ella Casner, the leading "character singer" of our variety theatres, also performs nightly at three London establishments. J. H. Milburn is there, too.

**ARCHBISHOP CONNOLLY.**

The Most Rev. Thomas L. Connolly was born at Cork, in 1814. He was educated at Rome, where he became a member of the Capuchin order. Leaving the Eternal City at the close of his period of study, he proceeded to the city of Lyons, where he was ordained to the priesthood. His first ministry was in the city of Dublin, where he remained four years. In 1842 he accompanied the late Archbishop Walsh to Halifax as Secretary. In 1845 he was appointed Administrator of Catholic affairs in Halifax and Vicar-General of the diocese. In 1852 the Pope constituted him Bishop of St. John, N. B., in succession to Bishop Dollard. After seven years' service as Bishop of St. John, he was, in 1859, on the death of the late Archbishop Walsh, appointed Archbishop of Halifax, which office he held for seventeen years. The Archbishop was a prominent man outside of his own diocese, and few Canadians took a more active and influential part in the great work of Confederation. He was also distinguished for his liberal-mindedness, as evidenced from this tribute by Rev. Mr. Grant, one of the principal Presbyterian leaders of the Maritime Provinces: "He deserved well of this city and this Dominion of ours. He was a man of peace, ever seeking to build bridges rather than dig ditches between men of different creeds. He was a great man, with an eye that discerned any spark of greatness in others, with a noble scorn of all that is base, and with resolute strivings after great things. He was a good man, beloved by the poor, by all he ever employed, and by all who really knew him."

**ARREST OF THE CAYUGA MURDERERS.**

The circumstances of the murder of the aged farmer McDonald by the Youngs, who broke jail on the eve of their execution, has created so intense a sensation throughout the West, that the news of their arrest is worthy of being chronicled, both pictorially and otherwise, as we do to-day.

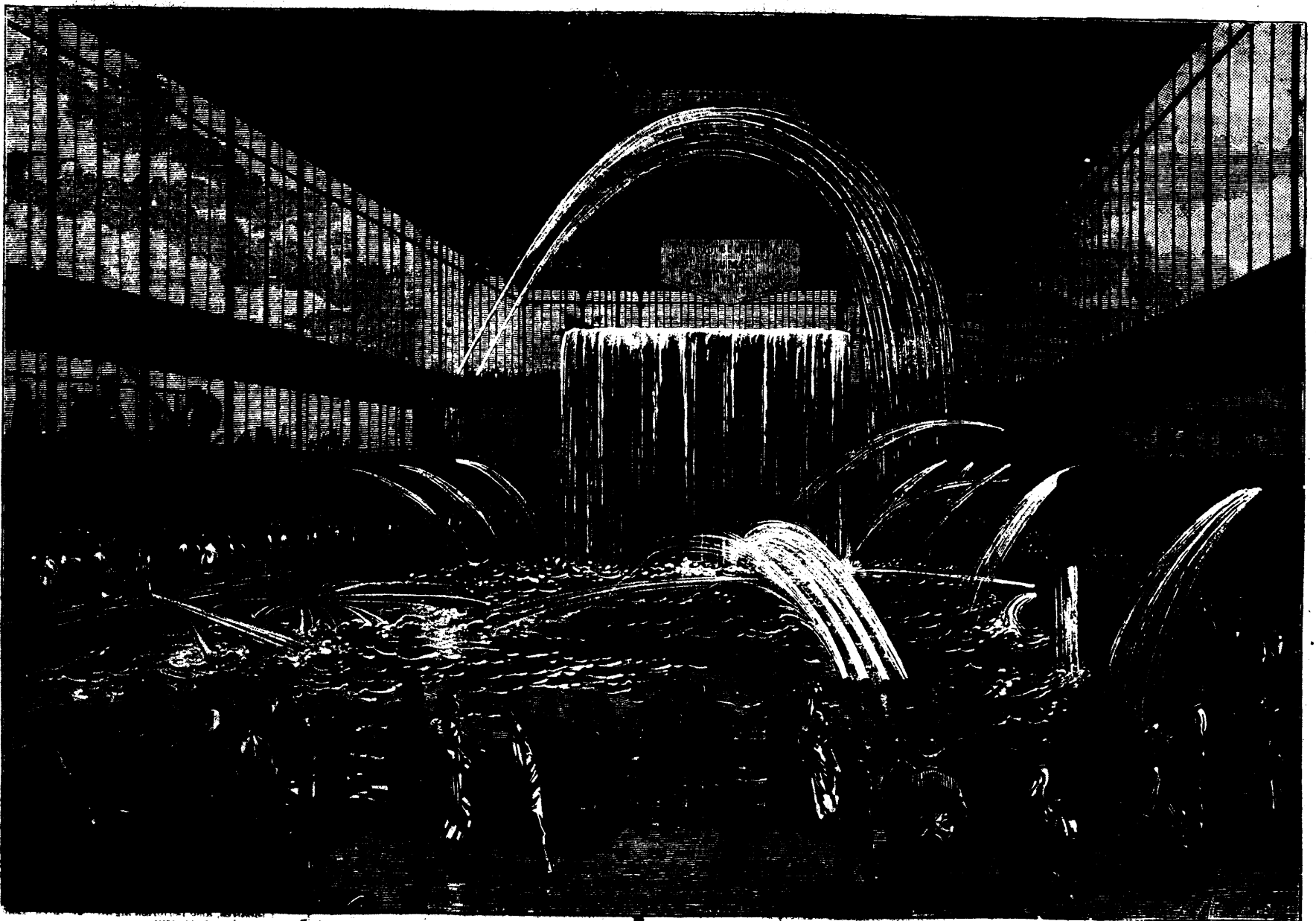
Chief Logan, and other leading members of the Hamilton force, from time to time had been receiving information which warranted them in supposing that the fugitives from justice were secreted in the county and not many miles from the city. A few evenings since the intelligence as to their hiding place became more positive, and the Chief determined to make a raid with his men, and if possible secure the outlaws. Accordingly between one and two o'clock, a.m., Chief Logan, the two detectives, Sergeant McMenemy and several constables started for Mr. Aley Binkley's farm in Glanford

**OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.**

No. 283.—THE LATE ARCHBISHOP CONNOLLY, OF HALIFAX.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

(near the dividing line between that township and Ancaster.)

The party, fully armed, arrived there at 8-15, and, after having taken in the surroundings, proceeded to a barn located in an out-of-the-way place on the premises, and assumed a reclining position to await daylight. Their scouts were sent out to view the lay of the land, and orders being passed to all to "close in" the barn was surrounded, and the door opened. It was found that the entire west side of the building was completely packed with hay, from the floor to the rafters. Men were sent aloft, but no trace of human beings could be found. Just then one of those on duty outside, discovered (through a crack in the boards) a pair of boots, and further investigation being made, a rendezvous was discovered on the inside about four feet above the ground in the hay. This extended along the side and end of the building. It was found that the murderers were here concealed, and when the first one of the police presented himself, John Young immediately assumed the defensive and pointed his revolver, with the remark that he would shoot if any one dare intrude. Sergeant McMenemy was not daunted by threats. He caught hold of the murderer's arm, and, whilst Constable Campbell held him by the leg, wrenched the weapon from his grasp, at the same time following this exploit by dragging Young out of his hiding place. James William Young, the nephew of the captured John, seeing that there was little chance for him against such odds, crawled back into the hay, and McMenemy followed him. Detective Rousseaux and others of the force ran to intercept, and, as Young turned the hay mow, he pointed his cocked revolver in the Sergeant's face. The officer immediately struck at the revolver and aimed a blow at Young, which appeared to intimidate him, as he turned off into another avenue, and having got as far as he could, he again wheeled about and fired at McMenemy. Shots were then exchanged, but without serious injury to anybody. The hunted convict then turned in another direction (unseen at the time by his pursuer), and managed to reach a position facing the centre of the barn. Here he put his revolver to a small aperture under the beam and fired. Constable Spence, in self-defence, returned the fire. One of the boards was then pried off, and the desperado was pulled out on to the barn floor and handcuffed, in the same manner as his uncle had been a few minutes previously. The revolver he had in his possession was a superior seven-inch Colt's. Two young women named Barber were also taken from the hay-mow, but allowed to depart. A carriage was then procured, and Chief Logan, Sergeant McMenemy, Detective McPherson and Constable McFiggis, with the prisoners securely ironed, started for Cayuga jail.



PHILADELPHIA.—THE TANK AND CATARACT IN MACHINERY HALL.



THE DUFFERIN MEDAL.

MISS HORTENSE MURPHY.

On this page will be found the portrait of Miss Hortense Murphy, who carried off the Governor-General's Medal for 1876, in the under-graduating course at Villa Maria. Miss Murphy is a daughter of our respected fellow-citizen, P. S. Murphy, Esq., one of the Roman Catholic School Commissioners for Montreal.

We may add that it is principally owing to Mr. Murphy's untiring efforts that the cause of education among our Catholic fellow-citizens in this city has been elevated to the high standard it now occupies. And it is also due to him to state that to his cultivated taste and love of art we owe the splendid structure and ornamental grounds on the Plateau, St. Catherine street, and the many other fine buildings which embellish and adorn various parts of our city.



