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# Illustrated News

VOL. IX.—No. 22.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1874.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.  
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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.....	\$4.00 per annum
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THE DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY;  
Montreal; Publishers.

#### SUBSCRIPTIONS PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

All remittances and business communications to be ad-  
dressed to,  
THE MANAGER—DESBARATS COMPANY, Montreal.

All correspondence for the Papers, and literary contribu-  
tions to be addressed to,  
THE EDITOR—DESBARATS COMPANY, Montreal.

When an answer is required, stamps for return postage  
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In this issue we commence Victor Hugo's new novel,

## NINETY-THREE,

which is admitted by the best critics to be, next to "Les  
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### The Greatest of this Author's Productions.

The scene of this remarkable story is laid in France  
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tion.

## Canadian Illustrated News.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1874.

### POLITICAL RETROSPECT.

There is a phase of the political situation which must  
not be lost sight of. The present administration came  
into power with the distinct and emphasized pledge  
that their mission was to inaugurate an era of radical re-  
form. Mr. BLAKE struck the key note and sounded the  
watchword when he made the proud declaration: "We  
represent the party of purity." And throughout the ses-  
sion this pretence has been ostentatiously kept up by  
constant and pointed references to the delinquencies of  
the late Government. We have several times taken oc-  
casion to say, and we again insist, that the Liberals must  
be held sternly to their word. It will not suffice for them  
to revile their fallen adversaries. They must prove to  
the country that they themselves are pure and thorough-  
ly disinterested in the exercise of power. They succeeded  
to the Administration under unexceptionably favourable  
circumstances. The Pacific Scandal lay upon the public  
conscience like a great shadow of blight. Reform was  
universally and imperatively called for. The people were  
prepared to give their utmost trust to new men who pro-  
mised to govern them according to a code of honesty,  
magnanimity and single-hearted patriotism. All that Mr.  
MACKENZIE's friends had to do was to act up to this popular  
call and they were sure to command and retain popular ap-  
preciation. Have they done so? We do not care to enter into  
particulars at present. The time for such an examination  
has not yet come. But this much we will say—six months  
have passed, the session has drawn to a close and there  
is a vague indistinct feeling prevalent that we have fallen  
pretty much into the old ways. There have been crimina-  
tions and recriminations: a rude and, at times, a dictato-  
rial spirit has been manifested in high places; abrupt  
dismissals have been made; strange appointments have  
taken place; ominous reticences have been observed;  
election frauds have been revealed; party spirit has  
raged loud and acrimonious as in the worst of the ancient  
days. Somehow all this looks very little like that great  
transformation which we had been promised. We realize  
indeed, that there has been a change of men, but we fail  
to see a change of system. So far, reformation, and regen-  
eration are not forthcoming. For ourselves, we are not  
particularly surprised. We predicted just this result, six  
months ago, when the new Ministry was announced. We  
then stated that if it was made up of the old party hacks  
of the Opposition it would accomplish no salient, no per-  
manent political ameliorations. We called upon Mr.  
BLAKE and Mr. MACKENZIE—men in whose thorough hon-  
esty we have every confidence—to lay aside their own  
partisan feelings, assume a broad policy, and surround

themselves by new men, men of post-confederate, not  
ante-confederate reputation, who were not weighted by  
the trammels of effete and anti national Rougeism, on  
the one hand, nor by the shackles of sectional Grittism, on  
the other. It was only thus that a generous, spontaneous,  
fresh, manly and straightforward public spirit, distinct  
from the harsh bigotries engendered by twenty years of  
warfare on mere provincial issues, could be generated.  
No such "new departure" was taken and the result is  
that vague feeling of disappointment which we have sig-  
nalyzed. If the same course continues to be pursued,  
there is no doubt whatever that this feeling will ripen  
with time into open manifestations of disgust. What takes  
place at Ottawa is unfortunately repeated elsewhere. In  
this city a trial is going on wholly among members of the  
Liberal party, arising out of alleged electoral frauds. Pend-  
ing the trial, we have no intention to enter into the  
merits of the case, but we cannot help referring to the  
remarkable circumstance of one of these gentlemen being  
sued for libel, on account of letters published professedly  
to expose these frauds. With the advanced opinions of  
this gentleman, social, religious or even political, we  
have scant sympathy, but we happen to know from per-  
sonal observation of him during his several appearances  
in public capacities, that he is a sincere liberal believer in  
electoral reform among the mass of voters, and we make  
no doubt that whatever he speaks or writes on this sub-  
ject is meant to further that consummation. Now, what-  
ever may be the issue of the trial, this gentleman will  
certainly have his eyes opened, and he will learn to his  
own cost that the requirements of "party" often lead to  
the abandonment, on the part of the chiefs, of the dear-  
est and most sacred principles. We sincerely regret this  
aspect of affairs. The Liberal party has a golden oppor-  
tunity to deserve well of the country and maintain itself  
in power for years. It is not too late to take a bold  
position on its own platform and pursue a policy of large  
statesmanship and Spartan purity. We trust it will do  
so without further delay.

### THE POPE-MACDONALD LETTER.

The mystery that surrounded the abstraction of the  
Pope Macdonald letter has finally been cleared up. A  
clerk in the Militia Office at Montreal, by name THOMAS  
BOYES, has confessed, in a letter addressed to the Secre-  
tary of the Post Office Enquiry Commission, that on the  
2nd of September last he received with the mail for the  
office in which he was employed, a letter addressed to  
the Hon. J. H. POPE. Observing that the letter, which  
was open at the time it came into his hands, was franked  
with the name of the Deputy Minister of Justice, he  
concluded that the contents were of a political nature,  
and made himself acquainted with them. Considering  
that Mr. YOUNG was unfairly treated, he forwarded the  
letter to that gentleman. The rest of the story is well  
known. Boyes, however, entirely exculpates both Mr.  
YOUNG and Mr. PALMER from any knowledge of the  
matter. As far as the former gentleman was concerned  
the exculpation was hardly necessary. No one with the  
exception of some few of the most rabid of his political  
enemies ever believed that he was guilty either of com-  
mitting, or of abetting so grave a crime as the mis-appro-  
priation of a letter intended for another person. But  
Mr. PALMER has not been so fortunate. Not only has  
he been deprived of his situation in the Post Office, but  
he has been assailed on all sides by the most unjust accu-  
sations. Our readers have had opportunities of read-  
ing in these columns some extracts from various papers  
of different shades of politics in which Mr. PALMER's  
guilt was taken as a proved fact and in which he has  
been spoken of as a common felon. They will be able to  
judge for themselves, now that the truth of the matter is  
known, how far he will be justified in appealing to the  
law for redress. We trust that in any case the Govern-  
ment will take his case into consideration, and that, as  
some compensation for the great wrong he has suffered,  
he will be reinstated in his position.

It is extremely to be regretted that the real offender  
is beyond the reach of justice, as the infliction of a severe  
punishment would have had a most salutary effect in  
checking the practice of letter-stealing—of which we  
had more than one example of late, and which, owing to  
the leniency of the authorities, appears to be steadily  
gaining ground. With admirable, but deplorable, pru-  
dence, Mr. BOYES took the precaution of placing the  
frontier between himself and the law he had outraged,  
before sending in his confession. As he naively puts  
it, he had not "the slightest intention of becoming a  
martyr to political meddling"—a highly euphemistic  
way of expressing the nature of the consequences to  
which he would have exposed himself by remaining in  
the country. He seems, however, to have cared very  
little about exposing others to martyrdom, as, though the

letter of confession was written on the 11th of April, he  
held it over for fully six weeks, in the face of the fact  
that M. PALMER was suffering most cruelly from the sus-  
picions of the whole country. As the matter stands, we  
must rest content with small mercies. It behoves us  
to be thankful to Mr. BOYES even for his tardy confession;  
for, notwithstanding the protracted labours of the Post  
Office Commissioners, but little evidence has been ob-  
tained that tended to the elucidation of the mystery.  
Had Mr. BOYES been a more unconscientious man than  
he is, he might without any difficulty have let the matter  
rest, without the slightest fear of detection.

Now that this unfortunate business has been definitely  
settled—happily without any political party incurring  
the odium of so base a transaction—it is to be hoped  
that the party press will see the propriety of abstaining  
from assailing each other with such opprobrious epithets  
as "letter-stealers," "confidence-violators," etc. It is  
by no means an edifying spectacle to see two editors  
sparring away at each other like a pair of moral prize-  
fighters; but when a large number of newspapers des-  
cend to the use of such weapons as gross personality  
and language borrowed from Billingsgate we cry, pity  
the people who sit at the feet of such teachers!

The Session is over, and British Columbia is unpacified.  
Government have been urged time and again to give some  
definite promise to that Province in regard to the Pacific  
Railway, and so late as last Saturday, on the eve of Proro-  
gation, Mr. DE COSMOS pointedly asked if Government in-  
tended to secure the commencement of the construction  
of the Canadian Pacific Railway in British Columbia within  
the year 1874. If so, when? If not, why? Mr. MACKEN-  
ZIE was put upon his mettle, and as pointedly replied that  
the Government had already stated at least half a dozen  
times in the House that the road could not be commenced  
until the surveys were completed. The surveys were not  
yet completed, and the Government could not tell when  
they would be completed. He had no idea that they  
would be completed until the end of this year. Taken in  
connection with the PREMIER's known views, as manfully  
stated by him in his speech on the Pacific Railway, this  
reply to Mr. DE COSMOS simply means that there will be  
no attempt to do anything with the railway in British Co-  
lumbia during the present year. This must be set down  
as a matter of sincere regret, for, rightfully or wrongfully,  
British Columbia will resent the delay, thus accompanied  
by mere technical explanations, and relieved by no hearty  
expression of hope on the part of the authorities. As has  
been stated more than once in these columns, the hold of  
the Pacific Province on the Dominion is a slender one  
and there is every reason to apprehend, both from the  
tone of its local press and the attitude of its representa-  
tives in Parliament, that the bonds of its union will be  
still further strained. It is clear from present appear-  
ances that there will be no continuous railway connection  
with British Columbia for the next fifteen or twenty years,  
and unfortunately we have no idea that the Province will  
patiently wait that long.

Hon. WILLIAM ROSS, Minister of Militia, has emphatically  
denied the authorship of the extremely damaging letter,  
published in another column of this issue. Under ordi-  
nary circumstances this denial would be deemed sufficient,  
but in view of the fact that the Opposition persist in  
maintaining the authenticity of the letter, and in con-  
sideration of the still more important fact that the present  
Government are under the most stringent bonds to main-  
tain an almost virgin purity in all their dealings, Mr.  
ROSS ought to take further steps to disculpate himself  
entirely and beyond any shadow of suspicion. It will  
never do that there should remain a tinge of doubt about  
this matter in the public mind. An inquiry of some sort  
must be instituted, the whole charge must be sifted to  
the bottom, and the result published throughout the  
country. It is a sad state of things when a gentleman's  
word is not taken as adequate guarantee of veracity, but  
the Ministers in power cannot well complain of this, inas-  
much as their friends persistently refused to credit simi-  
lar denials on the part of their adversaries. One bad  
practice leads to another, and both parties imitate each  
other in wrong-doing. Thus, SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD,  
who has suffered more than any other by the publication  
of his correspondence, followed the detestable practice  
of his opponents by sending Mr. ROSS' letter to the papers.  
We shall be mistaken if this petty enforcement of the  
*lex talionis* does not go a great way towards lessening the  
sympathy which honourable men of all parties extended  
to SIR JOHN when he was the victim of this ignoble war-  
fare. The fact of the alleged ROSS letter being a public  
document might be an extenuation for other men, but  
not for a gentleman in the exalted position of SIR JOHN  
A. MACDONALD.

The cry has gone up from the United States, "Give us a Cardinal!" The country—or at least that portion of the country represented by the *New York Herald*—seems suddenly to have awakened to the fact that without an American Cardinal existence in this neglected hemisphere is a burden and a mockery. And so the *Herald* sends forth a lugubrious wail, and dismisses the pilgrims to Rome with a benediction and a parting injunction to be sure to bring back a Cardinal's hat. What a spectacle is this for the shades of the Pilgrim Fathers to look upon! What a falling off from the spirit of the stern men of the War of Independence, who shook off the yoke of prince and potentate and proclaimed aloud their freedom! The descendants of Governor Winthrop and Cotton Mather lamenting the absence from these shores of an eldest son of the Scarlet Lady! The grandchildren of stern republicans like Washington and Jefferson inviting, nay, begging—the appointment of a live Prince, a Prince of the Church, to add lustre to their name, and raise them to the level of other peoples. Fortunately for the repose of the old Puritans and heroes of '76, the outcry does not come from the nation. To the people of the United States life is pleasant yet, cardinal or no cardinal. It is only the intellectual department of the *Herald* that laments for want of a red hat in the country.

The feeling which has of late been manifested among volunteers against the special privileges accorded to the Governor-General's Foot Guards is, all things considered, far from unreasonable. It is certainly a hard and an unfair thing that a corps which is kept up merely for show should be allowed to take precedence of other and long-established corps, many of which have had their efficiency put to the test under fire. We advise our volunteer friends, however, to possess their souls in patience. It is hardly likely that the anomaly of Dominion Household Troops will long be permitted to exist. The absurdity of such an institution is too patent, and the good sense of the people must soon rebel against its continuance. In the meantime they can afford to let these carpet warriors ruffle it while they may in all the gorgeousness of their borrowed plumage, and boast before their lady admirers of their adventures in flood and field—notably in that "beautiful shady grove on the Stewart estate," where for three days they underwent all the bitter hardships of a three days' camping out.

The *Faraday* is a new steamship built expressly for carrying and laying submarine cables. She is peculiarly constructed, with steering apparatus at each end and in the centre, with double screws and paying out machinery fore and aft. She is intended to supersede the *Great Eastern* which always proved a very expensive vessel. The *Faraday* left Gravesend on the 17th inst., with 6000 tons of cable on board. She goes direct to New Hampshire where she will make the shore connection at Rye Beach and there proceed gradually to Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. The Ambassador will accompany her with the shore ends. The whole work is expected to be completed in August. The new line, called the Direct United States Company Cable, has a capital of £1,300,000 owned entirely in England, France, Belgium and Germany. The Company proposes reducing the rates to a maximum of fifty cents a word. If it does this, a great boon will be conferred on the commercial communities of both sides the Atlantic.

In no case that has occurred for some time past has the unreliability of the memory been so satisfactorily proved as in the pending trial of the controverted election for Montreal Centre. The astonishing unanimity with which different witnesses "believed" that they had given money to so-and-so, and "thought" that they had seen such-and-such a one in such-and-such another's tavern, is a phenomenon only to be accounted for on the supposition of a gradual but steady increase of softening of the brain during the last year or two among the population of Montreal. We always understood that this was an age of hard-hearted unbelief and stiff-necked infidelity. But this is difficult to credit after reading the evidence before Mr. Justice Mackay. An age of blind, unreasoning belief would be nearer the mark.

An Ottawa despatch to the *Montreal Witness*, dated the 21st inst., says:—"The only difficulty in the way of an early close of the Session is the Senate, who threaten to take a week over the Government measures which have passed the Commons, but it is very unlikely that they will carry this out, as they are as anxious to go home as the Commons." Are we to understand that it was the intention of Senators to hurry over the measures submitted in the same way as—the above despatch seems to insinuate—the Commons have done?—like a parcel of schoolboys scrambling over their tasks in their eagerness to get out to play. Or is it merely a device to bring the Senate into disrepute?

Speaking of the pilgrims who lately sailed from New York en route for Rome, the *New York Herald* waxed pathetic. "These men and women," it says, "do not travel by land through countries ripe and inviting with the vine, the olive, and the myrtle, but over raging seas for thousands of miles." This is all very pretty, but the *Herald* might have added that though the pilgrims do not travel by land through countries ripe and inviting, &c., their voyage over raging seas for thousands of miles is accomplished in a comfortable and roomy steamship, in first-class quarters, with four square meals a day, the only drawback to their enjoyment being some unexpressed doubts as to the perfect wisdom of entrusting their lives to a French Transatlantic steamer.

The utmost indignation has been expressed by foreigners present at San José de Guatemala at the time of the outrage on Consul Magee, at the backwardness of the American Consul, James, in interfering to save Magee. James' conduct certainly will not bear comparison with Sir Lambton Lorraine's behaviour at Santiago de Cuba. But perhaps the American Consul had not forgotten the fact that his Government cannot compare with the British Government in the disposition to protect their countrymen abroad; and thus a fear for his own skin prevented him from acting with the promptitude he would have shown had he been sure of support from home.

We beg to call the attention of the Minister of Justice to a most flagrant miscarriage of justice in Toronto, which we hope to see made the subject of an early investigation. One WARREN, the publisher of a "dead-beat directory" in which he had inserted the names of several highly respected and honourable persons having been arrested on a charge of libel, was, for some unaccountable reason, released on his own recognizances. Of course he has never been seen since. We trust that Mr. DORION will cause to be set on foot a strict enquiry into the matter—and that without delay.

A despatch from London states that on Monday, at the celebration of the Queen's birthday, the title of Duke of Connaught was conferred on Prince Arthur. It also adds that this is the first Royal title ever associated with Ireland. Such is not the case, Irish titles being borne by several members of the Royal Family. The Prince of Wales is Earl of Carrick and Dublin; the Duke of Edinburgh Earl of Ulster; the ex-King of Hanover, Earl of Armagh, and the Duke of Cambridge Earl of Tipperary.

## FROM THE CAPITAL.

OTTAWA, May 28, 1874.

REPORT OF THE NORTH-WEST COMMITTEE.—THE NORTHERN RAILWAY.—THE MINISTER OF MILITIA.—MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

Mr. GEOFFRION presented the report of the North-West Committee, which said that as to the causes of the North-West difficulty they had obtained much valuable information, but had not been able to complete their enquiry, owing to the absence in Europe and the North-West of several important witnesses. The Committee had also enquired into the subject whether or not a direct or implied promise of amnesty had been made. The Committee had examined a number of witnesses and examined many important documents, and had not as yet found any evidence of a distinct promise of amnesty. They concluded by leaving it to the House to determine whether their proceedings should terminate or be continued until the whole matter be thoroughly sifted.

On motion of Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE, the House went into Committee on the resolutions respecting the Government lien on the Northern Railway. Hon. Mr. Mackenzie explained that upon the resolutions it was intended to base a bill to reorganize the Northern Railway. That company was largely indebted to the country. Last Session Government introduced a bill to accept a settlement of \$400,000, but it had not been proceeded with. There were certain private rights in this company. Toronto and the County of Simcoe each held \$50,000, and other stockholders \$69,000, some of it held at as low a sum as a cent on the dollar. Government was to hold third preference bonds at their market value. Now, Government proposed that these bonds should hold their relative priority, and that the interest on them, \$60,000, should be paid under any organization of the company that might take place. Hon. Mr. Mackenzie said there was a bill now before the House, upon which the mover proposed to graft certain provisions arising out of these resolutions. There were really no private rights in the matter, unless Government receded from their claim.

Mr. MOSS said the resolutions sufficiently explained themselves. The company was labouring under difficulties, and there was no question that some of those difficulties would be removed by the proposed bill. The proposed scheme would enable the company to go into the market and obtain a sufficient sum of money to pay off the Government and improve the road. This legislation, he asserted, would be in the interest of the country in every respect.

Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE said no interest had ever been paid

on the first claim; about £4,000 had been paid on the second preference bonds, but none on the third. The claim Government had for interest was about £120,000.