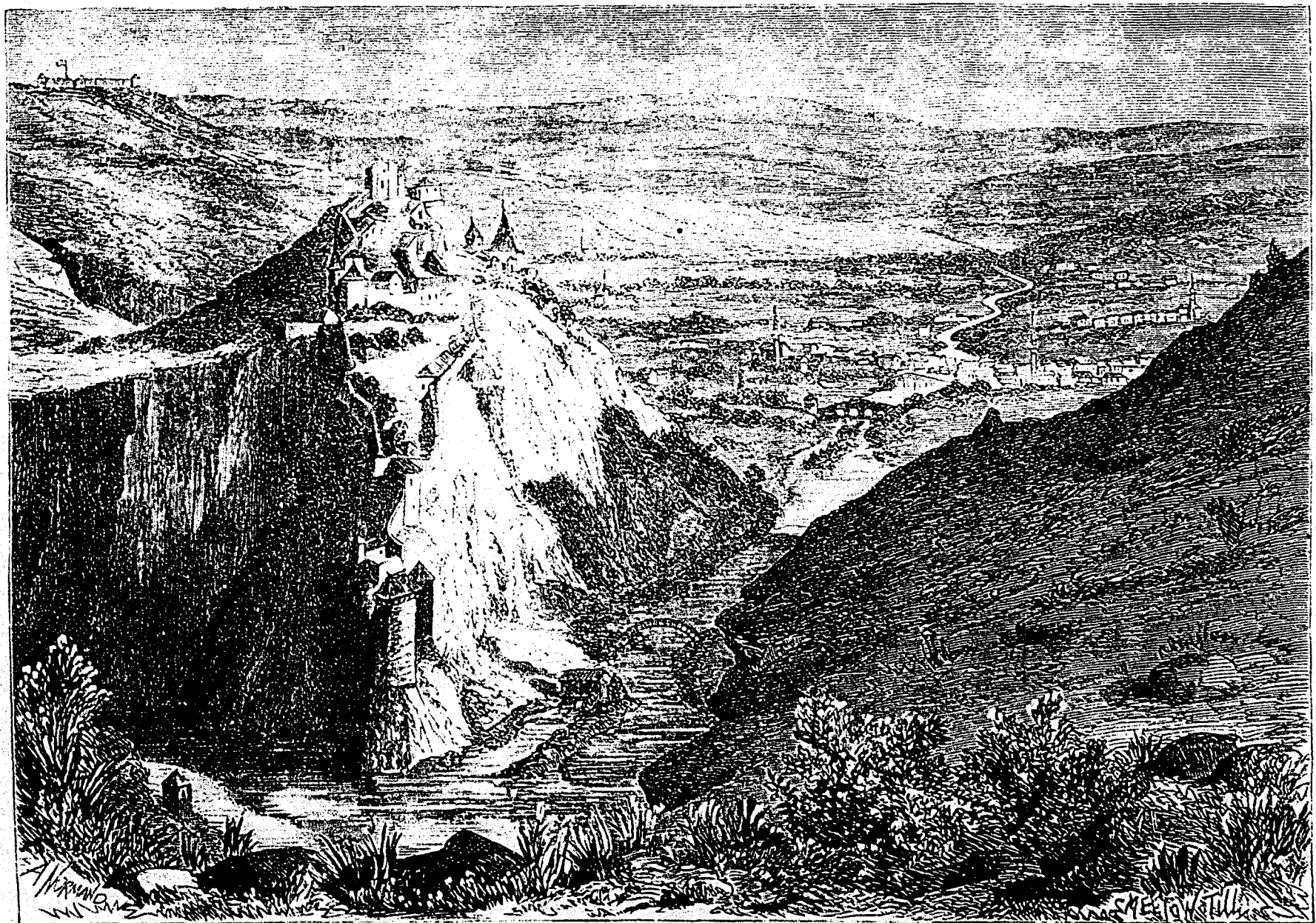
MISS HORTENSE MURPHY,  
Winner of the Governor General's Medal in the under-graduate course at Villa Maria, 1876.



THE DUFFERIN MEDAL.

OLD LONDON.

In a map of London of the date 1560, all the district north of Holborn is shown to have been then fields and gardens; one large garden extends the whole length of a lane that was where Ely Place is now. The district then was noted for the production of strawberries and roses. Shakspeare in his *Richard III.* only slightly altered these words of Hall the chronicler when he wrote his dialogue between the Protector and the Bishop of Ely: "My Lorde you have verye good strawberries in your garden at Holborne, I require you let me have a messe of them." "Gladly, my lorde; I would had some better thing as redy to your pleasure as that." "And with that in all haste he sent his servaunt for a dish of strawberries." As to the roses there, Lord Chancellor Hatton held his estate, now commemorated by Hatton Garden, by paying yearly £10 and a red rose on Midsummer-day; and its former owner, the Bishop of Ely, also reserved the right of "walking in the gardens and gathering twenty bushels of roses yearly."



THE EASTERN WAR:—THE FORTRESS OF UJITZA.

A STORY TOLD OFF NANTUCKET.

"There are no heroes now," said she,
And turned with scornful, wearied air,
And looked across the waves to where
A dim gray island met the sea.

PARSONS.

BRAINS IN DRESS.

In dress as in so many other things of which
the forms are various and mutable the tendency
is always towards caricature, because liberty
is always degenerating into license and fashions
run naturally to extremes.

general character of the dress for women has
been determined by the peculiarities of her con-
formation, and has been nearly the same with
the refined nations in all ages, confining itself
to sweeping and graceful lines, to lengths which
suggest heights, to skirts accommodating them-
selves to the undulating walk, with a corsage
adapting itself to the lithe and graceful figure,

Is this subject of no importance? If it be then
so are the esthetics of any class or kind as
statuary, pictures, architecture, the flowers, the
stars, the landscape; all the graces, the dignity,

MISS SPLICER'S SOLILOQUY.

I believe half the people of Harmony are try-
ing to find out how old I am. As if that was
anybody's business but mine. It was very rude
in Mrs. Green, yesterday, to come in to see me
without knocking at the door.

the village." The only expression of grief that
fell from her lips.

Poor Mrs. Hart! she always had to work like
an old slave; but she is at rest now. Heaven
preserve me from ever having to live with a son's
wife! There is no danger of that, however, in
my case, thank Providence!

I couldn't help laughing, the other day, when
Mrs. Hart told me "the old gray cat was dead;
that the cat had the consumption, and lived
nearly a week without eating anything, and she
felt real bad every time she looked at her, for
she couldn't help thinking of poor old Grand-
mother Hart." What ideas some people do
have!

Here comes the grocer's boy down the street
with a basketful of parcels. He knocks at the
Jones' door. It must be sugar and raisins for
the wedding-cake. I do believe Sarah Jones is
going to be married. I should think her mother
would have more sense than to allow her to take
such a step.

Only imagine! young things eighteen and
twenty years old marrying. They're no more
fit to take charge than so many babies!

Why here am I, thirty five; well, no matter,
just about the right age, but nobody seems to
think of it.

I think there ought to be a law made that no
girl in Harmony shall be married so long as
those so much older, and better qualified for such
a life, remain single. Some one ought to peti-
tion the House of Commons to have such a Bill
passed.

There goes Dr. Hall into the shop opposite.
They say he gave Patty Mills a powder of saw-
dust, and told her to add a teaspoonful of rum
and a pint of boiling water to it, and take it to
cure the pain in her side.

Well, she is always complaining, and always
gadding about, and asking the doctor to pre-
scribe for her whenever she meets him; and I sup-
pose he thought she didn't need any medicine,
and that his dose couldn't hurt her. But I can't
defend his practising such deceit. It savours
too much of quackery. I shall not believe that
he is a regularly licensed physician till I have
seen his diploma.

Mercy! I had forgotten that my meat-pie was
in the oven. I declare it's too bad; it is burn-
ed as black as a coal! But one can't always have
their thoughts about them; besides, I think
seasons of reflection are beneficial to a person's
mind.

It's so comforting, in fact, when neighbours
are so wicked, to look into one's own heart, and
find oneself as kind, and obliging, and good, and
charitable as I am. I have no patience with these
mischief-makers and busybodies that go about
meddling with everybody's business.

If they would only stay at home, and keep
their tongues (unruly members that they are)
still, and attend to their own affairs, as I do,
this world would be a much happier home, I'm
thinking.

HOW NEVER TO FORGET DATES.

a e i o u ou oi ei ou y
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
b d t f l s p c n g r z

"Deary me!" exclaimed an old woman from
the country, "I've forgotten that lawyer's name.
But he lives in Yorke street; number 857....
or 587, or...875."

"It was number 758 aunty, I think" said her
niece, "or 578 for sure."

It was neither.
One person in about ten has a vivid recollec-
tion of numbers which never gets confused. The
remaining nine-tenths of the world will find
Grey's famous "memoria technica," which can
be learnt in ten minutes by word of mouth, almost

INVALUABLE

to them through life.
We despair of explaining it on paper. We
will try.

It consists in letting each of the ten digits be
represented both by a vowel and a consonant,—
and when you have a long number to remember
to combine the representative letters into some
funny or striking word.

Firstly, as to the vowels. Of course a, e, i, o,
u represent 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 respectively, as in the
game of Magic Writing.

Now a which means 1, and u which is 5, added
together make the diphthong au, which is 6;
similarly o and i combine and the diphthong oi
means 7; and ou similarly means 9. Eight is re-
presented by its first two letters ei. Y is neither
vowel nor consonant, neither fish, fowl, nor good
salt herring, and very properly stands for 0.

In consonants, B the first in the alphabet
means 1.

D the first letter of deux, is 2.

T of course is 3; and F four; and S six; and N
nine.

Big L stands in Roman numerals for 50, and
so little l well represents 5.

P the p in septem means seven, and C the c in
octo is eight.

G and R stand for nought.

"Z stands for zero
Which is nothing at all."

Now supposing the old lady from the country
wished to remember the number of the lawyer's
house. It was 785. The equivalents of 7 are p

and oi; of 8 are c and ci; of 5 are l and u. So
785 could be "worked into" peil and oiku. As
she would expect to lose a pile of money by
going to a lawyer (if she knew anything of law)
she would remember the number of the house by
the word "peil" very easily.

Take another example. Cartier planted the
Lily of France on Canadian soil in 1535. Write
down 1535 with its representative vowels and
consonants under it, thus:

1 5 3 5
a u i u
b l t l

From these we can make the word alil, aliu,
buil &c. Of these we choose alil, and say to our-
selves "Cartier planted a lily. We may soon
forget the date 1535, but we shall not so easily
forget the word alil.

The whole outline of the history of Canada
is given with the

EXACT DATES REDUCED TO WORDS

in these three hexameter lines.

Cartialil Champrok, Kirktsen, Peacestasid
Masod.

Acalou Lavasun, Dollsassy, Phisour, apar
Walker.

Wolphun, Montgomerapps, Chatcat, Papinip,
Dominiksoi.

Which is to be thus interpreted:—Cartier
planted a lily of France in 1535. In 1648
Champlain founded Quebec at the base of a rock.
Quebec fell before Kirk in 1629. But the Eng-
lish ownership of Canada was set aside by the
peace of 1632 and Maisonneuve turned the first
sod of Montreal in 1642. In 1635 occurred the
miserable affair of the Acadians taken such full
advantage of by Longfellow in his Evangeline.
The founding of Laval University in 1659 shew-
ed that the sun of France was not set here, but
lasted through the heroism of the model of the
hero of Cooper's famous "Last of the Mohicans"
in 1660, and the sea-time Admiral Phipps had at
Quebec in 1690, as also the appearance of Walker
in 1710. Then Wolfe had the plum of taking
Quebec in 1759, followed by the raps Mont-
gomery got in 1776. In 1813 America thought
that England's adversity was her opportunity,
which is typified by the defeat of a handful of
English troops by overpowering numbers of the
enemy. In 1837 came Papineau's rebellion and
the rewarding of the rebels. Lastly in 1867
Canada became a Dominion. For as the destruc-
tion of Canada, be it called Independence or
Annexation, will not come, we hope, before the
Greek Calends, and the time for pigeon-milking
and ass-shearing, we here end our chronicle.

Enough has been said to show that no teacher
should let his pupil leave school or college with-
out taking ten minutes to teach him the Grey
system of memoria technica.

The pictorial system of stamping the sequence
of events pleasingly and indelibly on the mem-
ory, (which is still more striking) may form
the subject of a subsequent article.

Belleville, August 1876. F. C. E.

ARTISTIC.

THE choir of Exeter Cathedral in England has
recently been restored at a cost of \$200,000. Nearly 100
tons of marble were used in the restoration of the pillars
alone, and \$5,000 was expended upon the Bishop's throne,
a magnificent piece of oak carving. The nave is to be
restored at a cost of \$40,000.

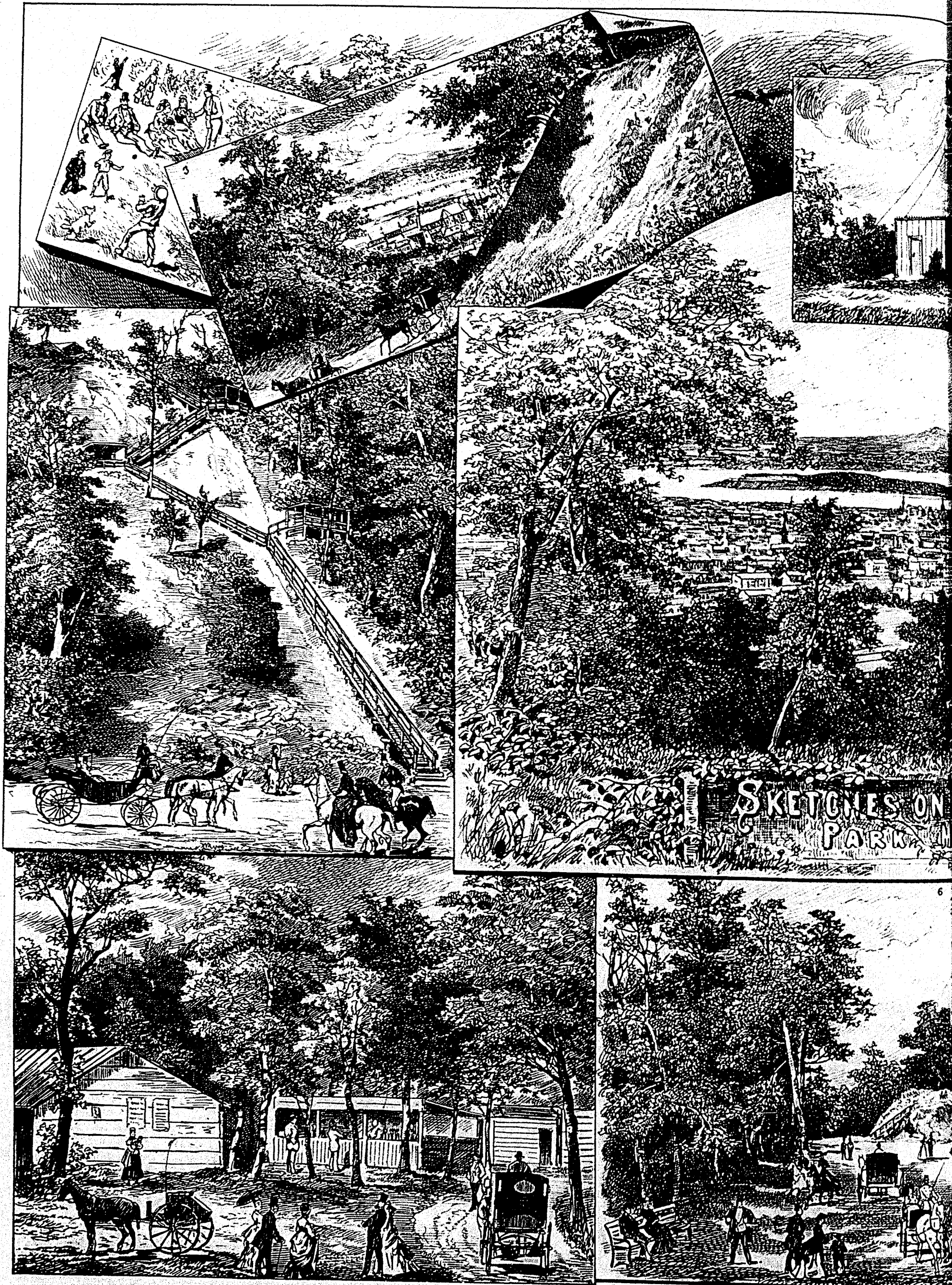
FROM Vienna the death is announced of the
sculptor and engraver, Joseph Cesar, who, for the last
thirty years has pursued the self-imposed task of raising,
and in many respects creating, the art industry of Aus-
tria, and to whose disinterested efforts its present pros-
perity, especially that of the art industry of Vienna, is
chiefly due.

Such a preparation as the Children's Carmin-
ative Cordial has long been looked for, that is
to say, one that could be administered with
perfect safety, of not endangering the child's
health and constitution. In the Children's
Carminative Cordial you possess this valuable
assurance. Its formula has been submitted to
several of our leading physicians who have ap-
proved of it for all cases of Teething pains,
Restlessness, Loss of sleep, Colic, Wind, Gravel,
&c.

BEWARE OF QUACKS.—In nursing children,
a mother cannot be too careful what she gives
her infant, for a mistake, where their delicate
little stomachs are concerned, often means death.
WINGATE'S INFANTS PRESERVATIVE has been
in use in Europe for upwards of 80 years, and
contains nothing to injure the most delicate
child, it is compounded of the purest drugs,
from the prescription of the late Dr. Wingate,
of London, England, where it is used by the
best physicians in both hospital and private
practice.