Mr. CAMERON said the Government's claim was about £400,000 sterling. These resolutions had simply to do with that, but nothing with reference to the relative position of the shareholders and bondholders. He perfectly approved of these resolutions so far as the money arrangement was concerned.

Mr. WOOD said the company was not in bad circumstances; it was the best road in Canada, and yet the people said they were in bad circumstances. A company that earned a million of dollars a year was not assuredly in bad circumstances. The road had not paid any interest, because they had not made any claim for it, and the interest which should have been given to Government was expended on the road.

Mr. PLUMB said the question was not now about the positions of bondholders and shareholders, but it was whether it was the policy of the Government to relinquish any part of its claims. He understood that the road was now in a good condition.

Mr. CURRIER said that he had that much confidence in the company that rather than give up the Government claim he would stick to it. He held that the Government claim was worth more than what was offered. He would rather see the road taken and run by Government.

Mr. O'DONOHUE was glad that the Prime Minister had taken up the subject as he had on the present occasion. He did not see that by this measure the bondholders were in any way benefited; it would be the shareholders who would be benefited in the proposition that Government reduced the lien. He was satisfied that the lien was worth no more than the value set upon it, and that in a year from now the claim might not be worth as much as now.

The Ross incident has reached probably its last phase. The Minister of Militia was charged by Mr. McDonald, of Cape Breton, with having written the following letter to a postmaster during the elections:

"Ball's Creek, Feb. 5th, 1874.

"Mr. Dennis Egan, North Bar.

"Dear Sir,—I must inform you that the Government expects every man in its employ to vote for its supporters. This being the case, I wish you to proceed to the Sydney Mills and poll your vote for N. L. MacKay.

"Yours,

"(Signed) WILLIAM ROSS,  
"Minister of Militia."

At the moment Mr. Ross kept an obstinate silence, which looked like a confession of guilt, and which, I had reason to know, created considerable agitation in Ministerial ranks, but on the fourth day he rose to a question of privilege in the House, and denied point blank having written the letter. A production of the original is the only way of clearing up the matter.

Rumours of Ministerial changes are so pertinaciously rife that it seems safe to conclude that there is some foundation for them. Unquestionably there are four or five very weak men in the Cabinet, who ought to be removed in the best interests of the country and of the Government itself.

The House was prorogued to-day. The following is the Speaker's address:—

*May it please your Excellency:*

In the name of the Commons, I present to your Excellency a bill intitled: "An Act for granting to Her Majesty certain sums of money required for defraying certain expenses of the public service for the financial years ending respectively the 30th June, 1874, and the 30th June, 1875, and the other purposes relating to the public service, to which I humbly request your Excellency's assent.

To this bill the Royal assent was signified in the following terms:—

"In Her Majesty's name, his Excellency, the Governor-General, thanks her loyal subjects, accepts their benevolence and assents to this bill;" after which his Excellency the Governor-General was pleased to close the first Session of the third Parliament of the Dominion with the following speech:—

*Honourable Gentlemen of the Senate:—*  
*Gentlemen of the House of Commons.*

I am glad that at a comparatively early period of the season I am able to relieve you from further attendance in Parliament. I thank you for the devotion you have shown to the public interests in the earnest prosecution of the work of the session.

I congratulate you on having passed an election law adapted to the requirements of the respective Provinces, and I trust that this law, with the amended Act for the trial of controverted elections, will result in securing, for the future, pure and peaceable elections.

The measure you have passed providing for the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway will enable my Government to proceed as soon as practicable with such portions of the work as are necessary to secure communication with the interior and with British Columbia.

I hope that the law for the establishment of a military college will be found to fulfil its design in securing a class of thoroughly educated officers for the Militia service.

I trust that the other measures you have adopted with so much unanimity will likewise prove beneficial to the country.

*Gentlemen of the House of Commons:*

I thank you for the readiness with which you have made provision for an anticipated deficiency and granted the supplies for the public service.

*Honourable Gentleman of the Senate:—*

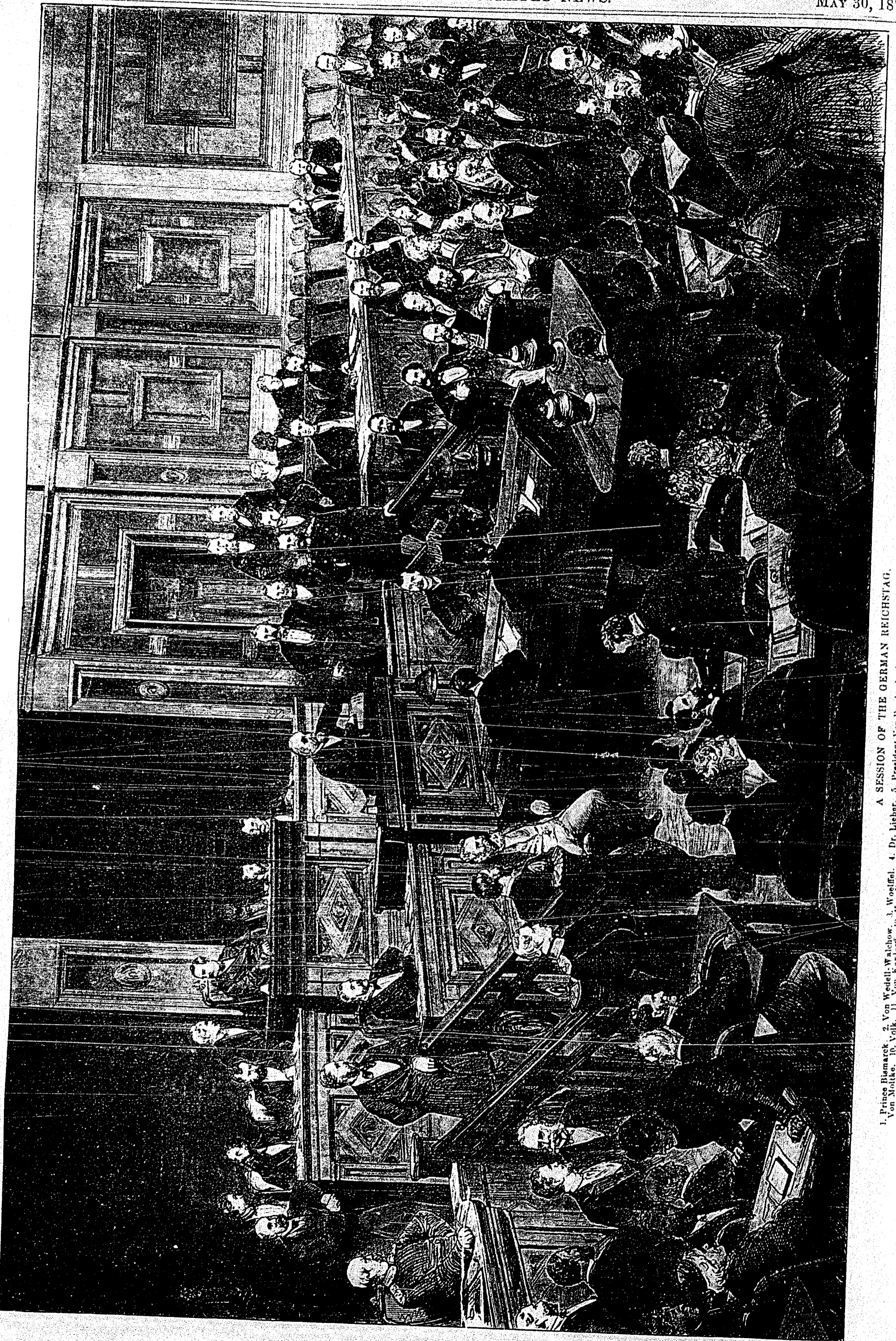
*Gentlemen of the House of Commons:—*

I trust that the measures I have caused to be taken for the preservation of the peace in the North-West Territories will be effectual in preventing the spirit of lawlessness so much to be feared in these vast, unsettled regions, and in maintaining friendly relations with the Indian tribes.

The negotiations in progress relative to the compensation due to Canada under the Treaty of Washington, will, I hope, realize our just expectations.

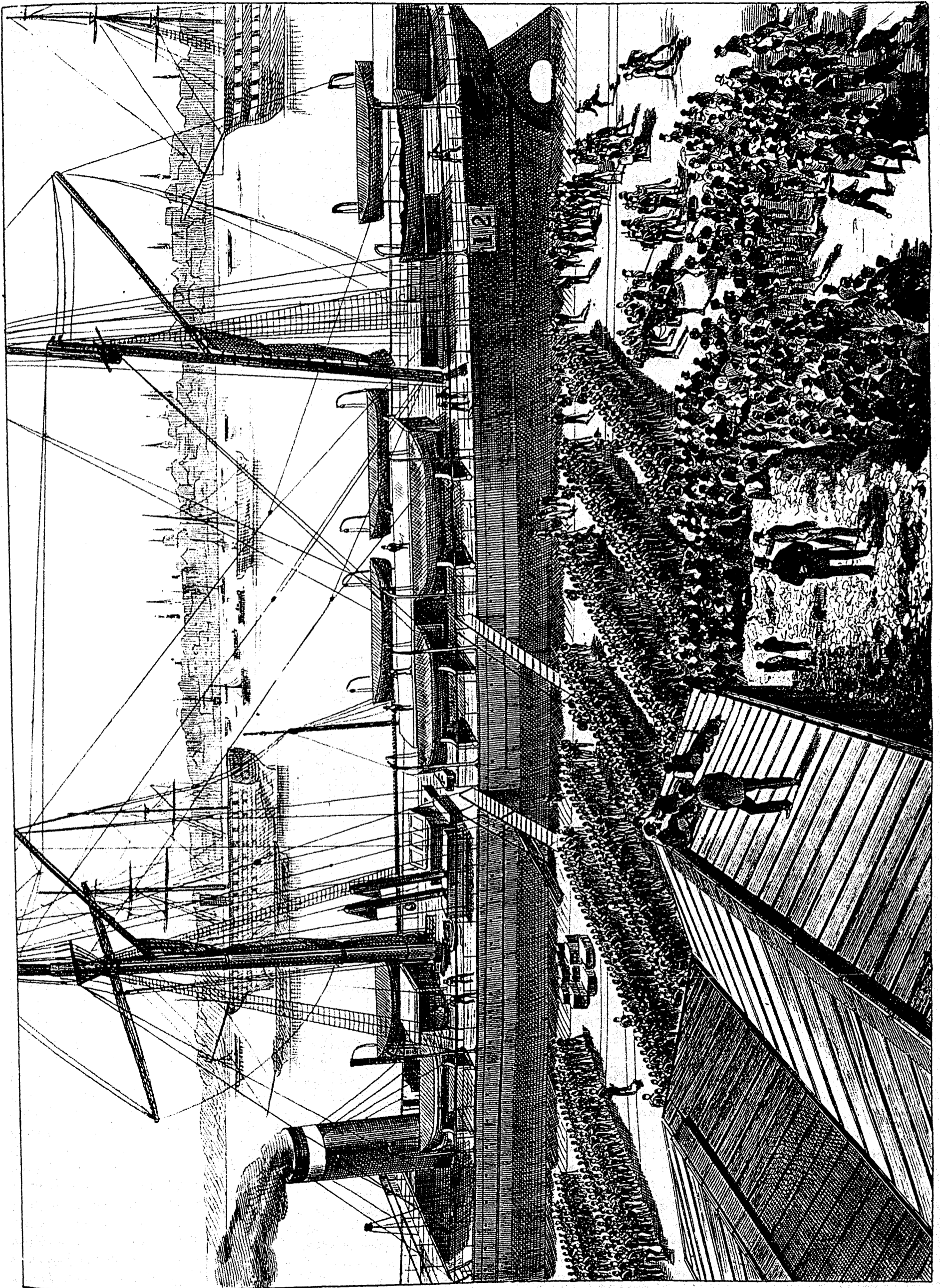
We have reason to rejoice that within our borders are peace and prosperity, and I pray that the country may continuously enjoy these invaluable blessings.

CHARRIÈRE,



A SESSION OF THE GERMAN REICHSTAG.

- 1. Prince Bismarck. 2. Von Wedell-Walchow. 3. Wostffel.
- 4. Dr. Lieber. 5. President Von Furekenbeck. 6. Schultze Dellisch.
- 7. Bishop Basse. 8. Prince Radziwill. 9. The Alekstan Members.
- 10. Von Moltke. 11. Von Kackorri. 12. Von Bohr.
- 13. Prince Hohenzollern. 14. Prince Radziwill. 15. Prince Bismarck.
- 16. Prince Radziwill. 17. Prince Bismarck. 18. Trueser.
- 19. Hasenlocher. 20. W. B. B. 21. Von Saucken Tarpatschen.
- 22. Von Hoyer. 23. Von Bismarck. 24. Von Bennigsen.
- 25. Lasker. 26. Braun-Wiesbaden. 27. Sonnenmann. 28. Krüger (Dano).
- 29. Von Bismarck. 30. Baron Von Staudenberk. 31. Stumm.
- 32. Dornau. 33. Dr. Lucius. 34. Dr. Löwe.



THE ALLAN STEAMSHIP "SARMATIAN" LANDING THE BLACK WATCH (42<sup>ND</sup> HIGHLANDERS) AT PORTSMOUTH. — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY CAPT. AIRD, OF THE "SARMATIAN."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## FREE-TRADE ECONOMY.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR:—Most persons have read or heard of Whang the Miller. The story of his adventure and misfortune will never cease to be interesting. Were he living now there is no doubt he would be a free-trader. Present qualification, immediate and large profit, his ruling passion, is the ruling passion of free-traders everywhere. Economists of this school are ever dreaming of treasures in free-trade pans, and, like Whang, if allowed would keep on digging till Home manufactures would tumble down in ruins.

The Southern planters were Whang the Miller economists and politicians. They, too, dreamed of treasures in free-trade pans. They aimed at securing immediate and large profits; they sold in the dearest markets and bought in the cheapest; they despised the profits and occupations of home manufacturers; thus undermining their mills and workshops, till war made their once opulent country one vast scene of suffering and desolation. In wars and sieges famine shoots harder than cannon. But if people see no immediate danger, in a measure, they care little about its effects in the future. This is an age of present gratification; patriotism, economy and the public safety make important concessions to the ruling passion. Present danger and present gratification are the main motives which move the multitude. The opportunities afforded by such measures as free-trade, for present gratification, are seldom resisted, by people who have once formed luxurious tastes.

It was by protection that England overtook nations that once excelled her in manufactures. She not only levied high duties on imported goods, but prohibited the export of raw material by severe penalties. She gave the home manufacturers control of the home market in the most complete manner, till from this solid basis they have successfully invaded every country in the world. Not only this, the competition of the home manufacturers, in the home market, reduced the price of goods to the British people, lower than they could ever have been procured by free-trade. So far was the protective system carried that she would neither sell English wool to foreign manufacturers nor buy their cloth. In the early stages of English manufactures the exportation of wool was made a felony by the common law. The owner of a ship, knowingly exporting wool forfeited "all his interest in the ship and furniture." See Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations, vol. 2 and pages 494, 495 and 496.

According to free-trade theories, this kind of restriction, on the export of an article, would cause its production to cease, or at least, decline very much. But the contrary is the case. England is, and has been, for a long time, one of the greatest wool producing and wool manufacturing countries in the world. Free-trade did not make British manufactures what they are; but found them fully developed, excelling everything else in the world, therefore it cannot be said that their success is due to it. If we copy British commercial policy, at all, expecting to attain the same results, we must copy it in all its stages, in which case, we will find, the stage of English history corresponding with our present stage, affording great protection to home manufacturers.

If we examine the history of the United States, which, as a new country, somewhat resembles our own, we will find it divided into periods of free-trade and protection. During a period of protection, the government paid off the debt of the Revolutionary war and built up considerable home manufactures. Then came a period of free-trade which drained the country of specie, ruined the manufacturers and ended in a great commercial crisis. Each period of free-trade and protection, since that time, has produced a similar result. What is protection doing for the States now? Last year American manufacturers were sending machinery to Ireland, and English merchants complained that Americans were underselling them two dollars per ton on iron. The time is coming when the British Government may have to throw around their manufacturers the shield of protection once more. The present contention between workmen and masters may bring about a crisis in the manufacturing interests of England which will put their free-trade principles to the test. Men talk bravely when danger is far off. So it is with British free-traders while they know their own manufacturers are an overmatch for foreigners. But let the British markets be flooded with foreign goods, let British manufacturers be ruined, let the country be drained of specie and see how long they will hold to their free trade principles. This state of things would bring about as vigorous protection as ever. Free-trade is an advantage to England now, but it was not so, or considered so, till it was seen that British manufacturers were an overmatch for foreigners.

Unnecessary dependence is a bad thing. The individual or nation that is depending, more than ordinarily, on others for any essential condition of prosperity, is ever in great danger. Such a condition is not favourable either to the increase of wealth or to the preservation of liberty.

The increase in the tariff, asked of the Government by Canadian manufacturers, would not be a tax, but an investment in home manufactures by the people, which would return to them with a large profit, in a very short time. Government bonuses to railways correspond exactly with the principle of protection to home manufactures. Free-traders say, "Let us do without home manufactures till they become sufficiently profitable to exist without protection." How would it suit to say "let us do without railways till they become sufficiently profitable to pay without Government or municipal aid." Trade can be left free in England for the same reason that railways can be built there without such aid as is usually required in this country. Comparison between England and Canada holds good in very few cases, and least of all, in their trade relations. We aid railways by bonuses in order to bring producers and consumers into closer relations with each other; and protection to home industry has precisely the same effect.

Yours truly, W. DEWART.

## LOVERS' QUARRELS.

My trenchant remarks on the subject of matrimonial differences in former numbers of the News have had the effect of calling forth some correspondence from those occupying the more delicate position of lovers. Only a few days ago I was

the recipient of a note from a young man, to the following effect:

"MR. JOEL PHIPPS:

"DEAR SIR,—Having read with very great interest your lucid expositions of the way to manage a wife with skill and success, I crave your profound wisdom on a kindred matter. I am engaged to one of the finest girls in the Dominion of Canada, and we love each other deeply; but, in spite of this, ruptures are continually breaking out and disturbing our relations. It is not my fault, I assure you, but Bertie has a queer sort of way of misinterpreting all I do and say, and this leads to altercations. She seems to have an idea that she may say or do what she pleases; but if I adopt her tactics, then I am a "terrible fellow." What is the best course for a young man to pursue under such circumstances to ensure perfect harmony and good-will?"

"Yours very truly,

"SAMUEL STUBBS.

Really, Mr. Stubbs, you have started a very interesting enquiry, and if I can succeed in giving you a clear and satisfactory answer that will enable you to successfully and happily manage your "affianced," not less than ten or fifteen thousand young men within the borders of this Dominion will share your joy.

First, my dear fellow, you make a great mistake in attempting to "adopt her tactics." You should never for a moment put yourself in the position of counter-player, after you are engaged to a woman. In the first place, a hundred to one she will beat you at your own game; and, secondly, she doesn't like it, and your paramount aim should be to please. Your proper course is to yield everything. Whenever she "quizzes" you, take it as a matter of course, and allow her to have all the fun. Don't attempt to retaliate or retort, but grant her all the amusement. But, depend upon it, it will grow awfully monotonous in a short time. It is your notice of it that gives her little play its real zest. As soon as it becomes one-sided its charm has departed. Preserve your coolness and matter-of-fact manner, and see how long it will be before she not only quits her little games, but, bewildered and perplexed at your seeming indifference, she comes back to you in the most sweet and subdued manner possible.