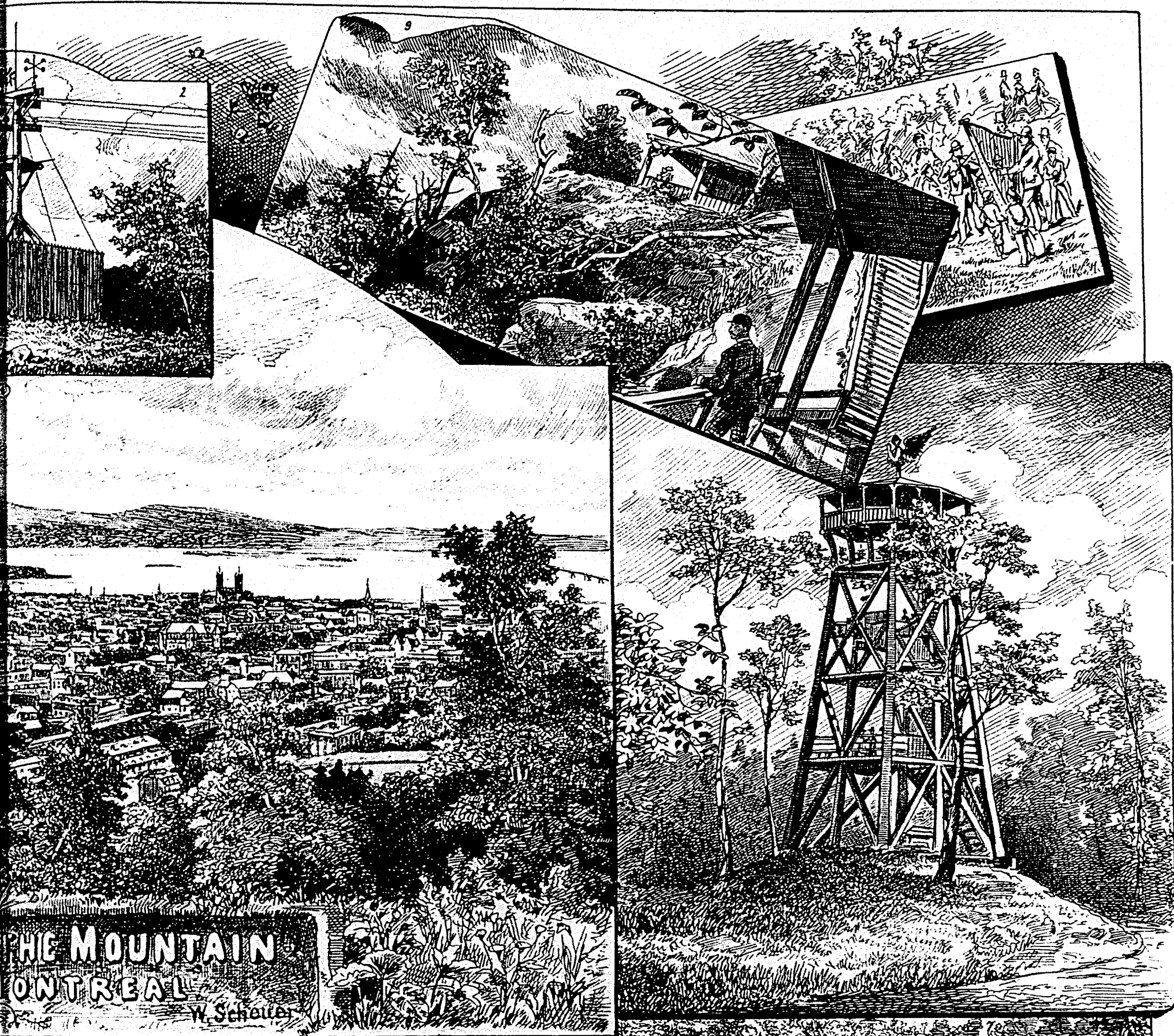




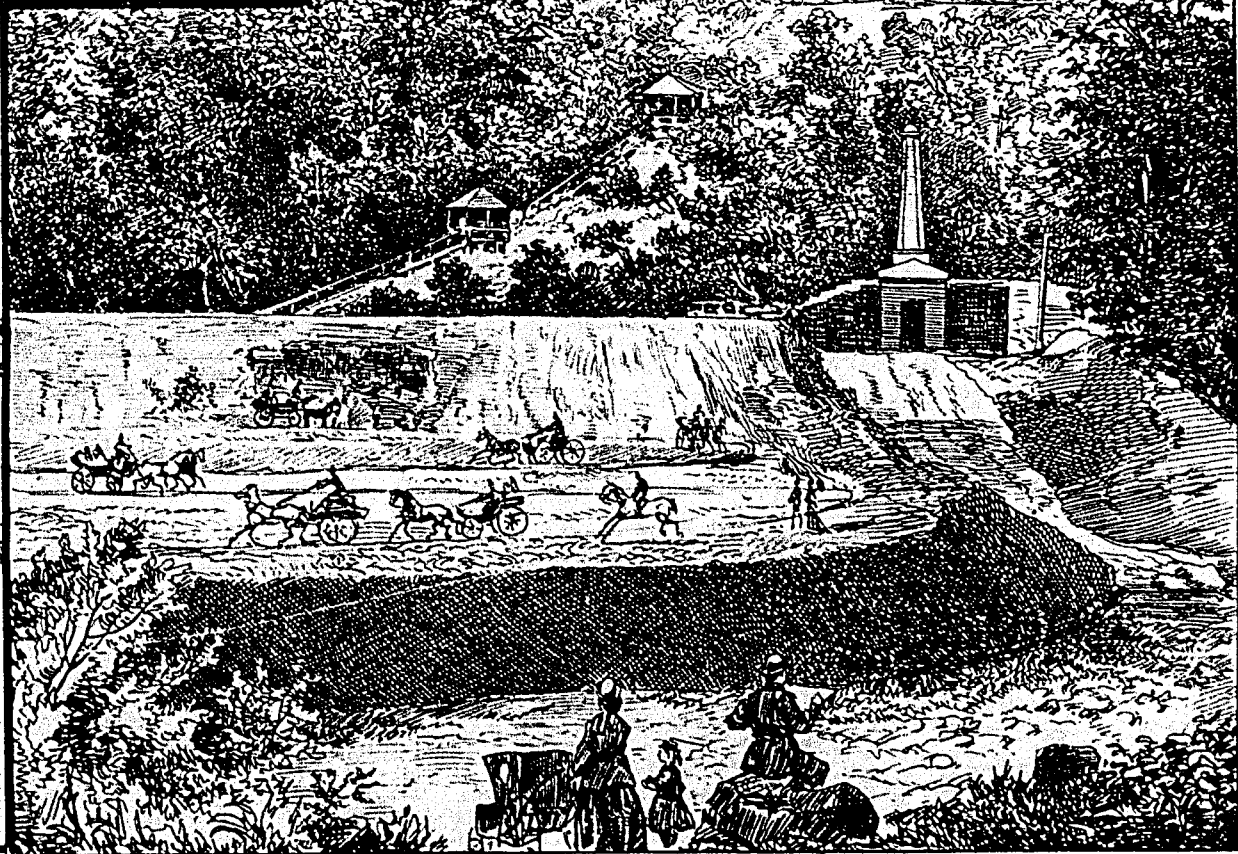


1. General view of the City of Montreal and River St. Lawrence, from the top of the Mountain.—2. The Weather Indicator, connected by wires with the Observatory of McGill College.

8. Observatory on the Western part of the Mo



THE MOUNTAIN  
MONTREAL  
W. Schaffer



3. View from the Eastern Slope.—4. The Eastern Stairway.—5. Refreshment booths on the summit.—6. Boulevard above the New Reservoir.—7. The New Reservoir, and the zig-zag drive.—8. The Eastern Mountain.—9. A resting place on the Eastern Stairway.

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## OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

## THE BASTONNAIS :

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA IN 1775-76.

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

## BOOK IV.

## AFTER THE STORM.

## I.

## THE CONFSSIONAL.

It was the eve of the New Year. The snow-storm continued in unabated violence and the weather was so grey that the lines of earth and sky were blended and utterly undistinguishable. A little after the hour of noon, Zulma Sarpy knelt in the little church of Pointe-aux-Trembles. Beside her there were only a few worshippers—some old men mumbling their rosaries and some women crouched on their heels before the shrine. A solitary lamp hung from a silver chain in the sanctuary, casting a feeble ray amid the premature gloom. An awful silence reigned throughout the aisles. Opposite the place where Zulma was stationed stood a square box through the bars of which faintly gleamed the white surplice of the parish priest who sat there awaiting the confessions of his flock. The New Year is the chief of festal days among the French, and it is always ushered in by exercises of devotion. After going through all the needful preparation, Zulma rose from her seat and approached the dread confessional. Her demeanor was full of gravity, a pallor overspread her beautiful features, her eyes were cast down, her hands joined upon her breast. The influence of prayer and of silent communion with God could never be more perceptible. She looked like a totally distinct being from the one whom we have known in the preceding pages. Zulma moved slowly, and when she reached the door of the confessional, she paused a moment. But it was not through hesitation. She was recollecting herself for a supreme act of religion. At length she disappeared behind the long green curtain, knelt on the narrow stool within, and through the lattice poured forth her soul into the bended and keenly listening ear of the pastor. What she said we may not know, for the secrets of this tribunal are inviolable, but it is allowed to believe that the lengthy whisperings consisted of something more than a mere accusation of faults. They conveyed demands of counsel for guidance in the trying circumstances amid which the girl found herself, and in response the grave voice of the priest was heard in an undertone, advising, warning and exhorting. Finally, the rite was concluded. The fair penitent bent her white forehead, the pastor signed the sign of salvation in the air, the stool was pushed back, the green curtain arose, and Zulma stepped forth to resume the place which she had at first occupied. We are dispensed from further describing her appearance. Long-fellow, in speaking of Evangeline, has put it forth in one pregnant line.

"Serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her."

An hour passed, during which Zulma knelt immovable, absorbed in prayer, and most of the other persons in the church followed her example by visiting the confessional in turns. At the end of that time, the priest, assuring himself that there were no further ministrations to be made, rose from his seat, opened the little door which held him in, and walked forward into the aisle. As he passed Zulma, he tapped her gently upon the shoulder as a sign that she should follow him. She did so at once, and the two glided noiselessly into the vestry. There the priest, after divesting himself of his surplice, turned towards the girl, and in the gentlest manner inquired after her health and that of her father. He then signified, his pleasure at her punctual discharge of her devotions, in spite of the extremely inclement weather.

"It is a great festival, but it will bring no joy this year," he said.

Zulma, whose countenance still preserved its paleness and expression of extreme gravity, replied that the times were indeed melancholy, but that she nevertheless hoped to enjoy a quiet *Jour de l'An* with her father and immediate neighbors, having made all the necessary preparations to that end.

"You have not heard then, my daughter?" said the priest.

"Heard what, sir?"

"Of the terrible events which took place this night while we were sleeping."

Zulma looked up with a movement of keen anxiety and asked:

"What has happened, sir?"

"Two great battles have been fought."

"Is it possible?"

"Many killed, wounded and prisoners."

"Who, where, how?" gasped Zulma in agony.

"Quebec was attacked in two places."

"And captured?" demanded Zulma unable to restrain herself.

"No, my daughter. Both attacks were repulsed."

Zulma clasped her hands to her forehead and would have sunk to the floor had she not been sustained by the good priest.

"Courage, my dear," he said. "Excuse me

for telling you these things, but I saw from your deportment in the church that you knew nothing of them, and I thought it would be well that I should be the first to inform you."

"Pardon my weakness, Monsieur Le Curé," was the meek reply. "I had indeed expected this, but the news is terribly sudden all the same. I entreat you to give me all the particulars which you know. I feel stronger now and can hear anything."

"I know little that is definite. In the general excitement, all sorts of rumors are aggravated when they reach us at this distance. But I am assured that General Montgomery has been killed and Colonel Arnold wounded. I knew these gentlemen. They dined several times at my table. They were fine men and I liked them well. I am distressed to hear of their misfortune."

"Have you heard of the fate of any other officers?"

"Of none by name, except that it was a certain Morgan who replaced Arnold and surrendered his army."

"Morgan!" exclaimed Zulma, and this time she was so overcome that she fell exhausted in a chair.

The priest was considerably surprised. Notwithstanding that his periodical visits to the Sarpy mansion had been interrupted during the American occupation of Pointe-aux-Trembles, he knew in a general way that Zulma had become acquainted with one or the other of the officers, which was the main reason why he judged that the early communication of the war news from his lips would be particularly interesting to Sieur Sarpy and his daughter, but he had no suspicion that Zulma's feelings went further, and had thus no idea of the effect which his words produced upon her. It was only when he saw her extreme depression and sorrow that he surmised something of the truth, with that instinct which is characteristic of men, who, themselves separated from the world by the stern law of celibacy, devote all their attention to the spiritual and temporal concerns of their flocks.

"Do not be depressed," he said, approaching Zulma's chair, and bending towards her with the kindness of a father towards his child. "Perhaps the news is exaggerated. We shall hear more towards evening, and it may turn out that the losses are not so great as represented. At least there may be no loss personal to yourself, my dear, and I trust that such will prove to be the fact. Therefore take heart. It is getting late. The snow continues falling and the roads must be blocking up. Return home and endeavor to maintain your soul in peace. Tomorrow, you will come to early mass, when I trust that we shall have better news to tell each other."

In spite of the cheering words of the pastor, Zulma drove homeward with a heavy heart. She spoke not a word to her servant. Instead of raising her face to the storm and allowing the flakes to beat upon it, as was her wont, when her spirits were high, she kept her veil down, and the handkerchief which she frequently drew from under it gave proof that she was silently weeping. It often happens, that the most boisterous, lofty women bear their grief in unostentatious quiet, thus giving it a more forcible relief from contrast. Thus was it in the present instance with Zulma. Revolving in her mind all that the priest had told her, and having full leisure during the journey to appreciate all its terrible contingencies, she was completely prostrated when she reached home. On descending from the sleigh she glided softly to her room where she locked herself in so as to be absolutely alone. She remained thus until nearly the supper hour, and after the shadows of evening had enveloped her.

## II.

## BLANCHE'S PROPHECY.

When Sieur Sarpy met his daughter at the table, he divined at once that something was wrong. He himself had heard nothing. The prevalence of the snow-storm had prevented any one from calling at his mansion, except the few needy neighbors who had gone early in the morning to receive their regular alms. The day had passed in solitude, and as the old gentleman had had no misgivings whatever, he spent his time most agreeably in the perusal of his favorite books. He must have happened on light and cheerful literature because, when he concluded his reading and came down to supper, he was in more than his usual enlivened mood. But the spectacle of Zulma's swollen eyes, pinched features and constrained manner, checked his flow of good humor and arrested the pleasant anecdote which his lips were about to utter. Naturally enough he did not suspect the real cause of his daughter's sorrow. He knew that she had driven down to the village church for her devotions, and of course presumed that something had happened to her there. He was once on the point of teasing her about the scolding which he supposed that the priest had adminis-

tered to her, but he immediately checked himself. With the well-bred old French gentleman deep respect formed perhaps the chief ingredient of the ardent love which he bore his daughter. He carried his consideration so far that he would not even question her. It became therefore incumbent on Zulma to break the painful silence. She detailed the narrative which the priest had given her, supplementing it largely with the comments dictated by her fears. The effect upon Sieur Sarpy was hardly less than it had been upon his daughter. He listened in profound silence, but with an anxiety and surprise which he did not attempt to conceal. For a long time he ventured to make no reply, and when at length he did so, it was in such hesitating language as showed that he was haunted by the same apprehensions which besieged his daughter. He had therefore scant consolation to offer her, and the evening meal thus passed without any break in that mental gloom which was deeper than the darkness which rolled in the exterior heavens.

Little Blanche sat at Zulma's side listening to the discourse with wide distended eyes, and that expression of vacancy which was so frequent with this singular child. Not a word had escaped her, and it was evident that the effect was as great upon her acute mind as upon that of her two companions.

"If Batoche would only come," murmured Zulma passing her hand over her weary brow. "He would tell us every thing. I wonder he is not here already."

"His absence is an additional cause for fear," replied Sieur Sarpy in a low voice.

"Still, I do not despair. He may arrive before the night is over."

"If he is alive."

"What, papa? You do not suppose that Batoche took part in the attack?"

"I do. I am sure he never quitted the side of Cary Singleton."

"I did not think of that. Alas! I fear you are right. In that case, who knows?"

"Yes, the worse may have happened to our old friend, and he may never return."

Both Zulma and her father instinctively looked at little Blanche. An angelic smile played upon her lips and her eyes were far away.

"Blanche," said Zulma, laying her hand softly on the child's shoulder.

"Yes, mademoiselle," replied the latter, waking from her trance.

"Your grandpapa, will he come again to see his little girl?"

"Oh, yes, mademoiselle. Grandpapa when he left me, two days ago, said *au revoir*. That means 'I will see you again'."

"But perhaps those bad men have killed him."

"What bad men? The Wolves?"

Zulma did not understand, but Sieur Sarpy understood very well.

"Yes, the Wolves, my dear," he said with a sad smile.

"Oh, my grandfather does not fear the Wolves. The Wolves fear him. They cannot catch him, no matter what great dangers he may be in. He may suffer, he may be wounded, but he will not die except near our cabin at the Falls, under the eye of my mother and with me at his side. He has often told me this at night as he held me on his knee, and I believe all that my grandfather says. No, mademoiselle, he is not dead and will soon arrive to console you."

Zulma could not restrain her tears as she heard the simple pathos of these childish words, and suddenly a confidence sprung up in her heart, which sacerdotal speech had been unable to infuse. She pushed her chair from the table, lifted Blanche from her seat and set her on her own knees, pillowing the little head on her bosom, and imprinting warm kisses of gratitude on the slight forehead. Sieur Sarpy looked on, and appeared pleased. No doubt a similar assurance awoke within him.

"If Batoche comes at all, he will come to-night. We know his punctuality and his readiness to do a service. The weather is bad and the roads must be in a wretched state, but this will be no obstacle to his reaching the mansion. We learn that a great many prisoners have been taken. Batoche may possibly be among them. In that case, we shall, of course, resign ourselves not to see him to-night."

Raising her head from Zulma's shoulder, Blanche said rapidly and with some animation: "No, M. Sarpy, grandpapa is not a prisoner. He has always said that the Wolves would never catch him and I believe all that he says."

Sieur Sarpy smiled, and made no reply, but he had a vague belief that perhaps the child might be right after all.

## III.

## THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

She was right. The evening wore away slowly. The servant cleared the table and trimmed the fire. Sieur Sarpy, instead of retiring to his private chamber, wheeled his chair to the hearth, and resumed the reading which he had interrupted before supper. Zulma continued to hold Blanche on her knee and, sitting before the glowing fire, they both dropped off into sleep. With the child, it was genuine slumber mingled with pleasant dreams, as the smile upon her lips and the lines that played upon her brow and cheeks clearly testified. With Zulma it was not real sleep, but somnolence, or rather the torpor of dim meditations. Her eyes were closed, her head was thrown back upon the rocking chair, her limbs were somewhat extended, while an air of forced resignation or preparation for the worse was set

upon her noble features. The blue and yellow flames of the chimney flickered wantonly upon her face; the moan of the wind around the gable drummed into her ear, while the slow flight of the hours which she heeded not, yet noted distinctly from the strokes of the old clock, lapsed her soul farther and farther away into the vague spaces of oblivion. Gradually Sieur Sarpy, yielding to the influences of heat and solitude, dropped his book upon his knee, and closed his eyes for a brief respite of repose. But for the outside sounds of nature and an occasional gust in the fire place, every thing within that room was as silent as the grave. The respiration of its three living beings was barely audible, a proof that at least none of them suffered from physical pain. Every thing betokened peace and security. If the rest of the country-side was wild with war or the rumors of war, the Sarpy mansion lay in the bliss of a profound unconsciousness.

Suddenly, Zulma moved about in her seat, and rolled her head from side to side on the chair, as if a vision was flitting before her brain. A shadow stood before her and the light of the hearthstone. She slowly opened her eyes, closed them again tightly in order to strengthen their force, and opened them a second time. Ten o'clock struck. She had been resting for two hours. It was time that she should rise and retire to her room. She sat up erect and, in doing so, looked directly forward again. She could not be mistaken. There was really a shadow between her and the fire. By a rapid effort of her strong will, she acquired full consciousness and recognized Batoche. Another glance of almost aching velocity revealed to her that his brow was placid, his eye soft, and that the traces of a smile lingered at the corners of his lips. This spectacle at once reassured her. She felt that all was not as bad as it might have been or as she had fancied it was.

"Batoche," she said holding out her right hand, "you have surprised me, but it is a delicious surprise. You cannot imagine how glad I am to see you. Sit down."

Then little Blanche awoke and sprang from Zulma's knee into the arms of her grandfather. "I knew it," she sobbed. "I knew he would come."

"Yes," replied Zulma. "Blanche told us, when we feared evil had befallen you, that you would surely come. She is a dear girl and a prophetess like her grandfather."

A moment later Zulma had aroused Sieur Sarpy, and after a few preliminary words of welcome, Batoche was installed in a chair before the fire, with Blanche upon his knees, and asked to recount his story in its minutest details. Zulma had not dared to put him the single predominant question which was present in her mind, partially trusting, as we have seen, to the serenity of the old man's countenance, but he, with his usual keen insight, answered it before entering upon the course of his narration.

"It is all wrong and yet all right," he said with a swift wave of his arm.

Zulma looked at him imploringly.

"We have been beaten," continued Batoche. "The Wolves have triumphed. Many of our bravest officers were killed, but Captain Singleton was only wounded."

"Wounded again!" exclaimed Zulma.

"But not very seriously. He fell, but I raised him from the snow and he was able to stand alone, and walk."

"Did he escape?"

"He could not. I tried to induce him to follow me. He ordered me to fly, but declared that he must remain with his command."

"What then?"

"He was taken prisoner, but, be easy. He is in good hands?"

"In good hands?"

"Yes. I saw Roderick Hardinge directly in front and I am sure that he recognized him."

"Heaven be praised for that."

"He is now within the walls of Quebec, but he will be well cared for."

Batoche then took up the account from the beginning and detailed all its circumstances, both from what he had witnessed himself and from what he had afterwards heard at headquarters. The report was graphic and lucid such as might be expected from so intelligent a soldier. It was midnight before he had closed the history, and his companions listened to it with the most absorbed attention.

"And now about yourself," said Sieur Sarpy.

"How did you manage to escape?"