Clara and I were engaged for some time, and she busily plied her little schemes with the intent to induce me to make a fool of myself, for her amusement. But the game wouldn't work. When she attempted her delightful nonsense, I quietly smiled in the sleeve of my every-day jacket, and murmured to myself: "No, madam, you don't—yours truly has one of his eyes wide open." The consequence is that she became a most devoted lover, and a few subsequent lessons have made her a very dutiful wife.

Go, Mr. Stubbs, and do likewise, and success attend your endeavours!

Sincerely,

JOEL PHIPPS.

## NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

At a recent dinner party, some one quoted the witty paradox, that "an Englishman is never happy except when he is miserable, a Scotsman never at home except when abroad, and an Irishman never at peace except when at war." The late Sir Henry Holland, who was present, followed with a story of an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotsman, who were represented as looking through a confectioner's window at a beautiful young girl sewing in the shop. "Oh!" exclaims Patrick, "do let us be spending a half-crown with the dear crature, that we may look at her more conveniently, and have a bit of a chat with her." "You extravagant dog," said John, "I am sure one-half the money will do as well; but let us go in by all means, she is a charming girl." "Ah, wait a wee," interposed the canny Scot; "dinna ye ken it'll serve our purpose equally well just to ask the bonnie lassie to give us twa sixpences for a shilling, an' to inquire where's Mr. Sampson's hoose, an' sic like? We're no hungry, an' may as well save the siller." This anecdote was told by the distinguished physician to illustrate the difference among the populace of the three kingdoms with respect to temperament—the Irish ardent and impetuous, the Scotch comparatively cool and cautious, while the English are perhaps a fair average between the two. Another titled gentleman told a story of two friends who made an experiment in London by speaking to every laborer they met between St. Giles' and Holbornhill, until they had found one belonging to each of the three nationalities, and to each, but separately, they put the question, "What would you take to stand on the top of the monument all night in your robe de nuit?" The Englishman, in a straightforward way, replied at once, "Five pounds." The Scot cautiously asked, "What'll ye gie?" And the Irishman exclaimed off-hand, "Shure I'll be afther taking a bad cowl." An Englishman thinks and speaks, a Scotsman thinks twice before he speaks, and an Irishman often speaks before he thinks; or, as some writer has remarked, a Scotsman thinks with his head, and an Irishman with his heart. We may recall another illustration, given by a celebrated poet. When George IV. went to Ireland, one of the "pisintry," delighted with his affability to the crowd on landing, said to the toll-keeper, as the king passed through, "Och, now, and his Majesty—God bless him!—never paid." "We let's 'em go free," was the answer. "Then there's the dirty money for ye," said Pat. "It shall never be said that the king came and found nobody to pay the turnpike for him." Thomas Moore, on his visit to Abbotsford, told the story to Sir Walter, when they were comparing notes as to the royal visits. "Now, Mr. Moore," said Scott, "there you have the advantage of us. There was no lack of enthusiasm here; the Scotch folk would have done anything in the world for the king but—pay the turnpike!"

## SOME NEW BOOKS.

"A Handbook of Statistics of the United States" \* is the title of the latest addition to Putnam's well-known and deservedly esteemed Handy Book Series.—A series comprising a number of carefully compiled volumes on subjects of interest to every class and walk of life. The scope of the book before us is sufficiently indicated by its title, but too much praise cannot be given to the compiler for the compact and systematic manner in which he has arranged the vast amount of information he gives in the two hundred and odd pages contained between the covers of his little work. The first

half of the volume is devoted to a tabular statement of the officers, financial statistics, and principal events of the different administrations since 1789, with brief biographical data of the Presidents, Cabinet officers, Signers of the Declaration of Independence, and members of the continental Congress. The rest of the book contains a mass of information on a variety of subjects, a mere index to which would fill a column of this journal. The value of this work cannot be too highly estimated. No public library, and no student's library should be without it.

Messrs. Putnam have issued a very handsome volume of "Sketches of Illustrious Soldiers,"† by James Grant Wilson which, while it cannot fail to be of use as a work for occasional consultation, will prove the delight of many a boy's library. The greater part of these sketches—they are twenty-five in number—were originally contributed to various magazines, and have been placed in book form and supplemented with four fine steel engravings and a number of autograph fac-similes from the collection of Mr. F. J. Dreer, of Philadelphia. The following is a list of the heroes whose biographies are to be found in these pages: Gonsalvo of Cordova, Chevalier Bayard, the Constable Bourbon, the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Parma, Prince Wallenstein, Gustavus Adolphus, Oliver Cromwell, Marshal Turenne, the Great Condé, the Duke of Marlborough, Prince Eugene, Charles XII., Marshal Saxe, Frederick the Great, Marshal Suwarrow, Washington, Duke of Wellington, Napoleon Bonaparte, Gen. Scott, Lord Clyde, Marshal von Moltke, Gen. Lee, Gen. Sherman, and General Grant. It will be seen that while the author has swerved but little from the beaten track followed by the general run of biographers of illustrious soldiers, he has added very much to the stock-in-trade of such writers, and introduces his readers to many heroes with whom, though well known by name and repute, the mass of the reading public are by no means as intimately acquainted as they should be. If works such as this were more frequently introduced in our schools, not so much as text books of history, but as manuals for both school-room and private reading, the rising generation would certainly feel, in after-life, the benefit of the change; there would be less cramming with speedily-to-be-forgotten facts and figures, and a greater result in the way of thorough grounding in history.

In these novel-producing days, when every Tom, Dick and Harry seems to have received a special "call"—from a quarter it would not perhaps be difficult to designate—to launch out into an orthodox three-volume novel and foist the same upon an unsuspecting and long-suffering public, it is pleasantly refreshing, in raking over the lumber of current productions, to stumble upon a really clever and well-written work of fiction. Such the novel-reader will find "Thorpe Regis,"‡ recently issued by Roberts Bros. The story—the scene of which is mainly laid in an English, and if we may judge by the name, a Norfolk, village—is of the kind in which George Eliot depicts her sketches of English country life. It possesses nothing of the sensational character which has so long held sway, yet it is full of the deepest interest, is marked by great originality of conception and expression, and is laid out with consummate art and a thorough comprehension of what is needed to sustain the reader's interest. Higher praise cannot be bestowed upon it than what is implied in saying that it is one of the few books of the kind that will bear a second perusal. Indeed there is something so fresh, so *naive* about the author's way of saying good things, that the second reading, in which previously unnoticed choice bits turn up unexpectedly at every other step, will undoubtedly be found more delightful than the first. The plot of the story turns on the non-fulfilment of certain "expectations" entertained by Marmaduke Lee as likely to be fulfilled at the death of a rich uncle, whose orphan grandchild is disinherited in consequence of her mother's ill-advised marriage. Towards the close of his life the wealthy old gentleman takes into his confidence his nephew's friend, and brother-in-law that is to be, Anthony Miles, to whom he finally leaves the bulk of his property. Young Lee at once becomes violently jealous of his friend; and a letter from his uncle to Anthony falling into his hands, he opens it, and discovers that his relative is consulting Miles as to the propriety of reinstalling his grand child in his favour and in the fortune which by course of nature should be hers. He destroys the letter—not unseen, however,—and Anthony Miles, the lucky legatee, suffers terribly from the suspicion that he had advised Mr. Tregennas against the latter's better inclination, in order to further his own interests. The stain, however, does not too long lie on his reputation, though his reestablishment in the esteem of the neighbourhood is due to a tragic and fatal incident. The characters in the book are drawn with wonderful realism and an unusual share of individuality. Anthony Miles, medallist of his year, a hearty, wilful, often wayward, youth, with a chronic tendency to reforming everything, good and bad alike, which makes him the *bête noire* of the two old bachelor brothers, the Mannerings, who, nevertheless, love him as a son; Marmaduke Lee, the very opposite in character to his *quondam* friend, weak, vacillating, pettish, and perpetually discontented; Squire Chester, a bluff old gentleman of the antique school, nursing an intense hatred for railways and telegraphs, with a great admiration for Anthony, and a deep love for his own pretty daughters; David Stephens, dissenter, narrow-minded, cramped in his opinions, but intensely earnest and strangely self-sacrificing; Mrs. Featherly, rector's wife and busy body, with a firm conviction that her sphere in life is to pick her neighbours to pieces, a typical sour-visaged Mrs. Grundy; these are a few of the personages that play prominent parts in the little drama at Thorpe Regis. We have enjoyed their company for a period only too brief; and have parted with them with regret. We can heartily recommend the book to those who are capable of appreciating a really good work of fiction as the novel of the season.

\* Handbook of Statistics of the United States. Compiled by M. C. Spaulding. Cloth. 12mo. Pp. 207. \$1.00. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

† Sketches of Illustrious Soldiers. By James Grant Wilson. 12mo. Cloth extra. With portraits. Pp. 481. \$2.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

‡ Thorpe Regis: A Novel. By the author of "The Rose Garden," and "Unawares." Cloth. 12mo. Pp. 432. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

## "SOCIETY IS THE HAPPINESS OF LIFE."

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST, ACT IV. SC. 2.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR,—“If we apply phrases to Shakspeare which he has uttered of others,” says Cardinal Wiseman in a delightful little book, entitled “William Shakspeare,”—the which ought to be very extensively read—“we believe that he must have involuntarily described himself, when he says:

“Take him for all in all,  
We shall not look upon his like again;”

“or that he must even consciously have given a reflection of himself when he so richly represents to us ‘the poet’s eye in a fine frenzy rolling.’”

Believing that we, as Englishmen, or descendants of Englishmen, “shall not look upon his like again,” and seeing the great veneration that every true English scholar has had for his writings since the time when Isaac Jaggard and E. Blount printed in 1623—two hundred and fifty years ago—the first “famous folio,” it ought not to be a matter of surprise that a new Shakspeare Society has just been formed in London under the auspices of some of England’s ripest and soundest scholars.

Volumes upon volumes of sound criticism and profound commentaries have been published upon the writings of our great dramatist, of whom it has been said, his “philosophy is deeper than Plato; his tenderness, Christian charity, and eloquence for the poor are as deep as those of Saint Chrysostom;” yet these volumes do not satisfy the still increasing yearning for something more, namely: the making out the succession of his plays, and thereby the growth of his mind and art, tracing, as it were, the very steps which he trod till he became the ruler of a great intellectual dominion—never to be deposed, never to be rivalled, never to be envied—and the paths by which he obtained the sovereignty over the literature of England.

To this New Shakspeare Society, sir, I wish, through your extensively read and widely circulated paper, to call the attention of the Canadian descendants of England, more particularly to the clergy and the heads of universities and collegiate establishments, who have a joint heritage in Shakspeare, in order that the slight reproach upon them by the founder of the society may be wiped out, when he writes to me, “Canada has never given me any help yet except the Governor-General joining the New Shakspeare Society. And yet it ought to back me. It professes to care for England more than the United States does. But it certainly does not care for English as well.”

Having accepted, *pro tem.*, the post of Honorary Secretary in Canada to the New Shakspeare Society, it is my bounden duty to solicit subscriptions and get as many subscribers as possible, or to induce my fellow colonists to send in their names to the President, Frederic J. Furnivall, Esq., 3 St. George’s Square, Primrose Hill, London, N. W.; or to the Honorary Secretary, Arthur G. Snelgrove, Esq., London Hospital, London, E. The subscription (which constitutes membership without election or payment of entrance fee) is a guinea, say \$8.00, per annum, including the postage of the Society’s publications from England.

The scope of the Society may be thus briefly stated: The discussion of all the best conjectural readings, seeking for contemporary confirmations of them; drawing up a Black List of all the stupid or ingeniously fallacious absurdities that so-called emenders have devised. The discussion of the pronunciation of Shakspeare and his period, and the spelling that ought to be adopted in a scholar’s edition of his plays. It is surely time that the patent absurdity should cease of printing 16th and 17th century works for English scholars in 19th century spelling. The publication of a series of the *Originals* and *Analogues* of Shakspeare’s plays, including extracts from North’s Plutarch, Holinshed, and other works used by him; also contemporary tracts, ballads, and documents alluding to or mentioning Shakspeare and his works; selections from the Contemporary Drama, from Garrick’s collection; a chronological series of English *Mysteries*, *Miracle-plays*, *Interludes*, *Masks*, *Comedies*, &c., up to Shakspeare’s time.

The Society’s *Transactions* will be in 8vo., its *Texts* will be issued in handsome quarto, the quarto for members only. The Society’s work will be essentially one of popularization, of stirring up the intelligent study of Shakspeare among all classes in England, Canada, Australia, and America. The Society will be managed by a committee of workers.

Among its present members are to be found some of the foremost men of letters in England, Germany, and America, and let me hope that Canada will help to swell the roll. To that end this letter is written. Any further information that may be required by intending subscribers I shall be happy to give upon application to

Your obedient servant,  
THOS. D. KING.

26 BEAVER HALL, MONTREAL,  
May 16, 1874.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ARKANSAS TROUBLES.—The portraits of Brooks and Baxter have still a certain interest, although the feud which raged between them has been settled by the intervention of the Federal Government in favour of the latter.

EARLY SPRING.—Our front page is graced with a beautiful and appropriate sketch from the pencil of one of our own artists. It represents the first burst of the leaf and the break of the vernal light in the avenue of the wood. The end of May is late for the opening of Spring, but so it is in Canada this year, owing to the exceptionally rude season which we have traversed.

THE GREAT FLOOD IN MASSACHUSETTS.—A frightful accident occurred on Saturday morning the 16th inst. near Northampton, Mass., by which 138 lives were lost and three millions of property was swept out of existence. On the upper part of Mill River, a small tributary of the Connecticut in Hampshire County, there are three large reservoirs for the use of the numerous factories which line the banks of the stream along its whole course. One of these burst suddenly between 7 and 8 a. m., and the imprisoned waters were hurled with tremendous violence upon the villages below, while some of the inhabitants were not yet astir, and others were just going to their work. The southern half of the village of Williamsburg was almost obliterated. Thence the torrent swept over Skinnersville, Haydenville, and Leeds, destroying all the principal factories, and a great number of dwelling-houses. The disaster was so sudden that hardly anybody had time to get out of its path. The flood poured through the narrow gorge formed by the hills on each side of Mill River, demolishing every thing before it, and carrying down an awful debris of battered timbers, broken ma-

chinery, uprooted trees, and mangled corpses. At Florence, five miles below Williamsburg, the country becomes more open, and there the torrent spread itself over the meadows, and so spent its force. At Northampton, however, three miles further on, the swollen current of the river demolished several bridges and interrupted railway travel.

THE LANDING OF THE BLACK WATCH.—Our illustration represents the landing of the famous Black Watch, or 42nd Highlanders at Portsmouth on their return from the Gold Coast by the steamer “Sarmatian.” The photograph was obtained from officers of the “Sarmatian” who were in the port a few weeks after that interesting event.

THE DOMINION LINE.—This line is acquiring importance in the second season of its Montreal service. New steamers have been expressly built for it, and it is intended to despatch one every week if possible. The line is very popular with shippers. The Commodore is Captain Bouchette, one of the most efficient seamen in our service. He is a native Canadian.

AT THE REICHSTAG.—On the site of an old porcelain manufactory in the busy Leipzig Strasse of Berlin stands a new building, not unlike an orthopedic institution, and which is the Reichstags-Gebäude, or Hall of the Imperial German Diet. The neighbouring War Office, with its four grim sandstone figures of hussar, grenadier, and cuirassier, dwarfs it significantly, but seems to smile on the young place like a father on his son, saying, “That’s my offspring, that is: he’s small and shaky at present, but he’ll grow.” Possibly he will grow and be strong, but elsewhere; for this shabby palace is but the temporary contrivance run up to house the first Diet which assembled in 1871. There was some talk at that time of erecting the new Hall in the Thiergarten on the site of Kroll’s, the Berlin Cremorne; and talk being closely allied to action among these Prussians, *Klad. deradatsch* had already got a cartoon of the terrible Bismarck mowing down the tin palm trees, and bagging the wooden ducks which form the most attractive features in the well-loved dancing-grounds. But Bismarck, or Ottoschen as he is called in moments of tenderness, has his soft hours like the rest of us. Kroll’s was after all a useful place, where young men were better employed than in talking socialism in the cafés, to the greater glory of that brace of Red Radicals, Herr Bebel and Herr Schrapa, who ornamented the benches of the first Reichstag. So Kroll’s was spared, with this result—that the temporary palace has already outlived one Diet and now serves for the sitting of the 397 members of the Second, who were elected last 10th of January.

Let us attend the sitting of this new Diet, which will last till 1877; and for this purpose follow that erect little gentleman who leaves the Adolger Casino, or Club of Nobles, at the corner of the Wilhelm Strasse, and struts down the Leipzig-street, an object of respect to all passers by. He wears the undress uniform of a general, has the black and white ribbon of the Iron Cross on his breast, and is none other than the Prince of Schwerstock, of whom the French know something. He is a member of the Prussian Herrenhaus (House of Lords), besides belonging to the Reichstag; he is a great landowner in Pomerania, and there is no reason why he should walk through the street on foot, except that Prussians of the old school have as great a disdain for vehicles as the genuine Turks have. Princes and professors, lawyers and soldiers, they mostly come walking to the Diet, and the few carriages that clatter up belong for the greater part to the banking and stock-broking members who live in the brand-new mansions Unter den Linden and have no time to waste. It is very curious to notice the kind of greeting which the Prince of Schwerstock exchanges with these moneyed col-leagues of his as he passes with them over the threshold of the main entrance. His nod and lifting of the glove to the soldiers who have reverentially saluted him all the way through the streets has been paternal; his bow to brother nobles is full of grace and cordiality; but to the bankers he touches his cap with that inimitable, icy politeness which you can only find on the banks of the Spree, and which straightway puts ten degrees of frost between persons. Let this be borne in mind, for in Herr von Schwerstock’s bow to that powerful Herr Geltmann, whose name is quoted on all the exchanges of Europe, you have a key to the whole situation of parties in Germany. In certain countries, and especially in England, the political ground is cut in vertical halves, and each half includes a part of every social stratum. There are Liberal dukes and Tory bankers, manufacturers who are Radicals and barristers who are staunch Conservatives; in short, there is no guessing from a man’s rank of fortune what may be his opinions. But in Germany the divisions are horizontal. When you get into the strangers’ gallery of the Reichstag, and watch the members file in, you have no need of that coloured plan which you bought at the door to tell you that the Prince of Schwerstock will sit at the right and Herr Geltmann in the centre. The nobles sit and vote with their kind, the bankers and brokers with theirs, the professors and lawyers are sprinkled about between the Left Centre and Left pretty much according to their pecuniary means and professional eminence, so that when you set eyes on that slovenly Professor Rothkopf, with his dreadfully bad hat and greasy coat-collar, you might bet a guinea that his place was on the extreme Left, even though you were not aware that he was a Democratic-Socialist, an apologist of the Paris Commune—one of those alarming individuals who have exhausted all the anathemas of that honest *Voss Zeitung*, the Berlin *Times*, and whose presence in the new Diet, nine strong, troubles the sleep of the Imperial Chancellor.

But it is two o’clock, and while the President, Herr von Forckenbeck—a Bismarckian Catholic—stands before his chair and bends his head to friendly members who stream in, we have a few minutes to look about us. It is a mean place of assembly inside as well as out. Disposed amphitheatrically, like most Continental chambers of debate, it has none of those desks and commodities for letter-writing which conduce to the comfort of French and Italian legislators. In this respect it resembles the English Parliament, and when a prosy orator is speaking, either from the rostrum or from his place—for the use of the rostrum is not compulsory—honourable members keep up a riot of conversation, as of so many hoarse rattles. The president’s chair stands on a platform at the basis of the horseshoe; the rostrum is below it, and on either side of the rostrum runs a long balcony with seats for plenipotentiaries of the allied German Governments. These are forty-seven in number, forming the Bundesrath, or Federal Council; and being, as the representatives of kings and princes, far more glorious than the mere representatives of the people, they are much better seated. When Prince Bismarck attends the sittings his place is in this balcony. He comes in alert and frisky, dressed in uniform, and distributing shakes of the hand to all comers. Then he sits down in a coign of vantage, whence his eyes can gleam down on the Assembly like a pair of policemen’s lanterns; a clerk from the Chancery brings him portfolios, which he opens with a key fastened to his watch-chain, and he sets to work briskly, signing official papers, but paying the while the most zealous attention to every syllable that is uttered. No one ever caught him napping, this sovereign man. Does a member let fall a displeasing statement the Chancellor’s pen stops halfway to the inkstand, his massive bald head gives a jerk, and he says plainly: “Das ist nicht wahr.” An ordinary member would preface a flat denial with some slight formula of apology, but such formulas occasion a grievous waste of breath, and they will never null an opponent’s tongue so effectually to his palate as the short, strong, and business-like apostrophe: “That’s not true.” Now and then, to be sure, a contradicted member waxes wroth, grows red, and sticks

to his statement; then down goes the Chancellor’s pen among a litter of other pens, he stands up all of a piece and inflicts a few remarks which must be as pleasant to bear as the thwacks of a whip. It is not eloquence, for Herr von Bismarck stammers over his phrases and hesitates at times like a man selecting a stick from a bundle; but his voice is tuneful, and no one can deny that when he has chosen his stick it is a good one, which always does its work well. To-day, however, the Chancellor is unfortunately absent, from illness, so that the members settling down in their places are much in the case of schoolboys who come into class knowing that the head-master is indisposed and that they will have an easy time of it under a good-natured assistant tutor. It has been said that there are 397 members; and it is necessary to explain that they are divided into no fewer than twelve parties or factions, thus:—Conservatives, 20; Imperial party, 30; Liberal party of Empire, 14; National Liberals, 148; Progressists, 49; Ultramontane Catholics, 93; Hanoverian Particularists, 4; Democrats, 2; Socialists, 9; Danes, 1; Poles, 12; and Alsace-Lorrainers, 15. Now, of these the first five parties, making a total of 261, are reckoned as “devoted to the Empire;” but the other seven, with their force of 136, which comprises that formidable Ultramontane phalanx, are virtually irreconcilable.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAMPIONS.—As a subject of kindred interest to the above, we give the portraits of the principal champions of the Roman Catholic Church in the struggle now going on against the State in Prussia. The names of most of these are familiar to our readers, having of late frequently occurred in the despatches published in the daily papers.

A TRUCE AT SOMORROSTRO.—During the three days’ armistice that ensued after the hard fighting round Bilbao at the end of March, a truce was concluded to enable either side to bury their dead. Carlist officers, chiefs, and soldiers came down from their entrenchments, while on their side Republican officers and soldiers alike advanced to the front to greet their enemies of the previous day, though in many cases their quondam friends and acquaintances. Soldiers on the one side hailed those on the other by their names, mutual acquaintances were inquired after, sometimes their loss had to be told and lamented, while no one could explain how it was that former friends and schoolfellows now found themselves fighting on opposite sides. This scene was enacted throughout the line for three days. The most rudimentary laws of warfare were set at defiance, and for the time the two parties exchanged camps—eating, drinking, laughing, chatting together—in fact, says our artist, “it was peace.”

## THE MAGAZINES.

The *Galaxy* is unusually good this month, the table of contents offering a most attractive menu, the promises of which are more than kept. With the exception of the usual instalment of his serial, “Linley Rookford,” Justin McCarthy is unrepresented, but other familiar names appear in force. Richard Grant White drops for this issue his etymological studies, and contributes in the stead thereof a remarkable paper on Wagner and his music. Albert Rhodes has a pleasant historical sketch of the French Academy, thickly strawn with curious facts and anecdotes; and General Custer continues his description of Life on the Plains. An article that is sure to attract attention is that by Olive Logan on voice-training and professional singing; and both pleasure and profit may be derived from Mr. Petersen’s sketch of Scandinavia. In addition to the above-mentioned papers the current number of this magazine contains three short stories and five poems, besides a paper on “Flashes, Clever, Edible and Otherwise,” and the usual Editorial Department—one of the best features of the *Galaxy*.

St. Nicholas still improves as it goes. It hardly could do otherwise under such able management as that of Mary Mapes Dodge, but even with such hands and head to control it, it surpasses the most sanguine hopes entertained as to its success. As usual the current number is full of good things for the little folk—good measure pressed down and running over—things too numerous to mention, and sufficient to wile away many a weary hour with amusement and instruction. Once more we counsel pater and materfamilias by no means to omit subscribing to this excellent children’s magazine. It is a true treasure in the household.

We have unfortunately lost tract of the serials in *Lippincott’s Magazine* owing to the non-arrival of recent issues. In the June number there are six completed papers and stories and three poems. The gem of the whole issue is a collection of unpublished letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, which cannot fail to prove a treasure to the appreciative reader. “Vignettes from the Schuykill Valley,” illustrated, is commenced and will be concluded in the July number. “A Call on a Bonze” gives some intensely interesting information as to the inner life of the Buddhistic priesthood; and social life in Rome is described by T. Adolphus Trollope. “Bounce” is the title of a short and pathetic story of the kind in which the American magazines are peculiarly fortunate.

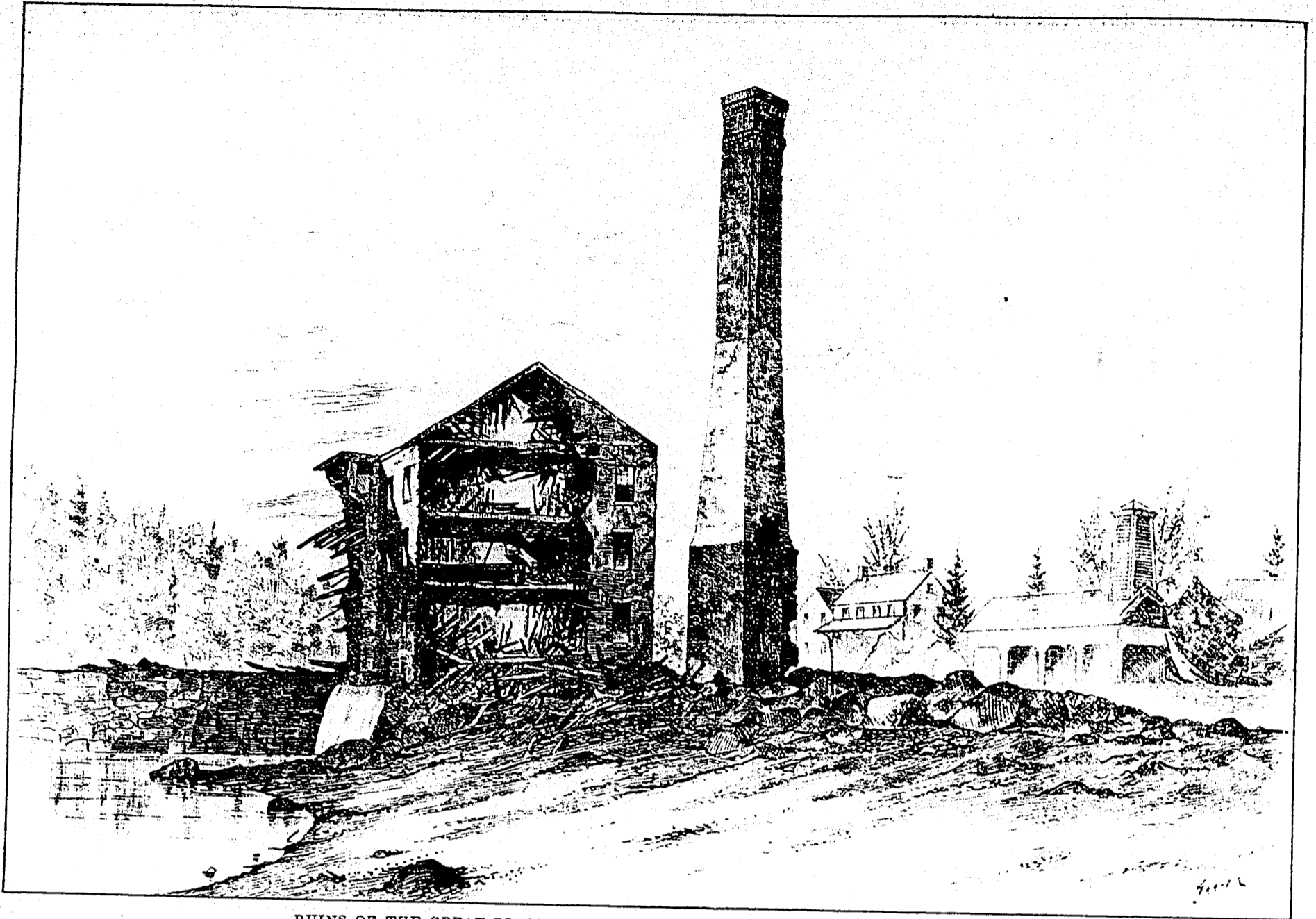
“The South Carolina Problem” is discussed with fullness, sharpness and apparent fairness by Mr. Edward King, in the June number of *Scribner’s*. This being one of “The Great South” series, the illustrations are, as usual, numerous, and deal with character as well as landscape and architecture. There are in this number six stories, or parts of stories, the authors being the now famous Saxe Holm (the beginning of a story in two instalments), Henry James, Jr., Rebecca Harding Davis, Adeline Trafton, Amalie La Forge, and Jules Verne. The second and concluding paper on Tennyson, by Stedman, an illustrated paper on “Au Sable Chasm,” the gate of the Adirondacks; a sketch, with portrait, of the poet Aldrich; an account of “An Elephant Hunt in Siam”; and poems by Colonel Higginson, Benjamin F. Taylor, Mary L. Ritter, Elizabeth Aken Allen and Martha P. Lowe complete the list of contributions.

The irregular arrival of *Harper’s Monthly* has also prevented our following the serials in that published. The current number opens with an illustrated paper giving some interesting information on Mexico, which is followed by a second paper on Dr. Scheinfurth’s explorations in the heart of Africa. “Collecting Salmon Spawn in Maine” gives an interesting insight into the method of salmon-raising pursued at the establishment at Bucksport. Eugene Lawrence contributes a thoughtful article on the Jews and their persecutors, and Gen. McClellan a second paper on Army Organization. A memoir of Joseph Rodman Drake, “The Recollections of an Old Stager,” with two short stories and several poems of merit complete the number.

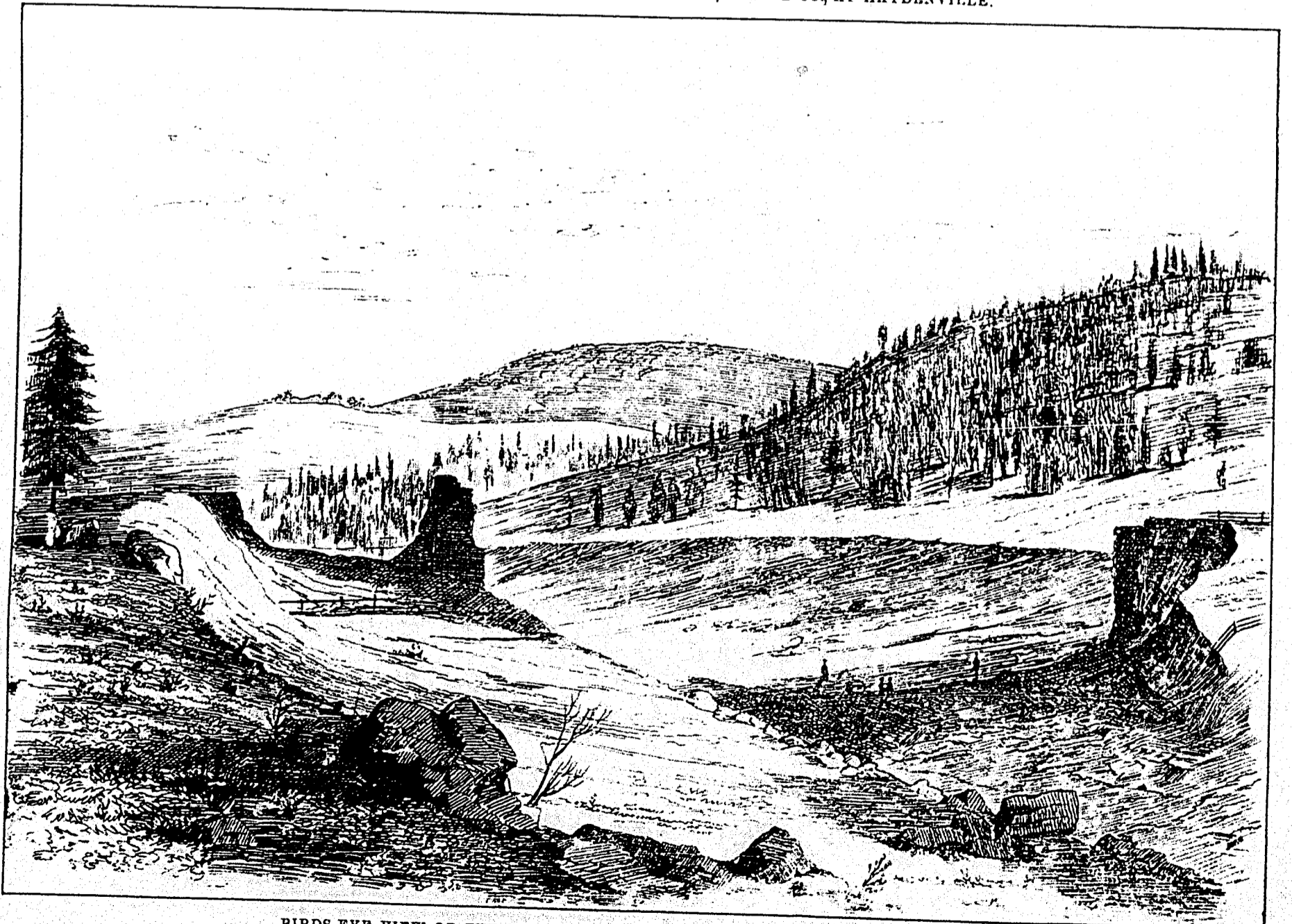
The *Atlantic* for June contains the sequel of “Mose Evans,” which maintains itself in interest and a certain indefinite power. “Prudence Palfrey” is also continued. The poetry of the number is not quite up to the well-known *Atlantic* standard. The autobiographical fragment on Naples by R. Dale Owen is quite commonplace, and but for its author’s name, would probably not be admitted into the Magazine. The critical portion of the number is full and appreciative. It is done conscientiously, and young readers more especially can derive a great deal of instruction from it.



THE GREAT FLOOD IN MASSACHUSETTS.

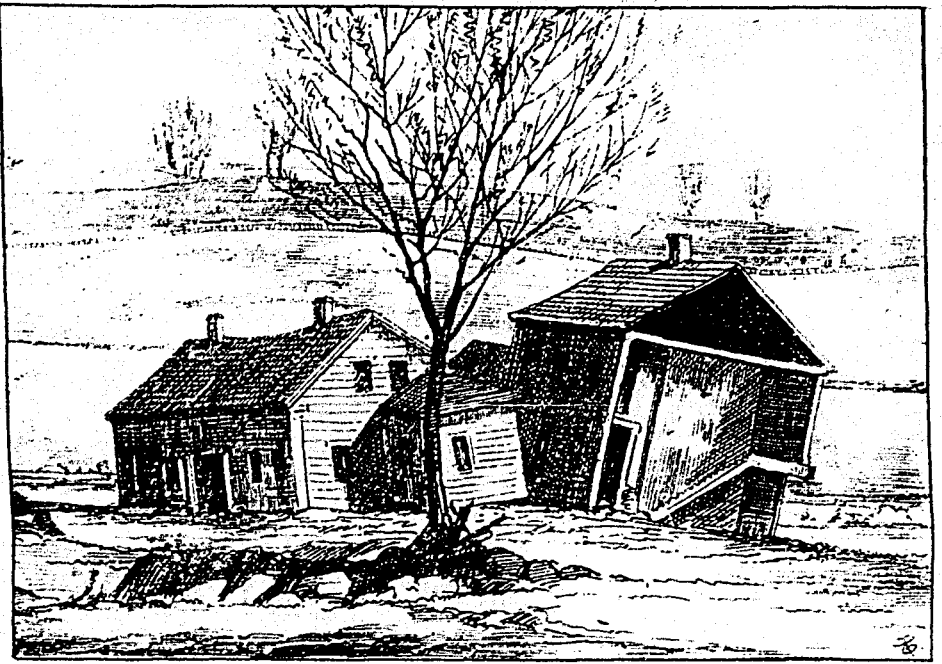
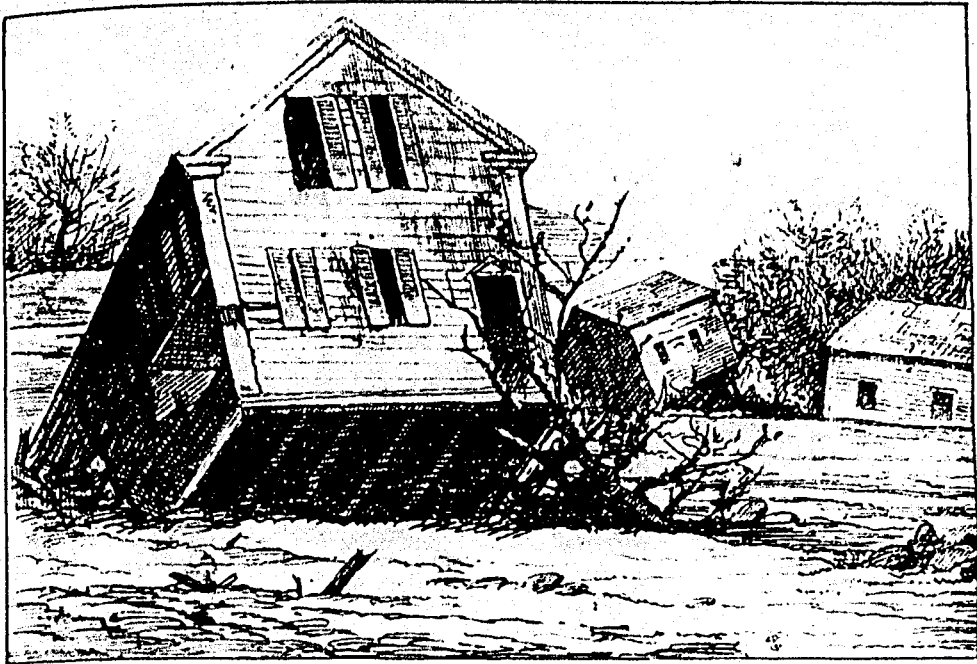


RUINS OF THE GREAT BRASSWORKS OF HAYDEN, GERE & CO., AT HAYDENVILLE.



BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE WILLIAMSBURGH RESERVOIR, WITH THE RUINED DAM.

THE GREAT FLOOD IN MASSACHUSETTS.