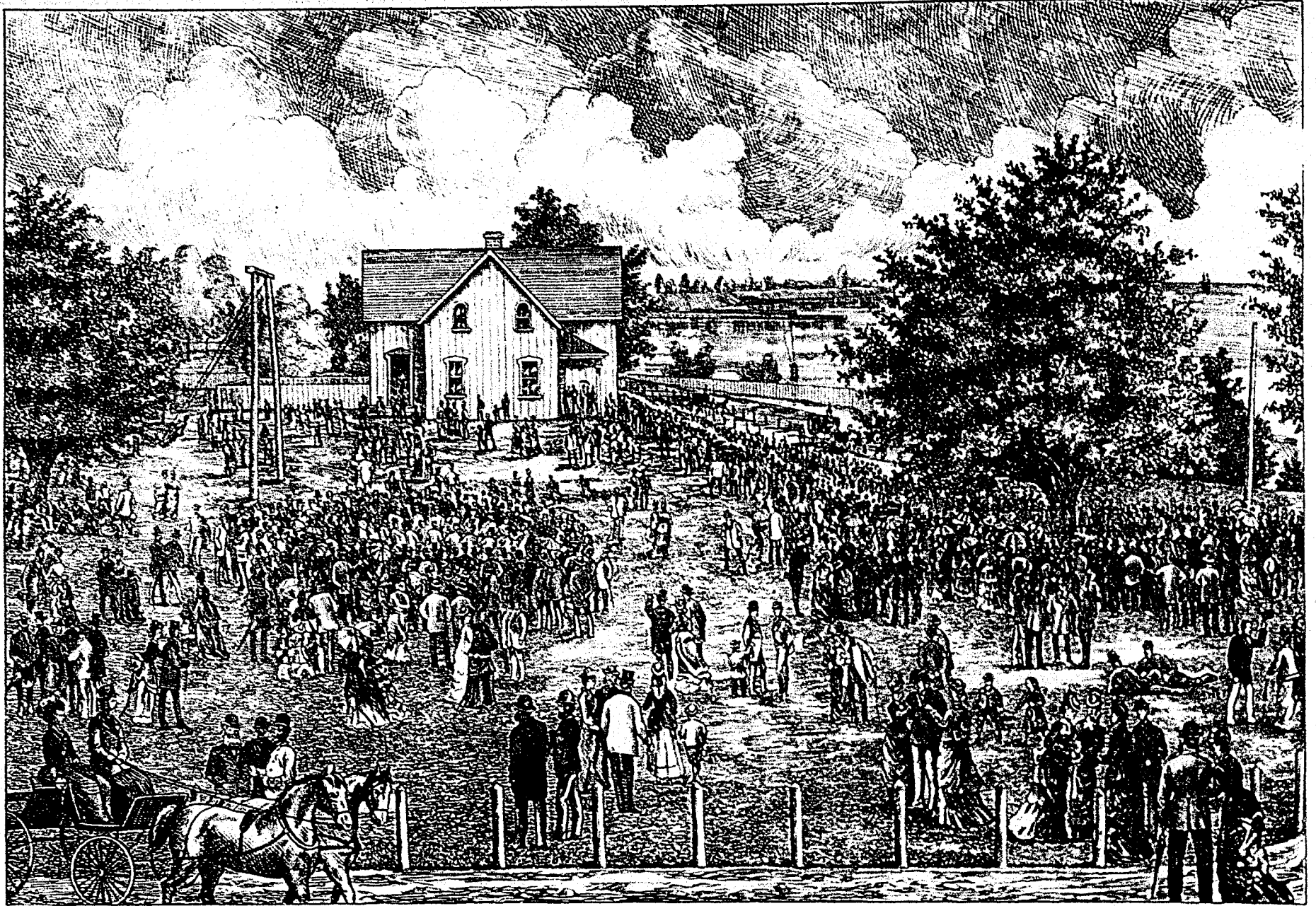
Both Batoche and little Blanche smiled, the child nestling more closely and lovingly in his arms.

"Have I not always told you that the Wolves could not capture me? At least they will never take me alive. Although I and my men had enlisted only as scouts, when the final attack on the town was determined upon, I resolved to be present. I wished to be associated in that great revenge if it was successful, and, if unsuccessful, I wished to share the dangers of those who fought for our liberty. Besides I could not abandon Cary Singleton, my dear friend and the friend of the kind lady who had taken my grand-daughter under her care."

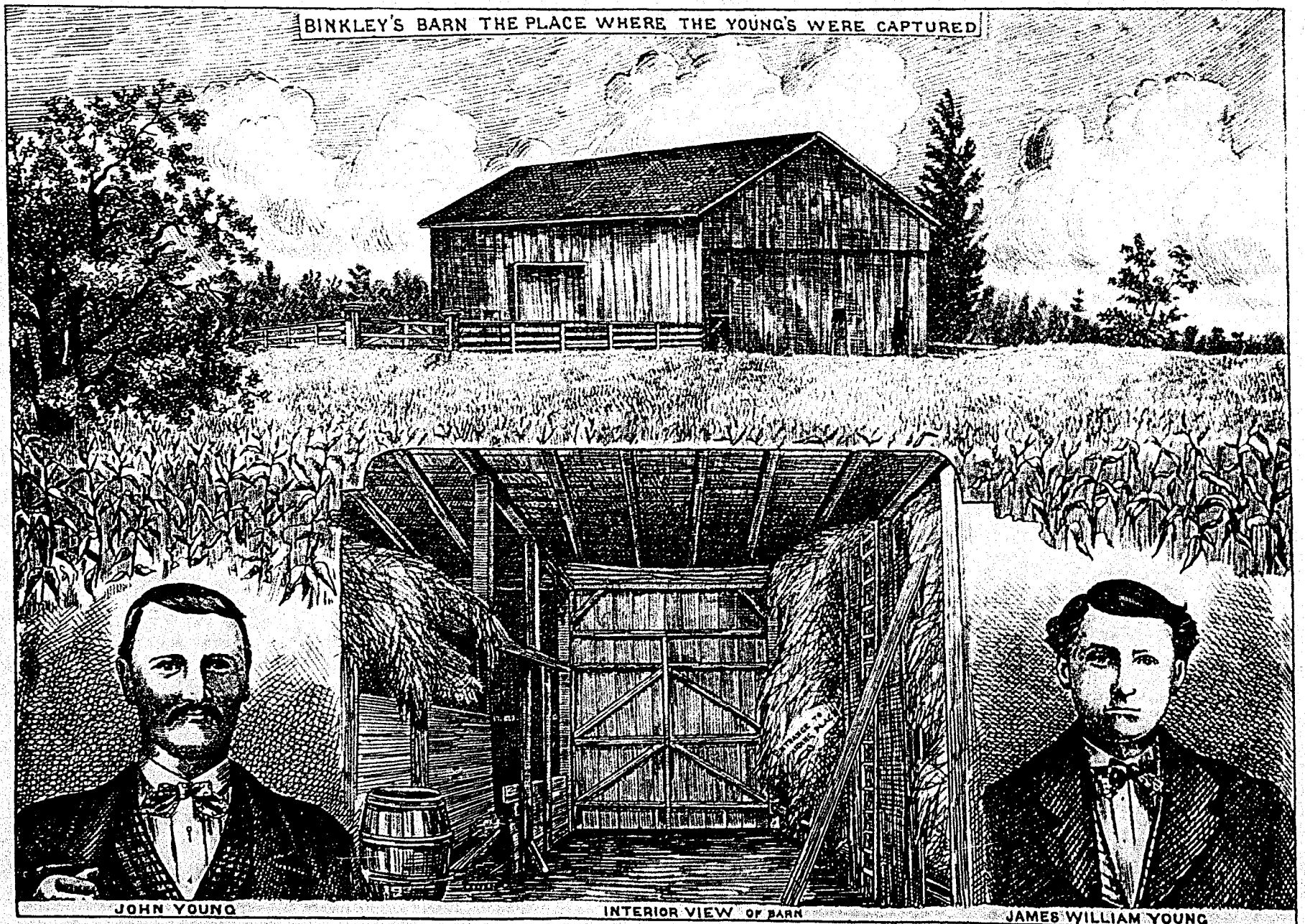
Zulma accepted the compliment with a bow and the tribute of grateful tears.

At first everything appeared to be in our favor, but after Colonel Arnold was wounded, the men fell into disorder, and I knew that we should have trouble. What added to our discomfiture, was that we were confronted mainly by our own countrymen. Our own countrymen, Sieur Sarpy. There was Dumas who led them. There was Dambourges who performed prodigies of valor. There was a giant, named Charland, who sprang





HAMILTON.—ODDFELLOWS' DEMONSTRATION AND PICNIC AT WELLINGTON SQUARE.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. G. MACKAY.



THE CAYUGA MURDER.—DISCOVERY OF THE MURDERERS.—THEIR PORTRAITS.—FROM SKETCHES BY J. G. MACKAY.



Arsenal of Kragujevatz.



Military stores at Tioupria : Passage of Servian troops over the Morawa.



Erection of Breastworks on the Morawa.



Servian Militia Sentry on the Frontier.



Arch-Mandrite Dutchich's troops on the Servo-Bosnian Frontier.



Execution of a Spy by order of Dutchich.



Shepherd-sentries guardling their Sheep from foraging parties of Bashi-Bazouks.



Suspected parties brought before Dutchich.

**A FORSAKEN GARDEN.**

In a cleft of the cliff between lowland and highland,  
At the sea down's edge between windward and lee,  
Walled round with rocks as an island island,  
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.  
A garble of brushwood and thorn encloses  
The steep square slope of the blossomless bed  
Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its  
roses  
Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken.  
To the low last edge of the long lone land.  
If a step should sound or a word be spoken,  
Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?  
So long have the grey bare walks lain guestless,  
Through branches and briars if a man wake way,  
He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless  
Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled  
That crawls by a track none turn to climb  
To the strait waste place that the years have rifted  
Of all but the thorns that are touch'd not of time.  
The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;  
The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.  
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind shaken,  
These remain.

Not a flower to be prest of the foot that falls not;  
As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;  
From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale  
calls not,  
Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.  
Over the meadows that blossom and wither  
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;  
Only the sun and the rain come hither  
All year long.