WORKMEN'S HOUSES OVERTURNED BY THE FLOOD.

PART OF A HOUSE AT LEEDS—THE REST DASHED TO PIECES.

THE WILLIAMSBURG RESERVOIR.

A reporter of the *Springfield Republican* who examined the ruins of the reservoir a few hours after the disaster describes the general aspect as follows:—The eastern section of the reservoir, on which the first break occurred, has disappeared from the top to the base, with the exception of a few rocks at the bottom, almost to the eastern bank. Near the centre of the stream the stone wall which inclosed the iron tube remains almost intact on the upper side, but on the lower side a considerable number of stones have been carried away by the force of the torrent. The western half of the reservoir has suffered less seriously, though even on that side only the extreme portion, where comparatively little of the pressure came, remains uninjured. Much more of the base of the stone wall, however, remains here than on the other side, so that one can walk upon the remains of it to the very centre of the stream. Of the whole extent of the reservoir, as it stood on Saturday morning, it is safe to say that not one-sixth now remains. The feature that most impresses one about the ruins is the smallness of the stone wall when compared with the immense extent of water which the reservoir held. This wall was understood to be eight feet thick at the base. Upon measuring a section of it, however, as it stood intact, some ten feet above the bed of the stream, the reporter found it lacked about three inches of being

six feet across. The upper third of the wall, as one looks across the chasm at what remained on the eastern side, cannot fail to strike the average observer, possessing only the information and judgment of common sense, as seriously lacking in thoroughness and stability. Without applying the tests which experts on such matters will doubtless soon put to it, a spectator from the opposite bank can hardly restrain the judgment of flimsy as he views the upper portion of the wall, and the general impression, from an inspection of the wall as a whole, is that it lacked the strength which so great a strain demanded.

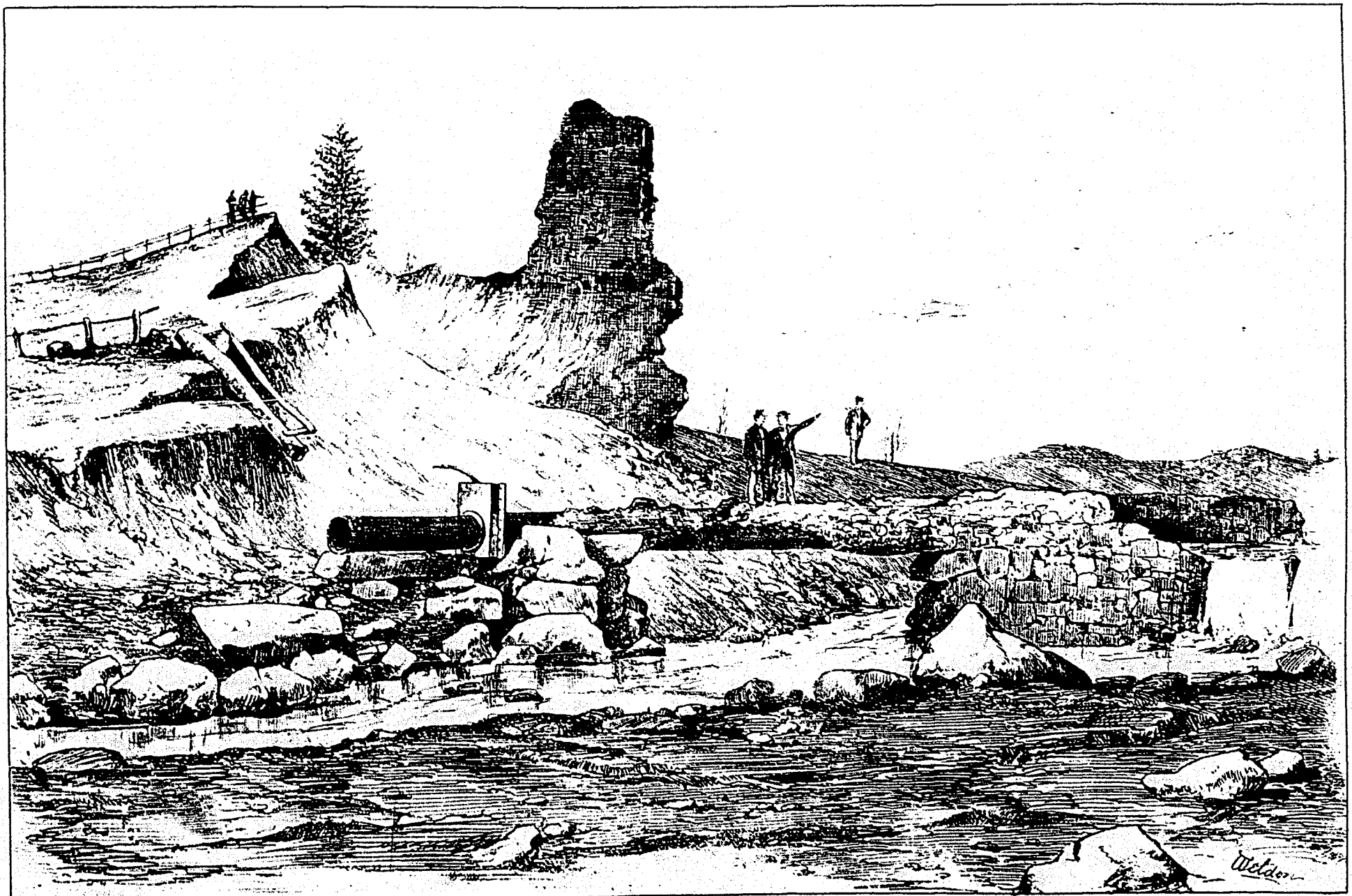
The ill-fated reservoir was one of a system of dams and reservoirs owned by a corporation called the Mill River and Williamsburg Reservoir Company, which included all the manufacturing establishments on the line of Mill River from Williamsburg to Northampton. It was situated on the east branch of Mill River, about three miles from the village of Williamsburg, in the north-eastern corner of Northampton. The stream which supplied it has its rise only about three miles above the reservoir, and, after joining the west branch at the village of Williamsburg, forms Mill River proper, which flows through Haydensville and Florence and empties into the Connecticut River at Northampton.

The reservoir was constructed in the summer and fall of 1865, though it was not filled and used until the following

spring. Emery C. Wells, of Northampton, and Joel Bassett, of East Hampton, were the contractors, and the cost was \$35,000.

A stone wall was first built, which was stipulated to rise from a width of eight feet at the base pan to two feet at the top, which latter was forty-two feet above the bed of the stream.

This wall was contracted to be laid in the best known cement, and the projectors claimed it would be as strong as a single shaft of granite. Enveloping this wall on either side was a mass of earth which sloped down on the water side at an angle of 30 degrees, and on the lower side at an angle of 45 degrees; a lateral section of this earthen support measured about 120 feet at the base, the greater mass of which was on the water side. At the centre of the stream, enclosed in a stone wall, running at right angles to the main wall of the reservoir, ran an iron tube of two feet diameter, for controlling the flow of water, extending of course a few feet beyond this earthen wall, at both extremities of its base. This wall of earth, 120 feet wide at bottom, was sixteen feet across at the top, covering the crest of the stone wall two feet in depth, in order to prevent danger from frost, and along its top furnished a good drive-way. The water never rose quite to the crest of the dam, being kept about two feet below that line by means of a waste way at the western side. The reservoir covered an area of 111 acres, and its average depth was twenty-four feet.



THE REMAINS OF THE WILLIAMSBURGH DAM, WITH THE FLUME.

## THE QUEEN REGNANT.

No more was Olga queen for any King;  
The pathway round a throne she could not tread,  
Nor triumph in the royal ring—  
The boy she bore was dead!

The cloister hers: she chose the cloak and hood,  
And beads of olive wood, a pouch for alms.  
—["The Queen Deposed"—Mrs. Stoddard.]

The cold, gray walls frown on me as I pass,  
Sad Olga's eyes gleam on me as I ride,  
A human sob walls through the holy Mass;  
I shrink, even at my royal spouse's side!

My jewelled crown weighs heavy on my brow,  
A wearied heart beats 'neath my brodered vest;  
For many moons my soul with fear waxed low  
For that frail life which quivered 'neath my breast.

My thoughts, like swift birds, fly adown the years;  
With strange prophetic gaze I seem to see  
Lands, peoples, laws, where woman's sighs and tears  
No longer mourn a hopeless destiny.

The prayers are ended. Loud the heralds cry,  
The music peals, the trumpets joyous blare;  
Flee, shadows all! my Lord and Love stands nigh;  
I am the Queen, and this, my babe, the Heir.

CLARA VON MOSCHIZISKER.

## FOR EVERYBODY.

## Mistaken Enterprise.

An enterprising person the other day, contrary to the law, shipped a dead body as merchandise to cross the Atlantic. It was labelled with some discretion "A machine out of order." The authorities found out the fraud; however, all they seem to have got for their pains was the corpse.

## Disraeli on French Progress.

Mr. Disraeli said a few days since another of those crisp things which are so habitual with him. In conversation with an eminent foreigner he said: "For these last ten years, in politics, literature, and matters of art and finance, the French have only known how to make anecdotes."

## Are the Grapes Sour?

In conversation with his personal friends Mr. Gladstone is said to express regret at having given so many years to politics. To one of these he recently remarked: "How little do politics affect the life, the moral life, of a nation! One single good book influences the people a vast deal more."

## He that Thinketh He Standeth.

A good story is being told of George William Curtis, the American poet. He prides himself, it is said, on his English accent, eschewing the Yankee "drawl." Therefore, when he was over here, and went to a tailor's, he was not a little mortified at the proprietor exclaiming, "Show the American gentleman the pretty 'sun-flowery' weskets!"

## Refined Self-Torture.

A correspondent writing from Chieti, in the Province of Naples, makes mention of a suicide which, perhaps, is as revolting to the imagination as it is novel in conception. The postmaster of Aquila, Signor Giuseppe Gasparini, on the fifth of April, committed suicide for some unknown reason in a village named Antrodiccio, by inserting a breast-pin into his right ear, and died seven hours afterwards in mortal agony.

## Pay of Carlist Officers.

Spanish papers state that the monthly pay of the Carlist officers is as follows:—Elio, as captain-general, receives 4,000 reals; a lieutenant-general receives 3,000, a marshal-du-camp (an antiquated term for major-general) 2,000, a brigadier-general 1,000, a colonel 600, a lieutenant-colonel 500, a major 400, a captain 300, a lieutenant 200, and an ensign 100 reals. The regularity of the pay depends of course on the amount of cash in the treasury.

## The Truth About the Wolseley Baronetcy.

The main reason why General Wolseley refused the offer of a baronetcy is—as stated by Mr. Disraeli in the House of Commons—that two baronetries are already in his family, and that he might possibly succeed to one or both. These titles are an English creation as Wolseley of Wolseley, in 1628, and an Irish as Wolseley of Mount Wolseley, in 1734. The Irish baronets are descended from the third son of the second English baronet. Sir Garnet belongs to the Irish branch.

## Remarkable Operation on the Tongue.

A curious operation for cancer was recently performed in England. A man had cancer in the tongue, which it was necessary to excise; but instead of the surgeon performing this with the knife, he made a hole in the throat, through which he passed a platinum wire and looped it round the tongue; then by an electric battery the wire was rendered red-hot, and the tongue was severed, as it were by the actual cautery, thus preventing the spread of the disease. The patient, of course, was under chloroform, and has exchanged torture for comparative ease, and can even express his gratitude for the result.

## Transmitting Maps by Telegraph.

A novel application of the telegraph has been devised in France—the transmitting copies of maps and diagrams. A numerally graduated semicircular plate of glass is laid by the telegrapher over the map to be transmitted, and a pencil of mica, attached to a pivoted strip of metal, also divided into numbers, allowed to move over the plate. Looking through a fixed eyepiece, the operator traces out his map on the glass with the adjustable mica pencil, and, noticing the numbers successively touched on the plate and on the moving metal arm, telegraphs them to his correspondent, who, by means of

an exactly similar apparatus, is thereby enabled to trace out an exactly similar map.

## A Commendable Spirit of Inquiry.(?)

The following letter was addressed by a University undergraduate to the master of his college—a well-known English philosopher and mathematician:—

"DEAR SIR,—As you are a divine as well as a mathematician, I will trouble you to answer me this question, which, it seems to me, strikes at the root of our system of popular theology: I have but one father and mother, yet I have two grandfathers and two grand-mothers, four great-grandfathers and four great-grandmothers, and so on. How, then, is it possible that I or any one else in the world can be descended from a single pair?"

## Distinctive Names of Ocean Steamers.

The following item concerning the naming of ocean steamers will be of general interest: The steamers of the National line are named after nations; the White Star line adopt the termination "ic;" Allan line, termination "an;" Guion line, American States and Territories; Inman line, American and European cities, prefix "City of;" Cunard line, kingdoms, islands, and colonies; State line, American States, prefix "State of;" Eagle line, German poets and statesmen; North German Lloyds, German kings, princes, rivers, etc.; Hamburg line, German confederations; Anchor line, States, kingdoms, islands, and colonies; and Philadelphia line, American States. The Inman is called the "city" line, and the Anchor the "alphabetical" line, because the letters of the alphabet have been used in almost regular order in naming the steamers.

## Nonplussing a Forger.

Persons who cannot write sign their name as is well known with the mark of a cross. Such mark, however, can be easily imitated, and how, in ordinary circumstances, are forgeries to be detected? In the following, there is perhaps a solution of the difficulty. A wealthy merchant in Chili could not write, and he signed with a cross. A bill upon him with a forged cross, on being presented for payment was refused. A lawsuit ensued. The judge before whom the case was brought asked the merchant how he could prove that the mark was a forgery. In reply, he said the proof was a secret which he would reveal to him privately. He then explained, that in signing with a cross he drew the pen along the side of his thumb, so that each limb of the cross was the side of thumb in profile. The proof was deemed satisfactory. The holder of the bill was non-suited.

## A French Account of the Loss (!) of "L'Amérique."

A Paris correspondent writes:—"I was much amused at a communication which appeared in the *Gaulois* the other day from the pen of one of the French passengers on board the ill-fated steamship "Amérique." After describing the storm, the arrival of the saviour ships, the rescue, &c., he painted in gloomy yet vivid colours the sad scene of the sinking of the steamer, how they saw her buffeted by the waves, submerged, again uprising, and at last how, with one final plunge, she disappeared, the waters closed over her, and they saw her no more. Then, as though the demon of the storm had been appeased by the sacrifice, the sea became calm, the wind lulled, and the rescuing ships set sail and soon were far away from the watery abyss that had engulfed the noble steamship. Exactly two days later the news arrived that the "Amérique" had been picked up floating at sea and towed into Plymouth! In the brief but expressive language of a dear young friend of mine, 'Laws?'"

## Personals.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburg will visit Ireland early in August.—Madame Bazaine has fallen heir to an immense fortune in Mexico, her native country.—Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia is about to start on a year and a half tour round the world, *via* Russia, Siberia, Japan, China, and the United States.—Bismarck is to spend the summer at obscure Fulda, in the hope of getting away from persistent visitors.—Mrs. Helmbold, wife of the celebrated H., has retired to a convent. Rumour whispers of a romance.—The Duchess of Edinburg does not find favour with English connoisseurs in matters of dress, on account of the 'loud' character of her costumes.—Rochefort will settle in Geneva, where he will conduct a journal, to appear simultaneously at Brussels and London, wherein he will give his revelations of the Second Empire.—Baron Alphonse de Rothschild's daughter has just passed a highly creditable examination in Paris, and taken out a certificate of competency as a schoolmistress.

## A Pedestrian Feat.

Thomas Lowman, of Philadelphia, recently made a wager of \$5000 a side with a friend that he would walk from that city to Montreal—a distance of 665 miles—without any further stoppages than might be necessary for taking food and sleep. He started on Wednesday, the 29th ult. at 8 a.m., and arrived in Montreal on Monday the 18th inst. at 3 p. m. The following was the route taken:—Philadelphia, Westchester, Downingtown, Lancaster, Harrisburg, Sunbury, Northumberland, Hilton, Muncy, Williamsport, Front Run, Canton, Troy, Elmira, Osage, Watkins, Waterloo, Lyons, Woolcot, Oswego, Kingston, Gananoque, Prescott, Edwardsburg, Morrisburg, Aultsville, Cornwall, Summerstown, Lancaster, Coteau Landing, Lachine, Montreal. The pedestrian started without a cent in his pocket and depended entirely on the hospitality of the people of the places he passed through. After leaving Williamsport he encountered heavy rains, but the most difficult portion of the journey was that through the Alleghanies where he encountered heavy snowstorms and found the snow from 2½ to 3 feet deep.

## A New Work by Gustave Doré.

A new work by Gustave Doré, entitled "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," is now on view in the Doré Gallery, in London. At the top of a long flight of steps a lighted chamber is seen, with some one tossing uneasily on the curtained bed. Descending the steps with the air of a somnambulist is Pilate's wife, or rather the *alter ego* of her dream. An angel arrests

her, and points towards the right, where in the foreground, Christ is standing erect, a red mantle round his form, submitting to be bound by the rough Roman soldiers, who are preparing him for execution. The cross is ready, and on the outskirts of the crowd that witnesses the spectacle are Christian pontiffs, bishops, priests, kings, and princess—in short, a motley blending of the actual and prophetic figures that are supposed to arise before the vision of Claudia Procula. Behind in the middle distance, is a multitudinous procession of crusaders and mighty defenders of the faith, clad in dazzling suits of armour, and stretching away into interminable space. In the sky above the circles of Heaven are described in the bright star-like light shed by a cross of the purest and most brilliant diamond, winged angels floating in the outer air that surrounds the blessed.

## French 'Elan'—On Paper.

M. Delerot's book, "Versailles Pendant l'Occupation," contains some 60 letters addressed to the German Emperor during his stay at Versailles, and mostly indited by persons wishing to give him a bit of their mind. These letters, the language of which is about as uncomplimentary as can be imagined, were discovered in the Emperor's room after he had left Versailles. Displaying many marginal remarks in his own handwriting, they are now given to the world as a treasure-trove. His Majesty's remarks are certainly very interesting, and deserve to be reprinted at length. But equally worthy of note is what the Emperor said when he heard of their publication. Upon the subject being mentioned in his presence the other day, the Emperor, who is very methodical and orderly, and the last man to leave important letters behind him, began to laugh, and said, "Se they have found them at last. I left them on purpose, because I thought they had better remain in the country which originated them." The letters are all in French, and mostly came from French towns, though some were posted in England, Holland, Italy, and other countries. Many are anonymous, and not a few are illustrated by unflattering caricatures.

## Natural Selection.

An Oakland (Cal.) paper describes the achievements of a local young man who went to a masquerade: "This young fellow had a soul above buttons, and he scorned the idea of wearing the conventional costume of the *bal masqué*. But what should he wear? His brain seized upon the query, and shortly an idea was evolved. He chose the character of a monkey. The eventful evening was at hand; he went to his hotel and donned his disguise. Being a wealthy young man, or economical, it's all the same, he concluded to walk. His first achievement was to frighten a chamber-maid nearly to death, and in the next hall his appearance gave a small child the fit. Reaching the street door, he boldly went forth clad in his snug-fitting suit, and playfully swinging his caudal appendage; but he had not proceeded far when a little dog ran out and barked at him. This called out another dog, and soon another joined their ranks in the pursuit of the strange animal. Finally a bull dog put in an appearance, and then the young man and his courage both took flight. The dogs had the best of it from the outset, and they soon ran their quarry to earth: in other words, the monkey-man concluded that the better part of valor would be to climb a high board fence. He did that, and for two long hours he sat there in the cold night wind before he was released from his unpleasant position by people passing within hailing distance."