The sun burns aere and the rain dishevels  
One gaudy bleak blossom of scentless breath,  
Only the wind here hovers and revels  
In a round where life seemed barren as death.  
Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping  
Happy, of lovers none over will know,  
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping  
Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look thither,"  
Did he whisper? "Look forth from the flowers to the  
sea;  
For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms  
wither,  
And men that love lightly may die—but we?"  
And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,  
And o'er the garden's last petals were shed,  
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had  
lightened,  
Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?  
And were one to the end—but what end who knows?  
Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,  
As the rose red seaweed that mocks the rose.  
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them!  
What love was ever as deep as a grave?  
They are loveless now as the grass above them  
Or the wave.

All are one now, roses and lovers,  
Not knows of the cliffs and the fields and the sea.  
Not a breath of the time that has been hovers  
In the air now soft with a summer to be.  
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter  
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,  
When as they that are free now of weeping and laughter  
We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again forever;  
Here charge may come not till all change end,  
From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,  
Who have left nought living to ravage and rend.  
Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,  
While the sun and the rain live, these shall be:  
Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing  
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,  
Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,  
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble  
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,  
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,  
Stretched out on the spoil that his own hand spread,  
As a god self-plain on his own strange altar,  
Death lies dead.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

**THE EARLY DAYS OF NAPOLEON.**

There hangs over the boyish days of Napoleon Bonaparte a mystery somewhat similar to that which rests on the opening years of Shakespeare. In the case of the latter, we are totally at a loss to comprehend by what species of training that wonderful man was developed, and whence was derived that boundless knowledge of human nature, and of the phenomena of the universe, which his writings display. With the like feelings of uncertainty do we muse upon the early life of Napoleon, wondering in what manner that prodigious amount of intelligence was accumulated, which gave him such a sway in after-days over his fellow-men, and rendered him never for one instant at a loss, amid the most varied and trying circumstances in which man could be called upon to act. Bonaparte appeared to burst at once upon the world with the experience of fifty lives concentrated in his young mind, ready to take up at will the parts of warrior, ruler, legislator, or diplomatist, and to cope with and foil those who had grown gray in studying the duties of but one or other of these difficult arts. These circumstances throw a peculiar interest over the youth of Napoleon. Fortunately, during the period of the consulate, he gave directions for the preservation of various letters and papers connected with his early history, and from a notice of these, lately published in France, we shall proceed to draw several particulars.

Paoli, the Corsican patriot, seems to have been a material instrument in moulding the character of the young Napoleon. Genoa had assumed the right of selling Corsica to France, in the time of Louis XV., and that monarch sent an army to take possession of it. The Corsicans resisted, under the guidance of Paoli. Charles Bonaparte was a warm partisan of that chief; and, in the campaign of 1769, which gave France the ascendancy, was personally in the field with his wife Letitia, who, at that very time, in the midst of peril and alarm, gave birth to Napoleon. During the childhood of the latter, Paoli was constantly in the mouths of those around him, and he grew up with a deep admiration of the character of the exiled general then living in England. When the French Revolution broke out, Paoli was recalled, and Napoleon became his close personal friend. The old general had penetration enough to discern

the remarkable character of the youth. "You are one of Plutarch's men," he used to say to him—a compliment of no slight kind. It has been often asserted, that Napoleon never acted under the impulse of feeling, but was always guided by motives of self-interest and cold-calculation. Not so was it when Paoli, having incurred the suspicion of the French Convention for his denunciations of the execution of Louis XVI., was summoned to appear and answer for himself in Paris. Napoleon, who had then received a commission in the French service in Corsica, had the generous boldness to write to the Convention in his old friend's defence. "One of your decrees," says the letter, "has deeply afflicted the citizens of Ajaccio; it is that which orders an old man of seventy, loaded with infirmities, to drag himself to your bar, charged with misunderstanding, as corrupt and ambitious. Representatives! when the French were governed by a corrupt court, and placed credence neither in virtue nor patriotism, then might it have been said, perhaps, that Paoli was ambitious. It is by despots alone that Paoli should now be deemed ambitious; at Paris, in the midst of French liberty, he ought to be regarded as the patriarch of freedom, the precursor of your republic; so will posterity think, and so do the people now believe. We owe to him all, even the happiness of being a portion of the French republic. He ever enjoys our confidence. Repeal your decree, and render us happy." Napoleon's bold appeal was not listened to, and Paoli was compelled to look for safety to England.

Another person who exercised much influence over Napoleon in his youth, was Father Dupuy, sub-principal of the school of Brienne. As became common in the case of Corsican families of respectability, after the island was incorporated with France, Napoleon was sent to the college of Autun, at the age of nine, and afterwards to the school of Brienne. Bourrienne mentions, in his memoirs of Bonaparte, that the Emperor never could spell properly; but he does not tell the reason. The fact was, that Napoleon could not speak a word of French, when he came to the school first mentioned. He picked up the tongue through his intercourse with others, but never was taught it grammatically. He was engaged in learning the classics, when he ought to have been set to the French language by his teachers. His excessively careless penmanship in later days was supposed to be partly affected, in order to hide his faulty orthography. Dupuy who formed a strong attachment to Napoleon, and was shown the essays from his pen, did all he could to correct the style and spelling, but the evil was not thoroughly removable. One of the early essays of Napoleon was a History of Corsica, which was composed in the form of letters, addressed to the Abbé Raynal. Lucien Bonaparte mentions this work in his memoirs. "It was written," he says, "in the vacation of 1790, at Ajaccio, and two copies were made of it by myself. One was sent to the Abbé Raynal, who found the composition so remarkable that he showed it to Mirabeau. The latter, on returning it said to Raynal that this little history seemed to him to indicate a genius of the first order. Napoleon was delighted with these praises." The work was represented by Lucien as lost, but in reality it is still in existence, having formed part of a bundle of early writings lodged by Napoleon in the hands of Cardinal Fesch. It is written with great vigor, and an uncompromising boldness of speech. Every page proves, moreover, that the author had been indefatigable in his researches into authorities, and even unpublished documents. Napoleon's mode of reading books was peculiar, and well-calculated to fix on his memory whatever fell under his eye. His custom was to read with the pen in his hand, and to mark passages which he approved or disapproved; and frequently, when he was especially struck with anything, he made it the subject of a distinct critical disquisition. In this manner did he go over all the most grave and learned works in the stores of literature. Herodotus, Strabo, Plutarch, and all the other historians, both of Greece and Rome; and the annals of England, and all the most important modern countries in the world; natural history, geography, medicine, and physics; all of these branches of learning his papers show him to have studied attentively. But, above all, his favorite authors were Filangieri, Mably, Necker, Smith, and other writers on political economy, legislation, and the moral sciences generally. For seven years, namely, from 1786 to 1793, while a student and lieutenant of artillery, now in one place and now in another, such was the training to which his papers show him to have subjected himself. Men have marvelled that the soldier of Italy should have started up, as it seemed, a legislator by intuition—intuition; such is the word under which men too frequently shelter their own apathy and deficiencies. Years of patient study, while other lads were fooling away their time, would, at least in this instance, have been a more correct form of expression. Napoleon's ability as a soldier was not less puzzling; but comprehensiveness and promptitude of thought, produced by the same preparatory studies, united with a sound physical development formed the true explanation of the phenomenon. What is curious, however, Bonaparte sometimes left his grave studies for the slightest of all varieties of literary composition; he wrote novels. One of these was an English romance, entitled "The Earl of Essex," being founded on the story of Queen Elizabeth's unfortunate favorite. Another tale was composed by him on a Corsican subject, and he also wrote some oriental apologues, bear-

ing covertly on the politics of the passing day. The idea of the man who wielded such mighty elements in after days devoting time to story-writing is startling enough. It has the same apparent incongruity as the idea of his being glad to borrow a few shillings from Bourrienne in the days of his lieutenantship.

We cannot well give a specimen of the stories of Napoleon, but our space permits of our quoting one of the most remarkable of all his papers in place of these. This is a document in which he discusses the propriety of *suicide*. Many features of his future character seem to have originated in youth in his isolated position. From the age of nine to seventeen, he was absent from home. He dwelt alone, and formed those habits of self-dependence which at once constituted a great quality in him, and isolated him, in a measure, from human sympathies. His note-book was the sole confidant of his secrets in his youth. Whatever struck him forcibly, even a simple conversation with a lady, was committed to paper, and beyond question, this plan led him ever to reason coolly before acting. The following are his thoughts on the subject of self-destruction. "Ever alone in the midst of men, I return to dream with myself, and to give myself up to all the vivacity of my melancholy. To what point is it now directed? To the side of death. Yet in the morning of my days, I may hope to live a long time. I have been absent seven years from my country. What pleasure shall I not taste in revisiting, in four months, my relatives and compatriots? Filled with the tender sensation which the remembrance of my youthful pleasures inspires, may I not conclude that my happiness will be complete! And what madness, then, urges me to wish for my destruction? Doubtless, I may say, what have I to do in this world? Since I must die, is it not as well to end my life at once? If I had passed through sixty years, I should respect the prejudices of my contemporaries, and wait patiently till nature had completed her course; but since I begin to experience misfortunes, since nothing gives me pleasure, why should I go on enduring unprosperous days? How far men have wandered from nature! How cowardly, base, and servile are they! What spectacle shall I behold in my native country? My compatriots, loaded with chains, tremblingly kiss the hand which crushes them. They are no more those brave Corsicans, whom a hero animated with his virtues; no more are they enemies of tyranny, luxury, sycophancy. Proud, and full of a noble consciousness of worth, a Corsican once lived happy. If he had employed the day on public affairs, his evenings passed away in the sweet society of a loving and beloved spouse; reason and enthusiasm effaced all the fatigues of the day; tender and natural affection rendered all his nights comparable to those of the gods. But these happy times have disappeared with liberty, like passing dreams! Frenchmen, not content with having left from us all that we cherished; ye have all corrupted our manners! The existing spectacle of my country, and my powerlessness to effect a change form a new reason for quitting a scene where I am compelled by duty to praise men whom virtue commands me to hate. When I arrive at my home, what aspect shall I assume, what language shall I hold? His country lost, a good citizen ought to die. Had I but one man to destroy in order to deliver my countrymen, I should turn to the task in one instant, and avenge my country and its violated laws by plunging my steel into the tyrant's bosom. Life is a burden to me, because I enjoy no pleasure, and because all is pain to me; it is a burden because the men with whom I live, and probably shall always live, have manners as widely different from mine as the moon's light differs from that of the sun. I cannot follow the sole mode of life which could make it endurable, and a disgust for all is the consequence."

The passage affords a remarkable proof of the high-reaching sentiments which, even at the age of seventeen, characterized Napoleon. The death which he meditates is the death of Cato, not of Chatterton. It is not the pressure of penury which disgusts the extraordinary boy with life, but the slavery of his country and the degradation of his species. There is ample evidence existing among his early papers to prove that he was in his youth a genuine and ardent lover of republican liberty, and that he disliked the French, fixing his whole thoughts on Corsica. As his mind became matured, however, he saw that Corsica was too insignificant in extent, and possessed resources too limited, to permit it to flourish independently amid states so much superior to it in power; and he turned to France, as affording full scope for the development of those great problems in social government which occupied so much of his youthful attention.

Among the thirty-eight bundles of papers consigned by Napoleon to Cardinal Fesch, one curious paper deserves to be briefly referred to. It is a *Dialogue on Love*, which proves how early his opinions had been formed on this, as on other points. He never was remarkable for sentiment, and, at the commencement of his dialogue, he speaks in this condemnatory manner of the feeling of affection between the sexes. "I believe it to be hurtful to society, and to the individual happiness of men; I believe, at least, that it does more harm than good, and that a benefit would be conferred by that protecting power which should extinguish it, and deliver men from its influence." Notwithstanding this denunciation, he was beyond question devotedly attached in his life to, at least, one woman—Josephine. His letters to her from Italy carry passion even to extravagance.

The writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, from whom we derive these notices of Napoleon's early days, concludes by observing, that "everything proves him to have exemplified, like other men of genius, that law of humanity which ordains that nothing great can be accomplished without great efforts. In spite of his superior talents, he had studied long and carefully those subjects in which he afterwards showed himself a master. During many years, he never ceased to read and reflect on the most profound existing works. If he displayed ideas so correct on legislation, finance and social organization, these ideas did not spring spontaneously from his brain. On the throne, he only reaped the fruits of the long labors of the poor lieutenant of artillery. He formed his character by the means suited for the development of superior men—by toil, solitude, meditation and endurance. The Revolution offered to him a vast and brilliant field; but without that revolution, he would still have been distinguished, for characters like his seize on fortune, and make it serve them. Let it be no more said that chance elevated Napoleon. When, after seven years of retirement, he appeared for the first time on the stage of the world, he contained already all the germs of his future greatness. Nothing was fortuitous in his case. He struggled to rise, and left no occasion unused to make himself known. He himself, therefore, must no more be permitted to ascribe his elevation to fatality."

To these truths nothing can be added. Never was it more fully shown that in the case of Napoleon—that industry is the better part of genius.

**LITERARY.**

MR. SWINBURNE will probably publish in the autumn a volume of poems and ballads, consisting chiefly of reprints of pieces which have already appeared in the periodicals.

BELFORD BROTHERS, Toronto, have in press a large number of interesting works including "An Axiom of Religious Belief," by Viscount Amberley; "Mummies and Moslems," by Chas. Dudley Warner; "Adventures of Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain; "Gabriel Conroy," by Bret Harte; a pamphlet by Hon. W. E. Gladstone on Macaulay and Macleod, and four books by the late Rev. Norman Macleod. Their edition of the memoirs has reached 7000 copies and they expect to make it 10,000 before October.

A recent official investigation of the Parisian libraries has furnished the following statistics:—The library of the Arsenal possesses 200,000 volumes and 8,000 manuscripts; the library of the Sorbonne, 80,000 volumes, the library of the school of Medicine, 35,000 volumes, the National Library 1,700,000 volumes, 80,000 manuscripts, 1,000,000 engravings and maps, 120,000 medals; the Library of the Académie des Sciences, 4,000 manuscripts, and 80 relief models of Pelagic monuments in Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor; the library Sainte-Genève, 160,000 volumes and 350,000 manuscripts; making a total for all the public collections of Paris of 2,375,000 volumes and 442,000 manuscripts.

**NOTICE.**

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of the BRITISH AMERICAN BANK NOTE COMPANY, for the election of Officers and other business, will be held at the office of the Company, St. John Street, Montreal, on Tuesday, 5th September 1876, at four o'clock P. M.

By order,  
GEO. JNO. BOWLES,  
Secretary.  
MONTREAL, August 22nd, 1876.

**PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION OF 1876.**

The PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION for 1876, open to the world, will take place on

**Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday,**

The 12th, 13th, 14th & 15th September next.

ON THE  
GROUND MOUNT ROYAL AVENUE, MILE-END.

Prize lists and blank forms of entry can be had on application to the Secretary of the Council of Agriculture, No. 63 St. Gabriel Street, Montreal, or the Secretaries of all County Agricultural Societies.

Entries for live stock must be made on or before Saturday, the 26th of August, and in the other Departments on or before Saturday, the 2nd September.

N. B.—No entries shall be received after the above mentioned dates.

For further particulars, apply to  
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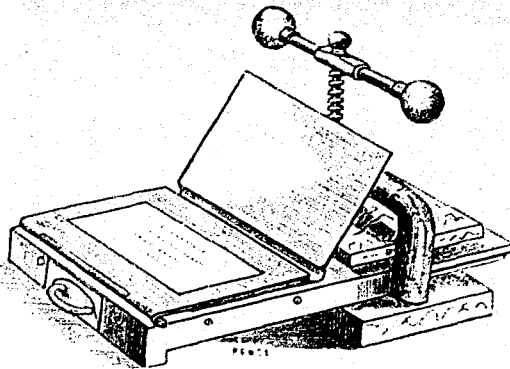
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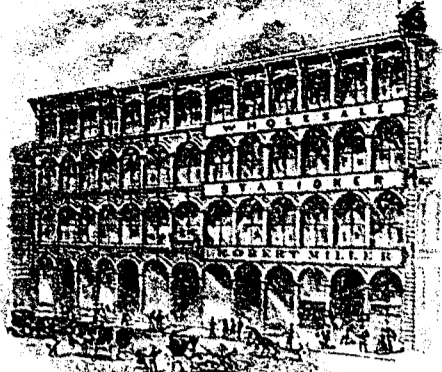
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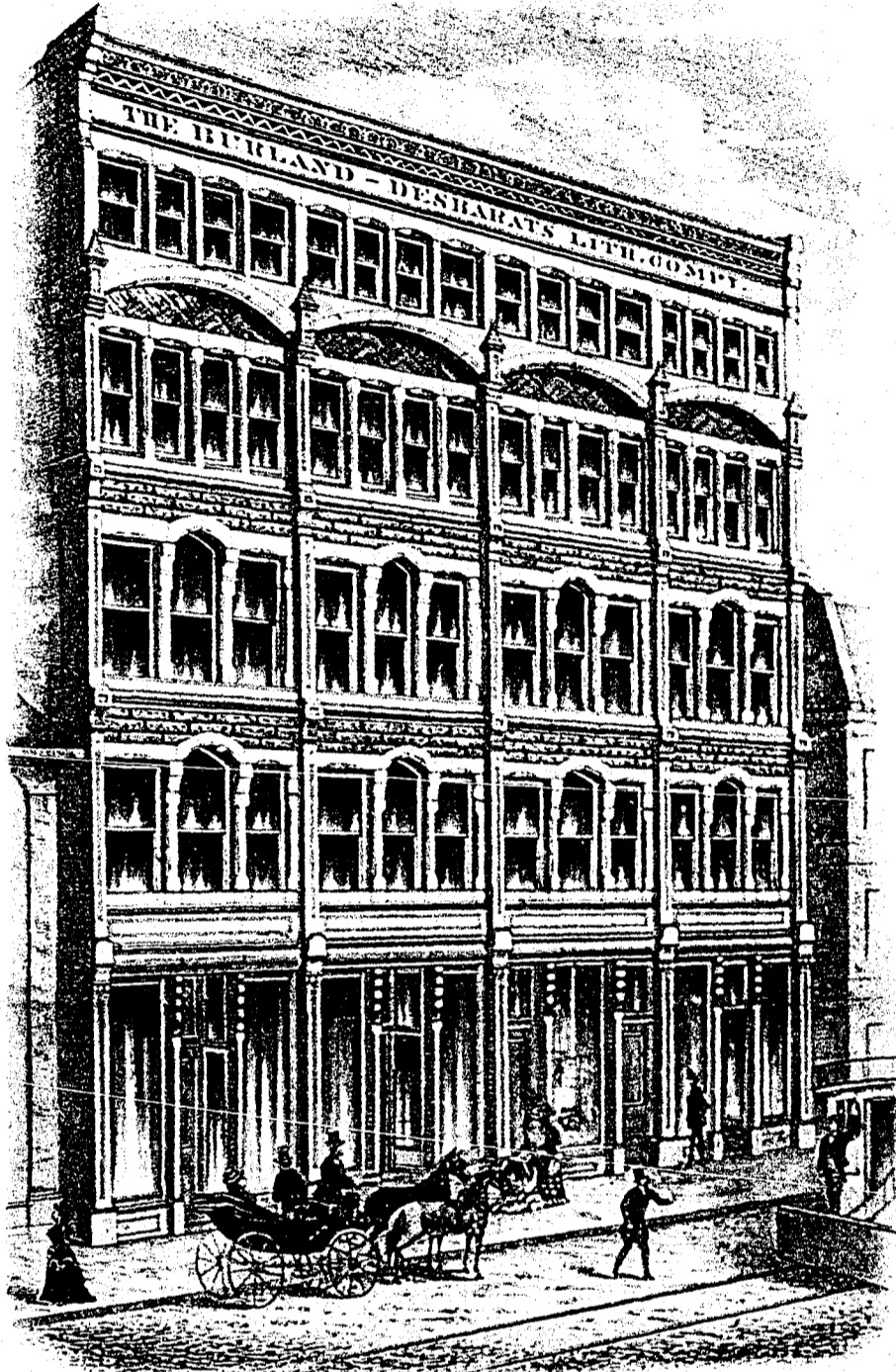
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