## Brevities.

The Vendome Column will be entirely reconstructed by the anniversary of its destruction.—Imprisonment for debt was abolished on the Czar's birthday, 17th (29th) April.—A bill has been introduced into Congress providing for the dismissal and disqualification for appointment of any student concerned in "hazing."—One side of a street in Glasgow has been christened Coomassie-Place.—The Viceroy of Egypt has 16 American officers in his service.—A railway is to be constructed from Naples to the crater of Mt. Vesuvius.—The Zurich Cremation Society numbers 400 members.—The German Parliament is to be furnished with an electric apparatus by means of which the votes of the whole House in divisions can be taken in half a minute. A Vienna lady has subscribed 3,000 florins to the cremation fund of that city, with directions for a furnace to be erected without delay: her hurry may be explained by the fact that she is seventy.—Sermons are being preached in one of the London fashionable churches on social subjects interesting to the upper ten.—Twenty-seven vessels of war are now being built for the British navy: the largest of the number being the "Inflexible," 11,165 tons.—The English Postal Telegraph Department is at last about to introduce the Morse "sounder" in place of the old-fashioned system hitherto in vogue.—Three Cambridge graduates are about to start on a journey to India over the Himalayas a feat never yet performed.

## German Titles.

A Berlin correspondent says: "If there is any other nation in the world that possesses the love of titles in any more ridiculous degree than the Germans, I pray that it may not be my ill luck to have to live among them for three or four years. Imagine an unsophisticated American contending with the difficulties of the unpromissible language having, in a large company, to go through with such a formula as this (I spell as it is pronounced): 'Herr Oberst loy-tenant Holder Egges, allow me to introduce you to Herr Sanitaetsrath Mailaender,' and in the embarrassment forgetting the next title, and innocently saying, 'and also Herr Ludwig Rudolph.' When the insulted gentleman sprang to his feet, and, almost upsetting a table in his indignation, said, with his hand on his heart and bowing in the most profound and impressive way; 'I am Oberschullehrer Rudolph.' If one were only through the difficult task when the gentlemen are disposed of it would bring a feeling of relief, but every Frau has to have the same row of titles added to her name, and after you have been through an evening of such introductions and such names as Frau Professorin Eugenie Gayette Georgens, and the like, you feel as though your tongue were tied in so many double bow-knots that it never would straighten out for a euphonious pronunciation of the Queen's English. Yet simply to say in an introduction Herr or Frau or Dr. instead of Herr Geheimrath or Herr Sanitaetsrath, is an unpardonable insult."

## SOME TALES OF QUAIN COACHES.

A great many years ago, fifty at the least, writes a correspondent of *Land and Water*, there was a coach from Alton to London, called "The Flying Machine," which the prospectus, or bill, stated would run, "God Willing," on such and such days. It was owned, and sometimes driven, by a person named Collier, who one day informed a friend of mine, for whom he always kept the box-seat, when he was duly advised that he should have his company, that he had all his life been trying to run over a duck, but had not been able to accomplish that feat of Jehuship. He had more than once managed to pin one, as it were, by the tail, but somehow or other the creature invariably contrived to waddle off unhurt, with the loss of a few feathers.

And apropos of coaches, did you ever hear of Sir William Chambers's bill for the design of the Royal State Coach? It was at first actually £8,000, but fortunately it was taxed, and reduced to nearly £500. Walpole's description of it is rather quaint: "a beautiful object crowded with improprieties." Sir William was a good architect, certainly, witness Somerset House, but the palm trees in the state coach, or rather on it, are a trifle too Oriental. He was not designed by nature for a coach-builder. Then there was Moore's invention of large wheels, and the attention his curious coach attracted when he went in it with five friends to Richmond, and was presented to old George the Third. The body of Moore's coach was, by all accounts, like that of an ordinary one reversed—hung between two high wheels nine feet and a half in diameter. The passengers sat sideways in it.

One of the best purposes which Moore put his inventive powers at work on was trying to improve the condition of traffic horses. He made a cart on two wheels to convey coals in about London, and took, with two horses, twenty-two sacks of coals from a wharf in Thames-street to his own house in Cheapside, repeating the journey four successive times in one day. The wheels of this cart were fifteen feet high. All these inventions were thought very wonderful in those days, but in the present we are well aware that a carriage of any sort with high wheels will run more easily than one with small.

There was a great outcry raised in London against hack-coaches at first. All the shopkeepers were up in arms; they said these coaches deprived them of custom, for when people walked through the streets they often looked in at the wares through the shop windows and were tempted to make purchases, but these horrid coaches whisked them by in a second.

"Caroches, coaches, jades, and Flanders mares,  
Do rob us of our shares, our wares, our fares;  
Against the ground we stand and knock our heels,  
Whilst all the profit runs away on wheels."

Taylor, the poetical waterman, wrote a satire, entitled "The World Runs on Wheels," and compared the coaches in London to an "infernal swarm of trade-spoilers who, like grasshoppers and caterpillars of Egypt, overrun the land and prevent watermen from getting a living on water." The old-fashioned citizens also complained of the noise these new coaches made. What would they say now to the tide of carriages and cabs, omnibuses and waggons, in parts of the city, if a dozen or more hack-coaches and a few private ones were deemed to make such a clatter in the streets, "shaking," as one writer has it, "the basements, and making such a confused row as if all the devils were at barley-break," and then says, "It doth sour wine, beer, and ale most abominably, to the impairing of the health of those that drink it." Preachers also railed against coaches, because the noise prevented their congregations from hearing the sermons they preached, but in spite of all Captain Bailey's four hackney coaches increased rapidly. He began in 1634, and in 1637 the law interfered to prevent a greater number than fifty; in 1652, 200 were allowed, and so on until the year 1771, when their number was 1,000.

Bailey was an old sea-captain, and his first hack-stand was at the Maypole, in the Strand. He put his drivers in livery, and gave them his orders at what rate to carry people into all parts of London, where they were to be found all day at stated times. Other coaches, which were at that time much more expensive, lowered their charges, and their owners sent their drivers to the same place as Bailey's men, so in a very short time the cab-stands became known as a London institution.

## PASTA AT HOME.

An account is given in "Lippincott's" of a visit to Pasta in 1860, when she was nearly sixty-two, from which the following is taken:—"It was nearly noon when we reached our destination. The villa, or, rather, the villas of Pasta—for there are three of them—are agreeably situated on the right bank of the lake. They are surrounded by handsome gardens, neatly cultivated, and, as usual in the mountainous part of Italy, constructed on artificial terraces. You enter by a gate opening on to the lake, and then pass into a little wood fragrant with the odour of the pretty white and pink cyclamen. The first villa used to be rented to strangers; the second was a kind of oratory, and, I believe, also the residence of a priest; the third house was that inhabited by the signora. As we met no one to inform us to which of the houses we were to direct our steps, we ventured to knock first at the oratory. At our summons a head was thrust out of an upper window, and we were informed that the padrona was in the garden indicated, and soon reached a kind of plateau, planted with nectarine trees, heavily laden with fruit. Beneath them were gathered five peasant women, picking up the delicious products and piling them into big baskets. I asked one of these women in the Milanese dialect if the 'aciara padrona' (the lady-mistress) was in. She I questioned was of medium height, rather stout, and arrayed in an old checked cotton gown, a white jacket, and a wide, coarse straw hat. She wore no stockings on her feet, which were thrust into those ancient, heelless wooden shoes, called *broccole* in Italian, which were as common in the days of Pliny as they are now. She held a long pole in her hand, with which she was engaged in knocking down the nectarines. 'La son mi la padrona' ('I am the mistress') answered she. At this unexpected answer Miss Vaughan and I were both dumfounded. Could this common-looking old countrywoman be Pasta, the famous *Div*, the greatest lyric actress that ever lived? We produced our letters, the signora read them, and then wiping her fingers, wet with fruit-juice, step

ped forward to greet us pleasantly. She apologized for her costume, said she was in the country and loved to live *sans gêne*, and, to break the ice completely, offered us some of her nectarines, which seemed to me the finest I had ever tasted. Then she invited us to breakfast and led us within. Having introduced us into the *salon*, she begged us to amuse ourselves as best we could whilst she went to change her dress, adding, with a laugh, as she glanced at her *broccole*, 'and put on a pair of stockings. You English people,' she went on, 'call this kind of costume "shocking." I remember when I was in London, noticing how young ladies, and old ones, too, used to bare their necks very low—so very low that I used to think it "shocking." It was amusing to notice how clearly she pronounced the word 'shocking,' which is so popular amongst foreigners. Pasta spoke always in Italian, with a very pure accent, and much grace, but in a voice unusually harsh and loud for a woman."

## THE LITERARY WORLD.

There is a prospect that a complete concordance to Pope's poems will be published.

Mr. Dion Boucicault has written a comic sketch of his journey across the American Continent.

The autobiography of the late John Stuart Mill has been translated into French by M. E. Cazelles.

A rumour is current in London that "one of the chief English poets" has written a historical tragedy.

In the July number of *The Atlantic* is to appear the first instalment of Mr. Howell's new novel of Italian life.

Mark Twain having paid two very brief visits to England, is writing an account of the manners and customs of the English.

A new publication on the principle of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to take a similar place in German literature, is about to be issued in Berlin.

The family of the late Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel have determined not to authorize the compiling of any biography of their departed relative.

The finished manuscripts left by Mr. John Stuart Mill, dealing with "Theism" and "Nature," are now passing through the press, and will be shortly issued by Messrs. Longman.

A volume by Mr. Tom Taylor, illustrative of the history of Leicester Square and of its royal, artistic, literary, and eccentric inhabitants, will, it is expected, make its appearance before long.

The venerable Charles Cowden Clarke, now in his eighty-sixth year, will publish presently in the equally venerable *Gentleman's Magazine* an account of his friendship with Dickens, which was intimate and characteristic of both men.

Gerald Massey stated at his last lecture in the States—at Boston—that he had gathered in some 1500 sequins—let us say \$3,000—by his talks in America, most of them on spiritualism. He returns to England in a cheery state of mind.

Mr. Bellew will probably be incapacitated from resuming any active occupation, and the appeal signed by Wilkie Collins, Edmund Yates, George Augustus Sala, and others, is destined to establish a fund which will place him beyond actual want for the remainder of his life.

Edmund Yates, who is at present in Southern France for the materials of a French story, has in press a novel founded upon his last year's studies in the Lotos and Arcadian clubs of New York, which, says the *Daily Graphic*, is said to treat American journalistic and literary characters with that charming freedom from social restraint and accurate information which is so characteristic of the criticisms of our average foreign visitor.

*The American Canadian* is the title of a new paper to be published in the city of Boston. In the prospectus it is stated "this enterprise contemplates especially the benefit of the people of the Provinces and of the Republic, in all their direct or indirect mutual relations. Its ambition is to furnish both with a recognized representative journal, calculated to promote closer acquaintance and attachment, unity of action and progress, and reciprocal forbearance and respect between them.

The nuns of the Convent of the Visitation at Nancy have discovered a number of manuscript sermons by Bossuet, which have never been published. They were left in the said convent by the great preacher himself when he visited it, and have never been touched since. The MS. is now in the hands of Colonel Ferval, and will ere long be made public. Among many interesting documents it contains all the letters addressed by Bossuet to the famous Duchess de Vallière upon her conversion.

The Khedive of Egypt is now, according to a correspondent of the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, collecting the treasures of Arabic literature scattered throughout his dominions into a library at Cairo, and has already enriched this foundation by thirty most valuable copies of the Koran, chiefly taken from the local mosques. One of these copies, that of the learned Gaafar, is the oldest known. It dates from about A.D. 720, and is written on the skin of gazelles, in Cufic characters, and in colours, black, red, and gold.

The new Shakespeare Society, which already numbers three hundred members, is anxious to raise these to five hundred, as subscriptions to that amount would cover their necessary expenses. The first part of the society's transactions will be issued by the end of the month. The will consist of the papers already read, a table of the quarto editions of Shakspeare's works, the first two quartos of "Romeo and Juliet," suggestive stories from which he wrote his plays, and a Shakespeare allusion book, to point the sources of his quotations.

It is said that Mr. Gladstone is at work upon a semi-historical, semi-critical account of the Greek drama, in eight volumes, a subject that he has had in his mind for many years. A note upon the subject from the right honourable gentleman's pen is to be published in a few days, or rather from the pen of his secretary, for Mr. Gladstone rarely writes anything with his own hand, his gift of spontaneous composition, like Mr. Lowe's, amounting to improvisation, and this treatise upon the Greek drama is dictated from a few notes to a staff of shorthand writers, who pay the right honourable gentleman a visit every morning for a couple of hours, and take turns as they do in the gallery, passing on their MS. to the printer at the end of the day.

The original MS. of Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend" was purchased a few days ago of Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., (to whom it had been sent for sale) by Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia. It is written with blue ink on blue paper, about 8 by 9 inches in size. These sheets are pasted upon white paper, and bound up into two thick quarto volumes. The handwriting is rapid, the lines are crowded together, and the pages are filled with interlineations. The whole is prefaced by the skeleton pages where Dickens has sketched out his plans. He evidently followed the curious plan of questioning and answering himself on paper, as at the head of one of these skeletons we find: 'Bella—three chapters? Yes.' Farther down he writes down the name of another character, and queries whether he shall dispose of it in a certain manner—then subjoins a curt 'No,' as if disapproving his own original plan. This is the only manuscript of Dickens not owned by his biographer, Mr. John Forster. The price paid for it was \$1,250.

## DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

"Single Play Albery" is what the *Hornet* calls the author of "Two Roses."

Dumas' "L'Ami des Femmes" has been revived at the Gymnase, Paris.

Victorien Sardou's "Les Prés St. Gervais" is said to be being set as an opera bouffe by Lecocq.

A new drama, founded on the Tichborne case, and entitled "L'Affaire Tichborne" is in preparation at the Cluny, Paris.

Mlle. Krauss has had to prove that she is an Austrian in order to be accepted at the French Opera, so fiercely does Germanophobia rage in Paris.

"Le Sphinx" has been produced at the Princess's, London, by the French company now playing there. Mlle. Favart sustains the leading rôle.

Madame Laurent, a "fine actress with Ristori-like passion and Celeste's majestic style of beauty," has been appearing in French plays in London.

Ristori is expected in this continent next fall. She has been remarkably successful in London, and shows no diminution of her wonderful powers of acting.

The Khedive of Egypt is said to have asked Wagner for an opera on an Egyptian subject. The Prophet—perhaps remembering Moses—has not yet replied.

Mr. A. Thompson is preparing an extravaganza, "The Adventures of Telemachus," for the Court Theatre, in which a leading part will be taken by Miss Nellie Moore.

Capoul is mentioned as likely to be engaged as a star at the Paris Châtelet, which is to be turned into an opera house for the production of another opera of Litolff.

Prime Donne are expensive people to be ill. Nilsson, for instance, says she cannot be sick a day without occasioning a loss to herself and her managers of at least \$1,000.

An adaptation of Bronson Howard's "Saratoga," made by Frank Marshall, the author of "New Year's Eve," was announced as in preparation at the Court Theatre, London.

It is now definitely fixed that M. Lecocq's new opera bouffe, "Giroflé Girofla," will be produced in London in September at the Philharmonic Theatre. It will be sung in English.

Theo and Judic, the reigning Parisian favourites, are soon to appear in the same piece together, and a gushing writer says: "It will be like joining the morning and evening stars."

It is remarked that the only three artistes who have sung the rôle of *Ophelia* in Thomas's "Hamlet" at the Paris Opera—Miles, Nilsson, Sæst, and Devries—have recently married.

An actor named Stephens, who broke one of his legs recently in taking the sensation leap in Miss Braddon's "Genevieve," at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, may have to relinquish his profession in consequence of the accident.

Albery's new comedy of "Pride" is said to be built upon a sound and interesting foundation, but marred, as so many of his other productions are, by his suddenly altering his design just as his characters have obtained a firm hold on attention. The dialogue is pronounced charming.

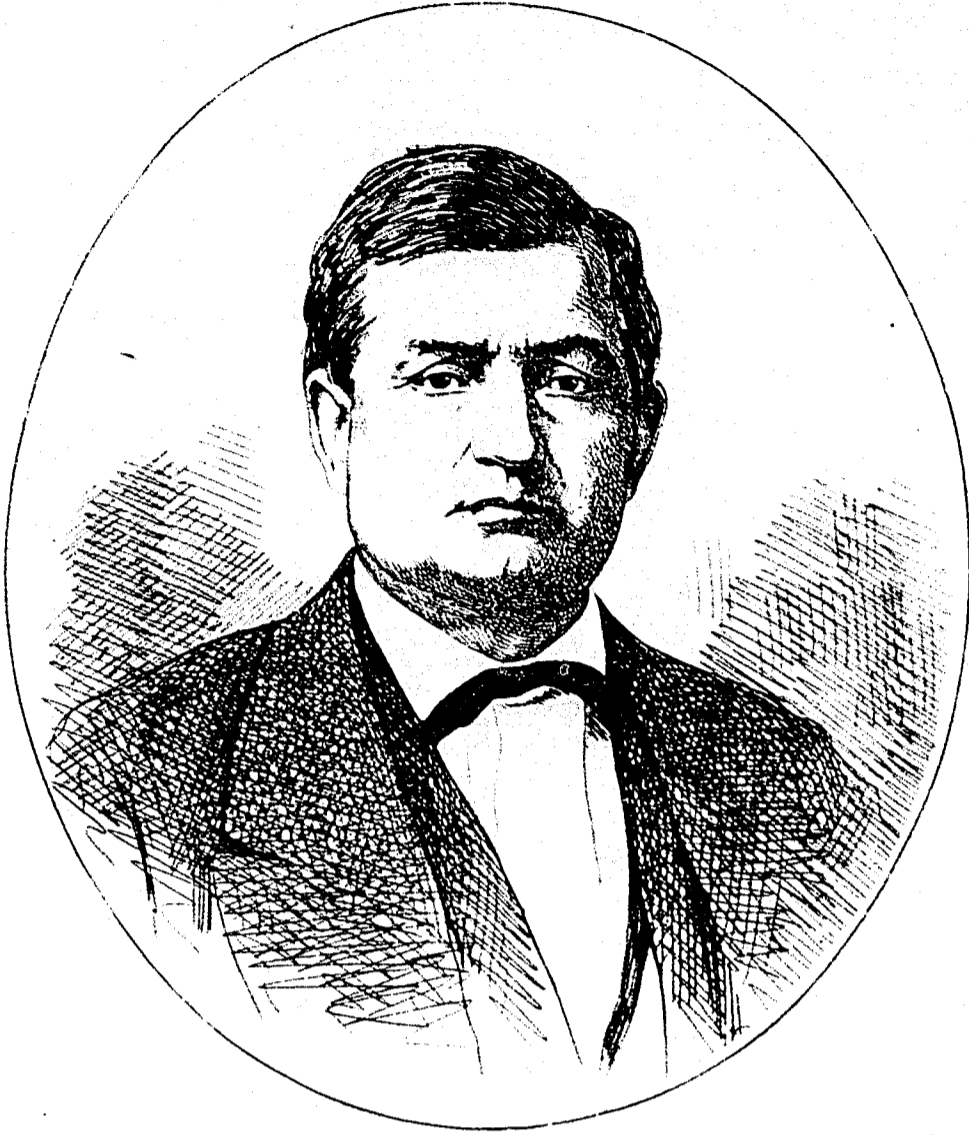
"Orphée aux Enfers" having attained its hundredth representation at the Gaité, Paris, M. Offenbach, who is both the director of the theatre and the author of the piece, has given a grand supper to the artistes at the Grand Hotel. They in turn presented him with a crown of gold, on which their names were engraved.

The Grand English Opera Combination have arranged for a season of from eight to ten performances at the Horticultural Gardens, Toronto, commencing on or about the 8th of June. The stage will be enlarged, and new scenery fitted up. The repertoire will consist of Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," Verdi's "Trovatore," Wallace's "Maritana," Auber's "Fra Diavolo," Flotow's "Martha," Bellini's "Sonnambula," and Gounod's "Faust."

The following table of receipts will show that, notwithstanding recent events in France, the Parisians have not lost their taste for theatres:—

	1869.	1873.
Palais Royal . . . . .	759,000 fr.	930,000 fr.
Châtelet . . . . .	599,000 fr.	941,000 fr.
Vaudeville . . . . .	456,000 fr.	624,000 fr.
Variétés . . . . .	810,000 fr.	1,027,000 fr.
Comédie Française . . . . .	995,000 fr.	1,360,000 fr.
Opéra . . . . .	1,639,000 fr.	1,758,000 fr.

A writer in *Macmillan's Magazine* says: "I once witnessed a curious example of that almost morbid conscientiousness of Mendelssohn's with regard to the possible perfection of his compositions. One evening I came into his room and found him looking so heated and in such a feverish state of excitement that I was frightened. 'What's the matter with you?' I called out. 'There I have been sitting for the last four hours,' he said, 'trying to alter a few bars in a song (it was a quartet for men's voices) and I can't do it.' He had made twenty different versions, the greater number of which would have satisfied most people. 'What you could not do to-day in four hours,' said I, 'you will be able to do to-morrow in as many minutes.' He calmed down by degrees, and we got into such earnest conversation that I stayed with him till a late hour. Next day I found him in unusually good spirits, and he said to me, 'Yesterday evening when you were gone I was so excited that it was no use thinking of sleep, so at last I composed a little hunting-song, which I must play you at once.' He sat down to the piano, and I heard the song, which has since delighted hundreds and thousands of people, namely, Eichendorff's 'Sei gegrüsst du schoener Wald!' I hailed it with joyful surprise."

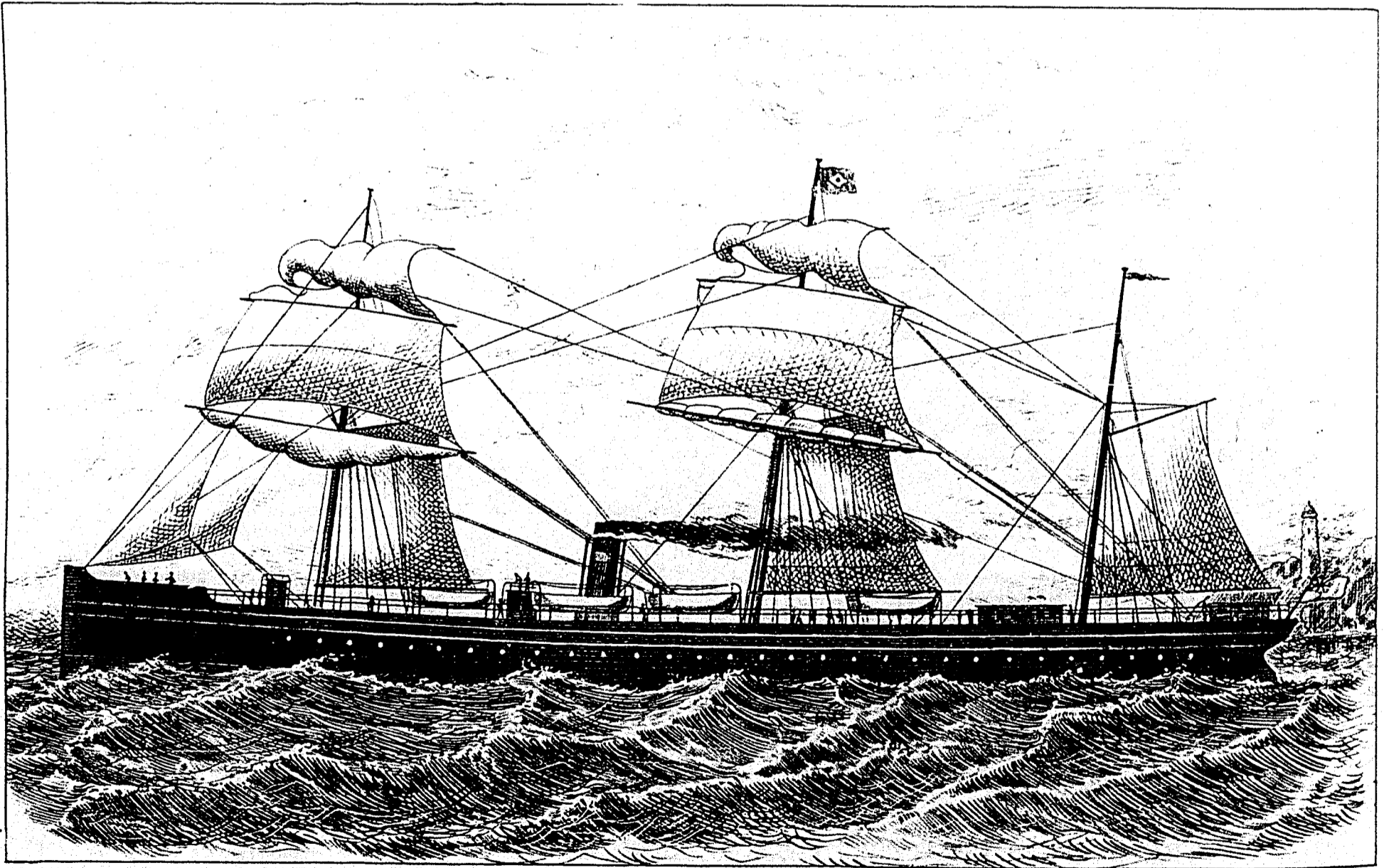


ELISHA BAXTER, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE.

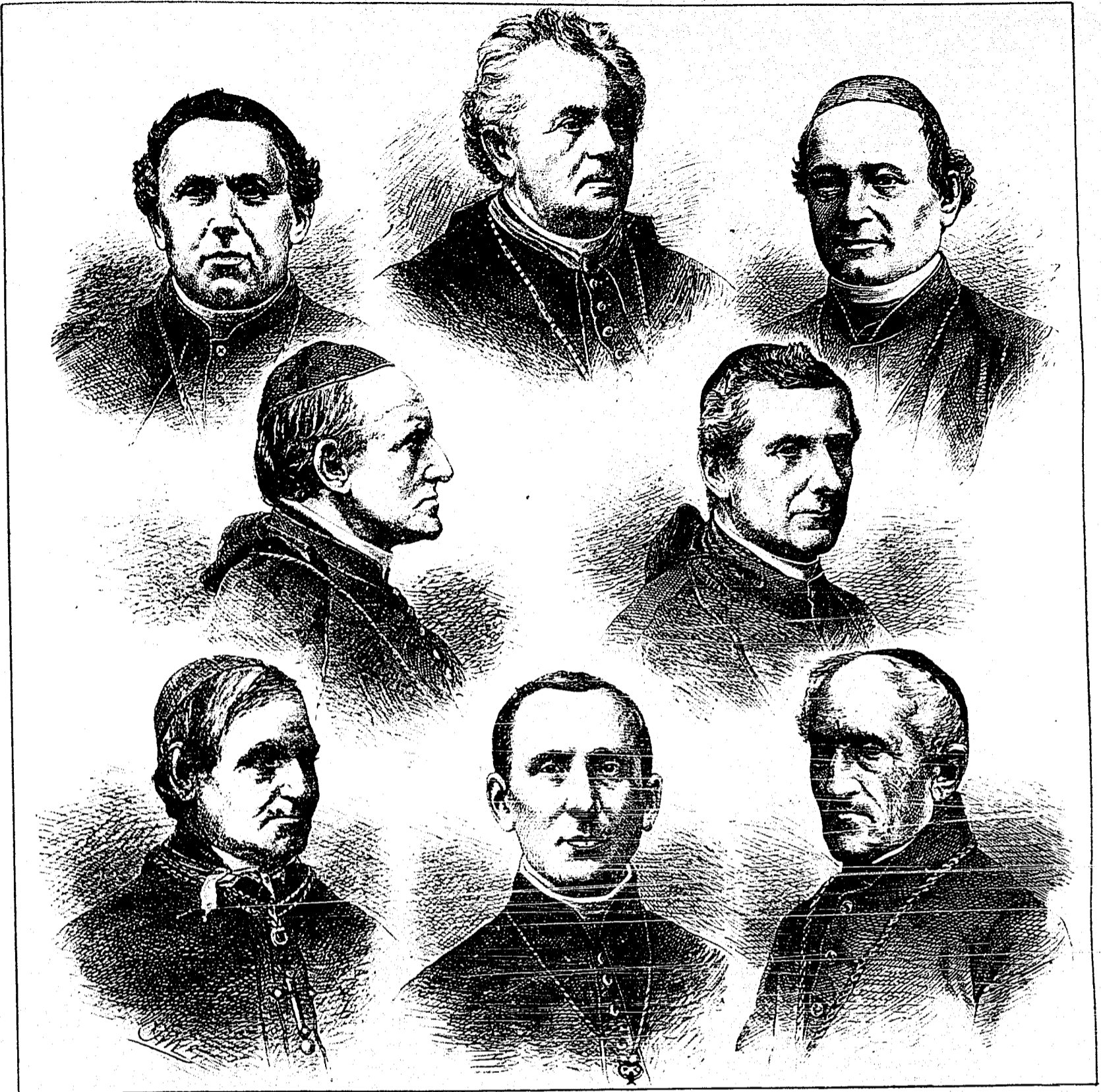


JOSEPH BROOKS, UNSUCCESSFUL CONTESTANT FOR THE GOVERNORSHIP.

THE ARKANSAS CIVIL WAR.



THE DOMINION COMPANY'S NEW STEAMSHIP "DOMINION," 3,113 TONS.



BRINKMANN, Bishop of Munster.    LECHODOWSKI, Archbishop of Posen and Gnesen.    FORSTER, Prince Bishop of Breslau.    MELCHERS, Archbishop of Cologne.    EBERHARD, Bishop of Treves.  
 MARTIN, Bishop of Paderborn.    KREMENTZ, Bishop of Ermeland.    MARWITZ, Bishop of Kulm.

THE CHAMPIONS OF ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN PRUSSIA.



THE CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN — REPUBLICANS AND CARLISTS FRATERNISING DURING THE ARMISTICE OF SOMMOROSTRO.

## YOUNG AND OLD.

When young I slighted art, yet sighed for fame;  
Dashed into careless rhyme, and toyed with thought.  
When art and thoughts with age and wisdom came,  
I laid aside the verse that youth had wrought.  
These fruits, I said, were green, that from my bough,  
When windy fancies swept, so lightly fell.  
A mellow autumn sun is shining now,  
That shames the cruder crop youth loved so well.  
Yet when it chanced some tender hearts had found  
A sweeter flavour in the juiceless things  
That lay in heaps neglected on the ground,  
Than in the fruits the ripening season brings,  
I thought, Must then the freed bird seek its cage,  
And youth sing songs for youth, and age for age?

C. P. CRANCH.

## NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

## PART THE FIRST.

AT SEA.

## BOOK THE FIRST.

THE WOOD OF LA SAUDRAIE.

During the last days of May, 1793, one of the Parisian regiments thrown into Brittany by Santerre reconnoitred the dreaded wood of La Saudraie, in Astillé. There were not more than three hundred men, for the battalion had been well nigh swept off by this fierce war. It was the period when, after Argonne, Jemmapes, and Valmy, of the first regiment of Paris, which had numbered six hundred volunteers, there remained twenty-seven men; of the second, thirty-three; and of the third, fifty-seven. It was a time of epic conflict.

The regiment despatched from Paris into Vendée counted nine hundred and twelve men. Each regiment took with it three pieces of cannon. They had been quickly put on foot. On the 29th of April, Gohier being Minister of Justice and Bouchotte Minister of War, the section of the Bon Conseil proposed sending battalions of volunteers into Vendée. Lubin, member of the Commune, made the report. On the first of May, Santerre was ready to marshal twelve thousand soldiers, thirty field-pieces, and a troop of gunners. These battalions, formed so quickly, were formed so well that they serve as models to-day; regiments of the line are constructed after their model; they changed the old proportion between the number of soldiers and non-commissioned officers.

On the 28th of April the Commune of Paris gave this password to the volunteers of Santerre: *No mercy; no quarter.* At the end of May of the twelve thousand who left Paris eight thousand were dead.

The regiment engaged in the wood of La Saudraie held itself on the watch. There was no appearance of haste. Each man looked at once to the right and to the left, before and behind. Kleber has said, *"A soldier has an eye in his back."* They had been on foot for a long while. What time could it be? What period of the day was it? It would have been difficult to say, for there is always a sort of dusk in such savage thickets, and it was never light in that wood.

The forest of La Saudraie was tragic. It was in its copses that, from the month of November, 1792, civil war commenced its crimes. Mousqueton, the ferocious cripple, came out of its fatal shades. The list of the murders that had been committed there was enough to make one's hair stand on end. There was no place more to be dreaded. The soldiers moved cautiously forward. The depths were full of flowers; on each side was a trembling wall of branches and dew-wet leaves. Here and there rays of sunlight pierced the green shadows. The gladiola, the flame of the marshes, the meadow narcissus, the little wood daisy, harbinger of spring, and the vernal crocus,\* embroidered the thick carpet of vegetation, crowded with every form of moss, from that resembling velvet (*chenille*) to that which looks like a star. The soldiers advanced in silence, step by step, pushing the brushwood softly aside. The birds twittered above the bayonets.

In former peaceable times La Saudraie was a favourite place for the *Houiche-ba*, the hunting of birds by night; now they hunted men there.

The thicket was one of birch trees, beeches, and oaks, the ground flat, the thick moss and grass deadened the sound of the men's steps; there were no paths, or only blind ones which quickly disappeared among the holly, wild sloes, ferns, hedges of rest-harrow, and high brambles. It would have been impossible to distinguish a man ten steps off.

Now and then a heron or a moor-hen flew through the branches, indicating the neighbourhood of marshes.

They pushed forward. They went at random, with uneasiness, fearing to find that which they sought.

From time to time they came upon traces of encampments—burned spots, trampled grass, sticks arranged crosswise, branches stained with blood. Here soup had been made—there, mass had been said—yonder, they had dressed wounds. But all human beings had disappeared. Where were they? Very far off, perhaps—perhaps quite near, hidden, blunderbuss in hand. The wood seemed deserted. The regiment redoubled its prudence. Solitude—hence distrust. They saw no one—so much the more reason for fearing some one. They had to do with a forest with a bad name; an ambush was probable.

Thirty grenadiers, detached as scouts and commanded by a sergeant, marched at a considerable distance in front of the main body; the vivandière of the battalion accompanied them. The vivandières willingly join the vanguard: they run risks, but they have the chance of seeing whatever happens. Curiosity is one of the forms of feminine bravery.

Suddenly the soldiers of this little advance party started like hunters who have heard the hiding-place of their prey. They had heard something like a breathing from the centre of a thicket, and seemed to perceive a movement among the branches. The soldiers made signals.

In the species of watch and search confided to scouts the officers have small need to interfere—the right thing seems done by instinct.

In less than a minute the spot where the movement had

been noticed was surrounded; a line of pointed muskets encircled it; the obscure centre of the thicket was covered on all sides at the same instant; the soldiers, finger on trigger, eye on the suspected spot, only waited for the sergeant's order. Notwithstanding this the vivandière ventured to peer through the underbrush, and at the moment when the sergeant was about to cry "Fire!" this woman cried "Halt!"

Turning towards the soldiers, she added—"Do not fire, comrades!"

She plunged into the thicket; the men followed.

There was in truth some one there.

In the thickest of the brake, on the edge of one of those little round clearings left by the fires of the charcoal burners, in a sort of recess among the branches—a kind of chamber of foliage—half open like an alcove—a woman was seated on the moss, holding to her breast a sucking babe, while the fair heads of two sleeping children rested on her knees.

This was the ambush.

"What are you doing here, you?" cried the vivandière.

The woman lifted her head.

The vivandière added furiously, "Are you mad, that you are there? A little more and you would have been blown to pieces!" Then she addressed herself to the soldiers—"It is a woman."

"Well, that is plain to be seen," said a grenadier.

The vivandière continued—"To come into the wood to get yourself massacred! The idea of such stupidity!"

The woman, stunned, petrified with fear, looked about like one in a dream, at these guns, these sabres, these bayonets, these savage faces.

The two children woke, and cried.

"I am hungry," said the first.

"I am afraid," said the other.

The baby was still suckling; the vivandière addressed it. "You are in the right of it," said she.

The mother was dumb with terror. The sergeant cried out to her—"Do not be afraid; we are the battalion of the *Bonnet Rouge*."

The woman trembled from head to foot. She stared at the sergeant, of whose rough visage there was nothing visible but the moustaches, the brows, and two burning coals for eyes.

"Formerly the battalion of the Red Cross," added the vivandière.

The sergeant continued—"Who are you, madame?"

The woman scanned him, terrified. She was slender, young, pale, and in rags; she wore the large hood and woollen cloak of the Breton peasant, fastened about her neck by a string. She left her bosom exposed with the indifference of an animal. Her feet, shoeless and stockingless, were bleeding.

"It is a beggar," said the sergeant.

The vivandière began anew, in a voice at once soldierly and feminine, but sweet: "What is your name?"

The woman stammered so that she was scarcely intelligible—"Michelle Fléhard."

The vivandière stroked the little head of the sleeping baby with her large hand. "What is the age of this mite?" demanded she.

The mother did not understand. The vivandière persisted: "I ask you how old is it?"

"Ah!" said the mother; "eighteen months."

"It is old," said the vivandière; "it ought not to suckle any longer. You must wean it; we will give it soup."

The mother began to feel a certain confidence; the two children, who had awakened, were rather curious than scared—they admired the plumes of the soldiers.

"Ah!" said the mother, "they are very hungry." Then she added—"I have no more milk."

"We will give them something to eat," cried the sergeant; "and you too. But that's not all. What are your political opinions?"

The woman looked at him, but did not reply.

"Did you hear my question?"

She stammered—"I was put into a convent very young—but I am married—I am not a nun. The sisters taught me to speak French. The village was set on fire. We ran away so quickly that I had not time to put on my shoes."

"I asked you what are your political opinions?"

"I don't know what that means."

The sergeant continued—"There are such things as female spies. We shoot spies. Come, speak. You are not a gipsy? Which is your side?"

She still looked at him as if she did not understand.

The sergeant repeated—"Which is your side?"

"I don't know," she said.

"How—you do not know your own country?"

"Ah, my country! Oh yes, I know that."

"Well, where is it?"

The woman replied, "The farm of Siscoignard, in the parish of Azé."

It was the sergeant's turn to be stupified. He remained thoughtful for a moment, then resumed: "You say—"

"Siscoignard."

"That is not a country."

"It is my country," said the woman; and added, after an instant's reflection, "I understand sir—you are from France, I am from Brittany."

"Well?"

"It is not the same neighbourhood."

"But it is the same country," cried the sergeant.

The woman only repeated, "I am from Siscoignard."

"Siscoignard be it," returned the sergeant. "Your family belong there?"

"Yes."

"What is their occupation?"

"They are all dead; I have nobody left."

The sergeant, who thought himself a fine talker, continued his interrogatories: "What? the devil! One has relations, or one has had. Who are you? Speak!"

The woman listened, astounded by this—"Or one has had!" which was more like the growl of an animal than any human sound.

The vivandière felt the necessity of interfering. She began again to caress the babe, and to pat the cheeks of the two other children.

"How do you call the baby?" she asked "It is a little girl—this one."

The mother replied, "Georgette."

"And the eldest fellow? For he is a man, the small rascal."

"René Jean."

"And the younger? He is a man too, and chubby-faced into the bargain."

"Gros-Alain," said the mother.

"They are pretty little fellows," said the vivandière; "they already look as if they were somebody."

Still the sergeant persisted. "Now speak, madame. Have you a house?"

"I had one."

"Where was it?"

"At Azé."

"Why are you not in your house?"

"Because they burnt it."

"Who?"

"I do not know—a battle."

"Where did you come from?"

"From there."

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know."

"Get to the facts—what are you?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know who you are?"

"We are people who are running away."

"What party do you belong to?"

"I don't know."

"Are you blues—are you whites—who are you with?"

"I am with my children."

There was a pause. The vivandière said, "As for me, I have no children. I have not had time."

The sergeant began again. "But your parents? See here, madame, give us the facts about your parents. My name is Radoub; I am a sergeant, from the street of Cherche Midi; my father and mother belonged there. I can talk about my parents—tell us about yours. Who were they?"

"Their name was Fléhard—that is all."

"Yes, the Fléchards are the Fléchards, just as the Redoubts are the Redoubts. But people have a calling. What was your parents' calling? What was their business, these Fléchards of yours?"

"They were labourers. My father was sickly, and could not work on account of a beating that the lord—his lord—our lord—had given to him. It was a kindness, for my father had poached a rabbit—a thing for which one was condemned to death—but the lord showed him mercy, and said, 'You need only give him a hundred blows with a stick;' and my father was left crippled."

"And then?"

"My grandfather was a Huguenot. The curé had him sent to the galleys. I was very little then."

"Any then?"

"My husband's father smuggled salt. The king had him hung."

"And your husband—what did he do?"

"Lately he fought."

"For whom?"

"For the king."

"And afterwards?"

"Well, for his lordship."

"And next?"

"Well, then for the curé."

"A thousand names of brutes!" exclaimed a grenadier.

The woman gave a start of terror.

"You see, madame, we are Parisians," said the vivandière, graciously.

The woman clasped her hands, and exclaimed, "O my God and blessed Lord!"

"No superstitious ejaculations," growled the sergeant.

The vivandière seated herself by the woman, and drew the eldest child between her knees. He submitted quietly. Children show confidence as they do distrust, without any apparent reason—some internal monitor warns them.

"My poor good woman of this neighbourhood," said the vivandière, "your brats are very pretty—babies are always that. I can guess their ages. The big one is four years old; his brother is three. Upon my word, the little sucking poppet is a greedy one! Oh, the monster! Will you stop eating up your mother? See here, madame, do not be afraid. You ought to join the battalion—do like me. I call myself Houzarde. It is a nickname; but I like Houzarde better than being called Mamzelle Bicorneau, like my mother. I am the canteen-woman; that is the same as saying, she who offers drink when they are firing and stabbing. Our feet are about the same size. I will give you a pair of my shoes. I was in Paris the 10th of August. I gave Westermann drink too. How things went! I saw Louis XVI. guillotined—Louis Capet, as they call him. It was against his will. Only just listen, now! To think that the 13th of January he roasted chestnuts and laughed with his family. When they forced him down on the see-saw, as they say, he had neither coat nor shoes, nothing but his shirt, a quilted waistcoat, grey cloth breeches, and grey silk stockings. I saw that, I did! The hackney-coach they brought him in was painted green. See here; come with us; the battalion are good fellows; you shall be canteen number two; I will teach you the business. Oh, it is very simple! You have your can and your hand-bell; away you go into the hubbub, with the platoons firing, the cannon thundering—into the thickest of the row—and you cry, 'Who'll have a drop to drink, my children?' It's no more trouble than that. I give everybody and anybody a sup—yes, indeed—Whites the same as Blues, though I am a blue myself, and a good blue, too; but I serve them all alike. Wounded men are all thirsty. They die without any difference of opinions. Dying fellows ought to shake hands. How silly it is to go fighting! Do you come with us. If I am killed, you will step into my place. You see I am only so-so to look at; but I am a good woman, and a brave chap. Don't you be afraid."

When the vivandière ceased speaking, the woman murmured, "Our neighbour was called Marie Jeanne, and our servant was named Marie Claude."

In the meantime the sergeant reprimanded the grenadier: "Hold your tongue! You frighten madame. One does not swear before ladies."

"All the same; it is a downright butchery for an honest man to hear about," replied the grenadier; "and to see Chinese Iroquois, that have had their fathers-in-law crippled by a lord, their grandfathers sent to the galleys by the priest, and their fathers hung by the king, and who fight—name of the little Black Man!—and mix themselves up with revolts, and get smashed for his lordship, the priest, and the king!"

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\* The gladiola is with us an autumnal, the crocus a spring flower.—*Trans.*

\* How did they flesh themselves these flesh-hards? The sergeant makes a pun. Fléhard, our Fletcher, is an arrow-maker.—*Trans.*

pretty woman like this running the risk of getting her neck broken for the sake of a dirty robber."

"Grenadier," said the sergeant, "we are not in the Pike-club of Paris—no eloquence!" He turned towards the woman: "And your husband, madame? What is he at? What has become of him?"

"There hasn't anything become of him, because they killed him."

"Where did that happen?"

"In the hedge."

"When?"

"Three days ago."

"Who did it?"

"I don't know."

"How? You do not know who killed your husband?"

"No."

"Was it a Blue? Was it a White?"

"It was a bullet."

"Three days ago?"

"Yes."

"In what direction?"

"Towards Ernée. My husband fell. That is all!"

"And what have you been doing since your husband was killed?"

"I bear away my children."

"Where are you taking them?"

"Straight ahead."

"Where do you sleep?"

"On the ground."

"What do you eat?"

"Nothing."

The sergeant made that military grimace which makes the moustache touch the nose. "Nothing?"

"That is to say, sloes and dried berries left from last year, myrtle seeds, and fern shoots."

"Faith! you might as well say nothing."

The eldest of the children, who seemed to understand, said, "I am hungry."

The sergeant took a bit of regulation bread from his pocket, and handed it to the mother. She broke the bread into two fragments, and gave them to the children, who ate with avidity.

"She has kept none for herself," grumbled the sergeant.

"Because she is not hungry," said a soldier.

"Because she is a mother," said the sergeant.

The children interrupted the dialogue. "I want to drink," cried one. "I want to drink," repeated the other.

"Is there no brook in this devil's wood?" asked the sergeant.

The vivandière took the brass cup which hung at her belt beside her hand-bell, turned the cock of the can she carried slung over her shoulder, poured a few drops into the cup, and held it to the children's lips in turn.

The first drank and made a grimace. The second drank and spat it out.

"Nevertheless it is good," said the vivandière.

"It is some of the old cut-throat?" asked the sergeant.

"Yes, and the best; but these are peasants." And she wiped her cup.

The sergeant resumed—"And so, madame, you are trying to escape?"

"There is nothing else left for me to do!"

"Across fields—going whichever way chance directs?"

"I run with all my might—then I walk—then I fall."

"Poor villager!" said the vivandière.

"The people fight," stammered the woman. "They are shooting all around me. I do not know what it is they wish. They killed my husband; that is all I understand."

The sergeant grounded the butt of his musket till the earth rang, and cried, "What a beast of a war—in the hangman's name!"

The woman continued: "Last night we slept in an émousse."

"All four?"

"All four."

"Slept?"

"Slept."

"Then," said the sergeant, "you slept standing." He turned towards the soldiers: "Comrades, what these savages call an émousse is an old hollow tree-trunk that a man may fit himself into as if it was a sheath. But what would you? We cannot all be Parisians."

"Slept in a hollow tree?" exclaimed the vivandière. "And with three children!"

"And," added the sergeant, "when the little ones howled, it must have been odd to anybody passing by and seeing nothing whatever, to hear a tree cry, 'Papa! mamma!'"

"Luckily it is summer," sighed the woman. She looked down upon the ground in silent resignation, her eyes filled with the bewilderment of wretchedness. The soldiers made a silent circle round this group of misery. A widow, three orphans; flight, abandonment, solitude, war muttering around

the horizon, hunger, thirst, no other nourishment than the herbs of the field, no other roof than that of heaven.

The sergeant approached the woman and fixed his eyes on the sucking baby. The little one left the breast, turned its head gently, gazing with its beautiful blue orbs into the formidable hairy face, bristling and wild, which bent towards it, and began to smile.

The sergeant raised himself, and they saw a great tear roll down his cheek and cling like a pearl to the end of his moustache. He lifted his voice:

"Comrades, from all this I conclude that the regiment is going to become a father. Is it agreed? We adopt these three children?"

"Hurrah for the Republic!" chorused the grenadiers.

"It is decided!" said the sergeant. He stretched his two hands above the mother and her babes. "Behold the children of the battalion of the *Bonnet Rouge*!"

The vivandière leaped for joy. "Three heads under one bonnet!" cried she. Then she burst into sobs, embraced the poor widow wildly, and said to her, "What a rogue the little girl looks already!"

"Vive la République!" repeated the soldiers.

And the sergeant said to the mother, "Come citizenship!"

(To be continued.)

ODDITIES.

What was Joan of Arc made of? She was Maid of Orleans. "He handed his gun carelessly, and put on his angel plumage," is the latest Western obituary notice.

An experienced old gentleman says that all that is necessary in the enjoyment of love or sausage is confidence.

The Western women have in a great degree stopped praying in public and are making up their summer clothes.

The *Westminster Review* says: "We once heard a grocer say he liked the *Saturday Review* best of all newspapers, because a page of it held exactly a pound of sugar."

The *Church Union* styles "hot and hotter" the fact that the First Unitarian Church of Baltimore has had for its pastors, in the order named, the Rev. Messrs. Furniss, Bellows, Sparks, Blazup, and Burnon.

As two children were playing together, little Jane got angry and pouted. Johnny said to her, "Look out, Jane, or I'll take a seat up there on your lips." "Then," replied Jane, quite cured of her pouts, "I'll laugh, and you'll fall off."

The *Christian Union* gives a wise answer to an anxious inquirer, who wishes to know whether a man can love his second wife as well as the first, viz., "That depends on what sort of a wife the first was, and what kind of life the second leads him."

A Western paper says dealers in butter classify it as woo grease, cart grease, soapgrease, variegated, tassellated cow grease, boarding-house breakfast, inferior tub, common tub, medium roll, good roll, and gilt-edge roll. The terms are strictly technical.

A poet was asked by a friend if he did not spend too much money in advertising. "No," was the reply, "advertisements are absolutely necessary. Even Divine worship (*le bon Dieu*) needs to be advertised. Else what is the meaning of church bells?"

One French deputy recently upbraided another on his political mobility of character, and was challenged. The challenge was declined, the deputy alleging that since Don Quixote tilted with the windmill, it was unfair to invite any one to a duel with a weathercock.

"Boy," said a traveller to a disobedient youth whom he encountered, "don't you hear your father speaking to you?" "Oh y-a-a-s," replied the youth, "but I don't mind what he says. Mother don't neither; and 'twixt sue and I we've about got the dog so he don't."

A lawyer in Bucyrus, Ohio, stated at a temperance meeting that, having seen his father killed by the carelessness of a drunken man, he took a solemn oath never to drink again. "Since that time," he continued, "I have never broken that oath, at least not very much."

There is always left in England a man who fought at Waterloo; America will always retain a negro who was Washington's body-servant; and France is sure likewise to have its sailor who shot at Nelson at Trafalgar, even though "the last" has just died at Valenciennes in his eighty-ninth year.

"Dad, if I were to see a duck on the wing, and were to shoot it, would you lick me?" "Oh no, my son; it would show that you are a good marksman, and I would be proud of you." "Well then, dad, I peppered our old Muscovy duck as he was flyin' over the fence to-day, and it would have done you good to see him drop."

A gentleman riding on horseback came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land. "What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat?" he asked; "a herd of cattle would starve to death on that land."

"An' sure, yer honor," replied Pat, "wasn't I fencin' it in to kape the poor bastes out av it?"

A young clergyman—unmarried, of course—made the un-

guarded remark that young ladies nowadays can make nice cake, but can not make good bread. A few days after he made this statement he received fourteen loaves of bread, with the compliments of fourteen young ladies of his congregation. We have no doubt the bread was good.

When the celebrated French chemist, Orfila, was on one occasion a witness at a trial for poisoning, he was asked by the president if he could state the quantity of arsenic required to kill a fly. "Certainly, M. le Président," replied the expert; "but I must know beforehand the age of the fly, its sex, its temperament, its condition, and habit of body, whether married or single, widow or maiden, widower or bachelor."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE DOMINION.—Col. Skinner has been returned for North Oxford.——The first train passed over the Kingston and Pembroke.——A large fire occurred last week at Kingston Penitentiary.

UNITED STATES.—It is stated that Ben Butler will be appointed Minister at Vienna in the place of John Jay.——Search for missing bodies have been abandoned at the scene of the Massachusetts flood.——The New York stage drivers have struck for an increase of wages.——Henri Rochefort is on his way to New York, where a grand reception will be given him by the French societies.——Appeals are being made for additional aid for the sufferers by the Louisiana and Massachusetts disasters.——The vote of the Council on the case of Professor Swing, of Chicago, stood 15 for and 45 against conviction. The Professor has since withdrawn from the Presbyterian Church.

——The Legislative Committee on examination of the Northampton reservoir elicited the fact that the foundation had not been built four feet below the bottom of the reservoir, and that the wall was forty feet narrower than the contract specified.——A committee appointed by the Arkansas Legislature to investigate the conduct of Clayton and Dorsey, declares them guilty of bribery and corruption, and unless they resign the United States Senate will be requested to expel them.——The marriage of the President's daughter and Mr. Sartoris took place at the White House on Thursday. The bridal couple sailed for Europe on Saturday.——The Senate has passed Sumner's Civil Rights Bill.——The Washington Committee of Ways and Means appointed to enquire into the Sanborn contracts have presented a report to the House stating that Sanborn has been guilty of gross fraud, and recommending the recovery by the Secretary of the Treasury of any moneys improperly taken by him.——A Boston despatch states that the Cunard Company—in consequence of the high rates of freight on Western products to Boston—contemplate transferring their Boston and Liverpool line of steamers to New York.——The amendatory tariff bill now before the Committee of Ways and Means classes all materials of which silk is the chief component as silk; changes the duty on still wines in cases from \$2.00 to \$1.50, and fixes the duty on manufactured steel at two cents a pound, without regard to classification, which is a slight reduction. Hops pay ten cents instead of five cents, and sugar-beet seeds are made free. Changes are made in about twenty articles, more for simplification of the law than for any effect they may have on receipts.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Czar left England for home last week.——Prince Arthur has been created Duke of Connaught.——It is stated that the Queen will visit Russia in the fall.

FRANCE.—Further combinations for the formation of a Ministry having failed, President MacMahon decided to form one himself. The following is the *personnel* of the new Cabinet: Gen. Cluseret, Minister of War and Vice-President of the Council; Duke DeCazes, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Fourton, Minister of the Interior; Magne, Minister of Finance; Eugene Cailloix, Minister of Public Works; Louis Grivart, Commissaire; Viscount DeCumont, Minister of Public Instruction; Adrian Tailhand, Minister of Justice; Marquis of Montagnac, Minister of Marine.

SPAIN.—Several skirmishes between the Republicans and the Carlists took place last week in the neighbourhood of Bilbao. The Carlists attacked and were repulsed with heavy loss. Thirty Carlists were captured. The Republicans lost 100 killed and wounded. Despatches from Santander represent the Carlist raid in that vicinity as a formidable movement. Some two thousand five hundred Insurgents have surprised and surrounded a detachment of volunteers near the city. The Republicans at last accounts held out and relief had been sent there. A fight took place in the Province of Tarragona lately between a force of Republicans and a body of Carlists, resulting in the defeat of the latter. The Insurgents lost 80 killed and many wounded. The casualties on the Republican side were 5 killed and 90 wounded. A body of Carlists in Catalonia, numbering 20, were also defeated by the National troops, with the loss of 21 killed and 14 prisoners.

ITALY.—The Italian Ministry has resigned owing to the defeat of the Minister of Justice. The King, however, refused to accept the resignation.

RUSSIA.—All Polish exiles, with the exception of one or two assassins are to be allowed to return to their native land.

GERMANY.—The Prussian Diet was prorogued last week.

The Schubert Vocal Quartet Club of New York will make a tour of the watering-places this summer.

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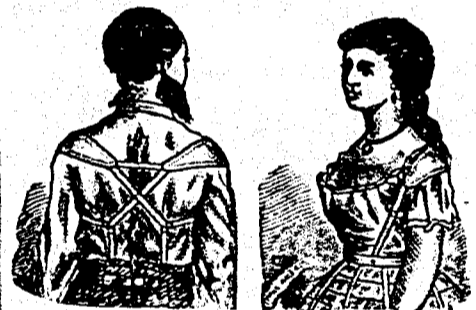
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 CAUTION.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was, undoubtedly, the inventor of CHLORODYNE: that the story of the Defendant, FREEMAN, was deliberately untrue, which he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See *Times*, 13th July, 1864.  
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 August 5. 8-9 Jan

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C. J. Brydges,  
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FOR THE FIRST TIME BROUGHT INTO CANADA.

HEAR WHAT A SUFFERER SAYS: MONTREAL, March 9th, 1874.

Dr. MILLER,  
 Dear Sir,—I have been troubled for the last two years with Rheumatism in my arms and knees. I applied to Mr. Conner, your agent, now stopping at the St. Lawrence Hall, for a bottle of your DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE. Three doses of your valuable medicine have cured me effectually. I am now well, and a living evidence of the efficacy of this wonderful cure.

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 Dear Sir,—I with pleasure concede to the agent's wish that I give my endorsement to the immediate relief I experienced from a few doses of DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE. Having been a sufferer from the effects of Rheumatism, I am now, after taking two bottles of this medicine, entirely free from pain. You are at liberty to use this letter, if you deem it advisable to do so.

I am, sir, yours respectfully,  
 JOHN HELDER ISAACSON.

MR. BUSS CURED.

MONTREAL, April 24th, 1874.

Messrs. DEVINS & BOLTON,  
 Gents.—Unsolicited by you I wish to bear testimony to the value of the DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE. During the whole of the past winter I have been a great sufferer from that very common and agonizing affliction, Rheumatism. I was induced, by hearing of the many marvellous cures effected by the agent, Mr. Conner, during a few weeks stay at the St. Lawrence Hall to purchase a bottle, which I did. Suffice it to say, that without any faith in the medicine or its results, by the taking of less than half a bottle I was completely cured. More than four weeks have since elapsed, and I am still all right—free from pain as ever, and with no indication of its return. For the benefit of suffering humanity, please pass around my testimony and experience with the DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE.

Truly yours,  
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